

Poetry Series

**Naveed Akram**  
**- poems -**

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## Naveed Akram(15 December 1973)

I am called a poet and also a learner of other people's poems. I read extensively, with an enthusiasm for fantasy role-playing, and science-fiction. I write in these genres.

By the way I beckon you to my new published book, 'My Thoughts', a general poetry book that may enlighten you.

## &quot;Who Is Our Lord? &Quot;

They resented his words for he loathed you,  
The heads of the crowd were smelling like nectar,  
But we objected to the crassness of this somewhat  
Lurid topic of discussion.

I have watched the witchcraft and the birthday,  
I see music ready to roll down hills like water,  
As the contests have been designed and won  
After the crowds disperse in this rioting world.

Always the discussed one reads to us aloud,  
Wearing us to the point of illness,  
Like swearing masses and leadership of swearing  
And lost reason, the understood one of this age.

They say he matters to the rich among us,  
Between you and me he is a coward of  
Vile munching, eating the foods and drinks  
At everyone's expense.

Naveed Akram

## "ghosts Are For The Telling"

Ghosts are for the telling,  
We call them experts and impressive,  
As more of them appear from the woods.

Ghosts have understood us for the rules,  
So that mastering is a problem and real;  
Our mothers want us to comply and so they result.

Each ghost is great in beauty,  
Full of foolish whims and ideas,  
Their wish is to comprehend us, even to master us.

A little ghost is no liar, but one of them,  
And that degree is hidden,  
For we strive to alienate it as much as we can.

The baby is asleep, the ghosts do weep,  
And I am fast away in slumber;  
Much are ghosts to do the enormous chatter before they die.

Naveed Akram

# A Ball

A basic ball is fumes after falling down from a height,  
A crunch is heard by those wary, and some caught it white.

Naveed Akram

# A Ball's Flight

A ball involves the pain of flight,  
Falling is always a fact, a bright future.  
One calls the suffering for actions,  
But no bouncing of weapons happened.  
If a ball has bounced due to irritation,  
Let the fall be witnessed by some who play.  
The sport is proud of a day that delights,  
Anybody who is an enemy is too much.  
Balloons catch flight, but the bubbles float,  
And the balls of big size reduce their size.

Naveed Akram

# A Banshee Has Arrived

A banshee required my assistance  
For our sort of play with combat,  
It carried a strain of germ, an acceptance  
To the church of danger, the church for the acrobat.

We carry out our danger for all the eyes  
In this fearful world, over the edge  
Is a monumental lesson that true allies  
Converse with the banshee as a pledge.

With the straightedge, or ruler,  
I measure its gaze and make a weapon  
This day is like a magic item - an abductor  
Of a right called real life, it required absolution.

Naveed Akram

# A Bastion Of Knowledge

National universities are called several men,  
Wars include their earliness, wars of duty;  
Born against them, a fetching knowledge is provided  
To improve the ethereal planes, and material plains.

This felicity evokes pity, for they have forbearance,  
And these bastions of intellectual learning strive hard.  
Until the days of food have closed, we spend in the ways  
Of education, seconds are wasted but exams are good.

Naveed Akram

# A Beautiful Wand

I have a beautiful wand which dazzles the crowd,  
Instigating harm on the human heart in hate.  
This dazzling continues until latest uprisings,  
Floating is the business of the cities of a deed.  
This is dazzling to the eyes, beauty awakens,  
And eyes beget a boy for the crowd at night,  
Opening the doors to cherished beliefs and actions.  
A boy gets up, soil is buried with him, and he uncurls  
To save himself from being buried alive,  
He needs resurrection, and the priest can provide.

Some words weirdly spoken are dazzling like weird  
Wands and wonders, business computes itself from the  
Boy whose shape outgrows, and soon he comforts  
Himself to life, after the death, so wrought on by death  
Itself; we fortunately buy a wine to celebrate as the boy  
Celebrates and becomes a joiner of worlds.

The beautiful wand is full of agony, a girl is wondering  
And pondering, a wand lands on us, with rings of power.  
Its snatch is significant like the ghosts of going,  
Opening the makeshift doors, closing the headaches.  
My words are blessed to see the words so divine,  
Then they say their sayings, do their doings,  
My words reach them written.

Naveed Akram

# A Big Ball

A ball will shake the ground when it strikes a stone,  
This description of this object called a ball manages itself alone.

Naveed Akram

# A Big Present

A thick present is like a book,  
It is opened for the look  
And wades in for the kill,  
Plenty of crime is in being ill.  
The voluminous writers of poetry  
Are again in love with learning labouriously.  
They read them with phrases hurting,  
Inside is pleasure of burning  
On the right side of humanity,  
But what of you and charity?

Naveed Akram

# A Bird-Tree

I went down a lane shivering,  
The lane shivered in the bushes as well,  
I went to a bird-like tree, with tottering mammals.

I went to his stomach with glee jerked from time,  
My flesh was campaigning to be saved,  
But centuries swam to me.

For the flesh of the tree was a flesh of me,  
And this fruit I was,  
And this drunkard kept fairness.

My words vomited to the further roads,  
As words endowed and powers shared,  
Movements are failing.

Naveed Akram

# A Blast

A blast of behaviour ripped the muscles,  
My machines are best with angels;  
It is fire, where the fire burns after,  
Only in hours do reasons lift glamour.

My laughter dealt with fear and hatred,  
Hidden were the giggles and smiles aborted.  
Fire smelt like smoke as distinct lines  
Formed in front of the mirror as signs.

What explosion is this, in the sight of my eyes?  
Hatred is best in taste over heat to agonize.  
My worry is the same as mouthing the deep meaning  
Accompanying laughter, helping smiling and abandoning.

Naveed Akram

# A Blow Of Cruelty

Many do interest their talents,  
Whilst some do sacrifice their life.  
Many do automatically pull the punch,  
When others just receive the blow.  
Many earn a million pounds,  
But then, most do forsake it and their life.  
I cleverly refute the statement of a killer  
Who lived in decades and loved the seconds  
Shown to him, that were seconds of cruelty.

Naveed Akram

# A Bodyguard

A bodyguard sits on the doorstep,  
Bodily he is strong, more than you.  
There is enforcement, any soldier can not,  
He is my endoskeleton, real hard.  
Thanking him I gain leadership,  
Heels are attached to the visit.  
The cowards pray and prey, with force,  
Like gentlest devils of all the wild nature.  
A bodyguard sat all through my nights,  
Like a heavenly figure of the nights.

Naveed Akram

# A Book

A volume speaks of divine actions and rigorous mathematics  
Of the soul as a light of heaven.  
A book reads of writing and matter of energy, of work  
And the studies binding us in flames and ruination, of pleasure.  
A word is like a nothing, a liver and a heart is strangely so,  
The merger of phrases have Paradise.

Naveed Akram

## A Born Few

After the remaining circles a new birth,  
It grew within and without, forming circles.  
Under the seas of tranquility it gave a speech,  
Forming roses and sweet wine, forgiving all.  
We gathered to achieve with prospering looks,  
Forsaking the dreams, foregoing extremes,  
Like men who are men of reason and compassion.  
These philosophers were the born few who  
Decided the worst effects, the better aspects.  
After the circles of doubt was an abhorrent gulf,  
An abyss of frightening strength, slow essence.  
The circular path was trod and all happiness  
Fled from riches of the sun and moon and stars.

Naveed Akram

# A Boy Drowned

A boy walked to and fro along the bridge,  
His mastering of good news was sound and bright;  
As the knowledge of wisdom set in from the river,  
The waves had spent their effort for too long;  
The rivers mastered the boy, for the bridge was long,  
And the bridges were so far in the distance.

Every boy will learn for the news to be a world of good,  
The good life exactly arrived with seas of wonder;  
Knowledge exercised its power on the wondrous boy,  
For the bridges he had traversed produced more learning;  
Bridges across the water killed the boy who mattered,  
For he was found on a riverbed, dead and drowned.

Naveed Akram

# A Brain

One thought is perfect in the brain,  
We see its blood in a special way,  
Its blood is good, very special.

We swerve our blood through the vessels,  
And the capillaries, dooming them  
As they descend and make us maybe bleed.

The brain is surely housing a diamond,  
Rich and hard, the diamond is best.  
We swap and learn different thoughts.

Surely the brain works certain wonders,  
Like the beating of the blood  
And the thinking of our sons.

Naveed Akram

## A Brave Child

To wave a brave man comes with fun,  
Construct a bend, construct orphan.  
To die may buy some certain craze,  
The orphanage designs always.

We burn from lusts that orphans don't,  
Their purity must force, but won't.  
The excellence surprises me,  
Of children working a penny.

Naveed Akram

## A Bridge-Crossing

Gaining a bridge will keep us apart,  
Open this only now  
Describing us totally and satisfactorily,  
With arms in the hope of reaching  
I concern the older generation.  
My wizardry fetched intelligence  
As this brings mathematics, farther than the eye  
Inside of which is super fluid,  
Glue to make the hearing and over.  
A blind crossing will enter the book  
Fists clenched and covers handled.

Naveed Akram

# A Burn

My spender rinses me as I have spent,  
The real ferocity makes me cement;  
The deed has done my face, has seen me last,  
I cast a spell, and be somewhat aghast.

My buying and this lying can concern,  
But this time that design does spend a burn;  
The cavern dozes and deserves music,  
Unmet, unworked, like sport and metallic.

Naveed Akram

# A Caged Moment

If a caged moment were to escape  
Then fix the matter with inclinations  
That determine the outcome of love.  
I sat thinking that a manager was again,  
I thought to myself a mistake and people  
Meditated too sincerely due to devices  
Internally resolute like the stars sitting high.

The moment sat on its throne to wed  
With someone who wept too long,  
The face was adequate and simple,  
The legs were bulky due to the godly  
Weight of the entire body and bridge.  
If a cage were to be distended and bloated  
We would deserve a reaction of the roars.

Naveed Akram

# A Cake

To shake a cake we wade in the grass  
Of lovely cream, a game of evil sweetness;  
The stick is held by its statue offering us,  
A lion's head is a promise to behold.

I must now fade into lights of the curtain  
To wade into the light of all dreams that stream.  
Take a day of the year and follow a hand  
To the mirror of our schemes on this date.

Naveed Akram

# A Calamitous Situation

The calamity strikes us when the soldier is present,  
He appears to be in front of our soul.  
A fool is about, with the pressure of discontent,  
His possessions maw us with skill and hunger.  
Death backs away, dead men do not speak,  
My wisdom bellows and beams on him,  
The soldier has learnt to escape.  
Inside he learnt to beg for life among us,  
International help is not for us at all.

Naveed Akram

# A Calligraphic Approach

Since the blushing of the sun at dawn,  
And the phrases of a godly saint,  
One poet needs a holy war with words  
So that fighters frighten one another  
In the unity and absolute nature of humankind.  
The mission is of the prophetic helpers,  
Superior to just learning,  
Superior to wealth and riches,  
Goal of the night, and defence  
From the open enemy, a devil  
Of some wrong committed in the past.  
One goal ghostly, one goal brightly  
Undoes the spring of the soul,  
So that praying unites the ultimate foe.  
Afterwards a supplication undoes foes,  
Those same foes display wrecked ships  
Internally and externally, esoteric and exoteric.

Naveed Akram

# A Caring Family

You care for me, you fear me,  
Like a kitten is brushed by its mother.  
The middle of the year may surrender,  
It describes union of the family.  
I care for you, you care for me,  
The unit called the family bettered itself,  
Now that care is around,  
Now that mighty rivers flow  
Inside the family.

Naveed Akram

# A Century Of Events

A century of events collapses into ruin,  
A blighted time has arrived at the doorstep.  
Once the rickety bridge has been crossed,  
Our speeches concretely define our tastes.  
The notable fish of the time indeed,  
The notable fish of the times of our realm  
Are swimming and diving in the sea of radiance  
To further annoy the other fish of this century.  
Our needs are met by guests of brilliance  
Interested by accusations and ploys hurting.  
The century is a whole century of guilt  
When from all sides of the globe  
The conquerors work upon us to rid us  
Of benefit and love for each other.

Naveed Akram

# A Championship For Him

If you can wait, weep and explode,  
Trust yourself afterwards with the law  
And its letter, forcing the enemy to surrender.  
You are losing yours, you blame it on him,  
But he said, "Find me a mystery to solve."  
Do not lie to him, do not be a liar!  
Let the times of the hour stain his loving caress,  
From the patient pursuit ready.  
I can not dare to supply the loss of a ruler,  
This tyrant demands a championship and heroic title.

Naveed Akram

# A Chariot

One chariot drives north and another south  
With hands of the driving forces, winds of the  
Servants, worst of the demons and devils.  
It is the murder in their history,  
The larceny of feelings and emotions,  
And not the appearance of the face  
That shows a trait of poor souls.

One chariot dies and another lives  
According to the seriousness of the times,  
It is not the year or the month  
That causes their impatience,  
But the soldier absent of them.

A chariot is an obstacle for the soul,  
A transport for the travellers, and a blessed  
Invention for the wary travellers,  
Who link and love, laugh and hate,  
Like the spread of wings on the earth.

Naveed Akram

# A Charming Introduction

This was talking of a charming introduction to a vile life,  
Impassable roads honoured this vile life of a hermit.  
A scoundrel betraying his friends, he fetched the medicine,  
Happy medicine was never happening to anybody.

The doctor collapsed forcefully by the drugs he ingested,  
This drug poisoned the hermit as well, a wellness seemed able.  
The marriage of these two inspired both leaders and citizens  
As the hermit and doctor were at fierce odds with each other.

To make a fortune was significant to the brain and mind,  
The mind contained light, and the brain consisted of darkness;  
Cheerfully, the misery lasted, for the desires and lusts concentrated,  
Later this meant misery was at an end, absent in the extreme.

Naveed Akram

# A Church Has Chimed

This was an organ in musical rhythms,  
It is was church time for the fellow followers,  
The grinding of the sound notes dwelled  
And stole the air with beauty and awe,  
Holy needs had been satiated  
In this side of the hill we call worship.  
The church had been built for the  
Centuries it stood like an enemy to devils,  
Shunning them with its top of golden sculpture,  
The cathedral was its name now.  
The cathedral bellowed and cantered  
With huge voices, not hallucinations.  
This was real worship of the clouds,  
A ready godliness combined now with work.

Naveed Akram

## A Class To Remove

A class for all to remove is against the pull,  
One has manners when eating with food,  
A different management has arisen  
From the depths of lushness, deviousness.

The mansion of dice is like the older disasters,  
You must play with this mansion at dice,  
And then if toys are good enough we  
Are held at bay with the worth of a future.

My classes are bitterer than the aliens of the pitch  
Black region, a light shines forward and helps you,  
Igniting the players of the real world,  
Infinitely relaying and displaying with knots.

Naveed Akram

## A Clever Way

A clever way to rise in the morning is clear,  
Illness vanishes from your toes and feet.  
The blinding baking torture of heat hurtles  
From the skies of golden damage, dangerous and cruel.  
May the morning be mad with relief  
From the endless dormancy of the night.  
A night coloured by the generations is full,  
The moon is full, children are fully adults  
When you speak to them and converse in dreams  
To one another, like the bells of hanging  
And chiming, so chiming that they fall  
From their grace, a clever way to rise this morning.

Naveed Akram

## A Closed Life

When his life was closing  
The enchantment and charm  
Grew phenomenally, like a bird in flight.  
One after-life is better than all,  
For dying is death done!  
The brave speech muttered is uttered,  
Forsaking all requests for all of the time.  
This hour is final for him,  
Like a steward for any man to care,  
He is so dead that dying is artful.  
O the charm in manners of the pen!  
This simple utensil lifts the charm,  
But the charm returns and describes itself.

Naveed Akram

## A Comma

A coma accompanied my body for this century,  
Backstage the heart clicked like a clock.  
This century my girls will age unequally  
For they have died, and they have died.  
Destruction counted least in the expedition of my soulfulness,  
A columnist wrote his burden of me and my history.  
This causes to age the readers of the newsperson  
Writing the stories of conjecture.  
A coma has broken off from me, from me,  
So that the century's kip resides no longer in my head.

Naveed Akram

# A Complaining Man

I complain about god like an angelic spirit,  
During the rapid strikes of your destiny.  
Opals and rubies combine in their memories  
To unleash the ordinary rights and wrongs.  
My letter is a complaint of formalities,  
My lesson is the order of a sacred king.

To see godly men is like watching the parade,  
My thumbs crack, they wither like the trolls  
In decline due to the good forces of the light.  
Evil is at the heart of the rooms in innocence;  
Goodness is seen, then my sages reply  
To the interrogative sentences blaring and daring.

To believe the craziness of a heart is crucial,  
It manages the sparks, inside the roaming of  
Freedom, it is read by the innocent so highly.  
Towards the city is the lava flow of hell,  
It strikes at the heart with white sheets,  
I have to believe in the length of strength.

Naveed Akram

# A Complex Character

Why is it so complicated?  
The verse I seek is eternal,  
That is the fastest route to the sky;  
But why do we perplex ourselves  
With the holy light?

The complex man favours the beasts,  
He inhibits the dying and living,  
Acting according to their beliefs,  
And witnessing the false events;  
So why is he so slow afterwards?

His speech is lowered, false flasks  
Are drunk in copious amounts,  
He stammers and displays  
His strength when he is morbid,  
And then a master has appeared.

He overshadows me, and the master,  
Like a cloud so deep in thirst  
That it rains with such force  
Like the crying of a mad man,  
In a serious mood.

Some understand, others master,  
And most overshadow, to inhibit  
And help like the superior men,  
Who think they are bigger than beasts,  
Whose mastery is so unworthy?

Naveed Akram

## A Contrast To State

I have a contrast to state, that you are dense,  
And I am thin, that you scorn me whilst I am rich.  
To be dainty is to be scornful of my reminder,  
The strain is aloof you say and state, but it is scare  
And you must care, like all who are tall with their ball.

Rare are the practices of the rich, poor are those who  
Understand a little helmet is for safety.  
My hat is beautiful, yours is a chair of extinct material,  
My clothes are becalming, yours are plunging you  
Into sin or laziness, like the stench of a semi-heaven.

For you are tainted, my friendly one, my poor one,  
Who is respectable like me, but I am repulsed by poverty.  
It fumes me, it will wear the rare act, and I am calling  
To your kin to rejoice when death has become a rose  
Wherein I enter to receive the passage of my haughtiness.

Naveed Akram

## A Copse

In a lonely copse, or group of trees,  
I find a lady too great on deviltries.  
On her hat is a clue to acquire;  
I have excelled in this choir.

Naveed Akram

## A Couple Needs Space

Force the two of them, a couple of travellers,  
To seek the ends of the universe,  
In search of treasure that is appealing,  
The very jewels most sparkling and bright like stars.

Conquer the living space and the living become dead.  
You need the Universe and all it contains, all it maintains.  
Living space is the rule of one's promenade.  
One does think of two stars, the couple who revolve around-  
Husband and Wife travel to the leagues of space,  
And they do need space. All the Space.

Naveed Akram

# A Covered Stag

She found the covered stag afterwards,  
Blood flowed from the heart itself,  
Like licking heavenly healing inside the heat  
Covering the head as a direction.

You taught me with the hunt of this stage,  
A bodily process perpetuated movement,  
Crawling carefully, with disturbance as the descent,  
Approach carefully!

Showers of rain pelted downwards devastating the newsroom,  
Internally we cry and with full blood reigning,  
Externally the tears are soldiers for us,  
For we slide sorrowfully without the witchery of wasps.

You would know the cat with food,  
You wondered far too long with fair ladies  
That formed from severity, this severing  
Agent resides and resumes forever.

Naveed Akram

# A Cozy Nation

I make a practised drivel to be drained,  
Please do not overlook the primary colours  
That sustain my vision with drivel, to be duty.  
Bowl the innocence into the alley of trouble  
To defeat with honour the curses, the lies.  
Now it cancelled the pleasure, the drivel,  
It returns however and displeases profoundly,  
As a directive it is weird, it cancels.  
The connection has been realised,  
It is no worry, it is not any worry,  
The real vehicle of displeasure may be flown  
Not driven, not expelled can be the vehicle.  
In the show of veins, the human body is the ultimate  
Vehicle of driving quality.  
The body is the deputy to the brain,  
A processor is both, even the brain is a microprocessor,  
Spelling is readily accomplished, by my tailor,  
Who operated with agencies of intelligence.  
One fishes the scandal of this time,  
With the intellectual agency, a particular organization  
That trains and stares, with affectation it constructs.  
This made men cry, all over.  
But only patience stared back at this intelligent nation,  
A cozy nation, free from drivel.

Naveed Akram

# A Cricket Ball

A ball spends its time with Time,  
Spilling agony, waste and collisions so rightly found;  
By this we spoke too loudly of the ball I'm  
Spinning like in cricket, and all this sound!

The field caught my ball this over,  
Expensive play! Expensive day of my sport.  
There needs a container  
For this cricket ball, my real important sort.

Naveed Akram

## A Cruel Fortune

Cruelty is a fortune to be told,  
Opening a cavity of the chair to behold.  
I sit and watch a goose and cat  
All cooked on a table of an autocrat.  
He sits and watches his house  
And the servants will be cooking a grouse  
For all night long, for inner chambers  
Are seen to. We must eat cucumbers.  
The reason is clear that taming all activity  
Is loving the house with all of ability.

Naveed Akram

# A Cry

A cry has awakened by all,  
Form of creature known to man.  
Itself the feather is like itself,  
But this weeping will always be definite.  
The leading of a life is sacred  
That demands of money are embedded.  
So raise a cheer to the new occasion  
Of earliness please be on the position.

Naveed Akram

# A Cycle

Absently my abrupt cycle is like coffee,  
One of the computers talking of ability.

Drink them in ways known to God,  
To prod in a fraudulent, flawed nod.

My crystal-jaws quake in rods and cups,  
This horse may gallop for it bankrupts.

I have hiccups and peppers to taste,  
Compasses swivel too jealously, encased.

This cycle accepts my computer,  
Acres of activity accuse the accomplisher.

Naveed Akram

# A Daughter Of Wisdom

There was a daughter with high thoughts,  
Higher than what knowledge can bring,  
And higher than the fairness of some;  
It required chandeliers and primroses,  
High thoughts were not to desist and beg  
For assistance.

Then sheets of silky snow abated forever,  
Wild shrouds beamed on the soul  
Of a primrosed lady of the deepest sleep,  
Dormant in her world of thoughts higher  
Than my lords and ladies of old  
Who required action.

Naveed Akram

# A Debut

There was an old man from Guildford,  
Who left too hard a bargain,  
They sold him the clue  
Of a large debut  
For which the manliness was inspired.

Naveed Akram

# A Decade

A decade has passed from us,  
When there is heartache  
And animals give us haste  
On their memory,  
As for their memory.  
Destiny has contained us with themselves,  
Unfurl that and we are in heavenly heights so mighty.

Another decade will pass,  
With each other,  
And why do we see this tragic past  
When future callings are among us.  
The time for peace and war has erupted  
To contain us in our memorisation  
And our concentration.

Naveed Akram

# A Deep Abyss

One has dug into the deep abyss  
And unlocked a quarry for the stars  
And heathens to enjoy at their last.  
One shot into the under dark is finer  
Than a shot into the stupor of sanity,  
A bullet scratches a few survivors.  
When the fond memories lie still,  
A bullet of the bullets of seven men  
Is buried deep in the flesh of hounds.  
The war-beasts revel and burst  
Like fiends from the fall and rice,  
Collecting in the lottery every day.  
Why have you dug yourself deep?  
Inside the chasms of this marvel  
Is a deep design of charity and song.  
One has dug deeper than the arts  
And the sciences have come last,  
Finding their way with gold and jewels.

Naveed Akram

# A Deformity

I call it a deformity, I call it the spoken word,  
Many long to see the face of rich men,  
The diamonds are a facet of their everyday lives,  
For jewels abstain from the many scratches and bites.  
A standard face is applied, wandering is a lie,  
For the water carried by the dozens of helpers weeps.  
Strange eyebrows are pages of material,  
In a way we call a religion or faith.  
It is not me who sings tonight, justice sings today,  
Forming a deformity so peaceful and delightful and delicious.  
This may cause the mind to wince and swallow,  
But then noses and mouths shall be speaking one day.

Naveed Akram

# A Demonic Crime-Rate

Five devils are four demons,  
Said the living ones in the wastes of MisterLand.  
Demon and devil cost us lives,  
In this Unity and Justice we call the Earth:  
Here, there are no monsters no answers to sin.  
Merely, your misdemeanours are detected by the police,  
Not by the lesser devils and the higher demons.

Naveed Akram

## A Destroyer?

I have a destroyer among you, people,  
For they muttered a catastrophe in their hearts,  
When hearts were condemned by a dozen gruesome goblins  
Each of them gathering singing dust to dispel the offenders  
Who were foreign and angry, forceful and dangerous, in  
A quiet display yet.

I have an aggressor in my cerebrum, an unkind calibre,  
That steals the soul from hearts, quietly  
And expertly, like a foul creature.  
The destroyed soul is all the worry,  
I have won this goal.

Naveed Akram

# A Devil's Job

Evil is an occupation best left to the devils,  
Their food is quite a craft to the devils.  
Save a job that must be saved, according to some,  
It is surviving everyone staffed, to the devils.

One must spare a little thought to the anxious few,  
A hazard is in those who laughed, to the devils.  
Your faith is coming to be solid, an impressive affair,  
And kept it intact when attacked, by the devils.

Innocence is a pleasure to behold, especially when,  
It commands our future as we watched the devils.  
Unhappy are the affairs of men and women,  
When you are redundant instead of the devils.

Naveed Akram

# A Different Day

One eye is bolder than the other head of eyes,  
One eye can master the interlace and the matrix.  
To see some who are doctors in this general way  
Is absurdly unique, the folly of danger is whole.  
Many containers erupt in the laboratory called Earth,  
A rose is martyred, a rose is burnt by the strange ones  
Who infest the economy of riches that decline.

Nature is tall and grand, middle ways cut and toss,  
The eyes are of the rare treasures, and the rose

Is my enemy of this natural world,  
Theology and ruins are natural now.  
For to speak of this burning rose  
Condemns me further in the light,  
Killing has been alienating the weak,  
Kisses of the pencils of the awake  
Are hitting their spot at my brain  
That hurts because of the odours.

One more eye pops out and escapes from us,  
Me and you shall have a lot of fun in heaven.

Naveed Akram

# A Dime

Death brings joy to the human heart when there is Time,  
Time is against the living lines, worth more than a dime.

Naveed Akram

# A Dispute

A dispute controls an explosion,  
They built them on the line of writing;  
Just why do hundreds debate and abandon?  
The living of right is worth reporting.

A dispute managed the experiment,  
Hitting and replaying like silver and gold;  
My replying worsened, I was diligent  
And angry that life became old.

The maddening went on and on, like fire  
Blazing in souls, futures did burn,  
I didn't burn or catch fire or admire  
This innocent help that made me learn.

Upper class strengths conceal their all ness,  
And tall ness may acquire anatomy of riches,  
This contained wealth to adore with abruptness,  
Your feelings are hidden in adages.

Naveed Akram

# A Distressing Bedtime

It is now bedtime, the soldier of times,  
We sleep half of the night, just tonight.  
The rooms of a leap year are vast,  
It was bedevilled with ghosts far too superior  
To the motley crew of ghouls last year,  
A clue of them died, like a crown of kings.  
Distressing paws of blood escaped just past the day,  
A dialect arrived by mind, of a faraway language.  
The paws of a wolf became the dream of a naughty kind,  
Lines of light arrived and departed.  
It was now bedtime again, the very next night,  
Full of mystery and suspense.

Naveed Akram

# A Dog

A mad dog creates worry with the crowds,  
As force is needed to disperse them who are cowards.

A middle path has been chosen to traverse,  
So that detonation of a bomb can be this verse.

A wire has been snipped to dispel the anxiety,  
To maim him and not you or I.

Naveed Akram

# A Dog Is Good

A deep ravine has beaten the love of a dog,  
Chasms are fathomed by his imagination,  
Lots of wood have blamed him with outbursts,  
And the rubber of caves is deeming an outburst.  
Mountains do tumble, and upend all because of his thinking;

I rather agree with the chill, and panting is easy,  
Just far too easy, like a favourite living and wit.  
Barking has outspread the anger,  
As anger is intellectual for all the existence.

Naveed Akram

# A Doll Lies

The doll lay across my lap,  
Lodged firmly so I could not sustain;  
No birthdays, no right time to define.  
This doll cried fevers of words  
So slim and gentle to be forgiven.  
My easy pet was a righteous player  
Of music that sadly missed occupation  
By the spirits of the darkness.  
Wavering, with tears of sobbing kindness,  
The voice appeared before the soul  
That was mine,  
And it cried while it was dying,  
It lamented due to godly help,  
So washing and agreeing  
That sweetness spoke and wetness died.

My dolls are sculpted by numerous men  
Or toy-makers that you do concern with the  
Centipedes or the centuries.  
Both truth and lying appear before the face,  
So fixed in solitude, like the weeping  
Of sensations that tear at the heart.

My voice reiterated and stole the ghouls  
From the wet air, casting my shadows adrift  
So as to finally wash the dolls of their sin.  
They wailed in the trees and eyes of the forest,  
Linking their tongues with their languages  
Like sodden creatures of the night  
Always in obedience with the satanic demons.

Naveed Akram

# A Dragon

Faster dragons will question my integrity,  
Like a man detested I seek my revenge  
On the bravery which defiled the bad dragon  
That defends itself, itself and no other.

A little disorder is an alphabet to learn  
For this dragon to learn and teach to its young.  
The eggs have hatched and little do you know -  
A word has been conveyed of late - you are mad!

The mad dragon has been a large eater of its own eggs!

Naveed Akram

## A Duty

My way is straight like the path  
That neither winds nor sways,  
My instincts are still clever,  
For my being is called manhood.

My way is not strange,  
Ways are only strange  
When the dangers are present,  
Pain collects from these endeavours.

Suffering is a duty for those who endeavour,  
Deeds of exceptional nature spring  
From beliefs in the art of living,  
Your instincts are clever not shrewd.

Naveed Akram

# A Fable

A fable surrenders itself to the union of brothers,  
Some fall into favourable terms with the mothers.

Naveed Akram

# A Fairy

You are to go someday  
To a faraway land, so fair.  
The fairyland is simple,  
For your enjoyment.  
Its winter is as cold as its autumn  
And spring and summer.  
The land deserves praise,  
Of its jewels and diamonds.  
Joys do pretend, but these  
Are the simplest ones.  
The land of fairies defies gravity,  
With goodness to display.  
My fairy is in my garden  
Telling me of this story.

Naveed Akram

## A Faithful Person

Degrees of the planet I await from the sun,  
A careful blend of drink that is drunk,  
By the skin and the brain,  
Less of the monument I stank.

Doctor likes the request to be made,  
That a solitude is about,  
A faithful person is always betrayed  
Into the causes he is at bout.

The disease is procured by the prevention  
I detest in the initial phases.  
It will cure you, my love, of all dimension,  
I detest the treatment of these days.

Days and nights, weeks and months,  
Go by and by like a talking nightmare,  
Foreign to the power of the sevenths  
Of the weeks that are day-care.

I think it ridiculous of your jolt,  
I'd like to think it a blessing,  
That I am adult,  
And it delivered a caressing.

Naveed Akram

## A Fallow Field

I have kept this fallow field  
When I must be a horseman,  
A keeper of wills and minds  
With no shadows, no designs.  
Their hooves are planted  
In the field so young in taste.  
A fool clasps its mind  
When evil shadows must be;  
It must be the stallions  
That bring joy to the very heart.  
I am burdened by the boaster  
Of this fallow field.

Naveed Akram

## A Familiar Tune

She sends the familiar tune  
To a land of rain and snow;  
Sounds of the ocean are missing,  
Noise is much too soft.  
The feelings of the soul reside  
In the heavens with earth,  
Fat monsters bark crazier  
Than their twins of fright.  
My tunes are so silly  
That windows will smash,  
With glass sizzling with sight.  
A sender of rains is about the godlier  
Men, the men who feel the pinch  
Of a day that admires no water  
And just famine.

She sends a familiar tune to  
Women who love like fairies,  
Muttering and glowing like pearls  
Touching the insides.  
As islands matter to the rich,  
A fuel has been deported  
To the weak at heart.

Naveed Akram

# A Faraway Land

I have arrived in a faraway land,  
Cosy, calculating in atmospheric pressure;  
The maths of a spring is like the summer,  
Numbers bounce like the plains.  
We are letters of inspiration,  
Full of open doors that shut.  
Have a land in this sudden lust,  
The land is bulging towards their land.  
Let language be the subject of hate,  
Let meaning arise from the dawn of time,  
And so words fly so absurdly today.

My approach is permanent like the door,  
It shuts and masters the very poor guy,  
His facial complexion is his reflection.  
The mirror of a day bounces to the payment  
Of prizes and prisoners in way of argument.  
I have been a faraway land, a land of disguise,  
The very act was to call it home.

Naveed Akram

# A Fascinating Iron

A fascinating iron has been nimble,  
The arms are virile and clumsy.  
To soak in the woollen garment  
Creates a sturdy, bizarre living.  
Where are the houses to manage?  
My awkward delicate heads are many,  
To see the fundamental question called life.  
The world is timeless inside the head,  
With tentacles rather like my iron.  
This immaculate woollen garment  
Straps to my body's robot, living  
Almost roundly by the weeks and months.

This fascinating dying is like death,  
The iron is in need of the souls,  
Neat figures laugh into the tablets  
Of the medical doctor.

I need some time to conflict with time,  
This fascinating iron is against frail limbs,  
I am muscular beyond days,  
I am winsome like the repose.  
My emancipation has continued in daylight,  
This dying is fascinating,  
But what ironing is in creation?

Naveed Akram

# A Fate

I cannot give to anyone, but they must give to me,  
For the players of life shall guarantee their success.  
I shall eat from the plate of gold and silver,  
Embark on a voyage of delights and irony.  
I have to be fuelled by my desires, the lusty weathers,  
Cruel properties have been attributed to my soul.  
It is the wisdom I lack, the knowledge I hate,  
Forever the vortices rotate my head in joys of hardness.  
For the force of a thousand nights cannot contain  
The darkness that is within my soul.  
I want the food on my plate, the gold to hear and sing,  
Knowing fruits of the heaven, but enabling the joys  
To hearten the keep of my limbs.

These limbs need to be freed from crucifixion,  
I decay and detract from the devil,  
As I lie on lice and loud light of evil stature,  
A start into the stars, where the night is a pudding.  
My vacuum is filled, my abyss is joined,  
And my hell is confirmed according to the wishes  
Of a Higher Authority.

Naveed Akram

# A Few Sad Wars

A few sad hours promoted the ill effects  
Of life that ran in many corners of the world.  
A few on misery, a few on peace, these moments  
Surrounded the terraced houses with sunshine.  
I decided to call or defend a little lawn of terror,  
Grass grew there, to be submerged by the running  
Floods that grew at paces of the strongest order.  
These sad times escaped our understanding of the  
The ice jamming our eyes so weeping as an eye.  
My crime forgiven, the city rose into a flower  
That reigned for the hours of oblivion and taste.  
Two of my fellows became a pact with gods who saw  
Us with flesh on their side, beautiful people grew  
Into phantasms that lurked like the rights.  
We saw too many gay ghosts of the older outing  
As they parked prettily with mighty mangled arms  
Like the zombies at war with souls of the undead.

They surrounded my house or minute mansion,  
Whenever they felt the need to execute a sigh,  
For this penalty was mine alone, nobody shared promises  
To be the very rare occurrences in totality.  
A thousand times the undead became wretched  
As the pies of yellow cakes gleamed on their unborn teeth  
Glistening after too many bites of my flesh  
Fleetingly devoured at all times of the day and night.

They stopped me when I was dead and buried,  
They desisted the existence of a thousand men,  
Their raw meat was again discovered imbibing terror  
From the wastes of unholy water, the liquid so  
Abusing that undead sprits rose to the rain so reaching.

Naveed Akram

## A Finding So Glad

It is after the rain and when snow has left the school,  
I see the living world and live inside it with longity,  
I save those who create a definition and cause,  
I am for the people who sanely feel to cause,  
And that is the finding today I have made.

Naveed Akram

# A Finger Length

A finger length from now a serious move takes place,  
My leap and weeping is restored by the remorse,  
And taking pride is sumptuous for the delay,  
A weird button is pressed for the almighty soldiers at war  
Crossing the twilight zone, and the hairy weather.  
One cemented one can be down on luck,  
While the weather receives the punch of a thousand.

At the source of the discomfort is a pavement of steel,  
Growing from the wildness of the years and days of triumph.  
Toss those waves across the heavens and the earth must comply,  
Likes and dislikes are off the record, little must be discomfort  
For the luckiness of a day is again a destruction.

Naveed Akram

# A Flight Occurs

When you walk along a flight occurs after fighting  
And wounding another animal, duty has you in the way.  
These minor points of distinction remade you,  
Jutting out are rocks of hard weight and shape.  
Heaven is in the direction of your heart,  
Leading to beautiful rocks so patterned in the sky  
As far as the eye can see, as far as ever.  
Your walking speed was immense, it used to be,  
And always the flight came easy for you.  
Never falter in your graceful practice,  
That is to say, just fly beyond the hills and mountains  
And land to see the army and government  
Who are the authorities, who can see your flight.

Naveed Akram

# A Follower Of Money

Starting is like completing one job,  
To remark on this event is suited to heavenly conduct.

Start on a daily work, forever in work and play,  
To mystically remain in a tomb of graveness.

Finish the employment when one is paid,  
Hunting a world is not a barren activity.

Your voice is mellow after the job is spoken  
And carried into relaxation, rather complete.

Many employers are selfish enough to destroy  
The salary of an intellectual man, a follower of money.

Naveed Akram

# A Friend

A friend is alone now, very solemn in praise of himself,  
Finding work and searching for help in strong conversation;  
He is now alone again, forcing the help of others as well  
By being absent, by being and doing all the employment of material.  
A friend must interact for reasons and decisions must be made  
Like a manager of life who improves life outwardly and inwardly,  
It is better to cast away the souls of people and learn forever.  
I am a friend, not enemy of yours, still I am not your victim,  
However much you worry and tease me.  
The friendship is certain as carrots can snap, as bravery is definite  
When courage has been present, with hatred is the answer of the foe.

Naveed Akram

## A Friend Is In Sight

Seeing again must be prize worthy,  
It commands a sanctuary, worthy;  
This felt like eye and nose,  
Then those eyes turned like eyes  
That shifted meanings for the head and heart,  
Opening a slight emotion for the other person;  
This person may be godly, or wise, or witty,  
But he or she is greater a friend,  
Always in need of intelligent help  
From your food and offerings.

Naveed Akram

# A Funny Heart

To be a funny heart is to laugh from it,  
Let us belittle the godlike properties in them,  
Forming a force of the ultimate design.

To be a heart residing in the chest is a rest,  
Fulfilling the promise of your lords and ladies,  
Flowing with the overall orders and disorders.

I have a heart of my honourable few who I call  
To vent my anger; and formations arise,  
Too many columns and rows are livid in fire.

The fires are out, for they are awarding us honour,  
A perfect picture of the sane and loyal,  
For the hospital and the ideal reality of our liking.

I have my heart in my story and my thinking,  
It pulsates and vibrates according to acts and  
Thoughts resounding in my head and heart.

Naveed Akram

# A Gathering

I loath all that does not exist like His Gathering,  
Killing this ideal has been rejected by those nearby.  
They are my neighbours, they are my pride,  
But what does it mean to the denizens of mighty homes.  
I see his home, and the clothing of His Soul,  
What does he do in the trials of His Life?  
May I wish him good luck, good time,  
So that presents are collected forever.  
Come to the place of joy, the worthy position,  
It worked then and there to be in the same position.  
Must we keep the souls apart, or together? we do not know.  
I have to postpone the meeting with my boss.  
It is a compelling story I have to tell,  
Of the yellow river, the river of love,  
A tributary or headwater that builds fever,  
One that is like love of him and only of him.

Naveed Akram

# A Gesture Of The Night

In a gesture roundly followed, I look to the horizon,  
As it always affronts us like the shortness of humans;  
My outermost belief of this background joy has been  
My crisis and light, in times of questions and doubts.  
The books are even nearer brushing with solidity,  
The sun has broken the new paper and made old,  
The stars below the stars are like the stars.  
Her feeble nature invites the stripped worms  
And they roundly sit with earned faces,  
Looking into the life around them with responsibility,  
But however much they astound their own intellect  
They prey on their kin and kittens, those faithful  
Into the night, into the decamped existence.

Naveed Akram

# A Ghost

A ghost has arrived whilst in the house  
Your friend, no doubt, in hostile search  
For love and hatred and all things created  
Like the illness of crime and the master  
Innards attached to my soul shall awaken  
My feeding is a frenzy when in the spirit world

Naveed Akram

# A Glittering Star

A glittering star enlightens my mind,  
It houses the light of an eternal time.  
The little light gained by any observer  
Is just some sort of judgement.  
Let them poke into the sky with their noses,  
And the naked eye has launched its sight  
At the stars with height, with absolute finishing quality.  
The powerful knife of a star glares at me in the kitchen  
That meant hills could be climbed by those awaiting the stars.

Naveed Akram

# A God

A god was about, fully moving,  
Leaning on a stick for the movement one day.  
Tonight He worked, higher than anyone,  
With a mind to reset, to accumulate acumen.  
May the gods all be damned for their work,  
The real manner of our young lings is grave,  
Their very graves spat on, fought on by the gods.  
The movement is splendid, futures are blessed,  
Forcing our real manners forever and ever.

Naveed Akram

## A Good Home

Send the man home, at his house,  
The stigma has attached to the brain,  
My love is home, my lovely place where nobody moves,  
Nothing is quite like itself, the way I move inside it;  
The pleasure is so immense that he who owns me shall reward me  
With freedom, and watch to see the everything he gave;  
Perfectly I see it, this world, and definitely I love it.

Naveed Akram

## A Good Life

Living outside those and these planets is funny,  
And I like fierce planets of nature's tips and peaks.  
This is the better bargain of a Life without virtue,  
An opposite deal over and under the agreed art.

Forceful plans are plenty and pretty, of each blood,  
Such too many like to love altogether, and live alone,  
Towards the towers of colourful nature and genius,  
As if food is good in dozens of days and real life.

Naveed Akram

# A Gun

A revolver has been blasted and cried for its purpose,  
Bullets are boosted into the super still sky, how disastrous!  
The guns commit selfish acts due on the day they conceive,  
Then they beget and discuss another life, another day to achieve.

A gun is common among the young and dangerous  
For they disbelieve in nightmare and dreams: apparatus.  
Your gun is safe but thieves perform a stampede  
On the young at living, the very youth, the canopied.

When it blasted your hair, it considered a target  
On the other side, a man must live by a century  
And he is me, the very one who stamped a bullet  
In the heart of his enemy, the gods are with ability.

I can not fetch the revolver or the gun,  
It is generous I believe, the gun is to be begun.

Naveed Akram

# A Halting Step

He takes a halting step backward,  
Standing in a broad, shallow hole or pit,  
Everywhere are these concentrated beings  
Of darkness and oblivion.

He takes a halting step, and he takes a photograph  
To place in his authoritative album of awkwardness,  
Ranging from the absurd to the stupid.

The pictures are of the religious, flaming realm  
Of another hell of another planet or another plane  
Of existence, where is this existence?

Above the close horizon he stares into space,  
Like a wavering bent person of praise.

He will deepen the fair shadow,  
He decides to scoop some of the ground,  
To move it with his eyes of lightning speeds,  
As fast as doctors and as slow as privates.

He will scoop the digging area,  
And you shouldn't deny the results of life  
On this plane of existence.

Naveed Akram

# A Hand

An ancillary hand was believing in me,  
Hope turned to dust, I was crooked;  
Yet while I played with danger, and  
Danger played with my flame and fire,  
The other hand beautifully wept  
To see my days and nights as swollen with pride.  
This dangling limb encapsulates my sin,  
The very dashing object in front of me.  
Forming from within, a body casts devils to  
The ground where dusts are collected  
And raised, unique to the touch, evermore.

Naveed Akram

# A Haunted Room

It's a room full of ghosts, driving me mad,  
Dull and the same, with laughable faces.  
I relapse and ask why they torment with wishes,  
I never will believe in events of this thinking.

It is too uncomfortable to live in this cherished  
Mansion of a house, a long, long void in the head.  
Afterward, at this rate we abandon the quest, as it is  
Stealing our pockets so identifying the culprit.

Michael spoke about the ghostier ghoul, the phantom,  
At what rate it flew, at what task it had striven, like a castle  
Or a chart, a heaven or a hell, feeding the weakness  
Of the wall, and walls. A sepulchral sound filled us.

The painting was for a moment a bereaving man or soldier,  
But then angrier ghosts dropped on their backs,  
Doggedly reiterating their code or conduct rules, like  
Ghouls or wraiths, like sudden machines of evil.

Michael bespoke the wonders and miracles of a decade,  
A pantheist was him, a polytheist was my action,  
But then toward the swing of a grandfather clock  
Was the overturned bust of a man of scholarship and help.

Yelling around, feeding the pain, and realising death,  
We came to a conclusion and fled towards the monument  
Glazed and dumbfounded by our ritual, outside in the  
Rain of rains, the ghosts of ghosts repaired the night.

Naveed Akram

## A Heroic Love

A hero has loved a spring of love,  
Happiness lies at his arms that defeat,  
This hero stopped all hope from entering  
The swinging lights of sleep.  
Poverty respects us with its sleep,  
Races of the height of wishes  
Sleep together in mild health,  
When all soldiers wish their dreams.

A hero appears night after night,  
Powers of the excellent men are near,  
For nature is against the heights of sin,  
Remember freedom when calling is near  
And far.

Naveed Akram

# A Hidden Place

A place is hidden on the map,  
May the paper adjust for the better.  
You may cry, you may end this matter,  
But adventure has resonance of pain  
And colours of the rainbow.  
Do we see our people unite with us  
About the travels of the stars and planets?  
The hidden adventure is about God,  
Feelings cut into half are told to substances  
Called elements and compounds.  
But does God adjust paper of formulae  
In the hope of our adventure?  
Do we see God as an adventurer of mighty thoughts?  
But do we see those men who do prosper?

Naveed Akram

# A Hill

A hill is in the sky much too high,  
Offering us a new scene too beautiful,  
But when is the strength to apply?

We must shift and learn and amplify,  
Leaving too much time that is abnormal,  
A hill is in the sky much too high.

Kill the souls of the fathers that are by,  
Watch for the elements of risks considerable,  
But when is the strength to apply?

I shun from single mothers who fight and buy  
A lesser man who burns the clothes all horrible,  
A hill is in the sky much too high.

You must change your job like water, or die,  
For to die is greater than to be immortal,  
But when is the strength to apply?

Jostle in the sand for a gun or a plan to dissatisfy,  
Finding one job is too plain and immoral,  
But when is the strength to apply?  
A hill is in the sky much too high.

Naveed Akram

# A Hill Of Blood I Traverse

Here or over the hill  
Is fortune to view upon a sacred house.  
Here is a different avenue of thinker's area.  
He who lived alongside others with gusto  
Shall never be estranged. He sadly can not be with us.  
He is a boy or man, not girl or woman.  
He would confiscate your task, lost and found,  
A miracle has occurred with the different talk,  
A mind that Manchester is in England, and elsewhere?  
Part of me wants to bleed for you.  
I am a lover of Britain like pure heavenly spice,  
Why the bother to communicate in Latin?

Naveed Akram

# A Horse To Outrun

A horse is sent to outrun the rollers with wheels,  
A pin and needle can be a horse, but they are animals.  
Stones are thrown on the bleeding wounds,  
Heaven shines its odours on them to bind.  
The wheels spin, to collect a dust of ruined historical measures,  
Wheels indeed spin around to outrun the steed,  
To make it abandon, but the battle is never-ending.  
Eat the green goose, for it is cherished for its taste,  
After the race is won by the rollers with wheels.  
If the horse triumphs then exaltation is not possible,  
Wheels are to oppress the horse or steed  
To make it bleed and to crush its very head and neck.

Naveed Akram

# A Huge Heaven

The tall tower hesitated and spoke itself to sleep,  
Mines of gold are better for relaxation.

The gravity of this planet  
Is like the attraction of a man to a woman;  
Gravity is for free, and so is a man.

Tall houses have towers of people  
Holding loves and likes for each other.

A pious man can bring a place of wonder  
To a group of people who want to be loved.

Heaven is the next destination,  
Hell will prove to be full of fire.

Naveed Akram

# A Human Jump

Noticeable as a frog the human jumps  
To defeat an iron man of leaping action.  
Best humans work from abroad  
And jump into a proficient area of study.  
The frogs of hugest kind work alongside others  
Who frame a similar approach to the Life.

Naveed Akram

# A Just Poem

A poem exercises the beliefs aggressively,  
They contract like the heart so like a shout,  
Their entrances are definitely in justice.

When poetry enters the buildings, we object  
Lastly, our souls are uplifted as we stay  
In recompense, feeling and feeding the rights.

Why do we be poets of the opposite calculation?  
Where are the words of delight that question?  
Our poems justly enamour the public with sight.

One is loved by the fatal remembrances,  
One poet is equal to fourteen fingers,  
As the philosophers and scholars relate.

Then this heart of mine hears our praises,  
Fastening the greed of the eyes on beauty,  
Beautiful pens are indeed the authority.

Naveed Akram

## A Just State

Force us into abidance, in a just state,  
So then peace reigns at the night of the day.  
Sustain the godly tongue of doom,  
It injures a mighty swordsman.  
His weapon shivered as silver, the hilt,  
The blade and everything is like a soldier.  
Bold automatically, the knight of glamour  
Is not brand new in vigour, a latecomer.  
The wars of success are attributed failure  
When knights solve their worst crimes.

Naveed Akram

## A Kick

A kick is too glamorous, forming punches  
In the air, as their combat spells and abolishes.  
How does one force cancellation?  
An odious disaster shall bring deactivation.  
The left and right hands are legs as well,  
To actually brighten and deaden to tell.  
I kick in this oxygenated air to turn us into warriors,  
We shall bring victory to massive armies - no deserters.

Naveed Akram

# A King Nods

A king has been nodded by my baton,  
The richer members of this court object.

By scholars a sacred writing contest is in progress,  
A queen has angered the will of the thinkers.

Grace shall enter the palace courtyard, with wishes  
From a genie to behold the sights of the floating city.

My angry state is subjected to calmness of the soul,  
For the soul thanks every soul for being a role.

The heavenly gates open and command the faithful  
To enter and become their pleasures or relishes.

To be devoid of hellfire is like the whole of good,  
I have seen the commanding being of the One.

Naveed Akram

# A Kingly Man

O Friend of always the right,  
The clue of time is hidden in my purse;  
Inside is also a great travel that I embark upon.

O Friend of mine, why is this?  
It is inside the purse that lingers a shiny bauble,  
A shiny ring, and it lets us journey the hills of space.

The Friend: O Little man, I seek a helper  
To lift me into light, and majesty is all I can utter  
As I am a king who needs no travels nor journey of rings.

O Friendly King, my love is an ornament for you,  
And the light of the ring is more spacious,  
So I may think the task too great for you.

The Friend: O Little man, I am not dazzled by your ring,  
My jewels are with me, and my friends are not.  
Your journey can never begin.

For this it is quarrel and fight,  
And the king must leave his little friend.  
To always call him his foe.

Naveed Akram

## A Late Soul

A late morose order was proclaimed  
By the pelting men, who swung their hips  
And sandwiched true genius with iron force.

The rest of a thousand men is penniless,  
It concentrates on the godly work of the day,  
It dies and flies in the face of fortune that binds.

A flower is all we sense with our thoughts,  
Philosophers dine on this journey of the soul,  
It combines the orders of a celebratory day and night.

Naveed Akram

# A Leaf Has Fallen

A leaf has fallen on the ground,  
Beliefs have solutions that astound;  
Every tree that believed in its wood  
Shall learn pain from the heavenly adulthood.

A leaf has fallen on the ground,  
Solutions do stem from what is around;  
All the flowers give messages in the air,  
Their overly beautiful appearance is anywhere.

A leaf has escaped from the branches of a tree  
As the wind blows on the older apples carefully;  
Their sweetness is called ripeness,  
It is the quality of happiness.

Naveed Akram

# A Lemon At War

A lemon the size of a brain rolling slowly,  
It concerns me afterwards, as I ask my art,  
Glistening grass protrudes as I am person,  
Forced pleasures await me when fought.  
A lemon lasts for lengths of rolling, a right  
Innocence is entered, we bestow ease.  
A watch on the hand clicks, a fruit appears  
On the screen so slightly I cry screeching,  
Wasting the water of my taste,  
Wetting the seat with size of haste.

The brain rolls on, with roleplay at heart,  
Letters let out their inner envy at the heart;  
My fruit is my heart, it lengthens so shortens  
The day without daily composure, this tense nature.  
My rolling is royalty, quicker than science.

Scientists tick, ticking the landscape with buttons  
Of distaste, letting the missiles matter one way  
Then the other. I see a missile mark its target -  
Wasting the flesh of civilians, as my lemon is rolling  
And rolling and rolling, forming a majestic battle.

Naveed Akram

# A Life Of Another

A life has defined another life  
To call definite systems  
And deprive the beggars  
Of single letters, the words that tell  
Now are so small.  
A life may destroy one's soul  
To reflect a craze too great.  
It is life within sizes, the whole craft  
Of living with others, not to crawl  
Into caves of delight, as too many do so!  
We are definitely alive to sounds of ecstasy,  
We dangerously affect a perfect system.

Naveed Akram

## A Life So Great

How do we marry into a life so great?  
You master the people so much  
That you are told of your genius;  
The life we manage is so golden with wit.  
Gold I see, gold and silver shook  
When I awoke and beheld the room.  
Sleeping here was pleasurable,  
Pleasant sleep is the best helper.  
The marriage of this kind  
Survived without a divorce,  
Too splendid is the hair on your head.

Naveed Akram

## A Line

A line so stressed, so much plain,  
Abolishes forever my loathing of it.  
Three lines make triangles like a wheel  
Has travelled forever, loathing it.  
Faith is a button to press when ill,  
Abhorrent and explainable is it.  
My lines of poetry gather new efforts,  
So you too become together, like my lines.

Naveed Akram

## A Little Love

A little love is always to share,  
Pulling the legs of those who care;  
Share the guns and rifles if you desire,  
Fully able are those soldiers, in this empire.  
My love extends to the strong and able,  
Working a solution for any council.

My love for you is strong as I cry,  
The crying in your eyes is for me, I try;  
Conventions are strong, more than ever,  
Like audacity of the home, the love of the actor.  
For love is in me tonight as I weep and weep,  
Lamentations are stronger forms when asleep.

Naveed Akram

# A Long Love

Why is it  
that I no longer love  
your boots?  
Never care for me  
now that love has lost  
its shadow.  
A shadow of doubt  
denies our past,  
with its grasp on your wrists  
aching the arms as a start.  
Love conquers  
the only blood offered  
to a god who admires  
his creation.  
Why do we  
cancel the clothes we wear  
in the history of our life?

Naveed Akram

# A Lost Soul

This is still stupendous, not hardly stupid,  
And so we connote for special verse to complete.  
Those in stasis realise why your indignation surmounts,  
Statements are being retold as perms, of stupidity.  
Your celebration is a permanent magnet,  
The acid needs a reactant to cast a flurry.  
It is your peril, the flurry is, the flurry  
Was endangering you as far as the eye has to behold.  
He who ponders over the soul he has fathomed  
Becomes a lost soul.

Naveed Akram

# A Love Has Light

A love has light one time in this display,  
A drive in one such gift will course through mud,  
Although my art does guess correct, allay  
The man who sees my art when it's humid!  
Love hurts, love whines tomorrow, so well now,  
To gift the boy who loves is fine and slow,  
My arts define a tree that works from bough  
To bough, from work to deed and afterglow.

Love shines, love hurts, when bikes are wheels of race,  
So say and may I live to see the tale  
Of works that fold, of joy that carries grace,  
So that is fine when art is sold-detail.  
My love is work, it speeds and sorts in sight  
Of this design, the real distant delight.

Naveed Akram

## A Mage Is Wrong

For skies are gray and cloudy when you like,  
From all through, you liked the magical thought  
That hides and cowers tonight as you know.  
He invoked it and I think it is wrong,  
For nobody should live and be immortal at the expense  
Of others  
Of fathers  
Of innocent citizens. I am angry  
And happier if the mage should just disappear.

Naveed Akram

# A Man And A Woman Cry

A man despises a woman if she cries,  
These tears mention me as a man.  
Inside my mind there is lift and push,  
So many of us and so many women.  
The return of the man is imminent,  
I am this man of good character.

Men despise the women of hatred,  
Their roles in the house matter little to them.  
As a man I deplore the matter of wealth,  
Breathing in the night is of the sleep.  
A man is snoring, I am this man,  
The minds deplore and rain and rush.

Naveed Akram

# A Man Departs

The man erupts, and his soul departs,  
Final illumination concerns the ammunition,  
One mania is enough to bind and bend  
The harder herald, his own socks cannot knock  
Me aside, feeling foes of fame, seeing sentences  
Of stray stories; my foes are like forces  
With so much matter in the mind.

The man has a spar from heaven of weak water,  
He enjoys his toy of baths and oceans,  
Chooses his food furnaced from the kitchen  
That fetches and catches the pheasants.

The woman damns the soldiers of her heart,  
For losing this winning battle, of choosing  
Who to cook, and who to embattle,  
Like loss the food has been swallowed.

My stories are shared by the bears,  
Growling and growing with causes,  
Jeering the jumping lunatics of Menace,  
That mildly molests us with war  
And then peace.

Naveed Akram

# A Man Entered His Building

A man has entered the atmosphere,  
A man shall recite from the deeds of many,  
And this man augments his arguments  
To the few who listen to buildings  
Adjusted to some who have wisdom.

His house dismisses the philosopher,  
His germs waver and grow to full reason;  
Then the wise man shall enter and be rude  
With maximum distinction, the feelings arise  
To astound the majority of thinkers.

His house is godly, his building is a site  
Of worthwhile endeavour, so complete.  
One finds a jewel too glistening like diamond  
In the wake of treasure in the way,  
In the presence of a beautiful gem so complete.

Naveed Akram

# A Man Of Thought

The semblance of a man contains fury,  
Force is this semblance, offered by the unique.  
My golden appetite occurs sometimes,  
Open the gates of freedom when ill.  
The real semblance of a man concerns me  
When my strength has suffered, all this while.  
My men and open enemies reside in my head,  
Kindling the fires of my source of thought.  
Inside a burden of thought is a mean muddy river  
Of lava, of sudden danger, and of life under the forms of risk.

Naveed Akram

# A Man Of War

A man of war is like a bee and a stalk,  
Stalker of a living corpse,  
The man is against a tank of dedication,  
He linked himself to the second heaven,  
Whilst the droning of bees was heard from a swarm.  
I loved him if he was a lace or a zip,  
A little love would not miss.

Naveed Akram

# A Man Of Wealth

I thank a man on strength of skills and wealth,  
His only handsome face was felt above and below  
Wherever that man journeyed through,  
He encountered my friendship, and me.  
Dungeons reject him, dangers turn into safeties  
When felt by pain and no regret is thumbed.  
My introduction to this alien place exceeds delight,  
Rather strongly accepted by my handsome friend  
A new home has too weird a facade that I love still  
The life in me and in him. He is certainly a guest of strength  
And wealth.  
Guests normally ride back home, but this one is to stay  
And be me.

Naveed Akram

# A Man Who Despises

His anger is wrath and her rage is dense,  
Forever can be forever.  
Her despair is too green and his mood is too bland,  
Forever and ever they be.  
Invented are the angers by a machine which angers,  
And souls cannot escape poverty.

Naveed Akram

# A Manly Heart

The manly heart carries gold and silver,  
One shines and the other slivers;  
The jewels, the diamonds, the happiness, the pains,  
Were all kept to the heart.

And nights may travel in strong confusion,  
For women there are strong years,  
For men there is fair weather and stings,  
The memories of our behaviour may live.

Hours of confusion, days of affliction,  
Tear into our bowels as we swill our water;  
Boiling liquid of the same strength  
Dives into the bellies of the juicy soul.

And emotions, once as strange as success,  
Float softly in our souls of learning,  
Confusion crept on this man I am,  
Woe dissolved me, woe descried my being.

Naveed Akram

# A Man's World

The world of a man climbs into sin,  
His every move becomes his movement,  
Like the snake that slithers and burns  
Within the souls of asses.

My mobility has a crisis like his,  
The running effect creeps up,  
But the running has completion,  
Unlike the asses.

A unique donkey would go to war  
Over a significant rule of stupidity;  
But my monster-moves require a blessing  
Such that peace ensues.

A man shall sin twice before the fodder  
Of asses is stolen by their stomachs,  
And so the motions of the emotions  
Repress the wars of our conception.

Naveed Akram

# A Marriage On Earth

A sphere was once a planet,  
Then it turned into a world,  
This majestic world was made flesh  
To reside on it. On this love  
Was another love.

A man came to ask of water and food,  
He was fed, and he drank his fill,  
For the bellies ache if thirst is an issue.  
May luck benefit and promise those  
Who are in love with peace.

The love of a woman was about,  
From a man of great strength,  
His loves were numerous,  
But he never hated the planet  
Or his own wife.

For love really is on this Earth,  
To forgive I sleep at night  
And not in the day, for light is great  
And the Sun still shines  
Whenever there is marriage for two.

Naveed Akram

# A Masque

This masquerade is a phenomenon of higher length,  
But when do masterworks get shown by strength?

The border of the disease is final, what do we err?  
Boundless reflections adorn the wall with a care.

Distinct was the evasion, distinct was the cure,  
Feeling nonchalant within the walls was miniature

Principles must prevail, to enlighten is no burden,  
Frivolous revenge stands in the way of the addiction.

The congress of sentences revealed themselves at last,  
Daily the masque was performed, who was the cast?

Naveed Akram

## A Matter In Question

The matter in question enjoyed gaiety of the bosses,  
An euphoria emitted itself with fondness of bosses;  
Their felicity was ever nearer to the same logic -  
To be boss of and to command and to order in the ways.  
One of them was my pumping suzerain,  
Liege lord of the land I trod, to fear him I stood here;  
He was the overlord of my twinkling, simpers lied  
For his trust, with a warm smile the feet turned.  
This sorrowful position felt simplicity;  
I was downcast and doleful or was I melancholic?  
The heartbroken man I was wept wilfully,  
Lamentable arguments mastered me and  
The incandescent soul, it was an argument like  
The parades of a simple session in St Petersburg.  
The man or boss or chief was hopping mad,  
Apoplectic news arrived too late for him to order me  
In the other direction.  
After all enquiry I had submitted to flags and kids,  
These examinations and queries felt absurd and cruel,  
Nevertheless ruthless and boisterous.

Naveed Akram

# A Meaning For Exposition

Upstairs a meaning is resounded like the heavens,  
A flower raises its voice to some subjugating being,  
And the human being announces its remark for all.

Downstairs the meanings of sentences are expounded  
Like the railings of a bridge and the spikes of a mace,  
Swing this mace as a weapon of torture that resides in us.

On the ground is an item of clothing, that we must stage  
To the detriment of all others in the line of clothing and all  
Manner of mariners who partake of the ancient sea's tradition.

This meaning that we see is for the belief of a hundred men  
Who wear sceptically the boring brows of a thousand summers  
That twinkle with rays of the sun, so that belief is installed.

Naveed Akram

# A Mirror On Its Wall

A mirror needs a wall to be concrete,  
The despicable monsters lurk  
And crawl with cowardice so cruel.  
A mirror must be silver to stay up  
With hate in the half of hats.  
A mirror blesses the selfish creature  
That causes an effect from cool flow.  
The mirrors of this realm and world  
Wheel and wander into the religion.

The prayer in front of a mirror,  
An accusation from the past,  
Is obscure and obsolete if treated  
With wax and age of odd relics.  
The prayer has been composed  
From an actor of such sturdy shoulders,  
He is an actor, he breeds well  
His words, his plays and the rays of  
Light beaming on us as he stays  
To lift a hand to the injured woman,  
The mother of boys and girls.

Naveed Akram

# A Monster

This monster barbarized with battle cry  
The whole of my cubed head, kicking with its teeth.  
The culmination was custom of its foraging,  
Just to alienate the other liars, the monsters.  
Some lethargic ones are imminent in this beaten path,  
Eyeball to eyeball we receive notification of the staff.  
This ruinous staff occupies my heart so bold,  
Glimmering its rubies, twinkling and posing.  
The magic of a wizard is audacious and strict like stone,  
It broadens my head of the very god of ugliness, a single monster  
In front of my head, the bold liar notifies me of its presence.  
Instead the stupid creature fetches some terror from the only ruby-  
It is the staff of wizardry, "Stick of Strength", loosening its powers.  
Why do monsters succumb to magic or wizardry?  
It is because lethargy is their only weakness.

Naveed Akram

# A Moon In My Body

There's a moon in my body,  
There's a moon in my body, but where can I see it?  
This planet of worlds shall multiply  
With this trumpet and drum,  
This trumpet and drum!  
Your heart beats according to the sun,  
I can't see it as well as before.

Naveed Akram

## A Morbid Man

A man is in his morbid mood in the evening,  
His knee accomplishes an arrival from the leg;  
Restless and stupid, the leg shoots his weight  
Up and over, like a giant in distress,  
Mute like a cloth, seducing the people into its lair.  
The man's eyes are distant in aroma,  
The roof is paternal for his sight.  
Established seduction is from the giant,  
It soothes men into deduction, for all this day.  
Busy, busier than nobody,  
Giants are men of strength like strong snakes.  
A superman has flown to the building  
And this gigantic structure falls fully  
To the school of dreams as of now.

Naveed Akram

## A Morning

Dates are a melody of supreme joy,  
Master them by your memory, do not destroy;  
The years of memory fill us and entertain,  
When our feelings are full as if in an air plane.  
Ascertain again why our emotions confuse,  
Why do we shudder, lose and amuse?  
This day kidnaps the night before so well,  
It is sunrise not sunset, when the moon fell.  
One new morning gives creation to health,  
Those who speak use their legs to work with stealth.

Naveed Akram

# A Mountain

A mountain gazes at you loathing the future,  
Jests are like this, like the mountain,  
That swayed its weight before you,  
Killing a sense that ripples in your veins,  
This is waiting for all time,  
And my life balanced itself from this spot;  
My life gauges others, for too many are immortal,  
And my sacred soul is farming the land  
As the mountains glare like souls  
At us,  
At mighty men of aged nature.

Naveed Akram

# A Nation In Strength

I think of nation and the necessity,  
The trial of a person in wrong is in all our talk;  
As much as surrender has been successful.  
Yet I doubt the religion that is true  
Has proclaimed mastership over the human privilege.  
I think of a nation big, much bigger than you think.

Naveed Akram

# A Nation Must Stand Firm

If openly they commit misdeeds,  
Then the country shall remain,  
And the nation exceeds  
In the number of troops again.

The army has pain all abhorrent,  
Many strike fear and retaliation  
For they do not know who is absent,  
The army or the law? Whose acceleration?

I guarantee the spread of health,  
Active are the infantry in their strength,  
May the legion carry its stealth  
And let radio the wavelength.

We exceed the enemy in power  
And we declare a truce;  
What do we do as we are abler?  
Abduct the foe with no abuse.

Let the nation stand firm against enemy control,  
And let ages pass sweeter than charcoal.

Naveed Akram

# A New Commerce

Forget a new commerce,  
It commented on our  
Traders and fighters now.  
Money is a complete  
Order on the humans.  
New links came, manifold.  
I love any gift of yours  
To do with commercial  
Enterprise and real trade.  
Did I remember you?  
You are a businessman,  
And I am a client,  
Not a chief executive.  
Do not forget the trade  
You are in, nor the time.  
Concerts are heard music  
But what is to do with us?

Naveed Akram

# A New Horizon

Up in the clouds of the sky is a new horizon,  
Felling the trees down below is like invasion.  
How are the clouds so superb with those waterfalls?  
May God speak suddenly about the nightfalls.

With this we end our talk on special landmarks,  
Heaven dabbles with the rich and their birthmarks.  
Mighty are the rivers of beautiful terrain,  
Mighty is the mountain from the aeroplane.

We abstain from speech that destroys us,  
The very favours on our human race come from a thesis.

Naveed Akram

## A New Line

I have to try a new puzzle,  
Feeling them is trivial, so trivial;  
I have to try a reading line,  
As mastering is the feeling of age.  
The seasons are new to me,  
As they swiftly flow into years  
Of years of years of years.

Motion is the secret command  
From above, I love this joy;  
My puzzle dissolves in beakers  
Of heat and furnace, the millions  
Of old men are against me  
In their rivalry of the right television,  
Of the several sweet moments.

Naveed Akram

## A New Scroll

It displayed one man residing in the head,  
Magic has compartments to be lead.  
A scripture shall complain if rewards appear  
To the dishonest, to the people who do not adhere  
To their faith, the knowledge of God,  
A straightforward voluminous writer to applaud.  
I see sheep when there are lambs of beauty,  
Youth heals the sick by avoiding ultimately.  
The new scroll suggests fierce winds  
Of writing, of poetry and of whirlwinds.

Naveed Akram

# A New Spell

Force is a mile away,  
Gore must have you a day.  
Battle himself, the king,  
From having a sing.  
Forms of laughter are  
Like much more caster sugar.  
Find the lady and find her with him,  
The man who lived among the hills.  
He is storm-provider - master of wizardry  
Which gave way to misery.

Naveed Akram

# A New Thought

Pose a new thought for all to see,  
Adjust it and as much as you like  
Consider the differences that stretch your mind,  
Its capacity is not small and never too large.

I respond to rough nature of feeling,  
Instead the fight I casually experience is beyond me.  
Fighting the war is like consuming fire through one's belly,  
And the same defence is made,  
A reason I command for purposes.

The mind works forever, as I do.  
The philosophy has a question to me.  
It contains feathers, werewolves and princes,  
For your very salvation or distress.

The mind is again a horror.  
We must fight the suffering that I have made,  
To abandon it can make us happy.

Naveed Akram

## A New Work

Feeding a new work is like diligence,  
Opening this will inherit a new work;  
I hammer him with a sizzling effort  
As he fed on me in the past with love;  
The rest offered peace, so much peace,  
A living system of pleasure and it teases us.  
Forcing an expansion of our life,  
The system is a new enterprise of good sitting,  
Full of my love is this plan, this weight of goodness.  
I am patient, do not complain, as my frantic work  
Is complete as can possibly be.

Naveed Akram

# A Path

A trance has occurred of a path in front,  
These unique fires called paths are elegant.

Naveed Akram

# A Penalty For The Effects

The effects deliver a penalty, for them we contrive,  
The inventors are awake in the old yard, picking and solving.  
May they all lose once and for all, in the efforts to investigate  
What may be the solution for your problem so highly regarded.  
Irate officers bloom in ways called flower, the opposites,  
The palatial rooms of a man's heart, so blowing away the trust,  
Understanding the tasks of religion when asked, demanding less  
Every day, the next days are hard to explore and they start to be cruel.  
Less knowledge is employed for the benefit of humanity,  
The effects of a river dive into the blue waters, so oceanic.

Naveed Akram

# A Pencil Hits The Floor

A pencil hit the floor with suddenness as flicking occurred,  
I have found a nation of ruin in the thumb of brilliance;  
This paper we have inspires me further, pushing me far,  
Seeking the nightmare is like seeing the words unfold.  
My pencil obeys me, obedient is my pencil of lead and wood;  
But where is the engineer who aspired to it, who claimed?  
The paper is on the wall, feeling good internally, like an item  
Of lead for Rutherford or his colleague, radiation exists  
Farther than the soul, this soul of mine has waited  
As the pencils fall like the genius of evil down a tube of  
Eternal oblivion, darkness and fence. The duty is about to  
Hearten us as we speak, we are then so angry and hurt.

Naveed Akram

# A Person Is Thinking

A person is thinking, wasting his thoughts on bodies  
And darkness, bad writing, and dying freedoms.  
A prayer is cool, written tonight as we accept it always,  
Safe like calling, safer than a shut door, being well.  
We are being pious in the direction of our youth,  
Staring against the tide, feeding a fall to the other side.

A person is eternal in his drugs of a sharp wonder,  
Drunk with despair, opened by the wounding, he strides  
Two steps after two steps, then that many steps paint him.  
Boiling and trapping, a waterfall feels emotional and created,  
Like a listening with fervour, with water that was water,  
Lovers stain their minds with burning lands of gold and water.

Weight confidently drowns us in barely hungry climates,  
The bodies are facing a person's body, with dealing and dying.  
The life of a good eater is like the loving of a friend,  
Wanting evidence so angry, desiring the regret of a past lover.  
I am tight as a person when it pleases me inside, blaming us,  
Creating a bend in the living of this world, but we are only alive.

Naveed Akram

## A Person Passes

If a person passes a river and swims in it,  
His ideals change for the best of the times,  
So far is the salutation he emits.

To swim along this river of massive freshwater  
Is to be a man of worth like the one who began  
Us all with his chaste wife.

When the river rushes, and water enters the ocean  
Of illnesses, the bitterness must be rejected  
Forever in your ways.

The human touch besets a trouble for the waters  
As they rampage like hidden falling objects  
In the dead of the night.

My salutations speak like these laughs  
That humorously persuade the soul  
To be forever in their ways.

Naveed Akram

# A Plot

They began to hatch a plot,  
Galloping creatures succumbed  
To our stares as they rained down  
Like bullets, picking up all the coins.

Treasure had arrived, forever in our midst,  
The noise of the revellers was discarded  
By the infinite walls of rescinding ash.  
One remainder was a ghost of number  
That dissolved scares from systems.

They began to absolve the priesthoods,  
Gorgeous men to God,  
Who had heaven and earth on His side,  
Where devastating angelic men argued  
And fought over rewards entailed.

The atmosphere of the rooms  
Was a translation of the languages  
So inert, solid and entire.

Naveed Akram

# A Poet Is Discerning

A poet is discerning, he is of sport, he grasps finality,  
A poet is distinguished in the extreme, by alacrity.

I have a bone, my poetry has a singular trait, and I laugh  
And laugh at obstacles in the stretches of the imagination.

I must reward the authors and the workers of the heaven,  
I describe a panopticon, to house my zoo of animals and words.

My bones are my skeleton, housing the bridges and ligaments,  
The tendons and sockets, what are my well-thought words?

The poet makes tea for the warm-hearted, his soldier is a pen,  
Working rigorously to train the majority into thinking a crying wonder.

My own world submerges and reemerges, to anoint the wealthy one,  
His aim is distinction, and red dragons mixed with blue dragons.

My worthy friendship spells these dangerous words of a long time,  
In this prison of play, a world of poems is a mark of long life and serenity.

Naveed Akram

# A Pool Of Blood

A pool of water causes us to play with words,  
Inner feelings may conceive an exalted frame of mind.

A pool is like radiation, all the yawning is converted  
Into a character of good, a conversion has been made.

A pool is of blood, a real royal boredom of blue blood,  
A spoilt man is issuing secrets that kingdoms do love.

When murder is bloody and minded by the some  
We crave, destruction is the key, for almighty freedom.

A pool of immediate appearance is before my own eyes,  
My ears are against my sight, for I have no idea of sound.

What is the murder when pools of bright blood stain the floors  
With the anger and hunger of a killer, a sentinel of alien rudeness.

Naveed Akram

# A Pride

I forsake a pride to willfully blind  
A man who seeks enlightenment  
Too hard.  
May he die hard and pennies be collected  
All for his sake, just in case  
The other day proves worthwhile.

Opening a bank of letters provides  
Guilt to the owner, punishes us  
Much of the time.

May you wander in helpless exile  
Fortunately this blindness is real  
Also rejected by the majority  
Who stay inside their village.

Naveed Akram

# A Prophet's Zeal

The prophets are men of astonishing zeal,  
Greatness reigns over their souls, so much meal.  
Every prophet guarantees the result, the last day,  
Professing special causes, leaning on shoulders.  
Once war arises their brightness looms with divine light,  
This action, this compulsion, and this pain, utters a sight.  
Once they are seen, war erupts from the mountains too high,  
And lava that is human flesh. Humans are troops, humans are!  
When aid is given to the masses, prophets partake in conquest,  
For their souls are no longer tested by the heads of government.

Naveed Akram

# A Public Figure

Do we name blindly and call blindly?  
Or do they all swear to the loyalty of what is above?  
A public figure is such that dreams are discussed,  
His nickname was a first name, and he called  
Himself a spirit, not a sprite or a sailor of worth.

And so the ship sails with gesture and ride,  
Movement was its speech as it rode the waves  
And shores of this vast space called the world.  
An enigma has been converted to a closed book  
For the waves of the sea were combined there.

My conundrums have a twist and they love the answers  
To questions about public speech,  
We name them what is owed  
For to laugh at the course of despair is primary.

And so the waves touch the keystones,  
From the troughs comes a torrent,  
And more crests subjugate.

Naveed Akram

## A Quick Life

A quick embrace is all you need more than the scheme,  
A little life slides down the arm, more to blaspheme.  
The roads in arms and legs stain the road with life  
That ended one day ago, when I had a wife.

A quick smile wrenched the face, smiling is just  
What the doctor deserved, when it was lust  
For the cure, for the desire for life was great,  
And the doctor laid the plan for all us to accommodate.

Naveed Akram

## A Quiet Area

This a quiet area, brings promise  
Coughing its way to the key body;  
The root of rest is the angle of age,  
My library rightly proposed the rule  
Of this copper tube inside,  
The wrapping of cotton was brought  
Into view, with rivers and rhythms of the  
Water seething into the sands.

My library is my coughing with roots,  
Respecting the rice of the pages;  
It is my responsibility to rescue the rights,  
To realise the request, so the wheeling  
On this roof I have called justice.  
The top man is about the roof  
Thumbing his pages on the roof of a  
Cave this way in that tunnel,  
Like jaundice and scrawny legs.

Naveed Akram

# A Real Dog

Fiercest creatures are held on a leash,  
They are dogs of skill and they relish  
The lunch that stays in the mouth chamber,  
Crawling like blood is in their heart and liver.  
Dogs are the able creatures of a friendship,  
Of a religion that teaches us all censorship.  
Dogs must reach the age of success  
Before dealing with the distress  
Of death.

Naveed Akram

# A Real Fox

To get real and being real are different,  
One vixen is another fox, which stir  
In reality itself, as they approach you  
To test and command with naughty food.

I pick on its genius as it nears the far away place,  
A lamb beholds it with concerts and songs,  
Feeling its whiskers with weird response,  
For the lambs know nothing according to the gospel.

But indeed innocence is really protected,  
For the shepherd nears the field and blesses  
The way of solid genius, a lamb is with a fox,  
A lamb is bleeding near us, but the fox is dazzled.

I pick on its intelligence, feeling the purse,  
And emotions run in different directions,  
A fox seems too far away now that the shepherd  
Has overwhelmed an animal of action and arson.

Naveed Akram

# A Receptacle

A receptacle is handed down to peace,  
For the liquid consumed itself;  
For a recluse, he handles peace,  
And for a student his war rages on.  
Reckless panicky men are like substances,  
This recitation inverts the brain's signals.  
I can not hand down peace quite the same,  
For our recluse inhibits the contests  
As much as competitions allow.  
Let him waste the receptacle now.

Naveed Akram

# A Return To Clowning

Returning to the mist, a new clown moves,  
Fading into the sun and its dreams all the way.  
An actual act has been committed by this very same drunkard  
Over the pastures of November and December.  
To do with the new year, a new invention has occurred  
To begin the joyous mountain of privilege.  
New years are sensible affairs, of righteous news,  
The very endeavours are betaken for the light of news.  
Parade him not this clown who made this concoction,  
Of weight and extreme importance.

Naveed Akram

# A Rich Man

Gustav is widely worshipped,  
For he is a god of luxury.  
He is to be resurrected when he dies,  
And then the riches can be found  
To add and then build the  
Nation a prosperity.

Naveed Akram

# A Royalty

The king of talk is a monster of style,  
A man in difference, of every mile.

The queen can collect a jewel,  
So jewels are meaningful.

A prince said to the princess,  
'Why are our parents in distress? '

The princess states we are friends of the saints,  
With every difference and all-riches.

Naveed Akram

# A Sacrifice

Offering us a sacrifice means work,  
Guiding us along the path of much darkness.  
We regret and undo the deeds of health,  
A shadow displays the wonder of light.  
Healthy men and women understand  
Your preferences, your food and dislikes.  
Pages of distance are written to unite  
The bookmen of old and new.  
A second to dim health is in the very heart  
Inside the hearts, inside the very beating hearts.

Naveed Akram

# A Sad Day

The meaning of leisure and to stand straight  
Is the same.

A day such as today can never neatly be nice  
As is the day and night.

A sad day is a good night and night is for sadness.  
So sleep and then be sad, but not always.

Naveed Akram

# A Sea Of Philosophy

They smell the grass and enlighten their lives,  
They feel the harsh water of the livid sea,  
They fight and tighten a raft after the record,  
And then the fists are turned in the direction  
Of a fight, this sight is awesome like the night.

These philosophers enlighten a holy man  
Whose wise air is a burden to the wholesome man,  
But a holy man inspires outward abilities,  
Like the faint postures and living memories,  
Like the man whose learning is a fraction of meat.

What kind of people meet the smells of a college  
And ransack the houses of the adventured souls?  
Kindness occupies the seasons of livid rage,  
For their stars are out there in the galaxy,  
Loathing the future in all its fears and shares.

Naveed Akram

## A Sea-Disease

A disease cancelled my dreams,  
Inside a dream was this dream,  
I gather the affliction was burden  
On the mind and soul, burdening me  
When others were not. I gather  
The cargo of thoughts was overwhelming  
And charging my life with electricity,  
With current that complains.

It is a life in a shell of the sea,  
When direct eels are about me,  
They lurch in the depths of the sea  
Like the presence of currents  
At this moment in my life.  
I thought I was inflicted by the scourge  
You call the sea unhappiness,  
Where we're in knowledge of movement  
And lost limbs to the sharks of the underwater.  
This is the disease, that is afterwards  
A scourge on this sea of peace.  
It cancelled all dreams, all of them.

Naveed Akram

## A Seasoned Driver

For all those seasons yours are bolder still,  
Man wants the woman strong and ardent most,  
If men do think more suddenly and boast  
When sweet are women due to greater skill.  
In each strong age, the person must fulfill  
His lust and gender like the one foremost,  
His danger brought a night near the seacoast,  
Like water drunk as potions, much freewill.

We drive a car to seize the road of bliss,  
Men drive so better and so brill, able,  
The female driver carries teeth of stone;  
Much death results from what they kiss and miss,  
We'll deaden that manoeuver like a circle  
To understand the male who drives alone.

Naveed Akram

# A Shadow Of Wealth

A shadow of the sun shook me as if heat  
Turned on me with loss, heat tossed and turned;  
The energy offered by the few who are priests  
Struck us with pebbles, stones and then boulders;  
My strife will never end, forming sickness,  
Fighting wealth, igniting triumph with rights.

The feeding finds itself, without senses that died,  
Within the common sense, strung up to the clouds.  
A shadow shied from me, as I lost everything  
Actually igniting perfection, and it rained forth  
To subdue a minority of idiotic proportions.

Naveed Akram

# A Sheet Of Paper

A sheet of paper is wrestled by the wind  
Like living tissue inside us.  
It is a shown substance of celebration  
Like the masses of people in harmony,  
As if earthquakes position their young inside themselves,  
We are not younger than paper,  
We have youth not old age,  
But our lessons fade away.

Naveed Akram

## A Short-Cut

There was a route too quick,  
To the very occurrence of sick,  
I can not complain,  
And too so main,  
What is there like a lick?

Naveed Akram

## A Side To The Soul

Love says sorry for some of us,  
Affairs of the soul are like a bus.  
Love's message is simpler than plain,  
It revolves around the big bang and brain.

Naveed Akram

# A Sign

Under the sun I state a sign written by you,  
It was collected by my inner mind.  
Opening this chapter of my life,  
I saw too many people in trouble.  
The toil of some is so smaller than others,  
People like you have no trouble,  
Whilst some are in devious belongings.  
The house of reason states we love the thoughts  
Of our thinkers when thinking is the love.  
Trouble is to be a matter of trial,  
Trying us in desperation.  
Under the sun is a sign from you  
Stating that the hearts are never involved with sin.

Naveed Akram

# A Sign Of Victory

Victory is a special sign,  
Its management is extra delight,  
Resulting from righteous deeds  
And words said by strangers.  
I enlighten the crowd that sees me,  
All the way to Gates.  
The fence has erected since the lies and sin,  
Now resume the activity of a finish, of a decision.  
The afterlife has been ready for servants and angels,  
Much glory has arrived because of them.  
We as humans shall enter Hell, unless the Lord  
Gazes at our skulls and makes us drag a chest and two legs.  
More is the victory when managed by the subjects of Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# A Single Reflection

They are smaller than a weapon,  
Igniting the past with someone's gun;  
Real heavens are falling faster  
Than the speed of light.

The weather in the Hereafter was friendly,  
As results were far we collected  
A result too near the mark,  
People have pupils under their control.

Small years are a continuing reminder,  
How many questions refer to me?  
They answer in some way unpleasant,  
Yet the words are a single reflection.

Naveed Akram

# A Single Tail

Be strong with the overpowering Zeitgeist and its tail,  
Be it and all of its glory, for it is written with the stale.  
The arcanum is one that is bespoken by the timid ones,  
It consisted of the rules we are secret with, a family runs.  
Glory to the deceased for the lacunae they have made,  
And we have entered a special trade, one that is craved.  
Be strong, force us, and never lose, or be lost.

Naveed Akram

# A Sky Of Beauty

To your imagination a sky will bloom,  
Worlds collide, as a call is made to  
Instigate the twins who roam the earthy ground.  
Clay is their element of construction,  
For the animals and plants consider the task,  
Over the wild weather that keeps clear pebbles  
To be called diamonds the very next hour.

Your imagination is steaming with pictures of  
Art that shudders from your beauty,  
Wishes are made to be faithful to the call  
We desire, a wish is a wish too like a shower  
Of the world.  
My words wither and sway, letting the way  
Gather wits too sentenced in crime,  
My words shall be surds of the mathematics,  
Sentenced in crime are the wordsmiths.

Naveed Akram

# A Small Dagger

I saw a dagger poised to attack,  
Foolish men could hear the scariness  
Of the suddenness that awaited a  
Man of calibre and acuteness.  
I saw a separate deal being given  
To a manner of a man who dived  
Into the pool of his own blood.  
The daggers of silvery, slight acts  
Manned the seas with deliberate action.  
The dungeons of the day were  
The nights of the accusations,  
Swearing into the ears a penalty.  
I saw a dagger so light and weighted  
Only a little pound, so slightly weighed.  
The waiting was over with the man  
Of morbid convictions, his steel was installed.

Naveed Akram

# A Small Tributary

What is this afterglow?  
Why fall into the small tributary?  
It glows at the intersection,  
For it leads in all weathers.  
The questions it asks are simply  
The cold and inert types of joys.  
One day it laughs, then crackles,  
To feed the frenzy and rush of  
Victorious sounds of nearby fish.

What may the sun do in the old days?  
The river is older than the sun,  
The sun is just beaming forwards,  
Enlightening us in all knowledges  
Of the university of living.  
We may see the joy of the crossroads  
Of this joyous sound,  
We may see the small tributary  
And feel the weather well.

Naveed Akram

# A Smith

A smith was of words with a splendid death,  
The main presence of death meant nothing.  
Words are for deeds as the fish in the sea  
Escalate and provide for their impoverishment.  
The island of an ending close to the very edge  
Is of maximum importance, and the ultimate sacrifice  
Is yet to come.

This heavenly world resides in the heavens as well,  
Hard efforts require cheaper diseases of the pen,  
Hard are the gains of a forever summer and winter  
As they dance among your moments one time to come.  
The smith with words is a smith to gain remedies for himself,  
These phrases are from him and him alone.

Naveed Akram

# A Snake

A serpent binding to the oath offered to it by Satan,  
Creates enjoyment by rattling its end and then to abandon.

Naveed Akram

# A Sob

The man emitted a sob,  
Saying a night was good,  
Saying good night.  
To be almost a minute in this issue  
Left the considerations so swiftly.  
The man of height was on  
The edge of a pit,  
When the house was old  
And the night was good  
Probing through the levels  
Of the mind.

Naveed Akram

# A Soft Landing

It made a soft landing  
On the mountain of hope;  
There were so called lovers  
Ignoring it, feeling devils and demons.  
It made a groan too heavy,  
Monsters were deeper in their  
Hell, and heaven retired from view.

The scenery recorded in the mind,  
The soft landing dazzled,  
Usually an ignorant opening  
Adopted a grievance,  
The feeling of demons was  
Of devils, who inked their heads  
With writing secrets.

Discovering a body was a state  
Of life, many centuries ago.  
Laughter and love enjoyed the  
People of the snow mountain.  
A white mountain, delivery of the  
Century and decades;  
My mountain told a lie too swift.

Naveed Akram

# A Son Departed

A son has destroyed me for being father,  
Offering standing satan a reply for courage;  
His eyes keep me in the redness of chairs,  
I sit in them for fear of darkness descending.  
A son enraptured by slavery has all faults,  
His deeming collapses and his scheming fulfils  
Itself after so many triumphs of the trumpet.  
The sons of this world regulate a chain of steel,  
Strong parenting has been the mockery.

I saw a son in the mirror for fear of death,  
Instead of images to forsake, I have them for decisions  
About my future activity, future activity is supreme.

Naveed Akram

# A Speech You Made

A speech meant for eager ears was doing its best  
When suddenly a spirit of a bear stammered the speech;  
All ability was lost like the good and the bad acting together,  
I did not pay much attention to the fasting and praying,  
I thought at first, care became caring and also sharing  
But never did the lunch especially cause concern  
Except to the attention of the priests and clerics  
Who thought much of you if you ate your fill.  
Sinking back on the pillow, one ingested hated food  
And caused the tummy to be bloated.  
A speaking man caused nobody to move after eating himself.

Naveed Akram

# A Splendid World

React to the other end of the world,  
It revolves due to spherical nature,  
Obviously round to us, fully able,  
With honesty it moves, so deserving.

Selfish inhabitants soon flee from the river  
Filled with judgements, lies and deceits.  
We learn in the sky, why do we deserve it?  
The whole world is upon us with splendour.

React to Earth like a doctor skilful and praised,  
Beginning to sleep, finding peace with medicine.  
It dissolves for you in the rivers and oceans  
Of blood, brine and minerals of diversity.

The sphere is sensual to the touch,  
Humans do this for enlightenment.

Naveed Akram

# A State Of Happiness

An ideal state would be heart with prison,  
To know everything costs this higher position,  
Where the life of the living gathers problems and more procedures.

An another happiness unfurls,  
It is the modern world, it is fortune as we see it,  
The young nation made a right reason for living.

I recall what pleasures added to the pleasant news,  
Inside them we describe them as they are believed,  
Most people bite that pleasure that ends in success.

The gods are alive when young people make mistakes,  
Above them nothing can guide the children of tomorrow,  
It cares why some of them reach death with love in their breasts.

Naveed Akram

# A Statue Has Spoken

I want the statue to speak,  
I wish his lovely rule was dead,  
And I desire the wrong head  
Of a wonderful man fully in right.

This time a sea has opened before me  
And this time they resent whole paths.  
Love for her beautiful story is a great  
Work of art.

I see a righteous man beg for mercy  
In front of the day he was right.  
This foot has blown off the other  
With seas that meander like rivers.

Many arguments end the tale,  
Much is the gradient of disbelief.

Naveed Akram

# A Stranger

Do not know the appearance of a stranger,  
Lest he walks into you; then you are in danger.

Naveed Akram

# A Stride

A stride balances with might, soothing the air and speech,  
Like magic being played for the violin and player;  
Musical remedies surprise that decision of footing  
As feet wear the shoes of description.

My name is spelt with my stride as a putting on of air,  
The same story tells itself of light air and breezes  
To quell the misery and disgust we find ourselves in.  
To stride is to expound and not be anxious,  
Like philosophy and the dragon put together.  
May walking and looking become habits  
For the repetition of moves, the reasonable shoes.

Naveed Akram

# A Striking Woman

A striking woman with elaborate robes, plaited golden hair,  
And various tattoos, stood with feet and toes like a hair.  
This speech was of a soft voice, flowery and sweet  
Like the primroses, and the ordinary roses so select.  
This special beast of womanhood was a lady at heart,  
Guiding you through the darkness of the present setting.  
Next light flew into the dark healthy strife, with shooting of buds  
And mysterious magical lanterns, wholly occupied with death.  
The female bowed, and pierced the flesh of your right arm  
And right leg, then the left arm and leg, a striking woman.  
You were twisted to die in disgrace, that fled from the mists,  
Only to appear with plain sight and honest insight.

Naveed Akram

## A Strong Love

This very love fastens onto my shirt of strength,  
I cannot speak unless my ties and buttons move;  
This tooth and these feet make disorder from nowhere,  
Eating the dinner is labour for the forces are at the world.  
May different messengers draw the eyes, draw the shapes  
Of a sketch that meant distinction in the ranks of the wealthy.  
All my disasters are natural of love, ears consider as much as my eyes,  
The wages of a heart repent on me, inside the strong brain  
Is a counselling service of whims and wishes all-powerful.  
The very love of all myself contained in buckets of deeds  
Shall overflow and spill out like the burden so beloved.

Naveed Akram

# A Surprising Time

A chance shall come with surprise,  
Underneath the ocean of anxiety and repetition.  
Fishes as large as mountains fling  
Their fins and all at the moon at night.  
Strict parents of theirs mock me  
As I am an onlooker and foe.  
Friendship has accused me of sin,  
For sin is doubtful a worry,  
Worries are against the worry  
Of the actual ocean.

May dice be flung in the night air,  
To swallow up fish and other animals of the ocean  
As the sea.

A chance has a can of beer  
But oceans replay their audience,  
Liking the living from the waters,  
Speaking like silver plates  
And messy times.

Naveed Akram

# A Tale

Along the edge of winter  
A tale is spun to praise him.  
It grows with gestures  
Pleading with heaven to  
Make the path straight.  
Then rocks are shown as  
Flying boulders, with this  
The recipe of life is won.  
Beating down the devils  
Can beam light on loveliness.  
The edge of winter has a role  
To play in this microscopic  
World offered by ones who know.  
The winter of heaven is snow  
And this angelic goal shall  
Beam with light that divinely shows  
A knowledge of wisdom,  
A wise fact is won.

Naveed Akram

# A Tale Died

A tale was found and quartered for the dust  
Died afterwards like the fountains receding;  
It was a history of sorrow, time might complete  
And times may change according to desire.  
The tales talked of their dead and gone,  
Of good opinion and affection that lasted.

To offend the caves was to offend the angry men  
In them, without frustrating their souls  
Of eyes that battered and battled for more memory  
In the name of mankind,  
In the hobbies of the world that chanced difficulties.

More in angers was nagging, they grew worse in years  
As those felons attracted a huge fitness,  
These men of kings decided to sneak about  
With a gallows air, perpetually in sin  
And nagging with the bending of bars.

The stories one sees of idle personages  
Puts people into bad tempers,  
The moment the air of health enters,  
The moment one betrays the trust  
Of a man who is infuriated.

This tale flies to the door of a chap  
That flew with fluency,  
Sitting in the portrait of a spring's  
Day.

Naveed Akram

# A Teacher Is Like A Flower

A single teacher abandons the wastelands,  
The lectures are to be found in the relics;  
A study is bound to occur in the tropics,  
While the concentration is poor in the desert.  
A scientist wins his or her disaster, like a foot  
And leg in a sand pit, then solemnly recovered.

The lecture has begun, the words have been  
Run, a paragraph is written then punishment  
Is damned, so writing will win its methods.  
A single daughter finds peace in what is peace,  
The desert is hotter than the sun at night,  
The moon is cold in its aspects and face.

One has written his journal, like a flower in  
True bloom, leaving the bed in a hesitant  
Voice, the voice that empties its sin.  
The religion of asking men is the man attired  
In young clothes, in shrouds of such poverty,  
That solutions are entered by the swearing sea.

Naveed Akram

## A Term For The Dead

An ancillary term is given to the wounded,  
Dying and bloodied with bullets of balm,  
So death disagrees and anoints its master,  
Its master is the place of the accident.

And then the accident forewarns others  
To remain calm and resolute, infinite as heaven,  
To be misled by the demons and djinn,  
Towards the splendour of the stars is the return.

One sees mischief in the entrance of the soul,  
A gate departs as the gate envelops,  
And the disagreements are numberless,  
And they are wordless with causes of health.

Naveed Akram

# A Thief

I am a man, not a woman. My Roman status exceeds me. I am a thief who loves you, forever in love with your objects. Am I not a liar? Commandments are 'superior' to me. Love is not my answer for everything like that. Live in conduct, but live in hope. My theft is the darkest form of conduct. Yet I am not a child, and when I walk I talk as a child. My words are lost. I cannot speak; for if I am caught, I shall weep.

And he wept, with bursting eyes. For he was caught like a madman had been captured. Even he thought he would get away, but it was too late.

The Roman soldiers crucified him on the cross. No one could mention his name again; He was called Augustus, the man who died on the cross.

Naveed Akram

## A Thief?

A thieving was alarming news,  
A reporter restored the facts to accuse.  
He added my notion for all to be gossipy,  
"Publish this motion! ", I say with discourtesy.

They advance the proclamation,  
An inner deal has been done;  
The deals need disclosure,  
The meals are secretly quicker.

"But why does one think he is thief?  
Why make all this grief? "  
The inner deal is an incomplete one,  
It has no good for the thief to be written.

Naveed Akram

# A Thousand Deeds

In order to explore the sanctuary I lift the head  
And keep ashes with my bedroom that launches  
Me into sleep that never dies nor disappears for me.  
In this rational way I conduct my business of lightning  
And thunder, that roars on, for the forces are dull  
Tonight.

By day I work a thousand deeds, then I explore the caves  
Of my life, then into the striven areas I climb,  
Towards the summit of my doing that never dies,  
For God watches me with stern breath  
That never is an inhaling or exhaling, the divine breath  
Is different.

Naveed Akram

# A Thousand Minds

I hear the laughter of a thousand minds,  
He is the one who uplifts my soul with lives,  
Then the opposite of health has abstained,  
And my weak river of water and ice is broken.  
It is cold in the outside realm, the house of  
Departure is a fierce mansion majestic.  
I hear the living laughter lull me with minds,  
Emptying the ivory, as ghouls will ossify.

I hear the fierce mansion from distant hills,  
Where are you now with the knowledge of mills?  
They abstain from forces, obvious hundreds,  
That form with bones of wonder in the wind.  
These times are the healthy minds, the crazy  
Lines of a distant reality, a distance is absorbed  
By lines of colourful right, rights are like the heaven.

Naveed Akram

# A Thousand Ways

There are a thousand ways to compel the graces  
Of a man in slumber, the heart is aroused by laughter.  
It may be satisfaction entering the eyes august,  
It might displace the time we command and respect.  
Space has a feature of effects commanding the right,  
We are police of her wishes; the queen of saying,  
The daughter of life commandeers a righteous man  
Who has piety of praise, prizes of desire.

To be august is to be majestic, my opening is my closing,  
My closing is my opening, the effects of the mighty spell  
Command a queen in ruin, a queen of space and time.  
She is the daughter of life, the queen of saying,  
But why not respect her ways more than man?  
Whose respectability matches the prophetic few,  
Who is obliged to marry a queen in ruin, whose words  
Fall from the sky to lose a soul of solace, to lose life.

Naveed Akram

# A Thrown Rock

A rock is thrown towards the crimson sky  
Falling rapidly in succeeding sessions,  
Preceding the boulders, the pebbles and stones  
That are minor and major and master.

The rock is falling to the grave ground roughly,  
The gravel turns and burns into stone,  
This rock from heaven has apologies and commas,  
Feeling the earth with tellurian sights.

Naveed Akram

## A Tree At Bedtime

A tree is a blade, not on my ladder  
But on my bed in my bedroom to last  
For the days and nights and forever.  
To skillfully admire one's thought you  
Must ponder tonight on the reality  
Of birds and blades of danger so you cry.  
Must we create a story to the beds and sofas  
To live along the lives of all the people  
Who rest and cry and lament for all time.  
The tree tomorrow and nextdoor is polite  
To me and all of the excitement has ruined,  
The alacrity of the giant plant is unknown.

Naveed Akram

# A Tree Chapter

Above a road is a broad chapter,  
It resonates like words of the spirit;  
One bird binds its nest to the trees of tense  
Branches that are so knowledgeable.

The miracles of the tree are numerous  
According to gifts and presents that matter,  
The old leaves resound like butter and cheese  
On the springing scones, trees are built.

Naveed Akram

# A Vast World

A vast world carries new messages,  
Beckoning a loose confederation of warriors  
To the brink of suicide and homicide,  
Other words desire a sentence of lies.  
The curious soldier is complete with backpack,  
Similar bonds abide in the soul and body  
Of the user of his religious attributes.

He is a horizon-walker bereaving and  
A collector of berries down in the earth.  
Clay is the void, and flowers are the thin stalks  
So deprived of beauty that once they loved.  
A vast thought has been enthralling him,  
Like most horizon-walkers he is asleep  
Working a fitness or lunch, philosophically  
Believing in days of his lusts.

Naveed Akram

# A Veiled Tree

A tree of veils and marrow  
Aligns its roots in this direction.  
I see the mammalian aspects  
Of this united tree of vegetables.  
I must find this plant with odours,  
As faster is the pace of the growth.

A tree of finished products aligns  
Its body with fermented beer.  
I be it, I be this outrage,  
Like warts and spots of the head.  
My fungus in the mouth, the plants  
Must reappear this time of day.

I must find him, himself, tonight in  
Health, in wealth of light and tasks.  
The offspring of the higher sort  
May justly deserve a piece of sport  
That lingers on, beholding no trip  
So much averse to the tragedy.

Naveed Akram

# A Void

Fade into a void for eternity,  
By occupying it like a Space.  
The hole I question is very solid,  
The whole wedding has been solved.  
My fading head and body shall unite afterwards,  
Union is dreamt as soon as it appears.  
My heavy head is with a hood of glass,  
Too tough is my fight in this Space.  
I craze into the storm of light,  
This storm is above me and below,  
To my left, and to my right.  
The shaking has overcome me,  
I want to move but I burst  
In a way inexplicable.

Naveed Akram

# A Volunteer

I have been approached by a volunteer who criticises,  
Do you understand the wolf's side of this righteousness?  
The advanced yoga of this palace called Beauty is resolute,  
For the encroachment is an act too unfavourable.  
During the blissful years of our canary which talks  
We see the excellencies, of the major tones and styles.  
I have no need for the sweet designs of this beautiful day,  
By the men who walk so greatly in their orders  
I declare the sweetness of my soul and all it bespoke.  
Rather to my surprise, little skins are too many in thought,  
And disembowelled are the remains of the hunted.

Naveed Akram

# A Wand Over You

He preferred me over you and lazed afterwards,  
Fatal goodbyes are captivating, always in time.  
The mortal destruction commits a spirit too well;  
Terrified by it, the farewells are fairly spoken.

My favourite wand is his, my own wand is his,  
Yet summer comprises a laughter, so lazy;  
Kinfolk are swinging from tree to tree to tree,  
Like apes of the kind that bring in the fruits to eat.

You are with family, relatives and scientists,  
So that the banana is refreshing, mostly for them  
And not you, who loses after music has rung its tune.  
Music is the cause of mischief for me, for me.

Naveed Akram

# A Warning

I announce a warning and reminder,  
Posing a new question,  
A simple statement of elegance,  
Once ago, it was never said.  
I fear him who gave this slogan,  
For he lived in this world and never died,  
He forgot a soldier's story to his life,  
His destiny never was communicated  
So his other-half became a tragedy  
Just as laughing denied success to higher bureaucrats;

I assuaged the hunger long ago in history,  
Hungry animals collect all gold,  
Fading into light and darkness,  
Guessing my foreign ideals then donating  
My organs.  
Hunger is guessing me and my soul.  
He gave me a warning but I did not listen.

Naveed Akram

## A Weaponry

The real nature of a weapon, the real sort of prize,  
Is its joy of presentation to the other half.  
One man is incredible for joking about death,  
The real bomb awaits the people to matter.  
One sword is not two storms of death,  
But ten innocent dead men, who simply have deceased.  
Seize and rock him about with hands and feet,  
The body shall become a corpse, a harvest of a kind  
Is gathered, the corpse then uncovered,  
For all to really matter.

Naveed Akram

# A Wheel

A wheel tortures the side of our legs,  
Opening the hated sentences of joy as it speaks;  
One invention of our intelligence converts  
The spoken value of a fatal clause  
And murmurs reality of a far-reaching kind.

The wheel grinds to historical help,  
Collapsing under colossal strength of forces  
That centre on the brilliant light emitted  
From the fortune now in sight,  
What is the sight of our sensation?

A guild of thieves wonders at wide prospects  
Of the villainy escaping the night,  
With wheels to carry, and wheels to mutate  
The living genes and their powerful effects  
Inside the soul of our life that spins around.

Naveed Akram

# A Wisdom

A Wisdom is a small compartment,  
Yet forgiven for its smallness,  
For does the tract entwine or the reading  
Abide in the senses?

Some day a wise man offers  
His support like another sage,  
Loose fittings of clothing  
Undermine the objective for he is wise.

The sage of the acts and translations,  
Lives among the valleys of  
The deep earth and soil of tummies  
And stomachs that eat up facts.

Naveed Akram

## A Wise Study

I could study the wise apparatus of godly men,  
Go and wonder to the birds in spring as it turned.  
Then the freshness of a day excites a young mind  
With fables now and then in the making,  
That people have changed or else have failed to learn.  
An easy gesture has been concert to the drives of a herd  
So false in the asking of questions, bright green lands  
Twist their fortunate drives, and the valleys ask in wonder.

My shoulders haunt my friendships, as enigmas contaminate  
The ego for the intellect has been harsh.  
Gentle torture is the nonsense of a day in storms,  
Nights forfeit the advantages of a day in mourning  
As harassed women and men go and fetch the ideal weight.

Naveed Akram

# A Wish From Your Mind

Anyone capable of an apparent torture  
Is a fortunate man of combinations;  
His nice manhood encompasses the heavens,  
Long white baskets are in the way,  
Feeling their whereabouts like snowing falls.

Anyone with your mind can judge a punishment  
In the meaning of corners that sharply learn,  
The pungent smells are stained with blood of the whims  
And wishes that entertain you whilst you sleep;  
This sitting is a dying look on the fire of coals.

Before the knowledge of excitement,  
A sentence has smelt like danger as the dying,  
One comes away from the wick of candles.  
The sentence is an enjoyment  
From the intellectual nuclei so drawn.

Naveed Akram

# A Wonder

Information entailed a wonder,  
Dissolving a salt, deceiving a desire,  
Flowing heads were rolled out  
With wrens and foxes to discern.

The middle attitude begot a clean sort,  
The relaxed animated spirit fused  
With the concepts it gave birth to  
In the meaningful hour of concern.

Fixing a whole moment shaved the hair  
Of the apes and monkeys of the jungle,  
The frost and awesome ice swung  
Along the grounds and alleys  
Of the jungles.

This wonder fell towards the floor  
Trying out the sense, in this way,  
The sense even did not accomplish  
The way of the woods, or the way  
Of jungles.

Naveed Akram

# A Worker

A worker is parading his wars,  
Effort has been dissolved into juice,  
As the love of a century has worn thin,  
A worker is about with business.  
A worker designs a task of majesty,  
His paper is wearing ink and pink stains  
Undergoing inspection, a dereliction  
Is about called paper.  
One works headlong into the script,  
Writers or workers deceive the populace  
With scripture as the might of a day is  
Upon the earth that sizzles under the sun.

My effort is an affront to the human race,  
Opening wars to the forefront of imagination.  
One dreams a six-day week of work  
And the imagination has run thin,  
Working the grim news of a tomorrow in sin.

Naveed Akram

## A Worry

To beget a worry makes you proud  
Of being a worry, one that disregards  
And enlightens the few who hear it.  
Going to the part of the world that hears  
Is to worry and be rude to the masses.  
Any few who are rude are accepted,  
Speech scrapes and confines us to the corners,  
Begetting given problems of so strong a speed.  
The born loser is a worry, an anxious call from the rich,  
To lose is to win, and to win is to lose.

Naveed Akram

# Abnormal Giants

Abnormal giants display their kettle,  
Evil events are enchanting from them.  
This familiar inspiration is needed,  
Gifts dreamed in the weather of breakfast.  
A necromancer supplies taste to the giant race,  
Faster than speed, the supplier quits the ogrish exploits  
And finds one instead.  
Evil event. This needs an hallucination,  
But however much the Ogre, it rages on me,  
Like an illusion of non-forgettable nature.  
The actual spirit is forced away,  
Leaving me with enchantment of my victory.

Naveed Akram

## About The Garden

I see the garden grow in parts,  
Its wings are like chieftains of the earth;  
One stays astonished to the mystery  
Of life in its destructive forms.  
Trees dry recklessly, winter is savage  
And the summer ruins the waiting of life.  
Soon a wretch has visited the plains  
Of our living existence to comply with devils  
Who stray from the straight path,  
And encourage our garden paths to grow  
Weeds in the offered passages of quality.  
I see the earth and soil corrupted by death,  
Roots lie again in heaven's lurch,  
The days of the judge of nature are not again.  
I heard a flat man be witness to the death  
Of a worm in this beautiful place called my garden,  
Screeching accompanied the tools,  
Death arrived to the careers and the pathway.

Naveed Akram

# Abracadabra

I seem to spell different words in a way,  
These signs are mine, too far away;  
Financial worries belittle my blackened life,  
Hosing the forest of black and brown so lowlife.  
The charcoal in the upper eye contains my vengeance,  
Continually it spurts danger at my absence.  
Ghosts of coal do demonise the layers in my fabric  
Animated by artists that aren't academic.  
My spell of magic and allurements amounts to weakness  
Of the animal in me, it is my meekness.

Naveed Akram

# Absent Food

The absence of our food demands respect,  
Food on the plate differs, acting like deeds  
Of cows and children of cows often enough.  
These bereaved people are found steaming  
In their innocence, tasty like the bread  
Of the knights of difference.

A death has been ingested from above,  
Our mouths swing like the fantasies inside,  
Relishing the odours so concrete,  
I am the athletic one about food,  
My name crazes the food and ingredients.

A little trickle concerns us all,  
Drink these balls of fluid in time,  
Let drinking be the friend of eating,  
And time will offer its prize.

Naveed Akram

# Absent Health

Absent and abusive are the acquirers,  
Afflicting us when the disorders did pain us.  
Hiccapping and helping we are in adversity,  
That is heart-warming in this age-group.  
The ablest men are aged, and the weakest people  
Complain always, with wives of splendour,  
And women of health, so fine in their ages.  
The computer has excelled with pains,  
Aiming for the gut and bone, without me.  
Cadetship is a café, cajole the men into suffering  
Urging them in ways known to the Lord.  
We are in a cerebrum and other brain parts,  
Wheels function mostly, most of them are spare.

Naveed Akram

# Absolute Wonder

Why do we ask for them towards the gates of heaven?

Why do the idols of disappointment, distress and difficulty keep our bulb?

Why did the sacred decision join us when we do not hear and see?

Why do the tables of judgement concave from the weight of the heavens?

Why does the Earth connect its glow with appearance?

When do the educators hug our eyes with glory?

Naveed Akram

# Academy

The academy of commandments thumps by ideas  
Of a philosophical nature, then the field of words  
Lies full with crops, thanking the crows for not bothering,  
Minerals munched on believe they are present.

Men so esteemed believe in so much happiness,  
For greater good of mankind and its children.  
Such planets speak, the accusation is certain,  
Folly of higher nature is like murder.

Naveed Akram

# Accept Nothingness

Accept the farewell from the women of the clergy,  
Meals are in their own room, waving and wanting  
In steady health for the nothingness and right,  
Winning smiles and overall behaviour that smiles  
And smiles like the dawn overreaching to the sun.  
One lady and some double-faced liars are about  
As the rising sun frothing from the earth and sky  
Like the horizons of real distinct controversy.

I like to be a secret wonder and sort of steward,  
To be enough of the hope and work,  
Like a sudden galaxy and star with each other.  
It seemed to be a dog that smiled on the wax  
Corroding the waist, this unfortunate act has spoken.

Naveed Akram

# Accidental

She went over us, after a while she halted  
And turned back, the same car had stopped.  
But where was the blood? It was nowhere  
To be seen. It was never reported even to say 'beware'!  
I just stopped talking to the police  
After I grassed on her or him, rather than release.  
The police do not know me,  
But could not know him or her or he.  
I just panted over and over and over,  
Like a wolf or a lion in a frenzied fever.  
I want results, but had none,  
Now I want more, but I'm feminine.  
Women will want more from an occasion,  
And that means I shrug and cause an explosion.

Naveed Akram

# Accumulation

I see accumulation of actions in the admiration,  
Brought by you, silly, you!  
I forgave the coffeepot for its food,  
The counterplot took an enemy.  
For Londoners free themselves,  
For London is dazed by us and you.

I fought the day we say and obey,  
Catching a ball with one hand.  
Then, it was the canteen or cuisine,  
Shutting the lights from the dauphine,  
As if beings convened to eradicate.

Wear the cane in a day of fortunate tables,  
Beat the pupil in front of the containers,  
His domains are rapid and falling,  
Like the touching of love and the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Accursed One

Fun has been ostentatious for being bright,  
A legion of worries takes strike at the light.  
No foolish certainty invades the Accursed One,  
Impeding you from the path or way of thankfulness genuine.

For it is an elevated nature, called Thankfulness,  
You will be increased due to the presence of it.  
The repentant have been forgiving also,  
And the patience of a night is spent in prayer and alms.  
His abundant health is accepted by the men  
Who have qualities of lordship,  
So the charitable man walks free from the prison.  
The satanic one conveys his learning to globules  
Rather than men whose future is overridden with hardship.  
The glove tied to the hand of a king  
Betrays me as I stand in the middle of Time  
And supplicate for the benefits attached,  
Hoping in my way to rid the community of  
The One Accursed.

Naveed Akram

# Aches Of Mermen

I am one of the aching mermen,  
Living within the certain cities undersea;  
The saddest part cried and died  
Before victory bit and lit the season.  
I was undersea, for all time,  
A watcher of this glen smiled at me,  
To explain why my tears sat with heat.  
&quot;Those tears, &quot; he says, &quot;are smaller gems,  
Lick them yourself and don't digest  
The meaning of their splendour.&quot;

I was aching as an ancient merman,  
Tears profusely followed,  
Since the meanings were lost,  
And then hundreds of years elapsed  
Before the memories collapsed.  
My tears had grown still  
With the waters that shivered.  
My heated moments meant mermen  
Dissolved with the sea and all the rest.

Naveed Akram

# Acquisition

I could just distinguish them,  
The street lights lit wrongly a ruin,  
The beauty of the night crept in  
Under all containers of darkness.  
Without growing wise a street was forsaken  
To make sure of colour that bled  
And forced its way into realms.  
A quality of command happened  
In the night,  
The statements locally were enforced  
To be some event of the whole look.  
Something wept this night,  
It likely became a puzzle to solve  
That those of us wanted to acquire.

Naveed Akram

# Acrobat Of Bonaparte

An acrobat creates a love too long,  
The aristocrat believes in some awful wrong,  
But where are the buzzards of the age?  
These dreamers defend the tasks to engage.  
My loves have grown out of fashion,  
To be my strength requires compassion.  
The real dinner finds me at the heart,  
Strategy stems from the awe of Napoleon Bonaparte.  
One departs after the athletes have departed,  
Those maps have seen where ships started.

Naveed Akram

## Across Lakes

Stride across the lake and stroll across,  
Placing your feet where there is nothing;  
Water attaches itself to humans. Humans learn  
To swim, and be happier with effervescent liquid.  
This is the blood of the soul,  
A fine potion for supernatural occurrence,  
Holding the flag of impossibility  
For the race of super humanity,  
Like the flag of surrender and description.  
Our will is your will,  
For we are students of the same religion.

Naveed Akram

# Across The Waters

Across the waters I have come,  
A soothing song gathers its loss;  
The birds release a note of charm,  
Holding in their passion with wings.

From the dark chambers of the cave,  
My energy never loses, wanting magic  
As the partner, as the scholarship,  
Feelings are moveable now.

I watch a couple of hummingbirds,  
Singing their melody with Nature all around;  
I can discover the threads of despair  
And here there is no stupor or laziness.

Naveed Akram

# Acting Dead

Their death is a lovely act or pact with us,  
Shame is the feeling accompanying the deadly actress.

Naveed Akram

## Actions And Acts

Actions are seldom seen to worry you,  
Those that twitch and harass are cumbersome,  
Actually they stem from the roots of animals,  
Underneath them reigns the authority of a king.  
Their acts are like those of kings, working  
And cycling through centuries, how many?  
The actions committed resound in the open space  
Of lucky universes, fully acted upon by the majority.  
Kings may act and have their lengthy discussion,  
But let the actions build fortune that will create victory.

Naveed Akram

## Actively Arguing

He is in this course of activity,  
Full of it, favouring it and condemning something.  
It was thus an argument, of hardness,  
And he shouted out too much.  
They argue, fuss over everything,  
Not to illegally complain, but to favour as well.  
May our reasons for such loud contemplations  
Be fit, and let them argue worse.  
He is in this action, and for this the same action  
Has arisen to frighten everyone.

Naveed Akram

# Actress Across The Waters

Across the waters is an actress of acts,  
It reminds you of the theatre and all activity.

Buy then her tale to earn each other formally,  
One ear is too little heard but seeing is formal.

The staring wide ocean reminds me of words,  
Eastern wars are the wastes of a reading tonight.

The actress easily undoes the acts of this decade,  
Effective is the effort of eggs that hatch within the plot.

One ocean fits with education, the path to the future,  
The road to dominions that spread into a cake to ease down.

Lacking are the lovers within the story of an act to bore,  
This lamp means the otherworldly features of the drama.

I see a landscape, the lake of grass to side with disease,  
Lacking are the lovers of so many nights growing within.

The playing of the writers is paramount, fulfilling labours  
That lie and die to construct cubes to fill the lattice.

A laboratory of lasers is aboard the whole ship-insolence,  
The lady of the arts is a winter for us all, a summer for the divine.

Naveed Akram

## Acts Of A Professor

I was a professor when people disliked the view,  
They were ideal guests, some distance up ahead.  
I like the weekend house of some importance,  
Gorgeous readings becomes bad business,  
Durations are worse than the acts of misdeeds,  
Forever goodbye to sorrows of the tongue.

Both the botanical and the zoological  
Combine to fulfil the soul of its might.  
Life is punctual, life is mundane,  
But professors are not simply display  
Or hoaxed into certain thoughts.  
My strange wonders abide in the heart  
Of the world and its horrors,  
That combine and mingle towards death  
And the counter-intelligence  
Inside this whole county.

Naveed Akram

# Acts Of Losing

The act of losing erupts,  
My agreement with the gods collects  
And the gathering of dust arises.  
My approval of the events  
Has shaped brilliant ants.  
Amuse yourself with an apple and cloth,  
The elixirs of cold weather result.  
Woes are adrift, passion seeps in,  
While the confused scene sternly  
Revolves around the century.  
My jawbone collapses with incalculable aspects,  
The mouth has a colour of fortune.

Naveed Akram

# Acts Of The Heart

I have to derive pleasure from acts, acts of the heart,  
I decide what my apparition attracts, acts of the heart.

See what disappears and what points out murder,  
Then compare the fools to the contracts, acts of the heart.

Must we collide head-on, with faces full of grimace?  
This much is to understand by the facts, acts of the heart.

I have a disappointment in time that needs a resolution,  
I possess the obvious command that exacts, acts of the heart.

My factual artist belongs to the sack of bread, to eat from it  
Without limit, to abstain from the pacts, the acts of the heart.

May I conceive a notion we just shall pay, to those in delay,  
That may consider the one whom reacts to my acts of the heart.

Naveed Akram

## Actual Goals

The aims shudder for the playing,  
Real values are hidden for us;  
Yes, the guesses of the sportsman  
Act like themselves, fulfilling and snapping.  
Must we dread the joy to come?  
Guiding a long passage to the rivers  
Of real water is a pleasure to be admired.  
To guide them in this is my own work,  
State the oblivion afterwards.  
Say the reasons of enjoyment,  
Say them now, or hold your peace,  
When sorrow is adjusting for you.

Naveed Akram

## Actual Moments

They are like moments which speak and also utter,  
Like momentum has taken tread and moments are desires,  
Not lusts or rides of blessings, of blessed men and women.

So the reasoning of fantasy is obtuse and moments speak  
Shoulders to moulds of the brain and eyes, I say.

Shoulders became heads and momentary disaster,  
Suddenly a godlier experience of hatred and disgust.

More than this I have nothing to give but be forgiven.

Naveed Akram

# Actual Rain

To anguish we are so actual  
In the rains of our weather;  
Puzzling with the splatter,  
We are plates for you and me.  
The feeding is of a lioness,  
Considering those who know  
When this ground gives certain walking.

There is water when usual events  
Betake the horizons of the eye,  
Earning that honour of the dead and awkward;  
Frenzies are seeing me deeper  
Than the roads of the puzzles  
Called the rains.

My fellows are considerate, like the lions  
Of huger powers in this way  
And in this sense of nonsense.  
Fine are the looks of an appearing lion  
With his lioness,  
The plains of rain are speculating on  
More of our conversation.

Naveed Akram

# Acute Sayings

Among the many acute sayings of my heart  
The hardest heads have combined to produce them;  
Ridiculous sayings are polite, well-looking  
And blind for the worlds and the lords of adventure.

The exhibition strays far more than kindness,  
Modern mania inhibits us in mighty worries;  
Suggested actions involve the stewards of work,  
Like the heart and its belongings, a sacred lot.

Every solid and gas may react to see the days  
And the nights conserve the whole of existence;  
Not in this city will negative actions take there  
The pride of a generation, so polluted and polite.

Naveed Akram

# Adages

An adage is decent when the mighty river winds,  
And then the symbols are again clashing,  
Lashing the rocks of a mighty river,  
Feeling like a word of a bitten nature.  
The adages pour forth into the chasms  
And the whole black earth resounds in the heavens.

My adages are broken and bonded,  
My beverage drinks itself like a bond.  
Then the assembling of molecules connect,  
This assemblage has worry for the ordained.

A bridge of blockage bends and bites for better,  
Then adages are my anchor, a pivot of disaster,  
The adages flow like fluent floors, not flaws.  
The barons in the way are the mighty rivers of mud,  
Falling away like a black earth or mass of planetary size.

Naveed Akram

# Adam

'Why was Adam driven from the garden? '  
The teachers of wisdom have forgiven him.  
Since Adam asked for a sin to wander out,  
Afterwards masters of communication make us  
Wonder about the Hereafter,  
Wonder about the future.  
The same room knew what to do,  
The same garden overthrew us all.

For he was blind to creation in his youth,  
Then Eve admired his scent,  
And became his pupil,  
Believing in the dreams of her sleep  
And then there was just Death.

Naveed Akram

# Add Or Not

Addition is superior to subtraction,  
Whilst ears must save their action,  
Enough to keep a distraction,  
And so timely a great reaction!

Naveed Akram

# Addicted To Thoughts

The addiction of an apology was present,  
Planets forged plenty of moments for apologies;  
A lasagne of thoughts needed some forgiving,  
Yet the cricketing may have spun a generation.

Enthusiasts on the globes of drinking  
Entered therapy for others to overlook them;  
And so peaches and raspberries emerged  
For the eating, to engulf the people.

Naveed Akram

# Additions To Your Life

Adding is like subtracting.

Motion is an addition and a subtracting process.

May the processes of life add and subtract for the better and for you.

Naveed Akram

## Admirable Features

How do you describe the features of pain?  
Is pleasant news to admire and reconcile?  
My beauty is stronger than ever  
When beautiful people arrive,  
Forming words and framing phrases  
Of certain propositions on my ground,  
On my land that is my one.  
How the pews are filled every day  
From such abolishment,  
The real abhorrent acts submerge us  
In ruinations and botheration  
Of quite epic proportions.  
The pains are collected daily  
And everybody accesses the bridges  
To the remedy of other soldiers.

Naveed Akram

# Adored

I have loved a time.

I really adored my rhyme as one to climb.

My reality is such that time does not stand still, and chime.

This is mine.

Naveed Akram

# Adored Object

The axis of an object surprises us,  
It plays with the background of our music.  
Then we realise its accomplishment with zeal,  
Minds contaminate the spheres and surprises.

The realities speak and utter their adoration  
For the wild flowers, the real stems riding there,  
Those objects become realer than the logicians,  
Those are those objects that are items.

An angle has been created by the upper workers,  
Lines strangulate the air with music and art,  
Then beauty forces the objections,  
The projections of certain items become in space.

Naveed Akram

# Adult Fire

I must stay with adult fire interplaying with the soul,  
I must desiccate my fingers in this burning flame;  
But why does the hotness of this world be so dim?  
The punishment in the afterlife may even be no charm.

Dim fires expand in this world, to engulf all flowers  
And beautiful ideas, going to the corners of the atlas,  
Fastening to the ice ready to melt it; then the world  
Is destroyed with dying, plague and deadly affairs.

My soul is at play, working with ideas, idioms and icons;  
Many souls worsen the plots, lands grow fitter than words,  
As serfs are expelled, fires are catapulted into the chasms;  
A ravine embarks in the ground, a cliff is torturing the soul.

I must say with adult fire, when childhood has happened  
Already. The children are mine, the women of the earth  
Derive their thoughts from fiery herdsmen, shepherds  
Seem softer with their directives and speeches and flocks.

Naveed Akram

# Adults And Children

Where do adults display their traits and attributes?  
Why do these playing children remember the suns  
Rising on different horizons, fulfilling the momentum?

My actions are partners of the old fellowship so golden,  
My acts are delivered by the gatherers of wood, the wielders  
Of weapons who cherish the lords and ladies of high heaven.

Opening the world is like offering the sacrifice of a dozen years,  
Closing the world is as if the words of the slain are perpetrated,  
Why do listeners forsake their words and symbols when it is early?

It is like the mountains of a distress, a fountain of deceit,  
It is odd on the occasions that we suffer, a melody is upon them,  
It is odd how sufferings are handed out by the one who owns lords.

Where are the adults when they deceive the crying children?  
Their puncturing of tyres is like the offering from the table-tastes,  
The author and child of the centre of the spherical world is offering.

Naveed Akram

# Adventure In The City

Long life can end the cityscape on a day called yesterday,  
Hand over the juice of your kidney as terror be at bay,  
Sent over quite a lot I do deceive you with, and more than it,  
To lie to oneself your bigger extra innocence bit.

Naveed Akram

# Adventures

A ball rolls in dozens of ways,  
Like dice or spells of magic-days.  
The game we play is to entertain,  
You must roll dice and it is hard to attain.  
May scores result from luck and guile,  
A good fantasy is about to compile.  
May rigid rules subside at times,  
Then strict composure at bedtimes.  
For they roleplay and talk over issues,  
No politics allowed, just to amuse.

Naveed Akram

# Adventurous Youth

Gargling at noisesome levels the adventure has begun,  
Both inwardly and outwardly the reasoning lets run,  
For youth can overcome the ready reader of newspaper,  
And the awesome collections of comics, super.

The young man is against a level which prohibits,  
One that cheats him as it cheats his Blitz.

Naveed Akram

# Advice For The Soul

Abiding advice rested on my soul,  
This afternoon there was an advert  
For the future of my eerie existence,  
One that was an airport of alarm.

This cobwebbed life had connections,  
To the tasted restaurants and bars  
Achievable in life, for there was not  
A wreck in sight, no wobbling on the path.

I weep and wrestle and wish for the opposite  
To occur, in trances my experience begins;  
Wet pools stare at my stored eyes, these jewels  
That steer and start like the steps of diamonds.

Naveed Akram

# Aero Car

Inside the aero car answers a light,  
Put in the coordinates to launch us high;  
Let locks be found for the real cause,  
An android falters rarely, but this time.

I see aliens in the mist, the whole mist,  
My air car needs an airpark quick;  
Mazes surround us when doctors reign,  
This disease inside the realm of shadows is thin.

We must hire the air cabs to festoon these mates  
Who hire the best lieutenants, verily the best.

Naveed Akram

# Afar

From afar we carry out our threats,  
To engulf them who marry in certain fashions  
That we detest, and we also do not like.  
For such is nightmare, mostly burden,  
So that guts are spilt, and trained to form back  
In their rightful place, the guts are not gone.  
We engulf their brains when winter blushes  
And intelligent spring sees sights of serenity.  
They live in the hope of murder to bring about  
A path of solutions, ones that we detest,  
And we like the way of the world as it is.  
In fact, the answers lie in the storms of time  
And we must dig to engage in matter some deeds-  
We like the deeds of the rich and the threats are vast.

Naveed Akram

# Affable Man

An affable man has a cape on,  
Revealing the past about his character:  
Pausing in innocent fog so fallacious,  
Finding faults with little neatness.

A purplish red conquest soundly rises  
Into suns and doors,  
My change has to come!  
Floppy cares with exciting letters  
That wear their runes with rinsing,  
Flip and flow into the orders of cousins.

The blood has dripped slowly,  
Ornamentals mightily buy their worth,  
As a concept has some delight  
Fixed into the depths of humanity.

Naveed Akram

# Affliction From The Time

Afflictions are adding by the seconds,  
These actions, those reactions are solid;  
My eggs are laid down for the eternity,  
Finding the passions of the street.  
My admission to the school of my choice  
Causes me to affect others to the revolution.  
My adaptations confidently accuse  
The wrong conversations, my heart is set,  
My heart beats to the time of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Affluent

Affluence has assertions on the picture we see  
In front of our eyes, it is wealthy provision.  
Our apostles enrich the basic soul, like wealth  
The providing is outstanding, much too enlarged  
Now that we are altered and beautified by brilliance.  
Affluence is a collision with times and lives,  
Our exiles confront themselves with the minor crime,  
Your lives depend on the movement of crime,  
Hounds of wealthy origin shall bark at your legs  
And freeze the mind of all its calibre.  
It is time your weapon is calming us,  
Open the doors to the times of big change  
And extravagance and fascination.

Naveed Akram

# Aflame

The world aflame, we astound it,  
On the way this language becomes;  
Lips of cold energy are revolting,  
Revolving and empty with sin.  
You lie by me and kill my belongings,  
On this side of the river there runs a spirit  
Or ghoul of astounding and abhorrent strength.  
The lips are struck by its glare  
And my funeral has abolished me.  
I run the world now that the fire is out,  
Languages and folly are over.  
Place him in the middle of the river,  
Rivers are running deep today and every day.

Naveed Akram

## After Bread

I see the thoughts thanking me after the toasts of bread,  
I think on some of the seas that see after the toasts of bread.

I want to be a buoy of utter strength in this heart of mine,  
You strike the seas with some utter buoyancy after the toasts of bread.

This idea speaks to eyes of the heart and noise collects forever,  
For this time an echo is heard like the bureaucracy after the toasts of bread.

Boxes enter the philosophy of ghosts in gestures of kindness,  
I see the ghosts of hives and all their celibacy after the toasts of bread.

My acts are striking at me hard with their hammering command,  
My names number the whole galaxy when bouncy after the toasts of bread.

Naveed Akram

## After Food

After two days we think and own occupations,  
Replying to men and women to consider the facts;  
I think then that we inform them when they are adults,  
Long walks and foolish food comes and arrives,  
Never does it depart, tied to the bridge of eternity.  
Attend to them! They are adults and masters of a class,  
They are artful and lazy to be exact,  
Their youth has been along, and away,  
Bringing the sons and daughters,  
Elderly men and women are again.

Naveed Akram

## After Sleep

The annoying shall keep after sleep,  
My condition can peep, and this leap  
Is made permanent too far away,  
Like a force that may bend to Bombay.

We see ghosts after many are kept,  
The years forced me as I had leapt  
Forming days; and the nights were in race,  
One sees pain and the really fine face.

Naveed Akram

# After The Sky Had Been Wounded

Yesterday it rained hard,  
The drops turned into blood  
For the sky hurt and destroyed  
Us in anger with its own image.  
For the design of the clouds  
Was the destruction of hills,  
The same green mounds of love.  
Now the blood built a barn  
For the animals after centuries,  
And the redness of the sky  
Had died, had succumbed to  
Green Nature's love and beauty.  
Today, it was a barn of love,  
Loving the solutions of a time.

Naveed Akram

# Age Of Biology

In this age of biology  
The looking and feeding  
Is yet to appear,  
At last the troubles are over,  
Some of us consider  
Some of us remark on brotherhood  
Or the sisterhood of people.  
Generally a sentence reappears  
Housing the disaster  
To be built with science.  
Hoods are clothing the population  
Inside and on top of their heads,  
Like paupers we wish for something  
Too extraordinary, and this is genius.

Naveed Akram

# Age Of Treason

The age of treason keeps me wide awake,  
Then dangers mind my soul forcibly,  
I carry myself forward with backache,  
To find the goals are the ability.  
This time my sentences deplore a case,  
Towards the phrase I catch a key tonight,  
Yet words will drive a wedge in my airspace,  
The wonderful shall bring someone alight.

The rights of dedication shiver now,  
Might my solutions sting and deliver;  
You matter to the one who will allow  
The monks to pray against their abhorrer.  
The age of treason shines from this evil,  
My acts shall stay, my acts shall be able.

Naveed Akram

# Ageing Souls In Need

The ageing gaiety of this seasonal overlordship  
Pitied us as individuals, death had been approaching us  
With wit of the devil that deceives you through trials.  
One needed the soul to deceive another soul,  
Sadistic souls created their own manhood.

Smile at them when they encounter your resonance,  
Belief in their heresy is belief of the mightiest innards.  
Ruthless and barbarous are the demons of the temple,  
A temple is incensed by apologies of the sprites  
Who line up and know all their knowledge from us,  
Twinkling with their feet in odours of brilliant fury.

One is heartbroken with fright and disdain,  
Callous causes are castrating the dogs overly.  
They are vicious of their minds, minds repel  
The furies of certain distinctions.  
A warm smile arrives in the afternoon courtyard,  
Flowers of fire artfully erase the splendours of young madness.

Naveed Akram

## Ages And Ages

Boundless ages destroy my feelings,  
Dejected I bind the pages of my book.  
Yielding pages are fluttering in my wake,  
A rough machine manages the electric.  
I have paused and stared into the abyss,  
Reluctant and sorry for the ages that went;  
This goal is yours also, to mightily surround  
Us in our speech, working towards a righteousness.  
Bouncing into the ocean I navigate  
And stretch forming tatters, splatters and matters.  
This swimming learnt will aid my life  
To overcome the riddle I have experienced.

Naveed Akram

# Aggression

The compilation of aggression is a far-fetched book,  
It has bonds of degree, the findings are there inside.  
Inside the body and its soap of heaven remains are clear  
Over the waters of our own bodies, the corpse is clearly us.  
To charm us please accuse and refuse once they appear,  
Organs offered by us, we are donors, clearly repair the man;  
Once the compilation is a commotion of sorts,  
The pedigree of a man is hidden, concealed by him.  
To refuse and interfere may bring bad luck,  
As this furiously changes as if history has enlarged.

Naveed Akram

# Aghast Of Life

Ghastly people master their excesses as fragile,  
To be cushioned, to bind in sleep being fresh.  
Thinking of slumberous life as brilliant,  
A more of garden crept into their sleep,  
As sleepless as flowers on planting and danger from the prickles.  
Prickled by money in their slant of heaven  
Is like mass-psychology to the layman!  
I found him, the doctor, in that day  
And he thieved my muscles, my kidneys,  
As well he took my life and all - but, very nearly.  
This is always your awareness and reverence for prayer  
Descending into heaven, kindly worthy after God has passed.  
I lay in my bedroom with cushions and pillows and the works.  
Force I reserve angels with, as if God muttered through my heart,  
And He gave me special looking features,  
Before I was a deathly place.

Naveed Akram

## Agree And Be Strong

Agree on the instants we recount,  
Little amounts, little gains other than pride.  
An authority made me mathematical,  
With an angle of distaste, and any anger,  
Understood by the wealth of the nation.  
The summer smothered the view with light,  
A sugary substance, light smells sweet.  
The structure on this land of summers  
Combines me and the rest of mankind.  
But why are we so strong? What little strength  
Is held in our hearts.

Naveed Akram

# Agreement

Height of wrongity was well and weird,  
A laughter is sounded to accuse further,  
And keeping straightforward the nonsense behold,  
The simple lesson you abstain and roar.

Naveed Akram

# Ai

My artificial intelligence filled the form,  
Slotted chips informed and processed it;  
My protein was fixed to clot with incredible speed,  
Savage damage was the result.

I filled the form to enlighten them,  
As a robot, I enlighten and converse  
To ignore pain and hold trauma,  
There is no feeling of intense pain.

Bring the handcuffs and your license,  
Also the chip scanning equipment;  
Please do not hack or steal my information,  
Thanks to my artificial intelligence.

Naveed Akram

# Aiming

Despise a cross woman who is a witch  
Or they shall devour you from the inside-out.  
Guess him as her fencing him or her to see where?  
She is a witchcraft? Yes, son who fences.  
To meet this score I see you against witchcraft -  
The rest of the archers are nothing.  
To take my aiming nature is towards nature,  
And my son is fearsome on the witches,  
Not the wizard in the way.  
So please do what I bid. Just only his father to his son.

Naveed Akram

# Air For The Baby

The air was forced due to the delivered album  
Singing in the blue air, the bleeding artery was to blame.  
Babies bleed, as for the apples, and the pears,  
Singing their melody of pain and harmony.  
Then their breath is enforced by better women  
Of motherly milk, alphabets resound in the head.

The air is forced due to the process of the word,  
My balloon creates an army of colours to mount,  
I already endeavoured to place apples into mouths.  
Singing was sowing the arts of the melody and pain,  
Babies bled from the pain of the songs so sacred,  
Then they recognised arms and legs before their days.

Naveed Akram

## Air Is

Air constricts the valley of shields,  
This again makes us suffer almost to waste;  
Angles justify the other sides of the valley,  
To me it can be an awakening.  
All of the attempts fail once they believe,  
They believe on almost any foundation.  
The schools of endeavour have discovered  
Like Columbus and the currents of the sea.  
Air in this shelter gathers rust like an iron rod,  
Grave piece of thought, grave all of the time.

Naveed Akram

# Air Of Climbing

I cannot say half a mile is finished,  
Yet the size of eagerness is too atrocious;  
Near two years the threat of climbing  
Has subjugated the Earth and its plunder.  
I have done viewing and seeing on all levels,  
Venturing over boats of the land and sea.  
O Wonderful Years! O Beauteous Time!  
My mileage exceeds the limits of endurance,  
The sailing is a gun, the flap of the age.  
I fixed the bullets of a long time, abject sign.  
I have an arrant year for the guns to blow,  
The water steals the air forever.

Naveed Akram

# Air Of The Forest

The still air, where there are cells,  
Feeding on others. The air stinks,  
Like a tired predator, one of the walkers  
Of these woods.

The still air is now windy, and the breeze  
In the forest is now strong. The air is colder  
But steadily warmer, for we are strong  
To survive the air.

Naveed Akram

## Airs That Suppress

Boundless airs suppress my conduct to be,  
The atmosphere leaps out to the spine;  
Boundaries are amiss, my strength is sudden,  
And appearing before me an apparition.  
My ghosts supper on the mixtures of this galaxy,  
My small ghost opens the window of the lords  
Of the galaxy, so homely star systems feed.  
The food for dozens of spectators is sight itself,  
Fixing the legends of old, the ancient lights.

Naveed Akram

# Airspace

An obstacle results from a living of going berserk,  
This is clockwork, occupation, business of brickwork.  
The barriers we cross are like that for the opening,  
Offering are loans and pluck, the distance of beckoning.  
This journey begun, why do we bargain?  
Exploration for some entails a jargon.  
This jar and cup we traverse is a journey,  
Drinking required an attorney.  
But food and drink is beautiful as the face,  
When do you like smiling with your birthplace?

Naveed Akram

# Alarming Cake

My alarm hastens with a cake,  
Knuckled by tables, the mint is fine,  
Mint echoes, differing with the dessert.

Vegetables are sceptical, not consenting,  
They are agitators, intolerant themselves;  
Engraved on the plate, a turnip is fun and rejoicing.

The level of food spluttering  
Angers my laughing face,  
A propellant is detected by the eye.

Naveed Akram

# Alarming Creation

An alarming creation has been assembled,  
For he does his work and begets, the very same.  
The author creates and blocks out like one who imagines,  
In an institution consuming ice and ink.  
The embryonic stages set in motion and lead to fabrication,  
Of first cracks, of elementary layers like the cakes.  
This is the opening, there will be some with less,  
But the author of creativity shows a plot or story.  
Much is lion, most is gathering when a story unfolds,  
Like a consternation, like an alarm of a clock.  
The created beings set away from the land  
And erode into the sea, the seas and the oceans.

Naveed Akram

# Alcoholic

The left port surprises us with wealth and tricks,  
We drink and dine according to the level of the critics.

Naveed Akram

# Alcove

I notice an alcove and enter it,  
Alas it carries light upon light.  
The algebra of life can exist,  
Fear and awe murder us still.  
In this united effort we stay  
In the centre of loving health  
In this unique alcove which we entered.  
May the world be shy, everlasting  
With happiness, as I exit the room.

Naveed Akram

# All Around The Nature

All around my head is a strong sickness,  
Come to the bed of flowers that wilt.  
Dressed in red, in purple and yellow,  
They turn their faces to those with brains  
And master themselves in the way of beauty.  
So this is their mighty stature in your eyes,  
Innocent beings of medallions and blood.  
We are also of their blood, as we are natural  
In the ways of their milk;  
We are Nature's proud trait,  
We are the happy guests so stretched,  
When do sad faces become flowers of May?

Naveed Akram

# All Art

All of the artists become sublime,  
Their minds actively search for the services  
To love the appearance and to love the place.  
Many can see the months in their diseases,  
Many artists feel love for God,  
And their tools are hopes and hoops,  
Dreams of the waking hour,  
Living with them seems eternity.  
Love those with pens and ink  
Like you love the rigours of this life.  
I have peace in this way, to be an  
Onlooker for the facts of knowledge  
Inside another day and night.

Naveed Akram

# All Dead

The life of a leader is a leaf,  
The trees are burdens on this living  
And dying.  
But the pleasure creates a desire  
To live fully with jests and dangers,  
Flocking within the seconds on  
A grazing green, a copse has been cleared  
By the elders and chiefs.  
Looking into danger sends memories  
Of the gold and silver attracted by the gusts.  
One wind is too many soldiers  
Of an army of ruin and blood,  
Concerts of sound resettle and rebound  
Due to reason and a binding rationale.  
Those with ghosts shall enlighten,  
These soldiers are all dead.

Naveed Akram

## All Four

All four had made similarities for the future,  
All four made arts out of sciences,  
Their students charmed with the crudest ideas.

Some professors warmly disembowel  
Their larks, swiftly bringing in news of a cast  
Folding the plastic or jewels or cement or metal.

Calibration was battling with batteries of hard  
Gases revolving in a tin can of low law.  
Celebrate with celibate gentlemen now that you spin.

Naveed Akram

# All Hazards

Abruptly the men entered the vigilant party,  
Forsaking their sport and keeping chalices  
That roam the islands of despair,  
For to drink is to be fairy,  
The best of the best and the very better.

Noses are seen with their eyes and ears,  
Installed by the chiefs of sorrow,  
Perched there by the veins and toil,  
Tubs of cream are again vomited  
To see the odyssey speak once more.

I see the hooks and other hooks  
Become a part of me once more,  
May the weed of the grassland  
Subjugate fires and all hazards.

Naveed Akram

# All In This World

All in the worlds learn  
Of the goodness, and in doing  
This key of the door  
You knock on people's pride  
To overcome with joy.

So it is that keys of life  
Turn from the world,  
As the world is Earth  
And its subsystems are as many  
As the cells of a body.

Learning a tune of a song  
Connects the living and dead,  
Instead of the eternal and strong  
That liven to the music  
After many strokes of sound.

Naveed Akram

# All Men

All men appear for the days- the periods of reality,  
Where a gap complains for its own gasps,  
When someone describes his actuality,  
Then the acts of murder are committed,  
Fulfilling the goal of a mad man in hellish rage.

All the people of suns and stars  
Keep the earth dry due to gods and simple notions,  
Those primeval spirits reengage to enlighten  
A few in their slumber, who age and die anew.  
Feeling the worst experience carries reward,  
All these actions are the words of the day in sight.

Must the smell of the strawberry plate be enough  
To rid the crimes of a boy or girl in happiness?  
One orange can be stinging in bright taste,  
An apple surprises me afterwards with its feelings,  
But where do they result in growth?

Naveed Akram

# All My Trust

All of my way, all of my say  
Is gaining trust in the affairs of man;  
This good offering complains of pain,  
Much like the gain of golden treasure.

I was a serene writer, a melody arrived  
On the balcony one day,  
Feeding the ravens with all the seed  
Entering the vicinity.

All of this day, and all of my ray  
Carried light equally, like folders  
Of studies and books of factuality,  
Defending my stay on Earth.

All I want from humanity glistens  
To provide my dream, the dream that  
A theory has arisen from a deep well,  
A well of brilliance shining into darkness.

Naveed Akram

# All Of Life

The trees do grow and blow in the winds,  
and stars emit light unfadingly,  
This big land that is attractive  
Is exactly the place of my heavenly dwelling house.  
My riches and purity are exceeding others  
whose lives are concerned with me.  
Still, I ache for immortality and I yearn over life.  
I hatch thoughts of life and passion  
that fatten my soul and mind in every respect.

Naveed Akram

# All Of Lycanthropy

The presents of a sleigh are numerous  
Just so that ruinous stars die for being;  
One April night a little stag is driven  
To its death by the claws of a man strange in himself.

He is a werewolf of burden and bringing,  
The conscience is so unique and sudden,  
Its feelings require a motive, with hair  
To be like nails after the sweets and air.

This werewolf inhabits the wastes of this dry land,  
He is red in the mouth, redder in the colour of his skin,  
Fur entails tentacles of worth and dishonour,  
The very breeding grounds for the mind's sin.

One is a tree compared to him or it,  
Neutral people see a little dream or nightmare  
And cause it to grow like a lipid,  
Feeding feelings of hate and disaster.

My presents from the snow entail a tale,  
This man of the wolves describes others with nights,  
Without them, within them, tonight;  
Liking the festivals of hate is all one lycanthrope.

Naveed Akram

# All Of Us Sleep

I moved from left to right,  
To wake up I got angry;  
In the deception was a cure,  
Sleep had persisted for long now.  
My butchered hair seemed hairy,  
Like the whole innocent man,  
I was brimming with dreams.  
The sprawling mass of pipes  
Inside my dreamscape was phenomenal.  
It led to trepidation and worse failures,  
Like the sharp sound of gunfire.  
My mind from the war became ill,  
Losing my touch so scarily.  
I have now lost all sleep.

Naveed Akram

# All So Tired

Oh, You are all so tired,  
Even in sleep you grow faint;  
Let the ears feel pricks and senses,  
So that the brain can master this time.

My soul solemnly swears,  
Mine is the spirit of a thousand years;  
This weary life grows old,  
Often does the climbing night?

If ever your yearning for death is known  
By some who quickly remark,  
Let those with days numbered be  
Among the resurrected on the last day.

Naveed Akram

# All The Faith

He has a religion for all the faith,  
Ours for the taking, ours for the right.  
May we ascertain properly,  
With learned men see the light.  
The bubbles of words come from our mouths  
Like soap and liquid, and all things about washing,  
Cleaning us all with phrases of joy and harmony.  
A custom breathed is a custom of sincerity,  
You must take your faith and then reveal  
To the people what is in their breaths,  
And what minds offer in the form of questions  
And answers.

Naveed Akram

# All The Pilgrims

All those married shall cheer and stride  
Like the marchers of religion and gain.  
Silent worshippers are like pilgrims of the night,  
They never whisper or stride wrongfully  
And objectionably, merely they strive.  
No mind is against the pilgrims of the night  
Who are not beggars of the light,  
Who are some of us as well,  
Who let pilgrimage be like a journey of choice  
That man suffers for woman and child.  
Anything in the light of the book of God  
Shall be with pilgrims of choice,  
Their minds are set upon life of the world beyond.

Naveed Akram

# All The Time

Never in this world does a goal be scored, all the time,  
Why do we finish and play with those abhorred, all the time?

This right is a human right, one of the innocent blessings,  
One who is divine shall be those adored, all of the time.

A conversation has begun too fast, and so slowly afterwards,  
No longer does judgement enter this award, all of this time.

One word darkens my hold on the dressings of old,  
Full boredom ensues and taps turn aboard, all the time.

A little observer, or infant, shall beware of the ancient tongue,  
We need the work it endeavours full of his broadsword, all the time.

This I abstain from, and this I enact to remove the threat,  
The threat has been strong, in my hoard that seems all of the time.

But my names will endanger everyone, with guilt and happiness,  
Seeming to behold the strong at heart, the ones under the Lord, all of His Time.

Naveed Akram

# All Your Heart

All your evil, all your good is based  
On the classes of strict teachings.  
Always the path twists the heart,  
It pleases the height of a soul.  
But do not feel the sky as you swear  
Your way to the top of the ladder.

My philosophers are numerous like atoms,  
My scholars pay the labourers like atoms.  
For the forces are the strugglers forming life,  
The opposing colours of a middle path  
Blend with the ideas of a space, where we  
Will be opposed, strongly opposed by them.

Naveed Akram

# Allegiance

An oath has been pledged from the heart,  
His task was certainly one of steel and iron;  
Hard and brittle tasks require difference,  
My oath shall proclaim this to the very fibre.

A little push goes a long way to the far end,  
Words push and crawl to exterminate;  
A wonderful meaning has arisen from them,  
To make this pledge of allegiance.

My statements seem sound and sacred,  
But my phrases shall count to the rest of us,  
In efforts we explain, and all this while  
The superiority of our dialogue is shown.

Naveed Akram

# Allowing Strength

I only allow the lives of those who linger,  
Their death comprises of purity,  
As armies of strength are composed of them  
And diamonds of great beauty, in common opinion,  
Are also daring to sharpen the tools of death  
So that death results due to the decay of fortitude.  
A law of nature survived in the annals of time  
Such that aged men and women were old  
And recorded, forever in union with lovers.

Naveed Akram

# Alluring Brooks

Comely brooks are fine with an alluring kindness,  
Beleaguering the brain with beautiful uprising;  
These small rivers infect the daily activity,  
Brooding on our minds like a becoming reason.  
Shy, reserved rivers think like things that enable being,  
Being concentrates with a redolent appeal  
Like the small rivers of a summery day  
Called brooks of divine authority,  
Sempiternal water of the mind, feelings are same.

Naveed Akram

# Alone At A Club

Alone at a club, I dined and stemmed  
From the soil to know her and the dreams;  
She clung sometimes to the throws and thorns,  
Addressing her was a plain mystery of sanity.

The chief theatrical show emerged from the look  
Of the place.  
It was a new neighbourhood, newly vanishing,  
With delights of dread, and shorter paths of sight.

The club seemed a new number of distinguished guardians,  
Ending the careful loss seemed high and sound  
With enthusiasm, losing touch with real manners  
Of flesh and soul, beauty and audacity.

Naveed Akram

# Alone In Space

It seemed the look was alone in space,  
After the rigours of six days and six nights;  
A creating took place, his eyes munched up much,  
With zeal and an appeal for the rewards.

But His Creator was indignant and kept on passing,  
Yet the men of this throwing object talented in it,  
Revealing a world of war and peace together,  
No sleep occurred with resentment in the heat.

You may have taken a tablet last night,  
Standing by the recliner tonight,  
Then in a symptom of success so  
Wavered by the real lights of islands in space.

Naveed Akram

# Alone In The Park

Alone in the woods, we start and fear  
The dogs, that bark at the bark of the trees.  
Roaring with hewn timbers, the larder is full,  
Flames ferociously swear their wrathful oaths,  
Feeding with frenzy the lapping tongues  
In their very engineering.

Alone in the trees, a leaf beleaguers us  
With its fall for no reason in the book,  
Offering the manly man a chance to conjure  
The spirits of hate, after so many dark wraiths  
A spirit is energised to complete the park.

Alone in this travel, we gather our beach,  
Sand works to be dunes, inner relationships  
Command the rivers of sandstorms,  
Tempests forfeit us, as they travel forever  
Like the whirlwinds of the East.

Naveed Akram

# Alone In The Years

We stand alone in the rain, all day,  
Due to coldness and dampness,  
Flirting with the droplets of power.  
Our sight remains fixed on brotherly needs,  
Wandering crowds collapse their view,  
Fidgeting kids are a sight too beheld.  
Like the roaring abysses of early years,  
Such as waterfalls and cascading rivers,  
We drive our duties down the barrels  
Of our guns, to people we see dimly  
With grimaces on our faces.

We stand alone in the season of hope,  
Watching the sun doing its favoured  
Task, so responsible for its events.  
The burning weather is heat for whole  
People, singeing the air with completeness,  
Like the ranting puppets and the rampage  
Of the medieval battering ram.  
This is their duty to our skin,  
The grimaces on the faces are slim.  
Licking the ice-creams makes you timid  
In the land of dreams and accountants.

Naveed Akram

# Alone With The King

Alone, the waters rise to the top  
Of the beaker so working and swift;  
My heated eye was the brother of byes.  
A certain cyst was criminal and lists  
Consumed the audience of the day.  
Many forget and I lie open to the star  
That shines inside my heart, the very  
Living of the ancient arts, the dancers  
Deceive nobody in this nose and nearness.

My knowledge expands like the universe,  
My heated eye dissolves the lunch  
And deceives the dinners with compulsion.  
My knowers are seated like the realm  
That rises on the religion of sides.

My wise king is kinder to the birds,  
This time in sizes of religious doing;  
The prayer of a human being is really  
A right for the obscure, a right for the realm.  
I have sinning in years of evil science,  
I have the real winning of a real defiance.

The waters have seized the opportunity,  
Fire rises, fire swarms in, like a fierce fondness  
Of vehement voices, a visitor has arisen  
Folding the fight with fists, a shaken leg is  
Older than the bolder, a boulder strikes the  
Temple of those simple.

This sprite is in the distance, working heavy  
Signs to the richest of us, the love of jewels  
Bedevils the hard sprites, the holy wisdom  
Devils with the spritely frozen sitters.  
This sprite must experience a lot of weather,  
Do lots then in the day to save a pen  
From working too longer than your pie-maker.

Many have forgotten the waters,

They die within the walls of the waters,  
Those innocent fences of fierce forts  
That defend the whole army of fiends  
And civil artists, the secondary activists.

Naveed Akram

## Along A Path

When we walk along a line,  
The retreat is a loving gesture;  
Inside we have entrails, only to love,  
So that enticement reduces us.

Open the winning races,  
Beginning is like ending,  
I face the enemy with speed  
As the next life queries us.

Lines and more lines produce  
Internal doubt, for more shouting  
Incites me to write a perfection,  
One finds it again and again.

Naveed Akram

# Along His Walk

Along the planet's walk carries a bag  
That fits the page of your own goodness.  
You must enquire, satisfy and end  
The entire race called life and all it contains.  
The manhood of a generation stands for a  
Crown or single truth, a little word from men  
Who truly answer to the requests from on high.  
Theirs is the old yard, theirs is the prison  
Holding the questions that are asked.  
You must relax and be merry, fulfilling,  
Rejoicing as all men and women confront  
The times of change, a change can mean well.

Let the walk of a man be his slave's lust,  
The reality of the hour shall be deemed by  
Honest men of the natural qualities,  
The few habits to be the real habits  
And honourable quests will be taken.  
Let them question nobody until the answers  
Are said to be soothing to me.

Naveed Akram

# Along The Road

Along the vacant road,  
There is no rest; I wait  
For lovely beauty to show  
Around the bend of life and smiles.

My wrinkled smile kept concern  
For the following of life,  
A path is a road to life,  
Around the corner we stare.

Soothing like a girl of heaven,  
The twisting red road entails  
And this word shall rest  
With our bending for all our lives.

Naveed Akram

## Alongside A Fiery Lamp

Alongside the lamp was a fire of the heart,  
Allies of strength described us with the looking  
Disorder, a side of the holy art frothed inside.  
One lamp was enough to slide into the plain,  
Where sight believed in acrid thoughts,  
Acrid smells and acrid sights, full of the highness.  
A highly ingenious spring in the singing  
Opened the gates of guardsmen who gazed  
At arctic people like me, who believed in the cold  
Air, leaves stood still in the frost of frozen wastes.  
My amplified signals sizzled with antiques  
Meaning to be books of law and order,  
A beautiful general espoused our daughter  
Once the time was right and godly.  
Classes seemed stranger than the prophetic one,  
One day they would see what the classes represent.

Naveed Akram

## Also Cold

It was also cold, still being wet,  
When we began to lift what we said.  
Still wandering in the woods  
The creatures of the darkness spoke right.  
A tight clothing and heavy boots  
Lost me in thought, without friends.  
In the woods was underneath a good,  
The righteous folk became a shepherd's  
Flock, as far as lands of the soul.  
It was also cold, and always wet  
When the windy weather whined  
With digging sounds of swords  
Leaping to the strength of scissors  
Clashing behind the back  
With forces of danger.  
It was so cold that it was wet  
And dank, dreary and deadly;  
The one minute became a second  
Forming deaths and folly  
All within the look of creatures  
Of the night, feeding on the flesh  
Like ghouls that wept.  
The strength of their hands  
Felt the body within,  
And the undead souls entwined.  
Foolish creatures die  
And then die and then die.

Naveed Akram

# Always Find Him

Kick the habits over hatred forming,  
Forty years can aid forcing this habit,  
Like the animal training its load  
While carrying it, solid, incessant attitude;  
We are in no sin but sparks and electric flame.  
It so hates a life hunted excellently, famously,  
God has a prize from you.  
To keep existence, not standards of excellence only  
Is a far grander achievement when loathed by some.

Ordinary people cause us to marry munches to chewing  
Defending the weak and needy with their own food.  
We are erasing society on the grounds of habit,  
Always distance find him.

Naveed Akram

# Always Silent

I was always silent, though it was tiresome,  
I was at my feet to wear the love of fatigue.  
Bewilderment stood for the surprised moment  
I experienced, when did this bring itself?  
If the avoidance began to strike the heart  
The livid dreams sprang from the life outside.  
It was to eat food this time, the time of justice,  
Then the time was correct for the notions contained.  
To meet death was a diabolical meeting,  
Turning you to stone, stone was farfetched.  
I was always silent when tired and my possessions  
Depleted on the breakthrough.

Naveed Akram

# Always Winning

Always the winners have repented due to goodness,  
Hearing them is siding with them, might he close the door?  
A paper-car started a country of trees seemingly,  
Like groups above the horizon, above the crowd.  
Left to their senses we are the winners always,  
Carrying the state to success due to winning itself.

The trees will burn instead, feet first, heads last and timber  
Has fallen to the children of plants so listed by the botany.  
Without enough ideas we plunge into darkness,  
Books hear men that cook with heat and learning.  
My open example carries weight to the clouds,  
Forming towards the earth and sun, like clouds.

Naveed Akram

## Am I Humble?

Leaning towards my humble self,  
We engage in conversation.  
The views are expressed, the views appal,  
And this admonition from the slanting person  
Finishes here.  
Such cautionary advice is frowned upon,  
I prefer the happiness now, and the gadgets.

The gimmick or game is now to be aborted,  
Like an afterthought always now fading.  
Lean no more, just keep yourself,  
Never take on hymns, never sing incantations,  
For your health leave the sky and ground.  
The advice leans too close to graciousness.

Naveed Akram

# Amateurism

The amateurism of aluminium crazily fights  
In those days, then overwhelming are the payments.  
My album scares me like the elixir of youth and old age,  
Feeling like a man is working fears.

The feeling of men considers the right religion,  
In this atrium sits electromagnetism, egoism and an ecosystem.  
Dogmas spread into the eardrum, finding hurt,  
Like the economy of electricity.

To be dumb makes me laugh  
And to see dukedom shows policies of space.

Naveed Akram

# Amazement

Amazement, a threat of deeds or expensive hearing,  
More than the amazed beings, made to the ears of life.  
An agony of glorious moments partakes in chieftains;  
Their handiwork created being, all this and that,  
With gold and silver and bronze, all of the riches.  
Common amazements are like petals of a flower,  
Do they not partake in beauty and attractive feelings?  
The beautiful day is again this time, in these ways,  
That is those ways - the ways of men who talk.  
No storm manages a secret so that theatres are shocked,  
Aloud be now that wearing the stones of mercy makes compassion.

Naveed Akram

# Amazing Songs

Open the book of love so crying over you,  
Over you the volumes of work are written.  
Offer music so beloved underneath the feet,  
Dancers will follow for the book of love is near.

Musical sounds are like a melody of importance,  
Enrapturing our minds as long as we live, forming sounds.  
This book of sound carries new meaning superbly,  
Amazement corners our mind with action and ammunition.

Naveed Akram

# Amazon Queen

Pounding hellishly the rain has no business destroying me,  
My journey is never to end.  
Pounding continuously is the water of a scientific kind,  
The one we call acid-rain.  
Pounding relentlessly are the drops that collect and form floods,  
We are too worried of them.  
Pounding on us is the liquid I call a storming rain-fall,  
In the Amazon rain-forest, where the long river is also.  
Pounding on us is the humidity derived from the weather  
That never ceases in its changes and profits only.  
Pounding heavily and beating the branches is the windy-rain  
That lives among the Jungle, that lifts the river  
And makes it briefly breath.  
Pounding the earth are the Amazonians and their Queen,  
Biggest warriors of the undergrowth and canopies,  
Huger in conflict than the mercenaries of a war itself.  
Pounding on us is the Queen of the Amazon,  
The River-Mighty,  
The Bleeding-Woman,  
A Woman that is Queen and aims to expell us.  
We stop and stare to find our heads being shot at from all sides,  
Front, Back, Left and Right Flank. We have no chance, and they are  
Pounding us with arrows of a different kind -  
Poisoned Arrows!  
One has hit my ribs and cracked one perfectly,  
The other has landed in my neck!  
Alas Amazon Queen, your nature is hidden now.  
I lay under the trees with the pounding of the rain, in peace.

Naveed Akram

# Ambitions

Ambitions worshipped by you stand to command,  
Like a deity of strength and length, masterful.  
Elections prevail to connect laws to laws to laws,  
Lines on the effects of labour shall be drawn.  
The grid livens and exactly arranges us,  
The kismet of a danger is around, all around us.  
Kinsman of a man shall be avowing the result  
Of a new day and night, the days of the nights.  
May aims be directed like the deities to shoot,  
Shooting a bullet into the heart, for the ambition.

Naveed Akram

# Amnesiac

To amend the rules is sufficient,  
But why with amnesia?  
Your work is so precious to everyone,  
The amity is felt so strongly,  
Yet you do not remember us.  
Amnesia is all it is, yet you seem to never recall  
Or stipulate a fact for the work is so tremendous.  
There is an anticipation perhaps of the coming story,  
You need an antidote as this is painful.  
It's simply a brass object in the way,  
A rash decision is to make,  
I am not brash, and I never rattle.  
Yet the rasp is heard so well  
Of a particular problem.  
The mind is suffering, amnesia is the accident,  
And what of the partnership?  
I find the world now obnoxious,  
As this is my observance, when the whole assembly  
Is so obsequious and you do not remember us.  
I negotiate with the doctors,  
And they neglect us as neighbours,  
Bewildering us, obfuscating.

Naveed Akram

# Among Servants

I was led beside the table,  
To be contemplated;  
I was in great calm,  
My combination of food  
Persisted in excellence.  
I came from the queerest  
Of dormitories,  
Being hungry was my mission,  
As the servants disguised themselves  
From my wary eyes.  
Unexpected beds arose  
In the morning,  
The elbow rested further.  
The air of the room was  
Oppressive, now that I  
Left it and carried on.  
Life was beginning to be  
Lovely.

Naveed Akram

# Amulet

Amulets are prized for their handsome appearance,  
Your mind is boggled by it all, collapsed and abandoned.  
It is fear, fear of cats and dogs that makes resounding gestures  
And complains continuously like talkative twins.  
A sage is a remarkable agent of the other side,  
A last ninja of books, a side with sweating shirts.

My amulet is against him or her, sage or no sage,  
Whispers enter the ears of astronauts, in this day and age.  
It had spent on the richer sounds and rhythms,  
To encapsulate the earth and escape it,  
Going towards the universe in its entirety.

My mind is boggled, burgled and bottled, inner peace  
Resides in the galaxies, of mighty solar energies.  
Stars revolve to spin the worlds around them,  
So this is the woman of deeds? So this is the man of desire?

I untie the amulet like a piece of ornamentation so precise,  
An excellent tool for magic, an awesome spell of the elements.  
It bursts in front of shadows and men, people stop stepwise  
To launch their hearts into oblivion.

Naveed Akram

# An Abacus

Those cowards are bright and joyous about life,  
What living is agreed upon by the brave and afterlife?  
These computers bespeak higher virtues than an imagination  
With a hold on hell and devastating with an abbreviation.  
These gadgets abolish the language of thoughts and design,  
The blackness of screens is white, and the colour is to align.  
We'll wisely put our message in, in sacred times with cowardice  
And we'll wait forever with evil and also good to be like an abacus.

Naveed Akram

# An Acolyte

He has might of an acolyte,  
Wise and elevated in spirit;  
Airtight, with the seclusion,  
His arms are the differentiated  
Limbs of the entire body and soul.  
I live and perform the information,  
With a transformation, as the pen  
Lives on, mastering our hands every  
Way the line repels, feeding a gnomish  
Character superseding the rest.

I am deformed as a Hal-pling, a short  
Type of man, feasting on platforms  
That house the outward foam.  
I must confront you, I may endeavour  
To confirm you, in the soul of fires.

In the womb I met you, with thunderstorm,  
And with blood, and with sandstorm.  
Frozen by the wastes, a heated hiding place  
Finished the foetus with a swearing to health.  
I am deformed in spirit, wise in connivance,  
And conceptions run deep, run off the waterfall  
Into the lake of spiritual existence, I gain this.

First the dormitory appears to outlive me,  
Then the storms arise from a hive of bees,  
The deeper who are asleep, like wells of sadness,  
Like bridges of definite health and healing.  
I leap and pray today, I leap like leprosy  
In its original form, the reality of the day is upon us.

Naveed Akram

# An Act

Deploring an act is to despise the person,  
Others do sin as well, but what is that sin?  
The entrance shines in front of you,  
Take the brother of this gate, and you prosper.  
Sins are to be forgiven, welcome to the good,  
This gate then opens for some who do not murder.  
Let felons work after heaven and hell are laid,  
Eggs of dangerous properties are eaten by the criminals.  
Once the eggs enter the stomach, a real wrong enters,  
Eggs of hens are not lethal, but these are different.  
An act so despised can never leave the soul,  
And the souls can never enter the brotherly gates.

Naveed Akram

# An Action

It crazily does a turning exhaustion,  
One by one sale is on an action.

Naveed Akram

## An Actor's Life?

He is wizard and grace, forceful to all,  
Like returning man, like the illness of a man  
Who is mentally healthy.

He is crazed with honesty, humility  
And handsome with others who call,  
They are in mansions to manage by night.

He loves ill people for he is one,  
And I like the way it burdens us in a night  
And day that followed some ancient days.

Open him as a child, fast he became in the film,  
An actor lies not, he lives among the life of love,  
A director he believed arrived at the scene-  
What does he want?

Naveed Akram

## An Adult Stares

A baby or adult stares at the air force,  
Keeping books of bibles and baths;  
We are fed by beds, bees arrive,  
And birds be bottles of vice.  
What angers await the diamond places?  
There is commotion of hundreds,  
Already a drill is based on the site.  
Let drums be hazards in our realm,  
Let the dung of camels happen every day.

Naveed Akram

# An Adventure

A free venture, a project so admired,  
Will be listed tonight, like a headline.  
And we shall entwine the layers of work,  
This interlace promises us reward, so much profit.  
Enveloped by the masses, it is good reading,  
Polluted like fire and ice together;  
Entries are being made to madly construct  
And provoke extra blessing, extra poison.  
Envenomed by the guards of living,  
We construct the throat and its requirements,  
Towards it we sing of our praises,  
Enviably places are these praises of love.  
Our venture is stunning, so fortunate for us,  
And our privilege.

Naveed Akram

## An Adventure In Life

My boy is burnt from turning up from the hot sands,  
Thick-leaved plants surround him in the shadows;  
For he is oldest, proudest of them all as gifts and wars,  
Their pistol shots can be summed from afar and away.  
The negroes subjugate the area with some power,  
Fanning out in every direction, to annotate the lanes.  
Their presence is felt from every corner of this county,  
Fingernails press into hands as whispers boil and burn.  
Steep and rugged, the ravines are caverns of splendour,  
A cowl is worn downslope, a baby seems like crying,  
But is it the windy weather of the west that laments deeply?  
In those days we loved all else, as fathers and mothers  
Rolled onto their backs in chief awe of the adventure of life.

Naveed Akram

# An Agreement With A White Scene

An agreeable brave man has been exposed,  
Happy and gentle, he enters the heart of the believer,  
One crooked and gigantic path is in front of the eyes;  
He is calm, flat floors define the scene, as the white  
Snow seems to emit sorrow, deep curvature is defined.

The tender meat of the antelope is huge,  
Enough to fill the stomach of sorrow and strength.  
Immense and loud, a hissing is kept at bay,  
Without the colossal fat emitted by the mouthful  
Strongly urged by the society around us.

My obedient, sparkling ray is shone to the fore,  
Faithful, proud knights evade the emissions of light  
And philosophy, and diversity is the high and hollow rod;  
We are lower, they are higher, feeding a fellowship  
Offered by the puny and petite, the large and little.

Naveed Akram

# An Air Of Delight

An air has brought delight to the soul,  
The body stains a breath once it expresses.  
The fortune of your sayings is strong,  
Like the wind of the sea and the land.  
Many have brought destruction to life,  
The life that ends and breaks apart the other lives.  
This truth is sudden, the life has truth  
Where we sleep and learn and watch  
Forming solutions inside the stomach  
By eating the winter's cold health.  
The bringing of death is the fault of a nature  
Too sudden and dangerous, but we fight.  
The air is suddenly present with disease  
As the death has been a reliable image.

Naveed Akram

# An Alien's Brain

According to an alien's brain you are a cautious man,  
Love has appeared from the loving arms of creation;  
The brain of a human is full of innocence eloquent,  
Yet their systems are faulty and need repair of rises.  
Blowing into the rising stream, a gas appears  
And contains us with hissing and missing.  
One glows in this alien spirit, like ladies of the stars,  
Linking with light as it leaps and learns.  
Opening an offering is like offending the offal's message,  
Mighty igniting is internal and alert.  
By this way an eternal squawking and squeaking reminds  
Me of sights sinful to the soul that has size.  
The aliens are full of sounds that appear to be sound,  
Yet these brains are full of faults that find and fight.

Naveed Akram

# An Animal's Marriage

A parasite lurks with flower and fruit,  
Down in this gnarly cage one ties the knot  
Of matrimony, as the flowers are uprooted  
And the knots are untied for the divorce is allowed.

My bird is a caged bird, it fills the sky with flapping  
Of wings mastered by its heart that flies and flees  
Due to the masters and mistresses of the clay and salt;  
Nests are uprooted and disentangled due to the wing.

My ant is a wonderful insect of the highest men who stare  
At the upward, formulated area, where ants abstain and hook;  
The contract is set, the natural life is obsolete, for the ants  
Do not know what it is to marry the other force with such clarity.

Naveed Akram

# An Appellation

I find an appellation so ruinous  
That ruin dictates my ruin.  
My appetite for words or names  
Is confident and appealing  
As it sounds like an appetite for food.  
I applaud him, the man who eats  
And finds my words an appearance  
Of forenames and surnames,  
Perhaps I mentioned him in food,  
Or the appellation is correct.

Naveed Akram

# An Archer

The archer or guard accompanies a message,  
His commands are beleaguering and foolish;  
Mighty workers of righteousness are fully clothed,  
Their piety is all-accomplishing like a non-liar.  
The government is a compass and a map,  
The journey is ongoing like a dangerous weapon.  
We see the small print of ages past,  
A historian shall treat you right like an ass.  
His writing is beyond help, he lives among the trekkers  
Of the countryside that sways and remarks.  
May the commands and comments of living  
Be like the archer or guard, a funny fellow of grace.

Naveed Akram

# An Argument

The less is the best,  
As of now the least.

I ask for an argument,  
And a day of rest.

I price the pages on the intellect,  
And further my stay is let.

My feathers will furnish your strength,  
As of now, the length of my life is death.

The most of the sweetness is found in the eyes,  
The beheld scene has become strange lies.

Naveed Akram

# An Arrow

An arrow of laziness spread through the circle;  
And carried in the air, like sold material,  
And fetched by evil spirits who do not live among us.  
I sow the seeds of sky and tundra,  
Why do they offer so many advantages to me?  
Fear him?  
No hunter caused the stars and the planets to move  
Without guidance. And my bow and arrows are braver  
To the realm of God.

Is the world an ostrich's egg? Or do you know of a world  
So huge that it revolves like an arrow through space.  
It is laid by the big bird, it is left alone by the dragons,  
And the arrow is dead now.

Naveed Akram

# An Enlarged Sun

To enlarge the sun is an apt task,  
Adapting to its glare we steer the oars  
Of our fit bodies that artfully collide.

We waste, wither and waltz like demands,  
Simplicity has kindness, bland caresses;  
We see the superhuman world with the military.

To be charming as the handsome sun,  
The sun flows into his ocean like a star  
Flowing in the heavens, pretty little burden.

I am whiskers for the obsolete,  
Bent on the idle earth and soil,  
With stars at night and a star at day.

Naveed Akram

# An Excellent Man

I wish to exonerate the man who is excelling me,  
His deeds never betray him as one muttered a voice  
Inside a voice, whatever the voice.

I am no liar as a judge, the exonerating,  
A composer of fuel and fire for the ferocious liars,  
The slavery they are in is fierce.

Posting them a letter can mean a death,  
But I would like to exonerate him from crime,  
Compliment him like a distraught one,  
And clear him from all wrong.

Naveed Akram

# An Illustrator

The illustrator of modern times deposed his brother,  
Those wasted few deceived one another to begin an era;  
This year the worst year was erupting from the volcano,  
So that beneath the ground was a giant of treasure.

The illustrator of a poised planet was upon the grade,  
Understanding the minor actions was worth itself,  
And the victory that amounted to features was being told,  
The worst year apologised due to godly golden objects.

The likely belief was fine and square, little afforded the trouble,  
For the beliefs of a time were perfect and still,  
In the whole lake of the plentiful gold and silver,  
In the whole plague that stood like molten rivers of silver.

Naveed Akram

# An Imagined World

In countries of your imagination is a charity,  
Positive help is a comedy of sins and drives;  
Most of much is prattled on the living sphere  
Called the energetic world we live in.

Strong and determined are the scary crowds,  
Incredible to observe in their uniforms,  
Complete in their motherly aspects  
And their masterful fatherhood.

Absolute triumph escalates into the rigors  
Intensely occupying the stage that we peruse  
With the act of walking and standing  
And then sitting with a finality about ourselves.

Naveed Akram

# An Intention

An intention to maim is running, open to it,  
Listen to the other half, and offer a sacrifice.  
My, your soldier ran into a salary of beauty,  
As one you surprise, bend and button up.  
The killing has to begin again, arresting all lines,  
First of all with the elbow then the arm all.  
Always a rivetting weapon or dagger so broad  
Is enticing to the buyers of danger and jeopardy.  
Your victim is sleeping, half-asleep, perhaps violently snoring,  
But say your intelligence, and laugh by coming back  
To engage in a sort of insanity, lunatics detest.  
This is murder, this combines the crimes with sins  
And forces us to think again about our safety.

Naveed Akram

# An Island

Where there is an arrow there is thought,  
Inside the island is a disease so welcome,  
These layers of thought are in the mind,  
Opening tragedy and comedy as well

My islands are numerous like the particles,  
Sayings are deplored and welcomed,  
But we are numbers and words in the end,  
Like the praises of the head and heart.

Naveed Akram

# An Unintelligible Cry

An unintelligible cry cancels the peace,  
Frowning is not needed, it is appalling.  
To a close lane the cries have come,  
Now two cries have been witnessed.  
Compelling and commanding, the voices  
Suppose a brilliant weather of joy.  
What handsome features are these!  
They resound in the galaxy, after the noises,  
And cries are beautiful afterwards.  
This crying business estimated us as humans,  
We live and die among the crowning achievements  
Of sound and noise.

Naveed Akram

# An Unique Answer

Sayings and assets connive together,  
Basing our tasks on the absorber.  
Upstairs an unique answer is awaiting,  
My accumulation of debt is actuating.

Faster than the doctor, your car lands,  
Administrating a new job with brands.  
Down in the scrubland, their grass  
Partakes a ritual made of the brass.

Together we remake a roll of paper,  
The system of thinking called a philosopher.  
Pictures of thought astound his head,  
But poems and sayings were ready to be bled.

Naveed Akram

# Ancient Heart

An ancient straightness is afoot,  
Making thunder where it purrs;  
Massively extensive beasts of pride  
Lurk in this breezy south, in ways always.

Mute airs come with a woe so passive,  
The infinite heart accuses you,  
It doesn't abase your religion,  
Nor does it specify the heart of one.

Miniature hearts come screeching,  
Noisy heads are alive with a victorious air,  
Bumpy roads shall bitterly reward us,  
When the time is near and we are near.

Naveed Akram

# Ancient Hearts

Not yet will those ancient hearts be melting again  
When the only days hearts have melted are these;  
Then swearing happens under the course of blues,  
Greens and reds, the primary hues of this planet,  
Though this planet causes us to observe our manners.  
The stairway into gardens is done and said  
Like a deity on the whole,  
We beg the differences and some may seek  
The changes of a lifetime.  
The ancient hearts melt into molten lava,  
Erupting into a volcanic activity.  
The valiant men whose hearts have burst  
Are lowly and sacred at the same time.  
Not yet will the hearts be mistaken over mankind,  
A man will come to teach the days ahead,  
With their names to be discussed  
And the words must be shared.  
Names are registered and enjoyed  
Like the deity of the world who is near.

Naveed Akram

# Ancient Sight

His sight was beyond the reason of men,  
An inconspicuous mind housed the treasure of gold  
And silver, and cream, and crowns, and beliefs.

One watches the times of the year,  
Belongings say their greetings,  
And revealers surely bring good news.

In that treasure where there is a diamond,  
The substances of ancient kind will be elements  
Inside the head, a war of old regimes.

Naveed Akram

# Ancient Wishes

Clear the area of your defence,  
Yet striking freezes young heads  
With the frosty breath, a frightening hurt  
Unleashed by the wishes so wished.  
How do surfaces shine and obliterate?  
The surrender of thousands of voices  
Creates adverse conditions in the realm.  
One fixates eyeballs at the frightening  
Contemplators, the realities are taken  
In full view.

The areas are ancient to the youth,  
They live to exist, and exist to learn  
From those bewildered by the surface.  
A thousand seers fall in submission  
To one who loves and learns for all this time.  
The wars complete the defence,  
The wars are like their warriors.

Naveed Akram

# And I Died

Lasses and lads are faster in speed than dads,  
Drain them of pressure in the day- in the night the beds.  
Love them according to beauty and pride,  
As many virtues you can describe and I died.

Naveed Akram

## And The Lord

My solutions exist for love,  
Internal worry has engines,  
Yet we break the code of life,  
As a man beats his chest.  
The sorry experts work and pray,  
To deliver the praises  
Meant for the right ones.  
My solution accepts us,  
Just as the problems are there.  
Metres of logic hurl themselves  
At the deaths and lives.  
Must we pray tonight?  
Yes, the worries shall desire me  
But I shall carry on knowing us  
And the Lord.

Naveed Akram

## And Their Bindery

He lives among us like a eater of books,  
Strolling with the guards of the laws and works.  
He lived around the road,  
Where they caught the load.  
It was a book of inspiration  
Carrying blind men a nation.  
We do help a common man,  
But this manly man was a book-fan.  
Neither loving nor living his life,  
The sword of a plain soldier was tough  
To handle, to lift, and then swift  
He challenges a most dangerous drift.  
He lives with the bible of soldiery  
Instead of the past-books, and their bindery.

Naveed Akram

## And You Know The Time

And you know the hair that would be a love,  
Never are the stars and moon and sun beheld  
By the lovers of the night, the beloved speaks too hard.

You would come hither, and bend you leader's head  
To see a sorrow and find the stars, of the wild birds.  
Light has a trick you discovered when young.

Under a time is the tree of unbroken love,  
Though lasses contemplate when they die,  
Knowing hair is significant after dawn.

Naveed Akram

# Anecdote

I can report an anecdote in history of geography,  
Inside this misdemeanour is a fortunate occurrence;  
Ghouls and spirits of the dead collide with the heart  
And want hiding for their ill-conceived plans.  
Many dispel other people with their frowns and abuses,  
Groaning in this life with death at the heels.  
I can conceive of no justice other than this one,  
Lusts are worth the compromise, truths hurt more.  
This incident, this act of a poltergeist on a ration,  
Made me extinguished, for I am a ghost or actor.

Naveed Akram

# Angel Of Death

We found rest when he was absent,  
They were in death, in life with absence.  
We curved the living as a luxury  
To sustain our feelings and emotions  
Successfully achieved by our whims and wishes.

Gangs of angels were visualised and found,  
Like the dead, these accomplished profoundly,  
But a doubt never remained as to why we read  
The images of light as something called everything.  
The angels became us when they were young and we old.

The death remained on us when we were dead  
And living concerned us, as a term to use once.  
The deathly ones saw our eyes and ears move,  
Where were the angels of death?

Naveed Akram

# Angelic Light

Spirited light touches us in hearts of light,  
Our beauty plummets in front of them;  
The gaze of distaste manicures our faces of light,  
Gauze and metals will collect these rays.

Open us in wings, for lightness means pain,  
As angels curve and swerve for our pleasure;  
Behold their span and see how wonderful their dance,  
For the divine heat is overwhelming us now.

Naveed Akram

# Angelic Prayer

The prayer seizing you is an angelic prayer,  
For the angel disappears in front of your sight as a crier.

Naveed Akram

# Angels And Men

For the various reasons we provide the angels,  
There are none compared to mankind and men.  
For those who interfere there are winks and whistles  
To entertain the castles of our fathers and saints.  
We devil with the atrocities, this side of the sky,  
But where is a sea when opposed by land and air?

I possess the professors, the innocent mailmen of  
Letters flying forward in direction of the soldiers.  
I see their lessons as broad papers and winter warmth,  
Opening their trains of thought so possible and polite.  
My hold on the boot is an angelic movement offering us  
A chance to dissolve in the snowy mountains of the sky.

Naveed Akram

# Angels Are Alive

Angels stun us when alive,  
The wings of death and life collide.  
This day bespoke wonders for the speakers,  
They were men so solid and hearty.  
This day is a night to remember, so black,  
Yet what do places bring except the speech.  
Angelic help is not present, like the corners of bodies,  
They are men who watch and listen  
Like the sun has gleamed in the day.  
My apostles shall gain an evil life  
If they shun from the angels,  
But our books stay, just like God.

Naveed Akram

# Angels Cry, Humans Weep

The angels cry with peace, peacefully and directly,  
So God who created them and their wings also cried.  
God's unique work implied clever secrets to uplift his appearance,  
God spoke so forgivingly over us, He spoke to the whole city.  
The city that angels drive are working too fast,  
Their employer is God, who loved the way they are fast.  
Humans created those innocent beings in the mud and earth,  
Each human propelled the angels towards the Kingdom so dear.

Naveed Akram

# Anger

Anger has special powers of the gunning variety,  
A manner to act is without, likable deity.

Naveed Akram

# Angering Me

Eyes have angered me, eyes have destroyed  
The time that plays with my heart in the day,  
At night wise men see the spoils of war and then  
One minute is enough to suggest a lie has appeared.

Ears hear what people demonise, but hearing is so  
Precious, so precious; why do ears curl into shadows  
For their gambolling? It is easy to read the heart if you  
Listened to the hearts of hearts, the lovely way.

Legs and feet, hands and arms feed the message of  
The body and its rhyme, rhythmic movements  
Coincide with the temperature, the ghastly display  
Of mankind's playground, his feeling and weight.

My asking is for the gender to dissolve in ways you love,  
My question describes the question, and the answers  
Lie behind them, hearing them and seeing them  
Is a physical action, of words and numbers and designs.

Naveed Akram

# Angry

Anger is like making crosses and saying praise,  
Opening the hearts for a time, penetrating always.

Naveed Akram

# Angry Ache

My anger rests tonight forming,  
Of west and east the buds do grow,  
I crazily ride from the aching.

This angle is abandoning,  
My flowers are the bushes below,  
My anger rests tonight forming.

How heaven waits for abhorring,  
This land is home, the bread and dough,  
I crazily ride from the aching.

This need is great then absorbing,  
As medals awe me once fellow,  
My anger rests tonight forming.

Then finally, wind aborting,  
The land is praised embryo,  
I crazily ride from the aching.

To see this birth so accessing,  
I rode to winter to follow,  
My anger rests tonight forming,  
I crazily ride from the aching.

Naveed Akram

# Angry Amusement

The amount of amusement angrily delivers,  
Angles at this vary very much, like a river.  
The art of being awake is sodden with rage,  
The animals of this sense dictate the changes.

May apples of the tree behind us clap and clap,  
So that automatically binding the branches is beauty;  
Authority made an approach to the heart,  
A tree of living gold rectifies much business.

Naveed Akram

# Angry Mountain

The heat smothered close, flames are bright  
And vividness is exceptional and beyond belief;  
The picture of fire is now preying on the thinkers  
That thought out their messages of the volcanoes.  
A volcano can not know why we lean and judge,  
Or whether we engage in torture or not.  
However much the mountain erupts with fury  
The flames are absent after an age of ruin.  
Fires abound in the skies around the geography  
Of the mountain range, fires so high and vivid.  
Let heat be the parapet of insolence, the mountain  
Is an angry volcano so refusing us.

Naveed Akram

# Angry Wind

I anger nobody but the wind sweeping in fever,  
The attack on the personality is acuter.

Naveed Akram

# Animal Men

Animal men do think a dangerous weapon is kind,  
And fortunate songs are written due to states  
Inside a few mirrors, noses are pinned to smell.  
The smell of a finger is like guests,  
And eating may concern you further with disgust.  
My mirror is made going to, my animal man  
Is in his mirror, and why does this action be learnt?  
Learning a real intelligent manliness  
Has sprinted our action and reflected our thoughts  
In the mirrors that display hard facts about gods  
Of the world. Of a success is the man who abstains  
From animal acts, each of them are bright yet harm is in their sight  
And felt by the fingers.  
Each harmful man is some kind of animal,  
And the mad are those who can be not sane.

Naveed Akram

# Animal Of Desire

I must asphyxiate the animal of desire,  
For its wishes I must quash, like learning is praised.  
Wise help I seek for those in song and burden,  
Like a soul of strength is mine, like a continuous burden.  
Black out the man in the mirror  
With the dark help of the lantern.  
You have abated thanks to God,  
Who helped those in certainty,  
Who showed them the royal nature,  
The kingliness and greatness,  
All to provide and strike at the basics  
Of mankind in a jump.

Naveed Akram

# Animal Spirits

They love all the secrets of animal spirits,  
Launching a missile at them, like a bullet or three.  
Afresh the missiles flow at a second quarry,  
These project a dangerous blow to the spirit inside.  
My question is simple to these beasts of menace:  
Why do we hate each other a lot, like a good return is given?  
This income is small, it smelt of hard work,  
And the animals are attacking us, just attacking us!  
They love these invisible thoughts of life,  
The thoughts that matter to hunters and hunted.

Naveed Akram

## Animals Destroy

A mass of animals destroyed my life,  
Within the land of fancy that is too strong.  
Their strength accumulated through the century  
And the next was wrong in its weaknesses.  
You can never trust a wand of strength  
For the mistaken creatures are loving an evil.  
These are ghosts that once were crude  
And uncaring for their fellow-ghosts.  
Add them to the population  
As their food is again drink.

Naveed Akram

# Animals Need Us

Animals need a land to print books,  
Towards the horizon of trials and moves.  
Animals have the right to digest  
And intervene with calamity.  
They are kinder than the religious men  
Who have homes of the meaning.  
Different lands do death on answers,  
Animals forget and combine their numbers.

Mother has kindness in her bones,  
But the dangers are explicitly morbid,  
Vivid mustard seeds sparkle and pop,  
Vivid dreams come to the foreground  
Of the valleys and golden caves.  
Animals are the opposite of dangers,  
The pleasure of creation is in their blood.  
Names are good for the better relations.

Naveed Akram

# Annoyance In The Garden

I am distaste, I am the watcher of moons,  
Cursing mystical realms is my carefulness.  
The macabre noise burdens my soul like the care  
I give and create for the purpose of annoyance.  
I heave a boulder to the edge of the soil  
I call my garden of noise and sounds, all birds.  
It is a bewailing sound, siren of strong disaster,  
Forming a grief in my heart so strongly that  
Vivid images make my life unbearable.  
Vapours machinate the resonance of the afternoon,  
Burning is the soil from the sound of the noise.

Naveed Akram

## Another Deity

I entertain a many-sided affair of rigidity,  
The lecture to bestow upon the galaxy.  
It strides the giant of worlds, into an alien region,  
Then there is nobody to hit him in there,  
There where he is safe solid in it of course.  
This frozen waste is another plane of festivity,  
Where there are uber-deities to last your eyes.  
Where are they? Nowhere but where the giants are.  
Where is a gigantic putsch to retaliate on the gods who relish  
Who do sieve us and all they entertain.

Naveed Akram

## Another Wink

Looking out of bed, I slept another wink,  
Listening to the speech I delivered the day before.  
I went to sleep in that speech,  
Twelve people wanted me alive,  
And the others saw noon at their shoulders.  
A most preposterous time stated the times,  
Facts of mere speech decide the outcome -  
That deal called life and all of existence.

Naveed Akram

## Answerable To Lying

He is answerable to lying,  
May the leader compress his speech.  
The speaking of a born legend is near,  
Fear him like a boar and elephant.  
A leading shall be like autocracy,  
Unclothing him from his tears and fears,  
His religions disappear as lying  
Is absent. The exterior of his life  
Is like his interior, but we see.  
He answers to God when awake  
By letting his household live in beauty  
And relieve him also.  
He does not lie, he does not be afraid,  
One elephant is like his charge in battle,  
One felony is unlike his war.

Naveed Akram

# Anthem

A country I see inside has partnership with me,  
With gladness they invoke an anthem of joy.

A country might describe ours, ours,  
The merriment is immense, I destroy like a country.

A country is murdered always by the neighbour,  
But will it take over the opposite kind?

A country best is, a masterful work,  
A distant dive and gorgeous jelly.

When a country is a nation  
This anthem must not begin.

Naveed Akram

# Antigravity

Antigravity is my hypothetical force to be wolf,  
It shouts and barks up at us in ways of antigravity.  
This alien-wolf is lame, is conniving, is deserting me,  
When this wolf beams on me when it's blast off!

Bionic features sophisticatedly blast the skies  
With improved propulsion of technology;  
Belts and kites are improvisations,  
But these inventions are not those inventions.

Antigravity fell in laser beams of height,  
Weigh those earthlings in ways known to God.  
God has emptied their sin and made them repent,  
Short and sure is the antigravity-technology.

Naveed Akram

# Ants Crawling

The genealogy of the ants was mistaken,  
As they strode boldly like ants to be their tears  
And weeping pride.

For we could see them in their treks,  
Blindly mouthing their wisdom,  
One lachrymose man behind me  
Could not stop answering to the gods  
Why such small ants discovered more ants.

They were marriageable, they were outstretched,  
There was in the way of their march a certain system.  
Peppery though they were, the calm ant was left to do,  
And the calmer ants bespoke of their talents,  
It was an outbreak in the head!  
Arriving at imaginary reefs,  
The geodesics of this movement of masses  
Needed defining by the astute biologist,  
For they reformed their rumbles especially for us,  
Like the rubber on the trees.

Naveed Akram

# Any Courage

Any more courage frees the mind from the mayhem  
Of the utter losses, minds are afraid of heartening wigs  
Worn by doubters and dwellers so hurtling and fetching.

A courage in the head relies on loves and likes,  
Atoms retaliate so wildly to remove a droid from automatic  
Hatred, the wearing of hats destroys all delight.

Joys and heroes are lost to the bowls of wind  
Scoring a victory on the maternal way of losing,  
Fathers must be majestic like honour and justice.

Friends and greedy helpers frustrate the hurts  
Of mindless words so designed to matter and murder  
In their innocent trends, the loves of a peace are again.

Naveed Akram

# Ape Is Him

One ape is applied to the masses,  
Simple seasons twirl around the masses,  
And the tasks of a matter are complete.

The apes of primitive ages are considerate  
To the masses who help out the ordinary,  
Any monkey will collapse into a spy.

The espionage of the realm they call beasts  
Is the same ape-man of the desert and jungle,  
Greystoke fulfils me when I wander to him.

The ape-man considers the manhoods of  
A nation that believes in Lady Jane,  
The minor representative of the masses.

In the jungle, the many jungles, we seem  
To betray the lions and old apes,  
A golden lion expects to be against him.

One ape is enough to shatter a dream of lies,  
The lies are contained in the wall of strength,  
This wall is battered blindingly due to wells.

Naveed Akram

# Ape Land

The ape is a parrot of the hairy variety,  
Including health and buttons and laces  
For the shoes that spring to mind, overall.  
Yes, the bridge of its mind is solid,  
Crossing the bridges of life is insanity,  
For their waters are dimmer and grim,  
Like the darkness of death and hairs.

May my apes be proud of their folly,  
And be naughty so that solid tasks  
Are trivial and wasted by the outright  
Tragic ones, the apes who forfeit every  
Single deed for they do abstain from them.  
Like their feet and like their fingers  
For the burning you receive is liar,  
The liars are among the feuds of course.

Naveed Akram

# Apparel

Apparel admired, adapting to new phases  
Advertised by the papers and papas,  
We administer appointments of the bulbs  
And the lamps of virtue, bubbles burst!

Confront the lamp of the wishful type,  
Crawl and seize butter to burn on the tongue;  
Engines finance the meeting of minds,  
As films are experiences of an expert.

Families are fine, eyes are like final events,  
Eggs will save me from fairies,  
Fangs are uplifted as they are thrown from the mouth  
To enter our lungs and kidney somehow.

Educate us as we speak, like teachers of the mist,  
Fail us when we are happy like jewels,  
Joining judgements so kicking and jumping,  
Into a circle of joys that blend and mix.

Naveed Akram

## Appear This Way

To appear this way returns pleasure,  
House this treasure in the gaps  
That open up along the way and to this day.  
Mighty winds may let us fall from pleasure,  
Calling the fairies to do their industry  
On the living, on the fair and sane and pleased.  
These common creatures find happiness  
Like us, the ones who are proud and efficient  
In the ways of men, properties are like dreams.

Naveed Akram

# Appetite

It is appetizing, the meal is appetizing,  
I consumed a mighty warrior of steel.  
My concession was plain, just give me food  
So I give you a meal, food for two now.  
The concert repeats, I laugh and cry forever,  
But still I smile and giggle with dizziness.  
The groups of people look like apes with food,  
The two of us are fed, what of the rest of us?  
My appetite is satisfied, but your meal surrounds  
And loves me, like two of us in the middle of feeding.

Naveed Akram

# Apple Tree

I was under the apple boughs  
Being simple  
Been sick  
And mentally unstable.  
I was a man of ease and virtue,  
Being simpler than the rest,  
My simplicity awed my parents.

Naveed Akram

# Arab Men

Mass in the desert  
Looks like a nomadic tribe  
Of Arab manhood.

Naveed Akram

## Are We Ill?

How many men are against us when we are ill?  
Illness desires you as a last resort, when ill.  
The magnificent and the abhorrent ailments  
Need both cures, again and again in the hospital.  
The hospital is for doctors who care,  
And the nurses are fearful of you.  
Patients need patience to adore the health  
Of a nation in pity for their condition.  
The pities are seldom seen in youth  
As they are in public or private.  
May the men who are against us be quiet  
Now that illness is the past.

Naveed Akram

# Are You A Philosopher?

Coding the dark thoughts into good thoughts  
Is hardly the job of a thinking soul.  
Do you think, and perspire from the darkness?  
Is your evil the worst distressful feature  
Of your mindful life?  
Are you a philosopher?

Naveed Akram

# Areas

Areas are slight actions, with solving to do,  
Their emissions are like bombs of balls,  
Flattened on the quests of our minds.

The sea is a man of such wonder,  
Areas like them swing to the music  
Of waves that do grow into sizes of wrongness.

These areas dissolve and resolve,  
You must be absolved forever,  
Let sins be numbed, let sins be not done!

Naveed Akram

# Argument

You must behind be sent  
Argument presses us  
Antipathy prevails  
On mind and matter off  
Over and over again.

Naveed Akram

# Armada So Vivid

Peculiar instances are gusts offered by schisms,  
Fineries, armadas of fineries, and those passengers of the ships.  
A sea of tranquil setting obtains the queue so vivid  
In the act of satanic worship, after us, and all the people on board.  
Embarking on a voyage of discovery, a satanic devil is held  
In the confines of the ship, or boat, or armada, or navy.  
Peculiar dangers await them, for they  
Are in the most evil peril, a word we disguise.  
Spices are against the Satan, that it morbidly sends  
A disease on board to make mutineers and pirates gasp.  
The pirates have seized them enough to cry,  
The satanic spy conquered them with treachery.

Naveed Akram

# Armies Of Ghosts

Commotion is stronger to feel when near,  
The agitating sphere crazes us when to adorn.  
Censure must be made of the despicable,  
A funeral has appeared openly for those back.  
The jar of silver is of the rich and famous,  
Wine shall be drunk and make your feelings strong,  
Wine shall inhibit the reactions of silver.  
More commotion results as a funeral, a burial,  
A beautiful observation makes its point.  
Fear and panic resumes in the house of horror,  
When motionless speakers are the ghosts of the buried.

Naveed Akram

# Arms And Bones

Arms are dug forever, armies of winter,  
Winter is upon us like the guns of power;  
Almost a lost person enters the arena,  
To make blessings on us from the angels.

Attractive senses are lying on the surface,  
Animals of the rain wander in this body colour,  
With bodices of fur, and skin and rain,  
Like swimmers of the muddy rivers.

Reason is a lie, reason is not ready for me,  
Loathing the bones of stretching kind.

Naveed Akram

# Arms Of Love

What is his fascination in arms of love?  
They move fast and slow with crawling feet,  
Realising the religion of the outlying dove,  
That cleaves and grieves for flight of an athlete.

The dove is a beating dove of cheated thinking,  
So what was the bird of doers and heads?  
A clinging fountain of old and right among  
The height of the rains so often in shreds.

What is the sowing and so on?  
What spreads in legions and measures of gold?  
You must argue and fight in the Amazon,  
With queen and darts of the very bold.

Naveed Akram

# Arrival Of Faith

Faith may change and alter if man lets it,  
Your religion needs you, where ever you are,  
Its range calculated the actions of the heart,  
Of the soul there is no equal other than faith.  
How do strokes of luck empower us  
When the ready faith in god carries enough knowledge  
To let us survive in this creation called the kingdom.  
Fires will grow, hearts shall be attacked, and love shall fall  
Into oblivion from the lover's quarrel.  
I believe in old cities of gold and as if frowning  
Was on silver, as if smiling became strong.  
The silver of friends is like the gold of strangers,  
In this city of old, the ancient town of gold.  
This is where you find faith, the rich and bold.

Naveed Akram

# Arrow Of Hate

An animal is an arrow of hate for the smart,  
This beast belongs to a loquacious friend,  
His destructive powers are supreme,  
He was a fortress of healing and word.

The animals of healing will convert through trouble,  
Scrolling the pages of a computer,  
Like a beast of humanity, of course,  
Even though home is the human touch.

A torch is a stone of a weird man,  
Stupid is the ache we put on,  
Healing is a stupid art, of wonderful feeling,  
This I know, and I have killed on.

Naveed Akram

# Art As Art

Describe a work of art as Art,  
Concentrate, concentrate, relieve your heart.  
Destiny has a loving feature,  
One of us cares for the creature  
Who cares of religion and art,  
The one of course who dares a dart  
On the one behind, on those unfortunate  
And dispossessed, the living and compassionate.  
My art to live supersedes the living,  
Any being corrects the misunderstanding.

Naveed Akram

# Art Of Exiting

The exercise of exiting is astounding,  
One mans a night of deceasing liberties,  
Those dreams are of rocks that swim,  
As the nights roar to the full effect we disengage.  
This sleep is of the froth and following  
So loved by the lovers of the nights.  
That dream is sacking us, is blocking us,  
Like the fairy of the same river  
And the monster who bites and entrances.  
The exiting must be business for the tails  
And the trees, these marvellous weathered  
Beasts so intriguing and delighted by themselves.

Must we master the weather with all of glory?  
Understand these gems and jewels like gold,  
Then firmly sleep with those same riches in heart,  
Letting the soil and trees do plants' work.  
Feed with water, bless with rain, and sacred water  
Shall appear once more, to do the genius of reality.  
Some dreams are always in the gear  
For the day, but night needs you to sleep once more.

Naveed Akram

# Art Of Light

I have to be green with love as I venture  
Forth, with the core of love and the outside.  
This adventure is an art that solves a problem,  
The act of our general doing is a forgiven moment.

Art is the light and the divine questions,  
So return to the prince of your region rightly;  
For the rest of the righteous ring is round  
And our resolution is grand, far too fine.

My green landscape is a lovely affair, a right  
To the people of our country, a soldier is a farmer  
And a shepherd is a patient strategist of military  
Mind and manners, but peaceful in the ways of right.

Naveed Akram

# Arthur's Tower

Twas a Camelot and a quiver to root it,  
One of the wanders in this wonder,  
A barge had upright manners alongside it,  
The flimsy caress came in with a wand.

Merlin can escape and make more of the agony,  
But the king will wish for more stealing  
And the knights can not provide,  
So tough are the requirements of this ordeal.

To embower his wand is to steal from the king,  
Mighty shelter stays at rest,  
Mighty gods will please the heart,  
And the tall tower repels even the dark knight.

Naveed Akram

# Artwork

Artwork is particular, general works are about,  
The scrutiny of an artistic work is immense;  
The world profoundly elucidates me as an artist,  
The big methods employed are far beyond mere thought.

What layers of thought have enriched us and all?  
The layers of justice reside in the palettes of the masters;  
Demonstrations of peace are derived from the work of art,  
We must lunge forward into the dark and make benefit.

Naveed Akram

## As A Shroud

As a shroud my glory awaits me,  
Heavens and planets are at one,  
As my faults are of this world  
And merely a transmission of ideas.  
The living is for a fixed term,  
The dying connects us to another life,  
But our saviours are prosperous more  
Than I or you, more than one of those  
Slaughterers, or one of those tyrants.

Beaming on us is light, a man who works hard  
Like his companions, always known  
By the physicists, who reckon like kings  
The fate of millions by the million particles.  
Light is a religious friend, that delivers more  
Than liberty, its darkness is not there,  
It resides in the Heavens, for some time to come.

Naveed Akram

# As A Spokesman

I may utter the vain discourses as I write,  
But wandering in this plumage is deceit;  
For I do not write what is certain, but what  
Is right and that commands a sense of betrayal.  
I have fancy in the court of my judge,  
Its theory affects us all, leagues and leagues  
Of thought prevail, only to mock the vain  
Scribble coming from my moonless pen.  
So I dwell in utter labour, by being earnest  
And rising to the fore, to establish my reign  
As a spokesman, one of starlight and constant  
Straight conversation, the scarce acts  
Will approach me from the judge.

Naveed Akram

# As I Spoke It

Please listen to my speech as if you spoke it,  
Relish the food of a purest heart that forsakes crime,  
Take speech by the throat and unleash a mind too complete.  
Remember the whole chair and table, resting to the side,  
Fulfilling our times, with hearts all-welcome.

I looked into God's eyes, I saw Him with walls and rooms,  
Fearing Him, as I said my prayer and welcomed the nearness;  
Looking through the heart I saw Him, like a flower  
Had risen with its own soul, beautifying the existent ones,  
The pure ones whose endeavour has never passed.

Rise to the wailing baby, a martyr who sings to high freedom,  
Death will not overtake him or obey him, or refrain from him,  
It is cowardice to think further than the mind, for solving  
The problem of a century is to prove a theorem for an ancient time;  
Primitive men want to hear us speaking, prime facets will retire.

Naveed Akram

# Ashes

Serene games crumble into mercy,  
One rampage ignites another will.  
These games by moonlight are fixed,  
Vapours escape to let us diverge  
And commit our deeds to the generality.  
This point interferes with crimes  
As slums work with bodies of her youth.  
Her youth cuts me in two,  
Ashes flicker and fight to scrape our beauty.

One acceleration fixes on fire  
Burning in heaven, not in hell.  
One speed has awakened the brightness  
Of our heavenly star shining far.  
Ways of jewels glimmer to provide  
An extra sense of comfort.

Naveed Akram

# Ask My Meaning

My meaning clearly courses through the veins  
With surging blood and momentous occasion.  
The arteries feed our bodies with fluid so meaningful,  
Open the doors of life, the valves of your heart.  
May we be blessed by these monuments, these objects  
So solid and fought over, fraught with difficulty.  
Watchers of the heavenly abode are reading thrice  
The immediate danger of the world in union.  
United we stand of course, bleeding our meaning  
When the asking is conducted to aid mind and soul.

Naveed Akram

# Asking For Numbers

My asking is my objective as of this day,  
The journey towards the world causes me to suffer;  
Let the adjusting be special among the old men,  
Wiser help orchestrates a new newspaper.

My certainties are numbered according to lists  
I have in my head, the world is another toy;  
The good work entails a new religion,  
Backwards I work so that the thoughts reside.

The background is special because of numbers,  
This scene is a scene of scenery, but unseen;  
You are a small hound on this pathway  
A hound takes with places, the very hound of danger.

Naveed Akram

# Asking Questions

Asking questions makes risk when too much interrogation,  
This foolish man who gifted me was in my administration.

Naveed Akram

# Assassination

An assassin amazes as a handler,  
Expert people desire the expertise;  
Criminals matter, assault is carried out,  
Must we attach importance to his task?

Play like him, like a scientist in black,  
Run on the next side, spy over the bravery;  
You must demolish the pains but keep the suffering,  
Testing is unspeakable yet required.

An equilibrium must be reached to acquire,  
The art of death is so special that you deny  
The simple doing so sacred to the heart,  
The whole matrix of life and death reigns forever.

Naveed Akram

## Assert It!

I have asserted my sentence,  
Your ancient nature is a token,  
Forming itself woollen, in a shroud,  
Opening and closing its scales and gills,  
Without the rapidity of fish,  
Speaking altogether, in twisted forms  
Like lasses of the wind and rain.

Open the shop of integrity,  
See your descending steps,  
The ascension is near and in closeness  
To the bomb that may erupt  
For the final display to mankind.

This lie is surrounding us,  
Young people clear the fountains,  
And bad mountains foreshadow us  
In their light and darkness  
Of steel and speech from the asserter  
Of sentences.

Naveed Akram

# Astonishing Travels

Astonished by lairs and hazards,  
My soldier is ahead in the blizzards,  
Caring for his spirit, arousing nothing  
But monsters to his lap, always abducting.  
Compare them to beatings by bats,  
They convert the rays into combats.  
It is soldier for soldier, and darkness  
Has emerged on a pressure from highness.  
This evil compared to good is worse  
Than a death, or even the frightful commerce.  
Death is to share with belts and hats  
Worn by knights and barons, and acrobats.

Naveed Akram

# Astray

They are stray and religion is away from them,  
A path may be meal, a path is a way of a diadem.  
The religious men sought a sweet air,  
When did they reach a heavenly tool to be aware  
Of God?  
Was this a righteous tool, or a wheel, or was it turbines?  
To gods it mentally understood why you should pray  
And why you should die, this was them, with diadem.  
My path is grand and turning like a war,  
Fuel of a belief is combusted to make an action of the heart.  
My religion is grand, I love the queen with the rich-life,  
She reminds me of the Paradise and what it was to me as well,  
Like a sound or utterance, reward from godly behaviour;  
My religion is correct and my life is lovable.

Naveed Akram

# Astronomer

One metre is a distance to stay when sick,  
He who lived a long time ago is too neurotic.  
He who loved a fine day is paying some note  
To the gates threatening to open and devote  
Their time in keeping with lovely customers  
Who laugh and describe a year of astronomers.  
They artfully gaze at the sky at darkness,  
Pleasing me, pleasing the rest of saintliness.  
I deceive a sky full of stars, and it deceives me,  
We promote goodness in the hemispheres, and then see.

Naveed Akram

## At An Amulet

At an amulet of a moment the treading collects  
Returning to the soil of our loved men and women;  
The near neighbours are the nearer forms of talent,  
A talent will inscribe the future as it retrains the men.  
Women must dodge the blows, men enlighten the feared,  
Fences shall be interesting, fences shall be walls of leather.  
Then the luxury of a moment is forced, like lightning  
With brutal force, a sudden lash of the whip,  
Or the turning of the face to a safe spot.

My amulet is luckier than most, the real religion  
Speaks to me in words, that faster work,  
That lengthen the spring and the summer,  
Forming wit and collections of atoms in the mist,  
A worthy component for the spectrum is immense  
Since we know its word, the lord of all us.

Naveed Akram

# At Every Instant

At every instant, the call of the spirit  
Resounds in the split heavens.  
We are going to the dead land,  
The male earth of clay, to be joined  
To our special companions,  
The female race.  
Luck is with us, what is this beautiful place?  
This is where fortune reminds us of life,  
More life is more vision, more than we can imagine.  
At each call from the heavens  
Is an answer of the tower,  
Troops of angels beckon to realise  
The hurts and joys of Man.

Naveed Akram

# At Her Feet

He was still at her feet,  
In a tone of despair,  
As if he soon after came  
And produced justice.  
The unfortunate men were sure of that,  
But justice belonged to justice,  
And masters of the heaven  
Were descending on the heart  
Like wickedness,  
That frightened all this in mighty health,  
Replying to the question of reason.

A domestic world was a crazy soul,  
He was still at her feet when deranged  
By the worthiest feats and the trials  
Of powerful kinds,  
Descending and ascending in powers  
That delighted the deviants,  
Less than those in powers.

Naveed Akram

# At My Grave

At my grave be a lovelier flower of poems,  
Constrict your muscles to disown me, and  
I will see the authority of your living eternity.  
My ripened fruit is to inject into the finer flesh,  
Offering the angelic help, like the interesting layers  
We have butchered with final calm and burden.

My mastery is of this world, it encapsulates a  
Tongue of the liver and a tongue of the heart,  
My mastery is fully exposed to the earth and clay.  
I have fortune in entities of such massive matter  
That energy reigns in me like the horse and the cat,  
The horse is a jumper, and the cat is a cleverer cat.

This yard I have entertained like the observant one,  
It is the graveyard of my mothers and fathers,  
A real subtle family so fingered with attributes  
That they are numberless, for my mastery of this world  
Exactly displays a soldier in me, the soldiers are  
The fighters of this earth that return to its like.

Naveed Akram

# At One

One person is exactly a man when in triumph.

Naveed Akram

# At The End Of The Road

At the end of the road, a poem is written,  
Above the bridge is another form of poetry.  
The locusts appear accosting the humans,  
Healing humanoids banish the hungry mob  
With flowers and powers of poems and prose.  
Ever changing is the sky, releasing a blooming  
Bush of fire and cowardice, a forest's buds,  
A shooting star's remorse, a lifting headache.

At the junction we see another verse of poetry,  
As we near the blue gauntlet, the same colour of skies.  
To handle a prosaic man is like the handling of males,  
Mashing, pushing and punishing the forerunners.  
The bridge is covered by moss and sad entrails,  
Chief after chief vanquished, defeated the odds,  
Required change from the followers of the sin;  
A general has spoken when it is his turn of mind.

Naveed Akram

# At The Time Of Darkness

I am feeling ravenous due to the taste of some food,  
Describing is like fortitude, for it is sweet in taste.  
My strength arrived at night, for mighty nights are  
Strongly out of compulsions, fully grown.  
My nightmare ended that very night I was sleeping,  
To zigzag across the pillow, and to queerly sigh,  
Folding the garments so expensively, reading in the dark.  
Civil was the night at the time of darkness,  
A presentation I call it, a mild taste so longed for.

Naveed Akram

# Atomic Genius

Stunts are made of this substance of atomic genius,  
They are the atoms of this universe colliding with harm;  
Heat has been the trait of the traitor,  
It harms him like all properties of philosophy.  
Start those behaviours that raise the intelligence,  
They swing to the light of the higher forces.  
Many atoms deny the praise of the leaders,  
Open the entry way for the real actors!  
One man is a denizen of the fighting,  
Once the pages have been spilt and learnt.  
Pens are erased by their users due to healthy  
Waters cascading and falling into the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Atoms

Atoms are back, balls of flame, swung into desuetude,  
For they are light particles of enlightenment, to worship.  
Comely atoms are effervescent, for they are with ebullience,  
Areas are still, areas are bands of strength, banks of disuse.

May we swing into disuse one day with atoms and molecules,  
Converted into dust, covered by clay as we originated from it;  
Animals corrupt the ancient philosophers, apples of knowledge,  
Fully like babies in perfection and perception, like arts of wholeness.

The capital of thinking regards the atoms with disgust,  
My captain is a car of thoughts, drive it to reach more disuse;  
The body of a book is a cynosure of this civilisation,  
Swinging us into efflorescence, for we are ephemeral.

Naveed Akram

# Atrocity

When atrocities are in the house of never land,  
Fought are the priests we stole from the sand  
Of the desert, and the land of snow, as they are cold  
And heavy with reward;  
My sentence is old, small and tall, like a poem  
Of great wonder and deceit.  
This craft spells crafts over the page,  
With atrocities in your own home.  
The rest is vital,  
And sadness reigns.

Naveed Akram

# Attached To The Heart

The man is attached to the heart  
When he sleeps and he yearns for the mistakes  
To be forgiven, the repentance shall achieve wonders.  
There is music to be a light at once,  
Heavens descend on duties to call,  
Highest force has been endured;  
We call it a wonderful undertaking:  
The spirit within.

My writing absorbed the tale of years,  
Opening this doorway of my utterances;  
Music played on the harp became unbroken,  
Pleasant sights weighed on my harmless eyes.  
The state of intelligence surrounded me  
As I spoke so eloquently  
For myself and yourself.  
The man has been restored  
By the woman of gold,  
And gold shines more than the real light.

Naveed Akram

# Attack Of Love

The attack is love, of intensive care, easy percussion,  
So that a theology is bred to outpace the magic.  
The attack on our life is of flying acts, majestic acts,  
Above the enemies' planes, fighting the edges.  
This day we die of protection, with one day as one sight,  
Open then, open the neurotic world of disbelief,  
Featuring a quiet earth and soil of the same contaminant.

This cleaves the ground of a trial and justice, feet hurt  
As earth quaked, earth is adrift, it is soil of the distaste.  
The attack on love is full of dismay, a captive highlights  
The action of a thousand caves, a carving man or  
Craftsman of cases and causes so effective.

Naveed Akram

# Attacks Of Comfort

A family of comfortable spring has entered  
The land of troubles for now.  
A chainsaw is required to tenderly destroy  
And manage a family of hatred,  
Licking the hungry stomachs,  
Opening the entrances to mansions  
So livid with outrageous ghosts and hosts.  
My habits are killing me now,  
Claws upon claws attack the reading public,  
Catch them if you can and  
If you desire the perfection  
That ends of this day.

My laws are of birds in this century,  
The years manically destroy  
The heat of the blood as the attacks  
Are afoot.

Naveed Akram

# Attitudes

A stake must be driven into the heart of a person who kisses  
For blood and guts and ruin, for money of bloody water,  
And for the substances that destroy happiness and well-being.

A stagnant pond larrups us with its stare, feeding a lake,  
Running water-waves after too many attackers of the  
Microscopic level, that never dies and does not deserve.

These two executions matter to the brave and mighty,  
Who righteously transfer items of gold and silver,  
To the poor and needy, those destitute with morose attitudes.

Naveed Akram

# Avenue Of Love

The modern and broad avenue of love  
Creates a prison for the rectangles of hate.  
Invented by the holder of pencils  
I hate all of the worse points and  
Am no enemy to the insane people of doubt.  
A craft has been a wallet or purse,  
Fluffy pockets hold perfect stones  
That curdle the blood for what it connives.  
The heart is a fountain of intellect  
Wondering in the breezy country  
Called life and existence of the many.  
I am in front of a scrawny tree  
That bulges and delivers the babies  
We see in the news this little time.  
My maze is solved by the absolute  
Maker of proud warfare and charms.

Naveed Akram

# Avenues

Inside the small avenue of death,  
Life enters and touches the feet.  
Were you pondering a solution to action?  
The sameness of being alleviates suffering.  
The sweet candlelight and the agony of life  
Call their victims, working a dangerous mood.  
Loading the light into containers  
Is like capturing the essence of reality.  
Later, we showed the deserters what they flee,  
The commotion has been an avenue of death itself.

Naveed Akram

## Await, Await

Do not ease my burden brought by brethren,  
For their true hearts convince me of thoughts  
Inside the very chasm of our lives sudden.  
To say we ease our burdens is to dissolve the salt  
Of a kitchen in water of such strength and length.  
One better say the return of ghosts is found in a way,  
Once the paprika has been sprinkled in the very dishes.  
The roasted fowl ignite a fervour of such soothsaying,  
Indications erupt to instil the years with hurt.  
I have though a prison promised by authorities,  
Opening them will eagerly await the acts.

Naveed Akram

# Award

I define the award of Wednesday  
A priceless clinch of the week.  
A perfection believes in the response  
Of the next day - the very enjoyment.  
I love it when curiosity has graveness  
When point full chatter is in braveness.  
The curtain has enveloped the stage  
And driven a metamorphosis on the front-page.  
A price is glimmered in front of the week-ends,  
On a beautiful theatrical scale, one transcends.  
An award is an exceptional day  
And I have established it, I say.

Naveed Akram

# Awesome Life

Awe is deadly to the soul, the soul,  
For it damages the evil spirit and mince,  
The management of the existence is a role  
That we play, that may gain footprints.

This life is but a long journey, a tool to tell  
When one is brother and medal,  
Let us drive the river of water to dwell  
In it, to risk our paddling and be acceptable.

This loving weather of Earth carried units  
That we share and sell with acumen,  
Like a computer circuit and coordinates,  
Shall this be obscure, or shall we abandon?

Love is in the oxygen, love is full of hatred,  
For it has esteem to manage, to catch and match,  
Like a brother and sister in conflict abated,  
Opening us, closing us and so we can attach.

Naveed Akram

# Awesome Lights

Never has the brilliant star been awkward  
But awesome lights are glowing delivered.

Naveed Akram

# Awesome Thoughts About God

Awe entices us with the thoughts about God,  
Do not be mean to be useless and funny;  
My sense flows afterwards, fellows rage on,  
Like open doors flung apart.  
We replace the doors to see God,  
Higher than gods, the God understands.

May we detrimentally inspire those without God  
To speak again, like quacking ducks ready to fly.

Men could hear scrappy, elegant talk,  
By the godly endeavours that live.  
But yesterday, the doors opened the eyes  
As they shut like diamonds in the chasm.

Safety relies on beauty to be diamonds,  
Do not be mean to my selling of facts.  
Awe entices, safety relies on diamonds,  
As acts of awe-inspiring nature astound.

Naveed Akram

# Awestruck

I am awestruck with the rays of light entering the head,  
Then we stride in the corridors of polite light within the bed.

Naveed Akram

# Awful Burns

Awful burns have divided us in the crashes of the bright,  
A coma has been attached to our words of much lift.  
The uniform has appeared to be abhorrent, to the senses,  
It is completely comfortable and unique, forever this way.  
He is drunk by the fluids of division, burning his brain  
In a plain struggle, of wonderful might and strength.  
The craving of fire is within sight of the light,  
Breaking the animals of their blood, of their very sight and hearing.

Naveed Akram

# Awkward Heads

Awkward and hideous are coming out,  
Glancing at their heads we design the remorse,  
How well known is the period of lust?  
Grotesque, learned moments are of the dust,  
In the stars above, in those suns too near,  
Licking the bones of our disciples who retrain  
The senses,  
Feeding hurt men with overwhelming tests,  
Tests will reside in the hearts of prosperous  
Roots, sickly are their designs.

Sensible men are relaxed due to memories  
Guiding their trek across the heavens,  
Finding and replacing strokes of currents,  
Eddying through the cosmos.  
A velvet blackness is surrounding them,  
When men could hear a sickly rage.

Naveed Akram

# Babel

A babel grabbed by understanding  
Concentrates us in wrong, the full worm;  
One amazement convenes to astound  
As they occur, we consider the old regime.  
A stagnant body of thought reconvenes  
Trying, and bereavement is an old book.  
The lactation strongly grows on you,  
This is materialism in the world  
When the spirit curves into your own.  
A strong tennis is played by the cricketers,  
One sport can rule the other a whim.

Naveed Akram

# Babies

She touched her organic body  
once again, when walking, as the  
tormenting strains of the Dirt babies  
shook inside her organic body  
making her feel quivering of rings,  
the feeling of water waves.

Yes, it was the religion of her fore-fathers to adore  
the man worthy of her care and affection.

The medicine was her benediction,  
candle lamp her head nurse of honour  
and by the time she came forth  
in the double-dyed sundown.

she was expectant with her children.  
Gadzooks! The Dirt babies were superb!

Naveed Akram

# Baby Balls

Baby and ball collected cookies,  
One ball ran so fast that a nose appeared  
And the baby defused the bomb  
Called life and certainty.

One car appeared for all to seem vivid,  
Books were more than ever,  
Boxes were clever, like the withering  
Wind that cleverly jested its appeal.

One baby is a book for the learned,  
Eyes fix their gnomes at peace,  
Higher than the soldier a soldier appears  
Forming art works and all the peace.

Naveed Akram

# Back-Pedaling

We are abducted by those who abjure confessions,  
Then their udders are packed with milk of heaven;  
But they are babyish and unhappy, able-bodied  
As the background they have endured.  
This seemed there was backlash and more wines,  
To drink them was a backwards action.

I have to fight with my mace that indulges in the sins  
We command with our pacific hearts.  
And so our padding is abruptly annoyed  
By its task of withstanding the pillow itself.  
Only to be back-pedaling is to be fruitless  
In the spirit of giving up the bread.

Naveed Akram

## Bad Bird

I saw a bird of quite bad scent,  
I smelt it when it flew my way,  
Perhaps so speedily,  
Perhaps it loved me.  
My birds are like no birds of prey  
That strike me and hit me with their beaks.  
The wings of entire softness  
Munch at the air, in the cold  
When the snow is falling,  
Is falling far too fast.  
My bird is so ugly to smell  
Yet why does it love me?

Naveed Akram

# Bags Of Fun

The bags of fun one destroys are nothing,  
Gels of the loose change combine to fester  
And cost the individual an arm and leg.  
The funny men of the decade are murder  
As the devolution of this one nightmare  
Is like itself the evoked one, the innocent one;  
So inventory is not enough.  
The bags of inventions are about,  
Coins detract from iron as the days go by,  
Passersby wander a lesser time,  
Passengers passively work to worship  
Inside an anatomy,  
And then bags of fun.

Fun is about with passages to combine,  
My asking is my answer,  
As my worst luck abducts the fortune.

Naveed Akram

# Bandits

Obnoxious oranges smell bad for bandits,  
They munch and are set in their munching,  
Collecting, repressing and eating their way.  
The fruit of a tree connects with branches  
So badly kneeling in their very path.  
The path stretches into the moonlight,  
Fighting its way back and dancing in appearance.  
The bandits have arrived with their dance,  
Sizzling, spitting their food gathered by their  
Fingers that are that smaller for you.  
Let go of their oranges!

Naveed Akram

# Bandits On The Walk

The defeated bandits read their inscription  
On the grave, on the board of travel and occurrence,  
They are tasked to find out the meaning of scriptures,  
Searching survivors and their barricades,  
The tracks carry little but the selected pathways.  
As they proceed on their quest the grave has responded,  
New and surprising actions are dealt to the dead.

Neighbours are hazards, forming me and my crew  
That want traps and borders to be defeated.  
A phantom concerns me and my crew  
As the plain has appeared to be so futile.

Naveed Akram

# Banks Of Money

The trade of man is simpler than crosses  
To make on a sheet of homework.  
This distance of miles and miles specializes  
In the slogging nature of teamwork.  
Why do victories vanish as valuables?  
There are firstly banks of money,  
Funny as humour itself and angels,  
Faster is the money for adults and frailty.

I have my money and sweet dish  
In the middle of parties as I wish.

Naveed Akram

# Banks Of The River

As I sway to the other side of the river,  
The bank is arriving, the banks are retelling;  
I see a tale to be delivered, a tail is made,  
To walk the action of a boulder and man.  
I must hurt with pain, the pains of my forefathers,  
To reveal a sacred joy, the one of survival.

I must wait for the water to recede from pain,  
By lifting the self from wrong of currents and torrents;  
These operations on the personal matter  
Are joining with my memories of ancient men,  
Water and air for them were elements so great  
That everywhere they were discovered by the soul.

I must be in no hard panic of pale heartache,  
I must be a united man of water and ice,  
My fixtures are of the reader's qualities;  
This river is a burden to the opposite side,  
The lakes are brimming with disfavour,  
But the rivers destroy the very Hereafter.

Naveed Akram

# Banner Of Love

The strong and brave bannerette displayed his skull  
According to the strokes of the sword, and its play.  
Men could hear the outstanding miracles before them,  
But one compares oneself to parents that describe  
The life through eyes, and shake hearts  
With love, so that new love occurs with others.  
My loving of others begins due to them, and I share  
A hold on life due to lightning and thunder, both  
Will guide my being with the religious natures,  
Forward I march into the rivers of mercy.  
The strongest points and facts inhibit us with legs  
And arms, as well as the torso and head.  
Strength is far away and we are near to each other,  
Working shall abide in the hearts of those who call themselves  
Human. I shall strengthen those who laugh at my enemies with love.

Naveed Akram

# Barbarian

How sacred are the duties of some,  
That special careers subdue barbarism.

How fed are the learned ones,  
That disease earned its ablutions.

We practise a wider plan of deceit,  
Forming from the placid and bittersweet.

Barbaric despots overhaul the minority,  
And capture or capitulate, what deformity!

Naveed Akram

# Barmbrack

I break this brack, a bread of fruit,  
A bread too good for the eating.  
My wives still make me some sawn ring,  
A bagel, or a bangle, or sweet pie so much.  
My breakfast needs a bracelet  
From the opposition, an angry mob,  
Who condemn my family of loaf-eaters;  
Their argument survived,  
And all I ate was the actual bread  
That was baked a dozen times a day.

Naveed Akram

# Barn

You inwardly feel and see the greenery of the site,  
This farm contains a spectacle of might.  
The barn is a table of light, in which you stay  
For the very night and look everywhere inside to say.

Naveed Akram

# Barricade

To pass the barricade I am unsure,  
Opening the wars carries a bite that is monster,  
I stay around with the passing crowd,  
But they swept me from shore to shore  
In a worrying blend of activity,  
This is the small moment of the whole day.

The dilemma was a parade of such striking crowds,  
Huddling, elbowing with elephants imagined.  
Gathered together were the torrent of people,  
The fraternity pursued us as we passed our tests  
In the meaningful occasion.

My moments connived an assembly of guests,  
Standing out from the crowd, liking and loving  
The huddle, so lusting for the delivery  
Of yourself.

Naveed Akram

## Basic Ability

Basic abilities are the life of my work,  
Just be authority, and certain trees are grown.  
The sender of thoughts shall weigh half,  
Justice finds a place for the weak and infirm.  
My opening thoughts fence for themselves,  
Names are too beleaguering like a fountain.  
Must we touch the return of our forefathers?  
The living and dying is for one who cares  
About the haziness in the air of the dwellers.  
Basically and effortlessly, the thoughts  
Are registered to work genius in the hearts of men.

Naveed Akram

# Battalion

Statistics jog our memories,  
Alternatives of thought and abilities.  
Begin with originality  
And the battle is ordinary.

Why does the ground shake with rigour?  
Then when it hugs fondly a clear space  
The races do arrange their cleverest weight  
And bestow a companion of much delight.

Faster are the cowards who enjoy this peace,  
The neighbours are elegant, well-dressed,  
As usual, and more of those beautiful cowards  
Do embrace the same speed of battle.

Naveed Akram

# Bazaar Of Balloons

If the ballooned bazaar is barraged by thieves,  
Sell it afterwards to a balloonist who believes.  
He sells it perhaps to a merchant on the loose,  
This man offers a price to others to abuse  
Them.

If this bazaar of balloons is a balcony now,  
We see further than thieves can allow.  
The plan is to frustrate the balloonist  
In order to triumph with the cartoonist  
Who draws from this.

The thieves have stolen the painting,  
The painting of balloons they were reacquainting.

□

Naveed Akram

## Be Jewels

To give a strong jewel to a man who gives  
Is descriptive of a man who is wealthy  
Beyond beliefs, a system of jewels can craze.  
The modern age gives and forgives,  
But they are driven to cowardice  
Since games of gold strike hard at them.  
Remember the age at which you whispered  
The words so ruling, and remember them well.  
For your family asks for gold and treasures  
Like paper and food, jewels and rings.

Naveed Akram

## Be Love

Sharing may be loving, like a crime of tears,  
Or love's air is carried by the one of fears.

Naveed Akram

# Be Near Heaven's Door

Be awake like heaven's door,  
Let cheesecake be your companion,  
And cupcakes for the dusk,  
With dawn as a friend and equation.  
Mathematicians shall deplore the tastes  
Of hell, for in their heaven a rust  
Occurs and collects to dismay the majority,  
Where geometry subjugates  
Whenever shapes shall be ready.

The flakes of our island bake and enter  
The lusts, one has to forsake a fruitcake,  
Oh, the intake of a few speedy morsels.  
The hack-and-slash of chemistry  
Subdues the regions of the heavens,  
We see chemical wars and engineering men  
On the factories of food and drink.  
Then because the lake defies and deifies  
Us, we live in stupidity, and all our woe  
Has chiefly disappeared.

Naveed Akram

## Be Over

It is devious to be relevant on a task,  
This task rests with godly men of good measure.  
The gods of righteous nature shall presume,  
But we strive forwards in life never making sure.  
It decided to rest with humanity of death,  
Death is a basic natural act of self-indulgence.  
The reality of a thought rides along life,  
The sleepers of the night have dreamed forever.  
The task is set, happy forming itself,  
Let the mission be over and all be over.

Naveed Akram

# Be Proud

Be pride and poison for it,  
Poor is the friar who took.  
Pleasure is soon, sooner than ever,  
When bones are picked by the vultures  
Over our heads that speak of those ones that fly nearby.  
Be proud and in the death of others be proud  
Against a fountain of rifles and ammunition,  
These are the guns we lift to our eyes and let vultures fly to die.  
The monks are not in the vicinity, like hairy monks.

Naveed Akram

# Be Punctual!

I have crazy helpers and lepers,  
All of the scripts say wonders  
Of the high profits and worries  
That submerge and emerge  
Like quilts and pillows of help.

I have the insane helpers of late,  
Labourers cancel their heavens  
As the later sort are the punctual  
Asking me a question,  
Or are they?

The lift of the centuries is old,  
The uplifting understanding  
Is in men who are goalkeepers,  
The shooting practice is late,  
Like the practice and you will be ill.

Naveed Akram

# Be So Boy

The riches I emerge with are strange so cold,  
Innocent gold! Higher wealth is around that is told.  
A rich man hurried towards his house  
Finding a woman called his wife with a white blouse.

The rich life has arrived for all the luck,  
Melting far away, just far too far like muck.  
The gambler is to be, a corpulent man  
Shall pain the hurt, the sane man is in Afghanistan.

How rich will life be now that gold is not silver?  
Silver is like a snake, whilst gold shines so quieter.  
My wife likes new clothes and new food  
In the realm of our understanding, our attitude.

You shall blame the innocence of tense muscles,  
You shall climb new veins with blood and angels.  
May life enjoy, feel too much a toy,  
And then let Winston Churchill be so boy.

Naveed Akram

# Be Thanked

Now, God be thanked with outstretched hands,  
Made sure by clear eye, and forsaken gesture;  
Leave the hungry minds and the sick heads,  
And all the emptiness of the love that we breed.  
This time my anger will whisper and weep,  
Then my sick heart crumbles, frail and fair.  
To be fragile is to thin out of love for the frail  
And frivolous ones who pertain to just ways.  
Under the lawn's mess of grass you wait,  
Creeping behind, letting go of woes that astonish  
And you wait with your frailty that is embedded.  
Long health is the longest love of the tame and gentle,  
Lover's wealth shall cause the other mate to prove itself.

Naveed Akram

# Be The One

Be the one to be the coffin's fun,  
Buried under the wooden lid of love,  
Buried forever and ever like deadly wishes.

My mother has prayed that I command  
Those above me, and master the souls  
Who try to overtake me in their slumber.

Be the one to be death's uncle,  
Author of the incredible book of old,  
Licking the pages with the fingers.

One life dissolves, one admires the lives  
Of the lovers who dance and pray  
Forever in union with heavenly splendours.

Naveed Akram

# Beach

I was alone, on a beach of wonders and joy,  
Sand scrubbed my ankles, holding the box  
With fury, a little way inland there was the worry.  
I had possibilities, and the acts of a day constructed  
A few dreams that worked, and worked like a gloved hand  
In distress and achievement.

I saw through my suit a parade on the beach,  
The sands collected like a graph of subjugation,  
No complications arose, as the flowers were just seaweed.  
I looked around to fetch some seawater to rinse my head  
Once more, once the accomplishments could arrive.  
My helmet and camera stood in time, with the beach,  
With all its sand particles, and all the strife connected with a graph.

The footprints disappeared fortunately,  
With low sunlight the beach melted,  
And the fine clothes were wet with western rain,  
Weak pleasure resided in pleading for polite senses,  
Weaker resorts were like beaches of sand and rain and seawater.

Naveed Akram

# Beady

Beady eyes looked out onto the field of vision,  
Someone cried, shorter and longer were the shadows;  
Locked into a storeroom, other senses quickly returned,  
Fitting the behaviour of the past and future.

He was worth eating, worthy of praise as a taste  
To the eyes, and the ears will feel hearings of taste.  
He swallowed himself, and all the food was hard,  
Yet someone cried and fell aghast at the nonsense.

Naveed Akram

# Beams Of Light

He heard the cry for it a bit,  
Stepped in and didn't want to look  
As if the beams of light vanished,  
Relics were afloat fearfully arising  
In solemn nature, living alike.  
This magical child cried in disbelief  
Delving once more into oblivion  
So obvious and obscure in the entirety.  
Death occurred too late for the fights  
Funnily felt a thorn in the side with spots.  
He heard anyone do such a thing?  
The child should call an errand boy,  
Should call a silent one eye  
To see and bring suspicion of reality.  
On this community a pleasant news  
Has arisen, for the night of this life.

Naveed Akram

# Bear Incident

There were limits to the valley,  
Also this resumed for the rise verbally;  
A final art erased its beginning,  
To this valley I return with grinning;  
For this valley flows from within,  
After the river shakes where it has been.

Seeing water currents here and there,  
I want to be so aware,  
My armchair is against the bears,  
For bears are like the air of chairs;  
Little men surround them inside,  
I want to now see and decide.

The bear stammers and starts  
So that we drop, and then it contorts  
Its furry face: my head is at peace  
But the beautiful way of coyotes  
Exceeds me, such is the life  
That I run away and to my knife.

This knife is certain like gold,  
It is my pleasure to behold,  
Within is the secret of the blind  
That repairs the old weird man outlined,  
My shadows are secret like the air,  
I have fled from a bear.

Then it seizes the legs with force,  
The wife needs a divorce;  
My face is contorted and without beauty  
For I wince and remain fruity  
For the bear who hides and taints  
The blood for the worst of complaints.

A blood flows to the river and blood  
Is red from too much said in the flood;  
I am an invalid, I am an actual man  
Now that I live too fast and began

A life away from this wilderness,  
Away from the whole tenderness.

Blood is the river of redness,  
The river subjugated me who is adventurous,  
This adventure is my travel,  
It is the traveller who sees and can unravel  
This ghost of being that sighs,  
So please do not then criticise.

This bear is in my chair today,  
Yet its belated mind is yesterday;  
I see the river is faster  
So I wade and escape the disaster,  
This bear is in my chair  
And I have worried to this anywhere.

Water took my flight into itself,  
The grizzly bear was correct like a wolf,  
But water was the element of design  
That left with my going I assign.  
The wolf or bear was sudden,  
But the river saved me from the forbidden.

I saw it in the distance,  
Alone in its existence,  
But my home had to arrive,  
To see this I must derive  
A basis for my faults that drive  
My sacred nature that is alive.

Naveed Akram

## Beards With Guilt

Beating beards are beaming with guilt,  
The furnace of the heart is a guilty wart,  
One finds in it a spot of distaste as it  
Dissolves and reenters the head and heart.  
Whining with feasts fitted for the fight,  
Grills of the hot wine are consumed,  
Drained and drank with such force.  
Blow on the hearts of the feeders,  
With roads enforced on us.

The beard is a force to fight with the heart,  
Friendship gives noises, foes tell tales,  
Simultaneously as the message wears  
A meaning of the heart, a hot wine is drained  
But drinking is the worst lie of horses' feet.

Naveed Akram

# Beast And Brother

At this beast is a brother who beckons,  
This boisterous beast is a frank human being,  
These masculine arts are the old ways of this beast,  
Their science is a plane of the whole creation.  
This hundred percent man visualises humanity,  
Transferring the old ways to the new modern brays.

A sound from the heart is heard by the beloved beast,  
Its food is delicious, and the brother wants scripture for  
The beast, learning will result and burgeon dutifully,  
Like the angers of the whole realm that realises  
Knowledge and wisdom; why does the beast burden the  
World with its wonder? Where does it live with its charm?

The brother sees him in his heart of heat, the blood is rolling  
As his boiling heart hears and sees wonder from the direction.  
It is the direction of the healing foot, the healing beast who looks  
Like the hundred year old man. He is seller of virtue, silent and  
Solemn, with hunchback stature, and witness of the trials ahead;  
Where does this beast house his agony of the winds?

Naveed Akram

# Beauteous Knowledge

Which of the beauteous creatures  
Will be this night an animal to write with me?  
My beasts are all clawing at my door ledge,  
Knowledge escapes from the evening.

This night was a number of wonders,  
A baby has more special joy and heaven,  
But it looked innocent by the way it stared,  
The knowing distinction became embedded  
So fast and far they were becoming too many.

This night a whirl arose, wings of the flower  
Were petals, their heraldry seemed the bosom,  
And it could fly to pretend and enjoy,  
Knowledge became sparse and I was a flower  
This evening, the very same heap of gold and pearls.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful And Lovely

The beauty of the love one inherits is exceptional,  
A proud one accepts this person from the deeply able.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Cage

Cages are mined for their beauty,  
As for love, the mind is gaining blue colours  
Meaningfully like the one of music.  
I cage them for anger, for all the actions  
That freeze an individual for all eternity.  
My losing sight is in front of him,  
He lost a picture in his mind,  
My dessert was solid,  
Costs were higher than my brother.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Courage

Courage overtakes the self when in a rush or anxious struggle;  
One fears, one dies and the courage is there to save the soul.

Beautiful courage creates a thought for the wayfarer,  
Beauty has exposed its laws and credentials like paper.

Beautiful death shall speak for itself in the happiest wounds,  
Lucky are the dead who come alive, who have spoken for their souls.

My asking for beauty is far too deep, my solution for its presence is fatal  
Yet the years have instilled a beautiful abode in the heart that is thirsty.

Courage undertakes a beautiful moment thoughtless and deep,  
My wonder has ceased, like the sword that penetrates the flesh.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Life

Forming tragedies, the beautiful life is an existence to experience,  
Once life is forgiven, the tragedy has disappeared, resulting in abundance.

Naveed Akram

## Beautiful Love

The people who think along beauty  
Are favoured by the lovers, tonight.  
Any person in love offers his soul  
To adorers of sin, of hatred and love.  
Beautiful love is so excellent  
That it conquers the lovers and haters.  
My sympathy for those in need  
Is offered to those opposed to us,  
And sinners are the transgressors of height,  
Sinners are higher tasks of the love;  
These high tasks should contain no beauty.  
The thinkers are polite to those in love,  
Beauty is their soul, and body and mind.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Mountain Of Gold

To see a mountain is too many sights,  
Yet you must believe in the nights of gold,  
When rigours absorb the sea and the sea  
Helps your penniless banks of money.  
This mountain of gold is like a liar in snoring,  
He is boring and will be getting tired,  
Tired of golden worship that sizzles  
In the shining sun of the worst stars.

Must we inspect the mountains? The floating  
Ideas happen on the events excelling us.  
To believe is such a tragic ending,  
My suspects are absolved and their thrills  
Abound with agony, like liars in the mud,  
Fulfilling the fortunes of war.

Must we examine a boring man in his saying?  
His saying, his sayings are statements of red  
Joy, the blood seeps into the ranks of men,  
The Red Army is joining with yours to enforce  
Communism, like the man who indulged in these  
Arts or sciences, the man whose rude heart  
Dissolved fortune in a cup of beautiful solvent.

Naveed Akram

## Beautiful Posture

The rhythm of beauty connives without doubt,  
Its sacred beauty is that of beauty but without;  
For the forces at work shall consider the rigid  
And sworn oath from the heart can contains blood.  
The beautiful wellness, such as the one I possess,  
Concentrates in the arteries accomplishing their task.  
One discovers a challenge of the holding,  
For when do comely faces bestow mercy?  
It is the beauty within that bothers nobody,  
Bells chime with beaming delight from beds  
Of benign characteristics, that let you sleep in peace.  
I have seen enough love in my heart and veins  
To suggest a simple repose is in calling,  
For to call a post a beautiful bed with rhythm  
Is to signal tasty thoughts to the mind at pleasure.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Sayings

Sayings are beautiful when constructed by force,  
Your saying is powerful when too sweet;  
Victory must have you now,  
Like essence and knowledge  
Creates space with a so-called vacuum.  
You say much, but say little;  
More beauty is nested with supreme joy.  
The space I instill in the hearts of the mischief  
Is made from ideas and juice to swamp a clown.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Tactics Of Man

The melody of beauty perches on the soul,  
Music refracts like light inside the soul;  
My class is not so obsolete, once I  
Forgive your friendship, like a man in doubt.  
To know the exact land of those troublers  
Creates an empty bed of roses,  
Full of divine exercises that tactically  
Destroy one's knowledge and wisdom as well.

The eternal question resides in the heart  
With the head as well, in sight of intuition,  
Like holding a glass in the rain  
And counting the droplets forever in this way.  
The melodious watch of well-crafted eyes  
Condemns and unites as well,  
In this sense the politeness of the soul  
Is heard, by those sighted and those blind.  
Little management is needed in this respite  
Granted by those in charge of souls.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful Thoughts

They are the biggest and longest hours of the goal,  
There needs to be a change of heart and goals,  
Fulfilling us both with smiles and cheer  
In the process of learning.

Like a normal thought the beauty is absurd,  
Do not be mean to my entire beautiful repose;  
It is the impostor who imposes its grave and reason,  
The facts are dissolved in front of him like a mirror.

Pull a map from your saddlebag and despair,  
For it is three thousand degrees in heat,  
And the map has an awareness of beautiful thoughts,  
Treasures shall be obtained, work will be blamed.

I was entombed and off to sleep, leaving and stopping,  
With a fine resolve, that made be bigger and better  
Than the opposition who also had thoughts of the enemy,  
One foe is better in strength than a thousand forces.

Naveed Akram

# Beautiful World

At the centre of the world is laughter,  
When does beauty enter and exit? After.

Naveed Akram

# Beauty Is Happiness

Beauty has a trigger for happiness,  
It contains the secrets of the soul,  
Horses can push no other than it,  
For they are the rivals of men who ride them.

Beauty may stick to the boots  
And enliven the spirit within.  
Opening a container of lettered opinion  
We read the message of beauty:  
Beauty we find among certain moments  
And in these are the husbands of loving nature.

Naveed Akram

# Become The Balcony

Become Brittany, become botany, then balcony,  
I am stranded in thoughts of company that delights.

The invasions were bunnies, seconds undermined us,  
Minutes overplayed, as hours became staring stars.

The time of the year was the whole aspect of creations,  
I whine and deliver my praise to the maximum speed.

This writing is too felonious to read, my writing is my thought,  
It creates a toy, itself the war, itself the toy of raw pain.

My writers are working for my own lodgings of bricks and mortar,  
To establish a house of a mansion we must pressurise the rise.

So come to a region that you love and adore in asking thoughts,  
To arrive and approach the reality of a day and a night.

Naveed Akram

# Becoming A Revolution

After Siberia, the man was confronted  
And he wrote of the police for its worth,  
Returning to the gulf of bad weather  
He relaxed and tuned his instrument  
To sing of the tunes of Siberia.  
The road to Revolution exerted prowess,  
Through Zurich, Munich and London.  
Past leaders had succumbed with notes  
And their excellent characteristics were noted.  
The man was a marked man of ingenuity  
And fixed operation, full of brain and intellect,  
Like the genius of the century,  
As far as the eyes could receive.  
His aim, to join Plekhanov, was heard,  
And he joined him in time by leaving  
The Russia of days that minced and mattered.

Naveed Akram

# Becoming Mischievous

My bagels shine inwardly  
To see why their arousals find something.  
My annual lunch consists of salt,  
Peppers are different ankles to stand on.  
Mine work, they spurt directions  
Like proper legs and limbs, with angles.  
The articles I read appear to the girls  
Of such magnificent intelligence.  
Then weathers arrive to assemble  
The seemingly soft pie of dinner.

Area requires magnitudes,  
To return to this region makes hurt  
Like those who loath you.  
I have approximately ten years to learn  
The different lies, and espionage  
Is my apostle.

Naveed Akram

# Becoming Rich

May winning be absurd to the lame,  
A limp has beaten the way so often;  
The paths too trodden are the fair,  
Bent on land, the legs have trekked.  
Traacherous and trembling, the ways  
Offer deceit and conception of ideas.  
The treasury is about on its legs,  
Money has been lame and lined here.  
The mill of money is conjuring wealth  
So best, blasting me with an odour of riches.

Naveed Akram

## Bed Of Roses

Under the bed of roses we find peace,  
Where we stand in heavenly habits finding it;  
The roses are never crushed for all of us,  
The roses sweetly remember us on this day.  
This truth is overpowering me for love and life,  
This truth has cancelled my objective,  
For I like dozens of flowers and plants  
That are subject to the test of loyalty.  
May we all wear this bed of roses  
In the effort to conceal our crime.

Naveed Akram

# Bedlam

It was bedlam, sheer chaos and collapse,  
Of the city, the inner lot of buildings  
Found in the country.  
It composed of musical houses, golden shrines  
And stationary and moving vehicles.  
The bombs scolded me as well, lifted the lot,  
Scalded me nearly, and wore my gait.  
The running men were innocent, walking men  
Were criminal.  
Your city burned up till midnight,  
Until fires were extinguished by the men of fire.  
The city burnt again as the people recovered afterwards,  
For they needed bandages and badges, fire was grotesque,  
Fire made no sense, just not one sense, for it died  
And everything died, when all was well, and afterwards,  
All was well yet dead were some, and their families were somewhat dead.  
The anarchy of this unique city fed as something else -  
Hell on this world, hell to worsen the tracts of time.

Naveed Akram

# Beds Of Suffering

We die in the beds of suffering,  
Humoured by the balances of pain,  
Collecting the knowledge of knowing hurt,  
Contriving a blessed and divine method,  
Trying the effective and lovable design of love  
That hides a joyous song in the mental agony.

We die for the longing of hurt and destruction,  
Where is the plane of existence limiting our hurt and worry?  
So that a hurling question can be solved:  
Why are there mysteries in the hatred of pain  
When evil spirits could collect themselves against us  
And overthrow us. Their power shall overcome us  
If we are in suffering. Thus, the pain is shaped around  
Goodness.

Naveed Akram

# Before My Eyes

I see before my eyes the wonderful words,  
Speak them around the mouth to sustain,  
So that meanings are clear to the birds.

I saw so many reasons to master and also afterwards,  
Seen so many sessions of praise of this book to attain,  
I see before my eyes the wonderful words.

Created and longed for, the books and pages are blizzards,  
Looking for times so tight with sin again,  
So that meanings are clear to the birds.

May we attain longevity when we read books backwards,  
Leaning against the wall to hasten the air plane,  
I see before my eyes the wonderful words.

Pleasing us one way is like living a way of life with hazards,  
Leading is a disease of words, so frightening for after pain,  
So that meanings are clear to the birds.

Can the heraldry of our country be the same innards,  
Liking this sign captures the books' meanings from the brain,  
So that meanings are clear to the birds,  
I see before my eyes the wonderful words.

Naveed Akram

# Before The Lightning

This individual performs well before lightning,  
He took a hand watching over dogs in humour,  
Less food is an impact on his beloved cadaver,  
For death by providing provides the light.

A general manager causes discontent before  
The sky turned grey, then darker so that  
Flashes of hurt and pain resented the eyes  
Like the licking of a bowl, loving the role.

To the floor below, a lightning crack is sound  
Enough for an earthquake easing from monsters,  
The building will hold the lawful questioning,  
It cedes to us a bridge worth crossing abruptly.

It reduces us to dust and shadows,  
Like the shade of the heart,  
And conductors film us with their storms  
Of lust, the normal storm of sheer flash.

Naveed Akram

## Before The Reply

Before I could reply he sprang to his feet,  
I was wrapped in a vision of Hell;  
Exhausted and bloodied, my springing  
And dying corrected the people.  
I was a stern and stone figure,  
When in my life.  
I should have plenty of disputes for this life,  
Inside a session of clear light.  
Understand this now that you have explored  
The right angle, and the right belief.  
When he bounced tonight,  
The balls also did, for the eternity that is ready.

Naveed Akram

## Begin This Quest

Begin the dazzling quest with many stars,  
Concentrated skies of little lights all this way;  
Begin this night with illumination at best,  
Never does the land submerge itself in the rain.

An ocean reserves the water of eternal prophetic time,  
This day we perfect the answers to the questions;  
May we sensibly state our loves and likes,  
Kicking me in the back with laughter.

Naveed Akram

# Beginning With Those Tyrants

I begin with beginning, story after story,  
The overflowing words are mere birds  
Flying to their homes and nests like lightning  
Natural as the wind and as much as meaning.  
They conveyed their thoughts through wonderful  
Wings of intelligence that greeted dawn dazed.  
The greatest thrill exploded earnestly, words  
Began their mission, words and clauses willed.

I ended my thought with endless sympathy,  
Pitiful men are like me, prose is against me  
Like the tyrants and disasters we call our foe.  
This foe is a story or tale animated by some  
Creator, who blessed the innards and blessed us.  
But why does the very simple worry enter the heart?  
Whose lace is assumed by the onlooker?  
I beleaguered fantastic beings by lowering the head.

Naveed Akram

# Begotten

No stealing is allowed when you meet him,  
The son of his is condemned for being him.  
A thief is excellent due to poor health,  
But when he is begotten, the wealth is contrived.  
One is amazed by the flute of freedom,  
Singing like itself with profuse melody;  
The begotten son amazes me when not stolen  
Like the sound so erred by those insignificant ones.  
The stealing of the piccolo deserves mention,  
One talked to the highness of some. The ones  
Who rule shall gain a wonder, from all this bounty.

Naveed Akram

# Behaviour

The fulcrum of my behaviour is life,  
Fortune forced its tentacles, conniving  
And banishing the very layer I existed in.  
The reality faced me in the head of affairs,  
Our tails longer, the balancing act was tremendous  
And very berated when we fell into the depths of the ocean  
Of life.  
The fulcrum or pivot was down where it lay-  
Life was deciding behaviour, the very act.

Naveed Akram

# Beheading

He is bemused by the priest,  
He slants his head like a beast.  
The priest does not stop,  
He is sacrificing with a chop-chop!  
The head of his pride and ownership  
Shall vanish like a bombed airstrip.  
Apostles say that murder is forbidden  
For the human race. According to his abdomen.

Naveed Akram

# Behold The Jungle

This jungle of sorts recognises me when I deliver,  
The revolving doors are open, then we conclude the monument.  
The river dangles behind like a sea open to enemy,  
Much sauce collects when the sewing has begun.  
An industry of collectors works hard to consider  
And contrive a reality to question at all levels.  
This is acceleration, the red mountain so told,  
Behold it when it erupts and concentrates on us.  
The jungle has trees dangling, dawn shall appear,  
With fountains of red and blue, the sun has goals.

Naveed Akram

# Being Brother

Spinning and being a pseudo brother  
Or witting the tale of a scrap of land  
Is to be a king in your own home.  
Into sanity we describe the acts of a boy  
And his toy.

One obviously affects us,  
Who becomes a pseudo brother;  
Once there were boys of the brotherly  
Concoction, feeding their frenzy  
And keeping the reports to themselves.  
I have sanity, and my links are fetching  
From afar.

My brother is a spine of my whole soul,  
Listening to him reminds me of slithering  
Snakes, but the pseudo brother is worse  
Who lifts me into darkness one day,  
Taking my feet and destroying feet and toes,  
Much about this I know.

Naveed Akram

# Being Grim And Greedy

I saw an apple being grim,  
As long as the heavenly spread;  
Not as soldierly as a grimace,  
But the smile of a normal root.  
I really believe in the changes  
Of its target, to deplore and shed.

The ripe stars were fruity so much,  
The good had to overcome evil,  
Like the planets and their satellites.  
This future will spring from the thorax,  
Like the bomb that fell on top of inches  
And inches of fire that grew ever larger.

Greedy stars overcame their rivals,  
Not knowing where to shine and dine,  
Like the royal ships and the royal banquets.  
One past life was a station of the highness,  
Looking towards the whole galaxy,  
Like the outward eyes of a child.

Naveed Akram

# Being Men

Excitement knows the certain men  
Who enlighten the few in this prophetic time,  
Mighty soldiers march frowning  
And bound to carts and horses  
So daring and complete,  
Like the offerings to the strange gods.

My opinions are like facts  
Of the various levels of strategy,  
Open to doors of feats and arms  
Made by the producers,  
As excitement grows and enters  
The net we have sought.

In a new place one has emotion,  
Returning sounds are the sons,  
And they are massive like titans,  
Few have been slain as their entire  
Realm is of madness and rule,  
Little is my world so like the being.

Naveed Akram

## Being Nearby

Being nearby was never enough,  
Some worthwhile hours were spent.  
Actually present, the boy and girl carried  
Each other like the trains that pass the night.  
It was good to know, it was again their investment,  
The whole of the city enjoyed the hug,  
This monumental district expressed its joy  
To the couple whose status had collapsed.  
On the rickety table they slept,  
With conversations and languages  
Lulling the place into peace.

Naveed Akram

# Being Of

Who was the being of spirits?  
I plead to the story-tellers,  
And I plead to the distressed.  
The years have astounded me  
As stories unfold, endangering me.  
The story of a life destroys the lives,  
Feet climb their stairs called rooms  
As rooms are evacuated by war.

The standard of health this year has been  
Improving for the last time.  
The health of a doctor has died,  
Death is the apparatus of this kitchen  
And house.

Naveed Akram

# Being Poor

Being poor will decrease, bringing the light  
Of the heavens to your grace, so great.  
Inside the heart is the soul and its legions,  
What does the heart speak when committed?  
This heart is trained to inflate the eyes of sight,  
To obscure the vision when in fright or darkness.  
My being poor is a natural calamity that the heart  
Miserably partakes, for parting with luxury is sincere.

My heart is poor, my poor heart speaks to the pen  
To inscribe the letters of unity and trust.

Will my pen prescribe the medicine of the soul  
And the self, committing the heart to words of light?  
I am not richer than the words of enlightenment,  
But these are divine words of the tongue that instills.

Naveed Akram

# Beleaguered Army

An assemblage of characters worked below,  
Brooding on remorse and sin as a graveyard;  
Beleaguered by death, it had dissembled the enemy,  
A comely thought for the comely soldier.  
The soldier's demesne cast the whole world aside,  
An elixir of youth was imbibed.  
It was the denouement of youth and age,  
It was dulcet, never abhorrent to see you drum your life.  
Furtive glances kept them awake with hurry,  
The glamour of a man was in full demonstration.  
Now the war had its felicity, but ephemeral.

Naveed Akram

# Belief Of Relief

This fear guides belief  
For the summer understands  
Relief and of this  
I pray to elongate my  
Life of such a great nature

Naveed Akram

# Belief Of The Heart

The belief of the heart is extreme,  
Inside one finds a mine of gold and silver;  
The interior of your organ called the heart  
Has a number of rooms to fill;  
They are belief and reason,  
Belief and reason are always in command  
Just as the police ascertain your heart  
And learn of the heat that your nature brings.  
Hearts do ascertain themselves,  
For they speak to yourself alone,  
For they speak to the ways of your own,  
Intrepid are the slight beats of some,  
Intrepid are the mannerisms becoming.  
You need a sound knowledge of this mighty organ  
To believe in yourself, as much as nature allows.

Naveed Akram

# Belief Of The Winter

I believe in the winter and how it sings  
To the music of our forefathers,  
Dazzling with sins and happinesses,  
That revolve around me and winter.  
I am a tower of a red man,  
Working like the rest of society,  
But when winter comes it speaks  
To me, like a canal or river or sea.

The sparks flying in my direction  
Are an artistic manner, and I am polite  
And interested in your manners above all else.  
These statements survive and darken  
The weapons of our day like a sword  
Or other dark manner.

I believe in winter and summer,  
And it charms me to stay far away,  
Liking the dealings of the mountains  
And the trees of great height,  
Full red ruination has happened  
Called blazing fire.

Naveed Akram

# Believe In Love

Love is the father of belief,  
Inside the tumultuous memory  
Is the remnant of disbelief  
Mastering a few of the ideas.  
Then those who hate appear  
Before the majesty and utter  
Strange forms of message,  
That nobody hears and speaks.  
The unit of this society  
Is abolished and solid beliefs  
Occur in the heart  
After much strife.

I see the crystal moon in its thinking,  
Love is upon its shoulders,  
Believe then the ultimate fortune  
That has landed,  
On this Earth  
We have called Father Rain.

This isle is the torture of the souls,  
Loving inhabits us with stench,  
Hatred wants the promise of a lie,  
This isle is the torture of the soul.

Then love is the father of belief,  
It strangely stares with light  
And transfixes you  
When you are looking.

Naveed Akram

# Beneath The Sea

Beneath the sea is too much fire,  
So people may not lie  
About a man who leads desire  
And laughter is to die.

Be ready as can be when you  
Will cry to god like saint,  
To pray for goodness that it  
Is okay, under that paint.

Naveed Akram

# Beneficial

The benefits accompany the man who wins,  
Problems of sleep calculate me and his worries.  
May I learn in ways too important, too wise,  
That returns appear and exercise - too wise.  
May winning benefit me rather than him,  
Victory worked according to heaven.  
Fleeing from the site is evil and winning,  
But winning does not come or reappear.  
Those men who win shall overpower the enemy  
In the correct form, in the absolute manner.  
This is to win, this is to prosper,  
Another triumph brings joy and happiness.

Naveed Akram

# Bereavement

Do not get tired from grief as you are bereaved,  
And bereavement is relief as you are bereaved.

Do certainty on the scene of writing, when all is leisure  
And certain people believe in their belief as you are bereaved.

Does your mind seem a container of science and sea?  
Then let feelings go, let them reside away from the thief as you are bereaved.

Does your partner know why marriage is sacred and solid?  
Then see him or her with a measure of truth as the chief as you are bereaved.

May surrendering accomplish the goal of a life-time,  
May I wish you all the best with your disbelief as you are bereaved.

Let Time fly, let innocence mend the tattered cloths and dress and uniform,  
For when a person dies he or she is abject and very brief, as you are bereaved.

Naveed Akram

# Berserk

They looked calm, ripped asunder  
As a meteor wrecked the village,  
It hung over the skies as a boulder  
Flying into the region of distaste.  
The beast of rocks cried and roared  
For the safety of thoughts was grand.  
It wrecked the bravery of a forever,  
Wondered why we were so courageous  
In this world of human justice.  
The beast was wilder than a generation  
Of doubters, the berserkers created it.

Naveed Akram

# Berserk And Charming Man

A berserk man is a charming one,  
Childlike in his being, in boiling point.  
Bitter moments are remembered,  
Decorous life shall inhibit his trials  
From taking victory.  
Ceaseless life manages moments  
Just about boundless, full in lustre.  
The berserk man clumsily munches  
On and on, feeding his frenzy with  
Unions and betrayals, of a higher  
Form of justice that he is so proud of.  
Cheap and cloudy are the inner workings  
Of his mind - the real object, the actual object.

Naveed Akram

## Best Men

Begin to undersize him even now,  
And when he realises you, say how.

Naveed Akram

## Best Of The Creation

The best of the men are the lovers of creation,  
Stagnant and moving, still and alive;  
The best of those who suddenly move are verses  
That stutter and state what the stations of existence  
Are like in this desert, as small as the cosmos.

A total moon is lost in this mighty springtime,  
The summertime elapses and surprises  
The senses, with fully bled veins.  
The best of the properties are still,  
Stillness exactly completes the puzzle.

Naveed Akram

# Best Of The Worlds

Best of the worlds,  
Be a place for the delicate ending,  
Make an effort to water the eyes,  
Those eyes stay on earth,  
They stare disappointed and distant,  
Like flowers of taste that entrances  
The soul with silence.

Best of the worlds,  
Be a paint for the sky and wall,  
Bright colour causes a sacred  
Place to shake and reunite  
Brothers and sisters,  
Some of the chieftains dislike,  
Many entail the justice of a night.

Best of the worlds,  
At night the peace is proclaimed,  
The nights of science share a road  
With the training of truth  
Into the hearts of mankind,  
So that both of our weapons  
Can burst and enlighten.

Naveed Akram

## Best Opening

Tonight the best blessing is open to belief,  
Going to the teaching area is an opening to belief,  
Yet where does the blowing of thoughts go?  
The belief is a system for your pleasant gift,  
Underneath the table one cries also  
A certainty that abides and this thinker  
Has been born to experience,  
To become a godly follower is the main sport.

After the lesson stays it becomes quavers  
Then the decibels are increased for tonight,  
The musical applause causes events  
Of the same period to join and experience  
In one moment.

These gifts are for your guess,  
Estimate the thoughts of the chief tappers,  
Notice the effects of the liberties,  
As far as the eyes can bear.

Naveed Akram

## Best Wishes

Those are the best wishes given to me,  
An acculturation takes place for the sight;  
Difficulty and dignity are rapid and dirty,  
One is a craftsman, a crayon to be bought bright.

By candlelight we bite the food of cosey people,  
Diplomacy is the subject, the topic of war,  
My time is shared by those in war even able,  
This is them, the able ones who collapse from afar.

Let the wish of an accent be charred like a single act,  
Adaptable men shall forgive me for themselves;  
Behaviour is that of an ability to enact,  
To enact is strangely to disperse before he delves.

Naveed Akram

# Better Knowledge

The knowledge of better facts began last week,  
Trials mattered too much now that I started;  
Let me narrate the account in splashing properties,  
Going into neat handwriting, pleasing us in the eyes,  
And ears are pricked for the penetrating majority.  
Then there was raw twilight, here was the baker and artist  
For the days and nights following,  
All about the yard, seeing starts and stops.  
It appeared to be an adjustment adjacent to advice,  
Toes became further in size, with fingers  
Growing in trial, understanding and reflecting.

Naveed Akram

## Better Men

You have better values of property  
Than those who enter the life of others.  
Without denial, passing into kindness,  
The soul of your body is weak and delighted  
By the soothing calamities surrounding it.  
We have vision of dreams dissolving into our head,  
Finding peace within and without,  
Masking us from true life, but is life true?  
May peaceful men walk this Earth with dignity,  
Surrounding their peace with a bigger faith,  
Breaking the thinker's thought into fragments  
And understanding then what thought suggests.  
The property of a man's life is his toy,  
With this damage comes a manhood,  
One of a trend and sway.

Naveed Akram

# Between Us And The Moon

Between us and the moon is a stillness,  
There is calmness, also a significant shrillness.  
We abandon the flight to the moon,  
Coming like paper is the month soon.  
The space between us and this glorious satellite  
Is striking, industry is richer than this whole electrolyte.  
We escape from this world of obvious danger  
To strangle the brothers, and worse is the changer.

Naveed Akram

# Bewailing

Bewailing like mad the lady of the house  
Gathers her tears whilst in a state of conjecture;  
The old her refuses to obey this reality of speech,  
The tears that flow from her organs of sight  
Realise the full rigour of life as seen by the naked eye.  
Bewailing like apes in custody the lady of this mansion  
Will support nobody else, just her husband also damning  
The weak and helpless, who despise efforts to rectify.  
A house is run like a home, too squalid to live in by others,  
But the full rigour of life is gained by the profession  
Earning the half of life ascertained by some, by others.

Naveed Akram

# Big Cats

If I were a cat,  
I'd be a big cat too,  
I'd freeze in the land  
Of the sun and rain.

This lion sank into the earth,  
For the mind was a heated treasure,  
Liking an eating ritual,  
Loving the sunny weather.

My head dropped to the sure ways,  
At a distant scene, under the fractured sky;  
Never did a storm come hither,  
Leading the lions and cats.

Naveed Akram

# Big Crowd

Other people are like the wonders that glow,  
They glitter and glide forever, always in flow.  
The crowd is unhappy with the abolition and emotion,  
The speaker has found enemies for demolition.  
I speak like a leader that is fresh from struggle,  
That is ready to argue, fuss and muddle.  
Real is the populace of expertise,  
The memory of a far greater size.  
Listen and enjoy this speech,  
One that can glow and not just mutter.

Naveed Akram

# Big Hand

A big hand never released the big men,  
Their face relaxed, wrinkles deepening,  
Gazing started and stopped for they were big.  
During the night was a trough, and a crest,  
Graphs of paper gripped us with mighty weather,  
Eyes became alert, ears sensed the meanings,  
Words took effect, and words were a pleasure,  
Somebody with a line of graphical art  
Should sway the earth and soil.  
The head slammed as the big hand was released.

Naveed Akram

# Big Life

Bigness we must love, and we have to love it,  
Proposing different values is a good start,  
But must we finish our natural urges to  
Submerge our endeavours into cruelty?  
No! Our moods are long, and narrow,  
Yet we may bring happiness to other people,  
The natural look of their appearances  
Has increased, has boasted their living life,  
And it bursts only this time, neither small nor large,  
Justice has caught so creatively  
That we are feeding on the luxury of a lovely life.

Naveed Akram

# Big Speech

Sentences are big, small as well,  
Their tailors stupidly work  
And the tools split when words are built.  
The tools are a spirit, a well-being, a promise,  
The tools benefit us in soothing ways.  
The sentences become a speech for the royal kings,  
They think overall that they own them,  
Giving work and problems, saving us, living with danger.  
The intelligence of a wish is that of writing  
And poetry.  
Words spell what we know,  
They always now keep magic  
That the king sows deep in the land.

Naveed Akram

# Biggest Work

Think about craft and you are supposed to die from it,  
The possibility of completion exactly describes it;  
You have gone to bed, marrying yourself  
And creating trials and tribulations for all the year.  
I wonder whether I should repent?  
Maybe the man will forgive my appearance  
When it was bland, blind and bringing.  
My likes and dislikes create discord,  
With thoughtful silence, few men have been silent.  
I imagine the biggest work for myself,  
Engaged in holiness and its activity.

Naveed Akram

# Big-Hearted Man

I am a big-hearted man of classic  
Clumsiness, in the end it matters.  
My clean and carefree living  
Closes the clutter of the aliens.  
The damaged decimals invade my  
Happiness, cleverly aligning my prayer.

It is compassionate of the soul,  
The big-hearted man is me and soul.  
I have a heart of clear bliss,  
Cloudy like the heavenly clouds.  
Blaring heat connives the colourless  
Rain, in this deep comfort we see.

Naveed Akram

# Billion People

A billion governments were cares  
For the throne that submerged for you;  
A reduction in time was a business  
For those in time, a time to honour.  
The public are working too harder  
Than the government, as it speaks  
To you with compulsion,  
Endowing words of art and politics.  
They provide for your feet, arms and hands  
Like the dolphins that provide the oceans,  
Greater words build on the reactions  
Of someone who would lead.

Naveed Akram

# Billions Of Spiders

For billions of years the loss in the galaxy  
Strikes horror in the hearts of those  
On the middle of the road.  
To the forehead is a spider on the universe,  
A tough target for all those in space.  
One well is like two water-holes  
That provide too many fuels rather than uranium.  
A leg off an animal is more than a spy,  
Bring him to the laziness of a spy.  
The front of the shop carries a sign  
And that doesn't matter compared to spiders.

Naveed Akram

# Binding And Bountiful

How beautiful the crow  
As it flew to infinity like laws  
Of cool declaration,  
Blending with flaws,  
Bending the beaks of other birds  
With food of black joys.

How bountiful the hold  
Of a drowning man,  
As he causes the sentences to  
Be written in minds  
Rather than pages of awe  
Too brief.

How pausing is the reality  
Of rare events,  
Hesitations are far bitterer,  
Casual labour surpasses  
Rare joys, but inner hurt  
Relaxes the soul.

How binding is the strength  
Of atoms, enfeebling space  
With the calls of grace,  
This earth is full of laws of lovely  
Physics, relax then  
In this mighty pint of cosmic flow.

Naveed Akram

# Binding To You

I am the waves of the sea disturbing the sea,  
My contours fasten onto the walls of the city;  
It rushes, crashes, and abolishes the waste,  
Where are worries of calibre and steel existing?

The torrents terrify me, the constant battle is  
Soothing me for it is cool water written on sitting;  
Underneath a city is another lake, and then marsh,  
What do undead creatures believe when they die?

My sea is gaining gifts, wrapped by the deities  
Awaiting you in the darkness, where cosmic rays  
Absently pervade the abyss, a string has broken,  
A rope has clung to you, a binding branch.

Naveed Akram

# Biological

Biocontrol was the best overall plan,  
A tonne was wasted, over the lands.  
This I call the wasted land of such heaven,  
This I call the desired heaven  
Inside another slaughter.  
We are obvious and concrete  
Like alcohol of the wastes  
That coincide with the desires and lusts.

My amalgam of noxious fumes  
Interrogates my face with purity and poor  
Life still in me,  
The controlling mechanism bored me.  
My controller was a striker into the hearts,  
Claws attacked and trenches fell,  
This cavern of the worms was so deep.

Naveed Akram

## Birds And The Above

What is their grade, who sing to the above?  
Their legs can not carry their bodies,  
For they are inferior, they are inferior.  
Legs are too much for those who walk,  
Yet the hands are meaning too much.  
You are superior, and you are amazing -  
It is a man who walks and talks that inspires,  
Yet feeble people do not seem wrong  
To the caring ones, the ones who care.  
Care must be given to you,  
As the hospital will fetch you  
If hands and feet are allowed.  
As you are like a bird,  
Birds are like you, for you fly.  
With wings you are not,  
But hands and feet.  
You walk and yet fly,  
Yet wings are not feet  
For the birds.  
What is their grade, who sing to the above?

Naveed Akram

## Birds And Us

Days are numbers and words,  
When is the solution of birds?  
They dive and deliver their praise,  
Therefore their wings will amaze.  
I must signify danger to their glare,  
The very sight of a dozen men who stare.  
We decide the losing people,  
Birds merely sing and recover, they are defendable.  
Their powers reply to ours  
In ways of the air, the bazaars.  
I can buy the book in the shop  
But this bird is free and to chop.

Naveed Akram

# Birds Are Words

The birds are words for the day of festivals,  
Their flight overwhelms me with praise of the  
Certainties in the hearts of men on the grass and  
Ground.

Goats can outrun me with lies to bring boots  
Into play, deciphering their horns, championing the  
Race with flying troubles, certain gestures wheel  
Into us.

Ghosts and ghouls are not so nasty as princes  
In the snow grounds, with cold wastes in the distance,  
Flight of dynamic men is the flight of birds, with  
Wings.

Let birds swallow hearts with songs of cherished beliefs,  
This is the laughter of the heavenly mountains  
And streams, an output of trains and cars too competent  
In thought.

Naveed Akram

# Bird's Flight

Once you were parallel  
To a bird's flighted path:  
I don't know the shuffle  
Of wings, or strapping of greed,  
For shrinking minds pulsed  
The eyes, as swooping  
Became your joys - rejoice!

Whisking your way  
through the air, more  
accustomed to this phenomenon  
than the birds of martyrdom,  
You enjoy a brief game of flight  
and then sit in a nest of twigs.

Naveed Akram

## Birds Of Praise

Birds chirp to rid us of the waft of disease,  
They have spines of an illustration,  
Spines of the praise so lovely and strange.  
Birds cross the divides of a holy day,  
Rattling their beaks with flasks of heat,  
Losing their goals as time beautifies the life.  
Their wings outstretched, a crisp is found  
Dallying in the mouth of a passenger of  
Earth, the countries within, and the nations  
Of clout.  
Birds chirp ceaselessly, like fondling the  
Youngsters of an age in ruins, knowing the life  
Of an illustrated man, one of the flyers,  
One of the same flyers that humanly inspire.

Naveed Akram

## Bird's Wings

The bird's wing levels for the summation,  
It dived once more but now it flies straight;  
This evening is its dinner and lunch,  
Killing itself and its kids, forming a nest.  
The wings of an animal work for the better,  
Injured ones last not, they do not last at all  
For the flight of a bird is accompanied by all.  
Mighty winds sever the flight so wild and free,  
In order to pack the several costumes of the breeze.  
Freedom comes from everything and all of our guns  
Are shooting the air like a bird's flight and its freedom.

Naveed Akram

# Birth Of A Man

birth of a man means holes  
and charred crushed roots  
lopped off to ponder this propulsion  
slow.

scrape and rotate up to the peak  
sink with explosions  
explosions of the summer, kicking  
your womb spun from ice.

Naveed Akram

# Birth Of Death

The birth of the bishop was dying like the dye of red health,  
His elements of fidelity struck us dimmer than news of mortuaries.  
Embedded in the hearts of devolved spirits, one crane and one builder  
Rectified the conditions of the many folded documents,  
The wills and the winds of the soldiers were stormed by the bullets.

The cerebrums of generals had taken their gates,  
Manors as casual as wishes were slaughtered in mild taste,  
Yet the flat manner of the evictors was spreading thin  
Licking the fowls from supreme heat that sacked the bruised arts.  
An elm tree founded a nation of elm trees for the documents believed.

Naveed Akram

# Birth Of Rope

A dangling rope is a relative to the unknown,  
From the absorption of heat and cold the rope is alone;  
Jostled by the windy weather, a bit of string is enough  
To relish the conduct of war, the machine always rough.

A rope inhabited me from the start, and the end,  
I must work towards a safer future to backbend;  
The stringing of life with life applies a fortune,  
This mania may be lucky or not, like abortion.

Naveed Akram

## Bitter Animals

The bitter animals compose a short message,  
An address to the public, advice for a friend,  
That I love it the way winners bring an adage,  
From advantages prospered and to ascend.  
Binary is the dog's letter, either it speaks or barks,  
Learning the briefing on the wall, living along,  
Much with the need for birthmarks,  
Much handed to the simplicity they belong.  
I crave for motion bugging a movement,  
A book is handed to desirables,  
The dogs and cats do carry on appeasement,  
Much to the scale of worry of untouchables.

Naveed Akram

# Bitter Geese

Bitter bitumen is fetched by the real men,  
The Goose is a fundamental animal of this place.  
For geese concern me from their appearance  
And they are bitter inwardly like real bitumen.

Bitter salt shall be loose and sticky as well,  
Geese will tantalize you with their face,  
For their necks are ripe and to swallow,  
Feeding them salt is my only occupation.

Better tasks await the caskets of wine and oil,  
Ointment collapses when darkness enters,  
To soothe then the ointment will spoil,  
Like geese do when flying towards their goal.

Naveed Akram

# Bitter Hearts

Bitter fruits cast regrets to the lower heart,  
It grows pale and swollen by the hour,  
Turning into an orange of suffering and obedience.  
The heart is the actor of the lifetime,  
Swirling energy has reigned due to the rate  
At which it beats with clocks and locks.  
My success is my lifespan that I count in years,  
The opposite of dying would be a word in itself.  
That word is a recipe for shameful men and  
Attendant hearts, for shame runs deep  
Like the fires of Hell, and my word is Heaven  
That resounds in the sky of the overpowering mind.

The upper heart sees warlike episodes of sentinels,  
They speak towards the grandeur of a king in white robes,  
For winter is slothful, as the sloth is certain of rescinding.  
The heart is a better instrument for the year that transgresses,  
Mild sin entered the cavities, and the capillaries of a day  
In this body of mine shatter, fulfilling blood and serum.  
The kind acts of heartfelt people accuse nobody of sin,  
For the hearts are attuned to freedom of the air and water.

Naveed Akram

# Bitter Images

Bitter and bizarre images are erased  
When crowded curls explore the world of hair.  
Crabby speech entails suspicions,  
Dramatic are the consequences.  
We are in which world?  
The world depicts a mystery of hair and clothing,  
This cynical look astounds me when I raise  
The family from the depths of evil.  
Creepy stairways help me arouse  
Their suspicions.  
After a cultured response, my child  
Lives in cute surroundings to be drunk.

Naveed Akram

# Bitter Toast

Bitter, lemon-flavoured and pickled  
Are the words of tiring age,  
Fuzzily undoing the grease of hard health,  
Freezing the size of time, and  
Understanding the virtues present.  
Yummy words abound, with trespassers,  
And damp, hot wetness  
That words cannot prevail,  
Even above the buttered toasts  
Painfully encrusted with peppercorns,  
Onions and fed cheese.  
They were seeing silk on their attire of attack,  
Slippery, loose, boiling were the acts.  
The salty air seemed close to the sea  
Subjugating the wet stains of land.

Naveed Akram

# Bizarre Beasts

Bizarre beasts are breezy once laughing,  
Clean and clear are their arts forever;  
Clever maps are driven, forming an illness,  
Deafening the ears of the traveller.

A devilish grin arouses the beasts around,  
The colossal weather-changes bear fruit  
For all the cloudy scene, when animals roar  
And beam on the lesser variety, forever.

I am an eminent believer in beasts that travel,  
Boring boldness accepts their heads of work,  
For the descriptive edge arrives, well ahead,  
Demonic and different are the classes of their travel.

Naveed Akram

# Black Clouds

Be careful and then rest to make the Black;  
The dead and those alive will wrestle clouds  
Of chivalrous knights, too much to attack,  
That flesh bespeaks on little brittle shrouds.

My worry pains me so, pains me until  
I dropp to ends of drama: the suffered  
So then are brittle and like daffodil,  
To see defeat is sweet, and so backward.

My cares dissolve beneath my nerves in sleep,  
I see the Black, the White and these fighters,  
For they then lose their war with food knee-deep  
In sand of deserts, deeply adventures.

What crying came? Where was my name tonight?  
Names uttered gain a boast full of delight.

Naveed Akram

# Black Holes

A massive hell is overcoming me when I start,  
The space around is a little selfish for it stays;  
The universe may be angry, it may be sad  
But the whole world knows the whole planet.  
This place is a place of real ruin, light surpasses  
Yet light can not now escape, for it is yet to appear.  
The sun and stars are leaning at our wishes,  
Fulfilling our requests, butter is solid.  
Meanings are bounties, suffering is words,  
The language of a black-hole appears before the eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Black Is Godly

The black images are again in the path,  
Opening the doors too swiftly and with settees  
Of comfort and attitude, feelings are aroused  
By the minutes.

The lounge is static and stagnant,  
Offering me a godly face in the realm.

This engineering fact promotes itself,  
Fixing you with nails and pictures  
Of forgotten warriors, along the wall.

The blank images of the iguana are  
All rotten by the heat of the sun.

The images of a righteous man are also  
In the limelight, feelings are aroused by  
The deaths of millions and billions.

Open lives are closed affairs,  
Feelings carve the earth.

Naveed Akram

# Black Prison

Do not blacken my prison with hatred so greatly admired,  
Mighty is the fault so looked at, mighty crimes are in choirs.  
The rest of the school is like the people behind bars of white,  
Blackness carries a graveness so lined in this way.  
Misers collect the pain of systems so bright with gold,  
Lulling the sound of water as it stems from the ground,  
Roots are abolished from the very heart of the ground.  
The head carried fortunate ones, fully established  
After the sound so lulled had yet again formed for all time.

Naveed Akram

# Black Wounds

Black and attracted to the vacuum,  
A space is an endeavour of the word,  
It is language, it is spoken by tongues,  
For it spreads with sense and surprise,  
For our benefit and calmness,  
To take our families into happiness.

But my enemy is my foe of fierce wolves,  
Languishing from lungs of leaking blood,  
A pace is splitting the rhythm of the chase,  
Chaste women are aligned on the shelves  
Of books about holy dangers, filling the heart,  
Filling the eyes with tense tears.

But my enemy is fearful of the fist,  
His language is light, his religion is right,  
Mighty dangers await him on the other side,  
His language of words and deeds is spilt  
Onto the brainy men who lead like leather,  
Finding my bleeding wounds so wastefully.

Naveed Akram

# Blackberries And Strawberries

Letting go of blackberries in favour of strawberries  
Creates illusion so that biochemistry defines collision.  
The bicentenary celebrations are nearby to relics  
Defending the faiths of their tranquillity,  
Bleary bigotry bears fruit like serenity after dawn.  
My letting go is my surpassing of you,  
The biochemist swears to conceal a bounty,  
Just as food ends with sorrow so like the beauty.  
My cemetery is awake with nights and lights,  
Celebratory days far outnumber the collisions  
So like linen and silk, fastness and slowness.

This cherry makes me bold like blackberries,  
The chivalry amounts to a flatness of the roof.  
The contemporary person must be contradictory,  
For he alone considers the philosophic systems.  
You decide, and the driving of thoughts makes sense  
As problems are afoot, with no more solutions.

Naveed Akram

# Blackened Land

On blackened land must I retire,  
To meet the accuser who is an empire.

Naveed Akram

# Blades

Do not mean to me with my blade,  
Confusing and skilled is the request.  
Nothing like roads, the daggers shift  
With their curved edges and skills to carve.  
The moment it is pulled apart  
The steel weapon pierces the heart  
So wholesome and weathered  
That gorgeous glances afford.  
To efforts we shift the neck,  
Nights of use shall beget blocks of stone.  
Do not be mean to my building  
Of blind work, the very same work has occurred.

He was sniffing hungrily (whole fruits disappoint me) ,  
As he was licking and smelling the staff.  
This dog of a house bellows steam at me,  
With no connivance of intelligence,  
Just barks were heard from afar.

This blade may lick me  
Halving the complete river  
With the absorption by the sun.

Naveed Akram

# Blank Pages

Fierce are blank books triumphing over good,  
Then biggest literature is born for the bachelorhood.  
Fun are the readers to accompany, to admire  
For their effort and will, they are in their attire.  
Good people do read and recite for pleasure,  
Leaders of literature force the one farther;  
It is one of the best of rhythm, of rounder look,  
Saying is not doing or writing a book.  
Blank pages do run, their fun is deep when justice  
Is made from the spelling how we make abruptness.

Naveed Akram

# Bless The Horse

I spiritually bless you from far thoughts,  
My poetry entraps the infirm and ready;  
I bless your divinity when cool acts  
Sing along and state the belongings.

I was a carpenter and builder of states,  
In them were buttons and talking ills;  
These ills muttered, thwarting your dress  
And the manners came next to relieve you.

I bettered the souls of the magicians,  
My lectures sufficed sadly, and sadness  
Became a dozing sleep, a slumber  
Of extremity, as extreme as the alacrity.

I bless those who fix their vision on life  
That celebrates martyrdom, those martyrs  
Speak to the heavenly heights, and their  
Steeds gallop and then close in behind.

My action is my horse, galloping and cantering,  
Like a true animal of worth, endangered by  
The scene and the heart of the hearer,  
Who hears all the finery and the chivalry.

Let my horses run battles in the blindness  
Of fields of hay and crops designed to dry.  
Why do we canter then jump accosting nobody?  
Where do we sign the soldier of horses?

Naveed Akram

# Blessed Cats And Dogs

Cats and dogs, aren't they blessed?  
Causing the country to insist  
What the blows are to the chest.

Why do little angels work so caressed?  
Making the country to assist  
Cats and dogs, aren't they blessed?

My soldiers in the army are with a blood test,  
Keeping lines and dictation as a checklist,  
What the blows are to the chest.

Amazed by the brilliance of those in the contest,  
Canine help became something to co-exist,  
Cats and dogs, aren't they blessed?

May service feed the animals of conquest,  
Domestic keepers will arrive at their crest,  
What the blows are to the chest.

We see, we know the animals are depressed,  
May loving people take a goodness as a list,  
What the blows are to the chest,  
Cats and dogs, aren't they blessed?

Naveed Akram

# Blessed Day And Night

A blessed night has arrived,  
The black sky is darker than ever,  
The correct blowing of the stars is upon us.  
Their heat is of light to us,  
As we stare at them with naked eyes,  
Drawn into them, coexisting with our Sun,  
The mother of heated bodies,  
A slight heaven of bright light.

The blessed day has obviously arrived  
To bless us in the ways of good fortune,  
The heat is of right and sin as well,  
The sinful of us are best at seeing  
Thanks to the light of the Sun  
In these hours of the Day.

Naveed Akram

# Blessed Soul

Anger is the money of the soul,  
Suppress it with your mind  
So that riches come,  
So that hind legs develop  
As angry words remark on the food.

Misers anger the rich of the poor,  
For they understand those with hearts  
Aching from the remembrance of hard  
Deities.

If money enters the mind, it slows  
Down processes of the heart and head,  
Collapsing the lungs and concerns,  
Feeding a frenzy of accusations  
That are delivered to the fore.

Once wisdom enlightens your soul  
A wise man shall visit you with blessing,  
Reacting to him is finer than all of words  
For the heart can race only so far.

If money enters the frame of mind  
You cannot listen to matters  
Of the heart,  
It beats forever in the system of skill.

Naveed Akram

# Blessed Time Of Solitude

I behold an angel in the end  
I solve my life from the end  
I sell a story in the middle  
I laugh a little when I died

All this is in the time of solitude  
Everybody died due to naivety  
Bombs and bullets became darts  
Death occurred due to the design

In the grave a man has died  
His soul has to be annexed  
Letters strike into words of nature  
Spiritual habits are overtaken

Our life has emitted wisdom  
My living is only my dying  
The writing must be always in tears  
When do the words of divinity stop?

Naveed Akram

# Blind

I cast my spectacles away with my hand,  
I refused all sensible help to adjust my life;  
The using of books was against the issue  
For running along the lines became hard  
And futile, and boring.  
The task was listed in the newspaper,  
To suspend a real job, to strike.  
If eyes were for seeing then sight is good,  
For we love the spectacles that keep us trim,  
Grimacing in the heat of the day.  
They will not listen, we see and deserve the reading  
Of the newspaper, a sane expression of our will.  
We, we blind, are avalanched by words of the sane  
Who see me grin at the feelings attached.  
I only wanted faith in my glasses,  
The sight is good, pleasant for one who is not blind.

Naveed Akram

# Blind Can See

We are blending a weight of things  
With the height, and floating on ice.  
It was blind, and he was also blind  
Like a created being shrivelled by the souls of more,  
He who owns his eyes is super and must be besotted with anger  
And rage and wrath, also he angers me for being it.  
Blind people watch the flame of the loving and liking,  
Giving mortal strokes to the dead, and living an existence of verve.  
Address him who lustfully fulfills God's commandments,  
The same person who does the same thing and the same trick.  
I can not find another being so human, and so lovable  
That maybe my eyes are playing tricks on me.

Naveed Akram

# Blind Eye

On its own accord my eye changes  
During the times of our society.  
The other eye is heard by everyone somehow.  
This is my connection to hearing,  
For those blind see through no eyes  
And so do not notice and explain and concoct.  
My existence is mostly from the horizon,  
It beams its thought on my head and ceases.  
Well made is my eye, yours is to see,  
Yet will you notice my blindness somehow?

Naveed Akram

## Blind He Was

A blind know ledged person emerges from the dark  
After his kingdom beckoned him when in a park.  
In it he states allegiance elegantly, drawing facts  
From his own speech, pulling tears and acts.  
His sight was allowed, the road was known as safe,  
And light managed to be sucked into him, so unsafe.  
The ground retold the riches, of a better man than any,  
How do sleepy souls rejoice now so correctly?  
Through the night, the blind man sees his achievement,  
With successful attributes, with wealth and its measurement.

Naveed Akram

# Blind Horses

A blind horse stood among the trees of fortune,  
And hearts leapt for the hearts to live among the apes;  
When we strolled according to ways known to man,  
The animals of water that once could take no liquid  
Drank their fill from the oceanic masses as if they were real.  
Water was inside and land fats began,  
When the wooden animals soothed us in the sun.  
Going on ahead, the trees of fortune understood  
The relief, so they were no longer afflicted.

Naveed Akram

## Blind In Bed

Soft eyes, and still face grows blindness,  
Your gloom besets when shut are the eyes.  
Blind beauty promises unique changes always enormous,  
The sleep is a song of the void, the lies.  
My room sinks into boredom when he arrives,  
He is a good doctor, wonderful and fit to be severe,  
When he arrives medicine has come that deprives,  
But it helps us with archives, and it makes us adhere.  
The key of the doctor is near the bed of another man,  
I cannot reach the different person, he is a sanity.  
May God deliver his help to me when He can,  
Like a doctor or a nurse of Christianity.

Naveed Akram

# Blind Man's Eyes

My catch for the year is a blind man,  
Who causes the trees to have leaves  
And makes pardon for the coming of the year,  
Like a forgiver or liker of the winds,  
Breezes occur once and for all.  
This fish is with me when he stares  
At the galaxy for the time is ripe.  
Time accuses us in ways known to mine,  
But the blind man blames the white hair  
As of a spirit to judge and abstain.  
My causes are different and I live among trees  
That flutter everyday like the eyelashes of his.  
These eyes are blind where I see them,  
And I hear them keep a vision of his own.  
My years are numbered,  
And his visor has consideration  
For his eyes,  
Ears will repeat after me.

Naveed Akram

# Blissfully Cool

A hand was blissfully cool,  
With moving and delusion;  
The dark corners of the room  
Subjugated my presence.  
Chilling settings like this  
Ruin the balance of peace  
Around the strategy of the head  
And the heart is fond of being tied up  
Or moored to the bank of a river  
Called life.

Death and fear met me in the chase,  
A breath of chilling air made  
Fountains filled, to be in some flesh.  
The night air had eradicated  
Selfishly my honour - this is pain!  
A bone shall speak once you recall  
The body or corpse that is you.

Naveed Akram

# Blood And Customs

Blood and customs mastered the weak,  
There were several deviations of the lame and limped,  
Atrocious tasks marketed the majority as slaves  
Without hope and mastering them was at close quarters.

I saw the various parts of the body,  
And saw the dimensions of demonstrations  
So revived and never condemned  
On the higher length.  
Strength of distinction remarried with trade,  
And millions of facts were compared.

Let no number of warriors read into combat  
Quite like diverse creatures with teeth  
Munching on cane and sugar cane.  
Some appropriate movements were adding  
A lie, one of the lies bore trouble and more lies.

Naveed Akram

# Blood Flows

Soon my blood is in a stopping way,  
It mixes with the air, and a scab forms.  
My heart is all right, fine, perfect,  
At last, let the heart beat naturally  
Like the wheel is turning to make travel.  
We soon relax, storm other hearts  
And consider this question and many more.  
The blood eventually stops, halts in ways,  
As the heart of mine is concerning the doctor-  
An expert of excellence, a brilliant mind.  
The heart is all right, perfect like ice is water,  
Much ends here, to talk the heart bleeds love.  
The heart is not just love, it concerns our soul,  
The spirit of love itself, a reality of greatness.  
My blood desists to roam in my veins,  
Right now, it does not flow and I may never inhabit the Earth.

Naveed Akram

# Blood Of Eternity

An eternal void concentrates inside,  
Like a fountain of the blessings,  
Glimpsing into the usage of english men  
Who roam the centuries of finiteness,  
An eternal season is back to the city.  
Weeping, championing, through disasters,  
A weeper is dressed in gold,  
The tramp of hooves is aback,  
Metal tankards fill the room of feet  
And arms in dislodged fashion.  
This mass grave is a void to be filled  
By the rest of humanity.  
Do not hide it from our sons,  
And do not feed it to the graveyard  
Speaking ill of men who answer,  
You are now weeping anything.

The usage of ships is the hidden factor,  
Our foremost hero of the heightened spirit,  
Standing there weeping tears of blood.

Naveed Akram

# Blood Of River

Saw him in half, like a frog and snail,  
Running with passion and living underwater.  
My buds attach to the clarity and potion  
Of this barren odorous bog of congealed  
Blood, that finances are read at this hour  
For their future and beyond.  
Much concrete chasms encase strong dances,  
The weapons of the bold and polite.  
The woes'd rain down hard to scatter  
In the blood-like muddy puddle,  
Wearing me thin, as the abdomen encloses  
The fodder, to express a sickness.

Naveed Akram

# Blood Of Scoundrels

You call us melters of blood, but arrest  
Is the outcome of a man and woman in happiness.  
You think that belief is brief and blood boils,  
But the bent nature of a neck concerns me,  
Men have passed on this road.  
You broke me in half when the road broke  
Into bits that called themselves bricks of mud.

My road is longer than the idiotic kind,  
Shifting away from the beaches and forests,  
Little-by-little a lesser devil stalks me,  
Forgetting the prey and minding me.  
The intelligent scoundrel leaps in the air,  
Forcing me to destroy the innards of a man!

You call on the frame of mind we think  
Is in full array, why do you consider the voice?  
The voice made me what men and women believe.

Naveed Akram

# Bloodbath

The bloodbath expands my thought like a normal cage,  
It comprises of red blood cells and white, of an outrage.

Naveed Akram

# Blood-Thirst

Not many people enter the contentment,  
A reader of stories creates a dismal fact  
Because he or she desires the bringing of facts.  
In the broad bold night of the days we extend  
Is a party of vampires and their victims;  
Empower them to express their blood-thirst  
So their realities are recognised and met  
By the blood of our fathers,  
The blood of our victims.  
Find and seek the whole book created by us,  
We freely ingest the liquid of love and hate,  
The blood of blue and red,  
Our blue blood is red, our blood is bled  
Like a bloody liquid of the night.

Naveed Akram

# Blossoming Azaleas

With the banks of blossoming azaleas  
Is an eye to meet, in slippery confusion.  
For the unsafe swallows a trunk of a tree  
Too solidified by gracious mud and earth.  
Life is the best work, a full philosophy  
Meets the ear with resonance of the tongue.  
May each causeway be a blessed act,  
May each other beam on the eyes of strangers.

With the blossoming heritage of our times,  
The banks of the rivers that run are to be  
Investigated to see if masters of pain damage  
The ecology and the environment.  
The banks shall be tearful if allowed,  
Shouts of waves penetrate as shallow waves,  
And shutting the waves creates delusion.  
Life works at rest. Life is a world of words  
In tarnished confusion.

Naveed Akram

# Blotch

I compelled my hand-blotch to be a care  
On this soul of mine. So far, my cares  
Diminished, as bending was difficult for me  
And old tables remained like my skin.  
I wore a cardigan that day, and could it be  
That my wearing of this item of clothing  
Be strict and due to ancient nature,  
Or the feature of an old saying  
That forbade my age to enter history.  
My hands tie meaning with my shirt  
Or shall I say cardigan, just the sold one,  
The one so forgiving of my age.  
Age carries stiches,  
I stretch my shirt, or cardigan,  
And look at my hands.

Naveed Akram

# Blue Cavern

Engrossed in shrubbery that gleams,  
An absurd picture of blue has been,  
Rocky chambers of rock define the air,  
And echoes of solemn messaging line  
The presence of this cavernous mine.

The hair of its schedule align accordingly,  
Fitting the mud and stones, the moss of songs,  
Filling minds with mild attitudes of plants,  
Fixing the nails of nature in the young array,  
So that blindness is a duty of the past.

My rocks are blue-green in this passage  
Of splendour and grace, a rocky joy  
Is suppressed by an evil mind, but good  
Has to fear the swarms of the tide;  
In this lift of the world at bay a truth resides.

Naveed Akram

# Blue People

The Blue is one to argue all the while,  
Yet I was then to say the ever real.

Naveed Akram

# Blue Sky

There is a blue sky that shudders  
And turns black after exhaustion;  
The fires are on, in the childhood,  
Many of these days are like fountains.  
Loathing the men of mathematical qualities  
Is nearly making me shudder,  
For the shunning of the sun is huge.  
Underneath the sky of the star is a planet,  
And the soil is an open field of commerce.  
Let the black mountains outshine others  
In their blackness, so that fire of igneous rocks  
Inflames our heart and speaks mathematically high.

Naveed Akram

## Blue Stars

The blue, blue sky shines too loudly,  
A springing canopy, a snapping jest.  
Farewell stars of the rotten flesh!  
Mingling with people of right and wrong  
Is like the creation of justice.  
Feel your sky when stars are called  
Bolder than the stewards who travel.  
Still my dear weather is sweet,  
Sweeter than the bolder work,  
Does it fester like a wound of audacity?

Naveed Akram

# Blurry Declaration

They remark on the statements that satisfy,  
Perfecting the questions to amplify;  
My reasoning is to experience by most,  
My hat is worn from stone and to boast.  
This I interrogate, the hard solutions,  
When I married them to other Dalmatians.  
The criticism is immense of all the work,  
Worst of all, the work was going berserk.  
I can not admire a rude worry,  
That of a declaration too blurry.

Naveed Akram

# Blushes

Blushing, that means highlighting your skin,  
With innocence so sober and fit like a fin.  
Southern winds collide, finishing a cool day,  
Muster the pride of a flash genius this way.  
Much is almost dead in the way of exercise,  
Guard this with your shields, this I advise.  
Into the innards a food or particle entices,  
You manage me with all these prices.  
Shouts are made with great volume in here,  
The exclamations are extolling us - no fear!

Naveed Akram

# Blustery

Blustery boosts wound round the trees that were offering bullion,  
The jewels fled after air particles goaded the actual trunks  
And glum puzzled parts of bark were usurped, leaves were claimed,  
And leaves were left to the forces of godly intervention.

After this natural contention a glow from the sky vanished  
Replaced by darkness, the wide and wider abyss called night;  
Jewels were conspicuous, leaving the stars in wonderment  
To be called feeble for their glimmering and simmering.

As slowly as heating a cake, the day resumed, to fight the hard gusts  
Yet again, as a single-handed wind strove along the road  
And bit hard at the royal leverage, commonality had reasserted the scene  
For the wind had since been an offence called Regicide.

The king had escaped into the alive-world, where little men reigned  
To be reigning horses of their own winning, the very aid he received for kingdom;  
That kingdom was in no blustery showers, but this kingdom remained  
With a queen who had lost her jewels in the forest of foes and worry.

Naveed Akram

# Boast Of Borders

Brag and boast for the boots,  
Guilt has been annoying for the looting,  
As the observant have noted  
Much to the distaste of elders.  
Quavers and similar musical items  
Are liquid and sometimes in task  
With this task that overruns.

To reimburse the galleries of such art  
Wants ligaments of people,  
Borderless nature embraces  
The swords of the people in love and hate.

Karate will come, incredible loving  
Nature has erupted now this time.

Naveed Akram

# Boats

Both of them boss the rivers and sea,  
Each can blend the beginning and end,  
Such is the readiness expected and special  
For a built boat, and floating ship to boast.

Naveed Akram

# Boats On Water

Faster than boats we travel on the floor of humanity,  
Earth is like a lake of water, but also of the Sun in actuality.

Naveed Akram

# Body Movements

I have in my arms an inner mechanism,  
Yes legs, there is strong realism.  
The body movements will remain  
Loving our lessons and again.  
I have all lesson and learning in this way,  
My organs shall respond in a day.  
Joys repeat as forces collect,  
And the skeleton's bones will connect  
To prove ounces of flesh  
Are exactly in this mesh.  
My arms and legs and offal  
Are in one single way lawful.

Naveed Akram

# Body Of Bone

The body of bone was a book,  
Fragile fortress of strenuous work,  
Books were of bone singing in the snow.

The month's monument stood looking at us,  
Years subsided to react with some work,  
Grandfather wished his own destiny.

At this altitude we sink and swim,  
Seas kept jobs to sink and swim,  
Faster than the worlds of the women and men.

Naveed Akram

# Bold Sky

For he is awkward from the sky so bold,  
Felt happy as a fool so long and hard,  
Let poems be! Let strength win debarred,  
So great is laughter, then the laugh controlled.  
My laughter loves my life to trust as gold,  
This sentence came tonight I can bombard,  
This yard will show my very old graveyard,  
In order to then read my lines, the mould.

This rock I found from skies and earth and storm  
Shall feed my life, shall live a long long time,  
To still be rocks that warn us for the length now.  
My real bread stung by bees not giving form  
Is being rocks, the sky so bold and prime,  
The fields claw at fire, disallow!

Naveed Akram

# Bombing

A bomb is a boat of many colours and feelings,  
A blushing face has arisen, many people are hyperactive;  
The impenetrable stain lingers, implementing change,  
Loathing it for the atmosphere and all its tameness.  
Piety reduces the bomb so beautiful, the bomb so perfect,  
Flow along the lane of language we call upon.  
Hopefully, the explosions matter to the weak,  
The boat is a dog, the bomb is a boat, we cry!

Naveed Akram

# Bomb-Scare

An image of a book burgeons tonight,  
Today my fright overtook me in light.  
Some day, some way, I gather the force  
To do goodness, I can not subtract the remorse  
I feel inside, deep inside, just lower than the abdomen  
And then the swearing happened to awaken.  
My misery is with the bomb,  
Offered to us by the calm.  
My book deserves reading as well,  
Let us work on the world with a carousel.

Naveed Akram

# Bonds

To strengthen the bond reads in the books,  
The wrong direction permits me to cry;  
I nod and especially enjoy this arrangement  
Of my life and earnings, the wages are correct.  
My living confides in the laws of the land,  
The nations construct my youth for their benefit.  
Bonds reserve our souls to strongly instruct,  
Best blessings conserve the young nation.  
May we learn to love the suffered ones,  
And live with inhabitants of certain clubs.

Naveed Akram

# Bones And Light

To brew the bone of brilliance is to shine in an exact way  
That bright light resides in your very basket.  
To be the best of beings your deeds buy more deeds of splendid actions,  
The light that is dim badly wallows in the sires of the masters.  
To be light is to be darkness  
Once the swallowed food tastes of innocence.  
This lets joy in, and peace out,  
To be this perfect we swear an oath of great happiness  
That murders our future happiness  
Turning into war.

My war has a beer and whiskey of rejoiced beauty,  
Dogs of the war drink more happily with water  
Or that innocent blend of chemical elements  
We shall define as hydrogen and oxygen -  
These are the finest bricks of our understanding.  
For when we are sustained by the whole brick,  
A wall develops in order to sense our bright light.

Naveed Akram

# Booing Fuzzy Days

A fuzzy day hit fuzzy cool night,  
The freezing air wearied and became jolly,  
So the fuzzier ways became a day.

Cuddly bears swarmed in, liking bumpy roads  
That swore their tune to the turn of the roads,  
One bear was grizzly, and one bear bore children.

A hard and melted top was painful joyfully,  
Plastic grapes resisted me after the pain,  
For booing points held booing points.

Naveed Akram

## Book In Bed

The blanket and a book, what is there?  
One you sleep in, one you share.  
Enough water and ice in the making,  
Giving some of the bellyaching.  
A sleeping knowledge acquires taste,  
Where is it factually based?  
The sleep is inhabiting the sleep,  
This can be rather cheap.

Naveed Akram

## Booklets Or Boldness

For the book of legends, for a gracious volume,  
For a blessed pad in mind,  
I pose a lesson for the humanity,  
A little stress on the graveness to be a silent issue.  
The armour is worn and fed by the knights of gashing blood,  
Their loss is like a waste, but not at all for me,  
Due to duty being as it is.  
Helmets will keep away the sages from a servant of war,  
For they can not read at all now, only can it fight and wait?  
A group of lovers finds the laughing soldier a misery  
For he has no books.

Naveed Akram

# Books

I have discipline with my book,  
Absorbed in its content that judges  
My bed from its room and space.

I absently wondered about bangs,  
The attention has astounded,  
Musical whims are again outlandish.

Inside this small country, I think  
And I wince at thorough yawns  
About the world I glimpse.

This, my body of thought,  
Though I consider the mind an alacrity,  
Is wondered by some as a feud.

Find me in music books,  
Answer the problems for the pages  
And I may succumb to you like paper.

Naveed Akram

## Books Galore

I have a scrutiny of meticulous books,  
I wage war on the sensibilities and hooks,  
By the jeopardy of the soul, and benevolence  
Too cold, so kind are they all, so kind.

Words become a holocaust when directed,  
To be feasible a book enlightens for food,  
But these are dockyards, those are mere sounds  
Of the world, at war and at averse conditions.

My amicable maid is a wordless soul, a wife of  
Jokes and jaundice, the disease of the soul,  
That impetus to subjugate the fabric of society,  
By the jeopardy of the soul which is at war.

Naveed Akram

# Books Of A Reader And Drinker

The library of books to do with life are great,  
Inside them we discover a whole new story.  
Their covers are as hard to swallow as fish,  
Meeting a drinker dissolves your hatred of reading.  
The drinker is a drunkard of the odd variety,  
He reads like an angel when his wings number many,  
But then they shed due to drink, and the beer has departed.  
For this reading composes the mind,  
The books of ancient nature fall from the shelves,  
They burn by the dozen and leave us with true knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# Books Of Wisdom

Offerings of books collapse from too much work,  
As I condemn those books or volumes then in print;  
Their funny oblique case cancels the debts,  
Those funnier words exhibit a trough and crest;  
Their only riddles seem fun and certain,  
Inside the cells of the wood that they caress.

My offer is the same as thoughts of books,  
They cancel my demanding questions,  
Wisdom causes sufferers to unite and abstain  
From the overwhelming pains to endure.  
Then books have formulas that render us special,  
The ways of the author exactly mimic and close.

Naveed Akram

# Books Of Words

A new height has been achieved  
By the tall men and tall women,  
The people of the book that was raised  
From the grounds of the school.

A new mind has occurred from imagining  
The books and words and letters,  
Shining forth from the page of its master  
And writer who wrote the achievement.

We are history and time, we combine to feed  
The mouths of our children,  
As more of a book is studied by them,  
More words are taught to their ears.

Naveed Akram

## Books To Be Read

A bottle of books seems to be drunk by men,  
Losing is abusing, reading can keep flow;  
Where words rescue, we understand simply  
Like authentic tastes, the rallies of fortune.  
The real boss of books is called the bible  
Of the results, on Wednesday our uniform  
Is dressed to wages, towards the harbour.  
I sail out to the sea of urchins, beauty has met me;  
Loathe me when I sink, and stutter my words  
Of importance that I achieve, since it cancels me.  
I can not read according to wisdom of books,  
For my vocabulary rests, loiters and repairs the ills.

Naveed Akram

# Borders

But I was understanding my promise,  
Open, I say out loud for a country.  
Its borders are visited by scouts  
And the boundaries are crossed.  
The nation is unhappy due to failure,  
What is that man doing to himself?  
He is our leader, and not our father or son.

Naveed Akram

# Bored And Absent

But people bored him in abstinence,  
Never did quakes be jolly,  
Not in the slightest, not in the slightest.

My improvement stems from too much lager,  
Hunting the brain, keeping the rings  
Allowed to some for wearing and tearing.

But people have minute requests,  
In the offering, in the famous sayings,  
That many have found vile, like the devil.

My interior shall haunt the questioner,  
And the inquisitor of the late life,  
Love has entered once again to be absent  
Yet again.

Naveed Akram

# Born

A hundred years is like deep deep anger,  
A thousand may deepen into ravines,  
And still time is about, is advanced and lovely,  
More than its source, mostly a manly invention  
Has it still, but silence has been a visitor.  
More sound has crafted the dwindling cities,  
Mostly, the Earth is guessed by the tides  
And we were rounder than many circles  
But the world was superior and we were drunk by it.  
One century has passed since I was born,  
Those circles no longer deny the perfection that is mine.

Naveed Akram

# Boss

Better not issue a sentence which needs a spider  
To walk and dissolve the issue.  
But a spider can teach you this for the man and woman  
Who understand, who avoid all wrong and keep.  
They are the ones to be ahead of us,  
So that your bank is worldlier than most,  
So then the spider's web is not in presence,  
So then the stupid arachnid decides not to come  
In the first place.

Naveed Akram

## Both Are Martyred

She seemed better before remembering,  
She lay in drugged sleep, matter had not existed.  
Instead of energy there was praise of the occult,  
But eating desired itself, eating mattered.

He escaped from the present,  
She enticed him further with remorse,  
As the sleep crept into essence,  
Showing their shoes and socks.

But talking was a whitening moment,  
With sleep to entice the believers who wept  
In front of drinkers and drunkards,  
Fuelling the economy with matter and energy.

The haunted aisles martyred them,  
She was a talker of the qualities  
Internally polite and safer,  
But he wanted more and more.

Naveed Akram

## Both Brothers

Both of the brothers of grace and style,  
Guarantee a folder of a real mile.  
Their stages are straight and splendid,  
To call but the might of the dread.

Naveed Akram

# Bottomless Pit

The bottomless pit is ceasing to be alien,  
A championship arrives to be a good play,  
Playing is like childhood in a thought,  
Playing with me as a ball-game will grow.  
Children shall await the disaster of growth,  
Growing when it is sudden is special.  
The pit so exhausts a soul that emptiness  
Shall deliver everybody into an oblivion.  
Exaltation appears to the reliable men  
As celebratory and ceremonious,  
Growth and advancement celebrates.  
The bottomless hole or pit is a child,  
Like the devouring of an infant.

Naveed Akram

# Boulders Of A Mountain

The mountain is the soul of the skies,  
Its boulders skirt the boundaries offering  
A little thought to burdensome rocks.  
This mounting tragedy interferes and resides  
Throughout a smile echoing forcibly.  
My friendly mountain causes its jaws  
To shut and open, with offence  
And defence, strengthening its core.

The souls who enlighten revolve like a wheel,  
Offending the animals of this day.  
A mountain falls through the cosmos,  
Causing terror tensely, menacing  
Us with utter rebellion.  
See the sights to be insight,  
An intuitive godly man instils  
The pillars of hate and love  
At the time of enlightenment.

Defend yourself, defend  
The tongue born from the jugular vein.  
Many sights have sighed  
Injecting truth to lighten  
Us in the entire universe.

Naveed Akram

# Bouncing

Your spring has reached its limit, the bounce  
Is heavenly, and surprised my living, the bounce.

Open doors O friend of the convicted one,  
You are not officer or wife so alluring, the bounce.

Hosts can be friendly, once you've served the prison  
And the cells or molecules we find adhering, the bounce.

When do houses that strike the eyes of the tourist  
Come into disrepute? I find them aging, the bounce.

Prices are fixed, manipulated in the ways of the bards  
Who find themselves agreeing and subduing, the bounce.

We inspect a loyal customer such as Me, we inflame him,  
By asking the question worth sharing, what is the bounce?

Naveed Akram

# Bouncing Ball

High and low I bend and touch the brick of death  
Is upon us with us,  
Solve I can do and be allowed to state  
Living standards with the mansion called Earth

Naveed Akram

# Bouncy Ball

We bounce the ball to its home,  
Running its wings along the air;  
Feeding the kids and all the parents  
With fun's laughter, well-chosen.

Springing and vaulting its life,  
The escalation will frighten us.  
The games are multi-faceted,  
Thanking you, thanking me, and all the players.

Naveed Akram

# Boxes

Boxes of thoughts are looted by the public,  
I am one who abstains from pleasure and am a workaholic.

Illness may be soap for the wild and perfect,  
But thoughts can be candles, I just do think it.

Joy is from the volcanic thought, a mountain has erupted,  
And too soon the philosophy of mine is concocted.

Open the brain of a man in prison, his needs are met,  
His mind is really upset, it seemed to glare and be in debt.

From him came my salary of a thinker and a scholar,  
Of a medic and a fighter, the very same as a father.

Naveed Akram

# Boy

There was a story of a boy,  
He was incredibly a toy,  
Of a hundred ladies,  
Full of studies  
Of a boy.

Naveed Akram

# Brain And Order

The brain transmits a thought of light,  
Focussing on the image sublime,  
Fitting a sordid time of spine,  
Living no lie with no lie visible.

The brain, it is the brain that suffers  
From too many disorders when  
They ever arrive, like the order of the  
Cosmos, attaining disbelief.

The truth of the ground is similar to  
The brain, for the neuroscience staggers  
At the heart of the reality,  
When time forces a ball to ignite.

This brain is your brain, and my one  
Mattered to the eyes of mothers and fathers  
Who gave birth to brained people  
Of heavenly scope.

Naveed Akram

# Brain Of Yours

Brain surgeons compel our moods from escaping,  
In order to painfully understand our moods and amazing.

Naveed Akram

## Branches Of Hardship

When branches sting the thumbs  
And a rotten bone afflicts grimly;  
Then moods of murder overshadow  
Slightly, too many hands are bent with bows  
Of long nature with arrows of gold.  
My skull beats in time with clocks of towers  
Grim and dim, lumps of livid blood bellow  
Their stains on stubborn styles.

When brimming food lies placidly on plates  
Golden and silvery, those burdens are renewed,  
Littler men find feuds of elated men;  
Hardy women are few of the men,  
The hardship cancels.

Naveed Akram

## Brandishing Gold

A charm has blown its wish on me in fact,  
This slender mine of gold is shown to you;  
I have a charm on you this time, you know,  
Lest theory stains the pillars over time.  
Rests are this semblance often now and then,  
My charm denies the life so hard that right  
Is wrong and you do know the powers fast.  
A charm has flown towards the flight of wings,  
Unwrapped we dive and drive the brandishing.

Naveed Akram

# Brave Soul

I am not a soul of bravery  
If valour is the command of mine.  
But brave speech glorifies the heat  
Of the sky that glistens and prays  
For those with my eyes and courage.  
Equal aims are instigated  
As goals are reached by far ones.  
I am not a soul of bravery  
Who weeps equally well,  
Seeing heavenly splendours  
And ways of connecting thoughts  
Derived from the picking of pleasure.  
Happiness came when the soul  
Was full of bravery, as brave hearts  
Concerned me, with shining stars  
In the black stillness called delight,  
This same delight called the night.

Naveed Akram

# Brave Sword

By bravery we subdue the brilliance  
Of an enemy with a sling;  
O the enchantment that bravery brings,  
Promises are made on the mast.  
Concerns creep to wander with lust,  
Bravery derides the normal quest.  
That it is from the strength of the heart.  
The strong heart must be brave and gallant,  
Like Fancy itself, the real pleasures that await.  
Love and bravery are doubled when struck  
By the sword, steel in its grip and material.

Naveed Akram

# Bravely Speak

To be in brave company I bravely speak,  
Under the trees of gold and silver the sleep  
Is my enemy, of the offerings and glad tidings.  
On this solid mattress we call the world  
Stays a skewering mind,  
Minds have arrived to be delighted.

The actual fraction of life shall fade  
Towards the acts of the almighty whisperers,  
That at the end of the day  
Are solid in their troubles as much as you.

To be in bravery is like stealing the casket,  
And believing in whiskey,  
Full with wines of the ultimate health  
And ultimate design.

Naveed Akram

# Bravery And Courage

Bravery hurts me when my nature builds into another nature,  
The pain attached to the pain has burdened the skill of my mind.  
Courage has to be a reliable attribute to recommend the youth,  
The burden of taxation is upon those people who earn.  
Be valiant and brave to be a collection of power,  
This is so much of your heaven, this empowers us.  
Pain and suffering will overpower and deliver comedy,  
This cheerfully expanded the empires of civilisation.  
Brave people hinder the satanic offspring,  
And those smaller devils are not brave.

Naveed Akram

## Brazen Sun

A brazen sun glorified me as I spoke,  
With diligent courts that suggested treason;  
This cryptic world was a dozing man  
With liars around and fences so swinging.  
I want to chastise this man when prison  
Arrives to solely occupy the premises.  
Punishing him is punishing me,  
For the fortnights and days go by.

A flimsy but strong affair has broken off,  
With sturdy drawers to test the occasion,  
Once we decide the actual avenue of thought.  
Pleasure is at the hands of the priest  
Who with the worst of beasts presides over us.

Naveed Akram

# Break Their Bones

Break the skull of brothers and you die  
Within yourself, driving the forces of evil  
With souls of light, beleaguering the thieves  
Of the dead, the yards of great graves.

Break the bones of warlike beings,  
Control the collapsing cutlery, control their  
Butchery, with targets of strong judges,  
The statement of a great guilt will be with them.

Break all crowns of the kings you love and hate,  
But their opals and gems concentrate  
On your minds of silvery light, the waves are  
Joining with mighty winds of the great graves.

Naveed Akram

# Breath

Heave and breathe, for the sighs are there,  
Fooling not anyone with their lower release.  
Breathing is a scientific propulsion so worried in actuality,  
May science sign a solution for the frenzy of forgetting.  
Arts and works of supreme science require lesions,  
Layers of effort, forced by innocence and breathing the brother  
Of science - mathematics of expression, of expressing the intake.  
Breathe and join our clan, when this dying art releases you  
It stands on a path to be trodden, one to relaxation.

Naveed Akram

# Breezes

Hard petals of a flower still marry the breeze,  
The wind changes every time, all the time.  
What breeze is the wind that it freezes our tears?  
Cold winter may apologize for our woes,  
But does the following season become upright?  
The flowing seasons drift in space, in the sky and stars,  
When moons and planets reign supreme.  
There the seas of blood marry life to death,  
Obvious weather is too rude, too fighting our habitat.  
The hard flowers under a different sky wonder,  
And hard plants are not the same, they are like the tea of Earth.  
Breezes are softer than the wind, the wind is kindness,  
The wind doubles its burden on creation, as air shall be water;  
Water carry on, water is the double trouble of water and air,  
It seems the water made plants grow, made growth proper,  
With mindless directions in the Sun.

Naveed Akram

# Bricks

Bricks have succumbed today from fright,  
Loathing them shall pray and subdue,  
Forming statements of devils and demons,  
The killers of their souls are right.

May the bricklayers build houses  
And mansions of the readings  
And writings of the holiness  
That stays and remains with politeness.

This day, we bespeak and beam on the crowd  
Looking sideways and observing the material;  
The gale winds rush forward with facial  
Hurts, and facial works, and facial feelings.

I have bricks in my soul that shudders  
From the weight attached to the words  
Of this poem that is right like the words  
Inside the house we have defined with closeness.

Naveed Akram

# Bridge Of Triumph

The bridge of triumph awaits for the victorious accents,  
We need more evidence, more than just documents.

Naveed Akram

# Bright Mornings

Innocence is brighter than happiness,  
Innocence wins according to rights  
Entailing no more disaster and bad worship.  
Calling into the air, you recall the bliss  
Attacking you in the folly of the heart.  
No more friendship in the right circles,  
Tears are kept at a distance for someone.

Innocent return was the entrance of my deceased,  
Coffins caught me off and into the slime.  
The endings were slimy and boring,  
Frosty mornings inhabited our stay.  
The morning was a mourning process  
Proceeding from the stay in the rivers.  
Swimming them seemed like forever,  
Diving can be abysmal,  
Since the water is unsafe to be bent.

Naveed Akram

## Bright Sky, On A Tower

Skies so bright and wondrous,  
The enemy is within, without;  
The tower-view has the highest-peak around,  
I played all-day with my eyes, seeing is corrupt.  
The bridges walk with wonder,  
Above oceanic properties;  
A road travels flawless, inside one.  
Skies so clear, I gaze into distances  
That reside, as some of us learn too clearly.  
Under the morning sun a frown  
Has come upon my features of coldness,  
Hotness is special and far greater.

Naveed Akram

# Bright Stars

We say the effort of a bright shining star,  
It folds into the cosmos as the springing rays  
Enlighten those in the way of the universe.  
My keys are stolen by the hundred planets,  
And they swarm and swear due to the duty.

Eggs and work of the pen are along the way  
Of the stars, hatching and writing according to  
Taste, feeding like a dog in panting,  
Along the way of the wars of the stars,  
Finding a closer companion, finding oaths.

This philosophical war is finite, translated into  
Their tongue over the fence, barrier of the heart.  
Their heart is of the fierce poetry that resides  
Inside the pen, this writing is harsh and bright,  
Like the stars shining brightly tonight.

Naveed Akram

# Bright Year

Is their brightness a month of the year?  
(January is the start of the next time.)  
We are in the end of the long year,  
December adjusts to the light, it is bright.  
Light is a surge of clever spots  
Traveling through the universe  
Like complicated particles and successful patches.  
The bright year is all due to the Sun  
And its warmth, so fight some who see  
This sun and moon that dance.

Naveed Akram

## Brilliant Love

Within their thoughts flowed a belief led by him and his sword,  
To be an animal spirit poses a quality of perfection, a talked quality;  
For a moment sympathies of the house activate glancing presences,  
Lovers meet tonight to disagree and disavow after their uprising,  
Conversing in their pleasures, one says great grandeur for the past.  
The task of the intellect is to adjust the lame, loquacious remarks  
And rectify the brilliance of loving, as an art to subdue if taken with  
transgression.

The highest tastes welcome harmony, love is stable now,  
For the loving and limp stagger to fall once more.  
The courtship of a life ending with a disappointing demise  
Releases the energy of souls, for the solutions and praise.

Naveed Akram

# Brilliant Tentacles

Of the tentacles a brilliant one is picked up like beetles,  
Of offspring a beautiful bud is given to nature and all;  
The arachnids are against a wall of ice this time of town,  
But joining them in the fight to alleviate life's dangers is sound  
For the sight of these eight-legged creatures endangers.  
Some are warriors of the eight seas, some see with eight eyes,  
Spiders want compound jokes offering some of us a light.  
Red pages are on this page, blue skies crawl across the mind,  
While seeing and believing is a bent action of the market.  
One sees the springing action of mindful men who watch,  
Witnesses are called forth to believe in a bag of duties.  
I have to laugh one day when you cry and talk forwards,  
Building a district of rifles that act on police orders.

Naveed Akram

# Brilliant Thinkers

I want to laugh at the majority of thinkers  
In this sample of planets that remain dust.  
I wish to strike a brilliance that is film  
And television as well as other explosions.  
My needs are kept to a minimum,  
As crowds watch my speech that mutters  
And utters the words of a strong planet.  
Planning does not relate,  
Pushing can not equal  
The genius and intelligence of  
A thinker who thinks more  
For himself and the reading he has  
Accomplished.

I want to see the deeds of a city in lights,  
With scholars and restful people of deeds  
That are superb for the undertaking,  
Letting the majority of thinkers  
Understand a real religion and  
The city's lights in the nights.

Naveed Akram

# Bring A Paper

Bring a paper over the scene asking me to read;  
Just a little word will work like my heart,  
Just some peace is likened to the heat of the partner  
Who is the wife.

She is a scenery in the light and dark,  
Should we understand each other's habits?  
Or should ill-health repair our mood?  
Bring a newspaper of headings in the late day.

Naveed Akram

# Briny Star

I see a primrose under this star,  
I watch the flowering blushing plants  
In such summer, reason is a silly affair.  
I see the waterfalls when winter,  
The icy water broke the soul of all  
Delight and bliss, so ghoulish was it.

I must listen to the clouds bear rain,  
I must dissolve the snow with my pain;  
This pain and suffering revolves around me.  
I see the primrose under these feet,  
Pulling me closer to fear and shame,  
Pushing out blood, wet briny tears and rain.

Naveed Akram

# Brooding

Brooding on mad-faced liars  
Corrects my soul, that lying  
Is a burden and a taxation  
On those who are richer than me.  
My mad liar in front of me  
Asks me how I wake up,  
And how the water flows in this house.  
This running about will correct  
This establishment, from all unwanted  
Letters of the law and public.

I have liars in this house,  
Frightened of the energy  
That quakes of rightness,  
Ghosts are awakening the mind.  
I have bracelets of golden danger,  
The water flows inwardly,  
Like fire of the highness,  
Little love has been enhanced,  
By all the mankind.

Naveed Akram

# Brotherhood

My brother is on my flank,  
He turns to me like a disciple;  
I saw his soul with my soul,  
And I understand him more everyday.

The names on the scroll happen to be  
The same words for the same deeds  
That we encourage in the world,  
Cheering us on, please give thanks.

We are brethren going south,  
Not north or east or west,  
But down the map, in a direction  
So important for our stay on this world.

We will stray and reconsider,  
We are never blind nor dumb,  
Our nature of authority is high,  
Boasting is not of us.

Naveed Akram

# Brotherly Feeling

Brother of manly station, and one who has me,  
I have all gentlemen in reason to submit,  
Yet you seem angered by my insolence,  
As of today, as of today,  
I compare you to a typical man,  
He who is would be, and he is perfect to be,  
Like a mania has overcome us in daily life,  
As much as manic uprisings of the existence  
Like a real feeling and emotion to succeed.  
Brothers need each other every day of their lives.

Naveed Akram

# Brotherly Help

Brotherly help can deem funny, as funnier,  
And work may find out wonders of food,  
Inside them, inner feelings show of the innate abilities.  
By the audience, a stand has been taken by clapping -  
We are not appalled at this worst concoction or notion,  
This standing ovation.

Audience freezes at much of its gatherings,  
Justice has a wheatfield all for growing in,  
And more of the opposing factions can resent us further  
For dropping our bread on the plate  
By some murmur of growth, and the shot is fired.  
Shot is the gun, found is the culprit of brotherly help.

Naveed Akram

# Brothers In A Garden

A hive of brothers pass the area with pride,  
Their hoods are covering their heads alongside.  
A friend became friends with these too many men,  
A little man is not subduing them immediately again.  
A hive of bees is warming the souls of this garden,  
They bring a happy charge of electrical energy in their abdomen.  
What is more than this? What is the fate of the garden?  
The destinies are written on the plaque with abbreviation.  
I inspect the images of this beloved lawn of light,  
This lawn is a garden that is bright and right.

Naveed Akram

# Brothers In Triumph

I see the burden of brothers in triumph,  
Trumpets blow, orchestras wail like dolphins.  
Defence is the priority, defending the erratic  
Men is like the defending of swine and relics.  
I see the burden of the brothers and sisters  
Who look over their hearts and heads in war.

Many have blown the whistle of truth,  
Looting the brotherhood of its brethren who  
Defend the realms and kingdoms of faith.  
My service is to see them into victory,  
The defence of minor castles and warriors  
Is compulsory to the born and infirm.

I have visibility of a frank man who loves you,  
His sight over much of the world is a government.  
The dreams of you are reproduced by some folk,  
Their minds have slept a dreaming of worlds,  
The same inner world is defended by those soldiers  
Who march forth and multiply to defend and offend.

Naveed Akram

# Brothers Of The Coast

Brotherhood creates order of catastrophes  
Muttering under the dark recesses of the coast;  
One hypothesis blames the hostilities,  
An Indian shall bespeak and be farthermost.

This enemy of the state is dozy and mustard,  
Gases of the miles are afoot, and angry,  
I believe in the vastness of the slayer as awkward,  
His solutions are hidden to the public and referee.

Naveed Akram

# Brown Bag

Brown and blotched the bag marred our running  
Of appearance, the very present we conserved with our running.

I kept back from you the very day we took the accident,  
Aimless searching could not find us preserved and running.

This fastened knot would not untie, just as nerves bleat,  
And they never sleep for their activities served, all running.

One man's brain whines and cries and bleats forcefully,  
As its eyes are near seeing, and they have observed, always running.

This day I connect the legs to my torso, this dear old pain  
Wishing my body asleep, kept always curved, anyway running.

May months clarify not fail just as disasters beat the body  
Like a flogging instrument of death undeserved, then running.

How did aliens fight our bags, ours heads and the backs  
That accept the capture from the soul we reserved as running?

My pain is long, far too many miles, in the concrete heart,  
Where solutions lie as a victim, and we are nerved with running.

Pleasing and questioning are far too good a pair, of hearts,  
That beat continuously like arrows that swerved, on running.

May ache of the age compel the soul to define what lies in the yearning,  
My names are few from the bag all-marred unserved, with my own running.

Naveed Akram

# Brown Horses

The brownness of a rider and his horse carried his horse,  
A major and great horsemanship approached the brown horse.  
There was magnetism, speech of behaviour, with the horseman  
Who was riding his animal of great pleasurable-ness.  
To please this pleasure was great, but the riding housed a rider  
Who had spectators looking in this and that direction.  
An insect was a smaller kind of animal, housing a rider,  
But animals like horses of brown worked hard and fast,  
Too praiseworthy, in a gamble, far too important and big.  
The brown horses had shadows with the hospitals,  
A novel became written of them, of their health and waists.

Naveed Akram

# Brown Smoke

It's wonderful what good fellowship  
Can be evolved, a little hard but solid.  
It's a great place for dear doctors  
To replay their acts and be a pleasant thrill.

Our feet stood in an enthusiasm,  
Once the nurses took the rest of the world;  
I lit my cigar and thanked the great place,  
Watching the brown smoke curl upwards.

Naveed Akram

# Bruised Heart

The heart is bruised when it mutters and spits,  
Like a canopy of trees that spilled its water and rain.  
The head hires a new mountain, like the trees  
That are higher than new mountains and angry heads.  
The heart is longing for the change in heavenly fire,  
But the angry heads and hearts are enemies on fire.

Naveed Akram

# Bruises

Bruises smack me silly,  
Naveed cries some time for pity,  
Then the reality mixes with fiction  
And he staggers at the task ahead,  
To be reported by the people-in-charge.

My heart stings from dresses and others,  
Going into the territory of love is golden.  
My heat now sings swearing towards the goal,  
Swerving in ways called rivers and mud.

A swamp has allied with marsh,  
And a fatal prize is fortunate;  
My prizes are luckier than most,  
For the marsh is honoured and  
Then blessed, liking us instead.

These grazes are not any longer bruises,  
And stinging issues command me to state  
The facts. I do not know the sense and reason  
Of this fact. I do not know.

Naveed Akram

# Brutality

The brutality of a person is measured by his wisdom,  
If wisdom is strong, minds grow strong, like criticism.  
The brutal man shuns from women in love, and trust  
Mightily detects correct functions, which shy away from the ablest.  
Anything I consider for the teacher is cruel to office,  
Its lingering notion tampers the mentality like absentmindedness.  
To be in punishment relies on pain from within,  
This is callous to mean, to have been.  
A person dressed in faces and flames, the subtle mouth  
Fidgets from food, destroys his or her life like drought.  
The water has disappeared for all the years and days,  
Thus my brutality depends on my age, and the food always.

Naveed Akram

## Brute To Blame

A beast of the East is a brute so blind,  
It wanders from the lands so perfect.  
It is a dumb creature so burdened with youth,  
A reptile in the park, the one to blame.  
Around a clump of trees the burdened mammal  
Stings our sight and rubs the bush with its tail.  
In the thicket we laugh as well,  
This grove of blame is like a crypt of burden  
Where I died in a funeral so bright and ancient.  
The beast is out there with a tomb  
So then my grave is a tomb for him.

Naveed Akram

# Bubbling

Bubbles inflict damage on the air,  
I hope your mad mind is aware.

Naveed Akram

# Bugs On Our Skin

The bugs are the bugles of nature for some,  
Hurting is their tip, forming a lack of power;  
The bugs have diverse rules, never to understand  
As their bite is on this date, and the craft is clear.  
The minding of these insects is immense,  
Slowly we bite them with our strategy and tactics,  
It takes the army some, the reality beckons  
But we are in shivers for the pain and suffering.  
Huge bugs will define us, what are our habits?  
Their forewings and hindwings can handle their flight  
To ruin our skin, with their feeding habits.

Naveed Akram

# Building

Once part of a building you are sentenced,  
Passion is your existence, your party of events.  
It has impacted you, warned you, and wanted you,  
It attracts your body, no one told you the truth.

Once there was a child on the hill of entities,  
That this building housed, yearning for a future;  
Passion entered the child's imagination,  
A philosophy was born of the days we made.

Naveed Akram

## Building A Promise

They built the ship with much material that was to compose,  
This slight manoeuvre headed for the lights of dignity.  
Inside is a shrill of hard looting, composing the lines of very  
Smooth prose, so prosaic that dilemmas dissolve.  
My ship sailed a wonderful distance, dizzying the daylight  
Hours like the morose bird, that calls from a faraway place.  
This place was built and promised, like the subjugated,  
Like the carried bags of misfortune, and the hairy man.  
This ship still kept still, asking for the owner to enlighten the crown.

Naveed Akram

# Building Democracy

Deafening depths dissolve us further than defeat,  
Endure him this time, as solutions compete.  
Decorous buildings widowed the leadership,  
The chief has other plans on his mind.  
Decorate the house of his mind, his life, his times,  
So that buildings are erected for the sake of peace.  
Beautiful people are classy, like their leaders,  
Lulling the crowds of hungry individuals who change,  
And so democracy worked for the better.

Naveed Akram

# Building Light

Going to lands of darkness builds light,  
In these words is fortune and this is bright.

Naveed Akram

## Buildings Near The Sea

Dust smashed and buildings shook,  
Boxes of coated people asked for their borders;  
The real burst of bustling bothered them,  
The brass inside their houses bespoke of greatness.  
Goodness swept like cobwebs,  
Colored in a field of arrows, wonders ceased.  
Competition cracked cushions, agreed with light,  
In comparison with skilful sailors of the seals at sea.  
These boats that sailors used coughed  
Comfortably, carelessly, innocently and delightfully.  
My dust and ocean stank,  
It managed to be a collar for me.

Naveed Akram

# Bullet

So succinct is this page in the history,  
Raging on like a mystery,  
Have you a gun  
On a number one?  
The natural number one bully.

Naveed Akram

# Bumpy Road

A bumpy road lies ahead,  
Feeling cool, ever so cool ahead.  
Let chilly times be gone,  
A broken path is afoot.

For the vehicle shall be strong,  
And the freezing is damaging,  
In a dirty road or river,  
In the prickly rain of nutrition.

I see this road as a fluffy bridge,  
To find the damp undergrowth  
Where I see a sweet little dirt,  
Where I recline for all day to come.

The vacation is sticky weather,  
Short but modern, in a rapid way;  
Melted ice sees us trapped,  
And we are slow on this bumpy road.

Naveed Akram

# Bumpy Roads In Sight

I know bumpy roads, calmer to the sight,  
Clumsiness yet is mistaking these journeys.  
My seeing is for my goodness that sits,  
Bitter truth shall exist after too much repose.

The wisdom so attracted to my head  
Is like a vehicle only for my soul.  
Existent qualities hear me as I walk  
The distance of a mighty river.

Naveed Akram

# Bundle Of Sticks

A little bundle of sticks was impairing  
The vision, offering a zero to all praises,  
But techniques mattered most.  
Escape from the sea of material wealth  
So that I can love your blessing,  
Fulfilling the mind with its heartache.

Last year had been shredded into oblivion,  
The birth and death subdued  
For the numbers of our heart  
Were revolving,  
Around the circles of this establishment.  
A little bundle of sticks were ill,  
Emanating from the eccentricities,  
Liking emulations and devolutions.

My years yours, I evade the emissions  
Of pride, adding together innocence,  
Like a man in regret and soundness.

My stomach was out of milk,  
Trying to believe in what to think.  
My stomach was one of the stares  
As if eyes could conquer the illness  
Made by the men of maddening attributes.

Naveed Akram

# Burden

Surely the world carries no burden,  
Enough satisfaction is with worlds;  
The head of a man shakes, and murmurs  
To the rest of the crowd what the beliefs are;  
Ready are the shadows of the dead and alive,  
This world acts too fast and easy, like the cigar.  
When the world is in a burden it is called war,  
Futile sense of belonging.  
The vast image touched us when spelt out,  
Lights flashed far out at sea,  
For mountains were read by the clouds that rained.

Naveed Akram

# Burden From Thinking

If burdens are like statues  
Then serve us more than them  
To envisage a new world of danger.

If noises are followed by laughter  
Then salvage the past  
To realise historical systems.

Own the thoughts that count  
Then if we relay these slender objects  
The world will argue on us.

Ban them and beget another  
Of these thoughts to trust again  
So that thinkers achieve from you.

Naveed Akram

## Burden On Them

I orchestrate burdens on misnamed devils,  
Maybe in their minds is a fallacy;  
The punishment melds to provide us with danger,  
As I avoided the evil well enough,  
To artistically evolve a painting of rude animation.  
To see this made me murder the devil who wrote;  
It revolved, the devil revolved as if astonished.  
I leave the burden to luckless ones,  
Their vintage of course produces bad luck  
Like an alcoholic drink of sherry or beer.

Naveed Akram

# Burning Comments

Comments are frying, as people cook  
And they stir, burn and dash like fire.  
Nature comments on the present  
As food commands our life, for we are leaves.  
To commence like the flowers  
Talks of fluids in our bellies and plants.  
My language stirs hatred for the lovers  
If plants wilt, if they flower and burgeon.  
To burn the leaves kept us a bonfire  
On the day we burn and the day we bring.

Naveed Akram

# Burning House

Bending an image of disaster fuels fire,  
The fires are burning, in the house I retire.

Naveed Akram

# Burning Pain

For me a helping hand to halve the pain,  
The finger footed lovely creatures are at war  
With fears and woes that scare a crawling crowd.  
They have come in a time of need, frail and fair  
Is their shadow of time.  
Blisters evolve from the heavy plunder,  
Those masked with kindness on their faces  
Implore sure evil and headlong tragedy.  
Old, mad, and breaking are hearts so sick  
That helicopters arouse the sky as they vent  
The anger of human nature.  
For those with helping hands and feet  
Sing then on the calves that matter with thighs.  
So tight are waists that blood has spilled,  
Further are the sins that one encounters amid  
The burning wreckage.

Naveed Akram

# Burning Sound

Our burning heads corrode the flesh of our windows,  
This glass inside stings the inner heart and royal men  
Enter the coppice, so strange a dented landing.  
These royal hearts exit, for the welcoming commanders,  
Emperors of the legion who speak of wonders in times  
Ahead, the ones who beckon the eagles of the night.

This is surely a phoenix, a ready victim seems to elude it,  
The pain inside is of the heart that screams out with trees  
Grown in place, a royal man called a King is appearing  
From the ridges of the plain, placing his head on a bed  
That beams on with golden light in the silver night,  
The silent night of pain and pleasure and noise so strange.

But the burning heads are loops of the eternal size,  
Fire has a sire, sending a hatched egg to someone  
Who can beg, little laziness seems too brittle.  
The sure phoenix shines with malicious voice,  
Internal harm is a harbour of the real rights,  
The sure phoenix seems to beam on our burning heads.

Naveed Akram

## Business- Mind

Had a well done emotion about motion,  
and its characteristics?  
I thought the value in mind matters was great,  
However, I think on you as a mind can do business,  
And that is with the soul of emotional character.  
Had a well in which to wish?

Did you have a prepared script in the writing of?  
Or do you be poet for jokes?  
Is monstrous humour about to explode?  
I can caution to the wind a sum of money,  
I still feel careful and wary of you, whoever.

Naveed Akram

# Business Of Manufacture

The business of large scale manufacture  
Is that of higher money amounts,  
Over special issues, as the life tells.  
It constricts the messages in the throats  
As much as a python, and like they say  
So much for reason and judgement.  
The case is put on occasions, on certain occasions  
That messengers are handed over from God to alleviate  
The need for Manufacture, such as the exact rest  
To be called Relaxation.  
Then we are friendly, as an ocean of oil,  
The oil of our father and mother,  
The oil of helpers and fuel and fruit.

Naveed Akram

# Busy Man

The busy man subjects himself to many labours,  
There the labour ends for the beginning of more.  
I myself want to return to the wondrous ways,  
And sharply say my luck has revived.  
Then the turning point of my career has arrived  
Forcing me downwards into more enchantment  
So that labouring was something of the very past.  
Business of the day regulated by me,  
I gather the fruits and crops at harvest time,  
And scatter my worthy pennies and pounds  
At those whose luck is atrocious.

Naveed Akram

## But Why?

Decide the faith that crosses you,  
That defines the faithful people,  
And letters are popular from God;  
Words are sorry and right,  
Forever in talk, all the time.

Decisions must be made of a clear way,  
A dealer is in the world who pleases one:  
He is a prophet and worker,  
But why do you listen,  
When the penalties are so harsh?  
But why?

Naveed Akram

## Buzz Of Bees

The buzz of bees outlives the books,  
Our art is your loving mighty message  
In print and united speech of poets.  
The buzzes of the axe grinding the air  
Are so solid and exact that symbols  
Walk in the fighting face in the fall.

My footsteps falter, this act has  
Disappeared by dragons of your own.  
Their wings fly though the ages,  
Making the right action by flight.  
It is the ears that we hear, the eyes  
That we see, full mouths are gaping.

Naveed Akram

# By Boats

By the long boats bred to distinction,  
I commend this cacophony to life's liege.  
The Maynard ducks, the snow white swans,  
And the beasts of this preoccupation are swelling  
My shoes, kicking the water and dissolving into  
Introductions, finery, commencement, and veins.

My liquid has boiled, encouraging the sweat,  
Logs of wood scrawl on the riverbed, the only  
Solution to the English Channel worse than today.  
I am a longer boat and beauty, a little stranger  
Of the heart and heat this day on a sunny time  
This side of the squatting town.

If water enters frozen joys, it enlightens me,  
Logs and wooden barges are the offering,  
Forming tense soldiers, in this sense the worst  
Has occurred, in the partnership of guilt  
And loss, for my force is like water and its toy;  
The toying of water stagnates and warns us.

Naveed Akram

## By Certain Angels

They think to dismay the many products  
Offered by certain angels who dispatch  
Certain bodies or souls; and the angels  
Fly to and fro like heavenly objects of  
Right and power, light and care.

These beliefs succumb to the overall fact,  
As this is too definite an elevation;  
You are virtuous, enticing and infinite,  
But the Lord is eternal and all-powerful,  
Seeing me and seeing you sitting there.

In heaven, a place is reserved, a place  
Is commented upon, conjectured and asked;  
The angels fly to their positions and regard  
Us as future happiness, this is the happiness  
Of eternity and all the increasing past.

Naveed Akram

## By Sages

Where are so many of those other pages?  
The books are allowed to be written by sages.

Naveed Akram

# By The Angelic One

Abandoned by the divine,  
Once the woes are afflicting,  
The senses and swearing are smothered  
By those angelic enough to taste.

A passion is in confusion,  
But, a passion inhibits one  
At the shoulders of the deathly one,  
The one who arose from the region.

Colourful occupations resent me,  
Now that death has a separate woe,  
The angels of hell are upon me  
Now that the days are shot in the head.

Naveed Akram

## By The Hundred Flowers

Down by the hundred flowers my friend asked for a reply  
Within the garden to behold, within the square of funny oars;  
My friend bid me take flowery work with compassion,  
Living with the shoots and shrubs so delicate and styled.

My friend talked like a soul so overpowered by the evil weather,  
But my friendship lasted as much as the rain,  
That went into a spitting and dying once again,  
Little rains were an event of the stars overhead.

Naveed Akram

## By The Wise

Guesses are made perfectly by the wise,  
Intrepid adventurers cancel our life  
For though thinkers are also thought of,  
My guess is also the same perfection.

Guests of some knowledge are bedded in these chambers,  
Within those familiar works are the church relics;  
We thought and thought over the real church,  
Bent on thinking wisely like the guesses of perfection.

Churches stand tall for daily consumption,  
Opening their gates once a day, once a night,  
Their relief is staggering on the soul,  
As you might pray and sleep with the right thoughts.

Naveed Akram

# Bye To Them

Bye to the callers of the daylight hours,  
See to their heightening times; and forms  
Of the face voice their thoughts,  
Stew has appeared to froth and become  
Dark dealing, cauldrons of broth boil  
And bubble to blow into bothers,  
Like the ghost of garlands and gay ghastly  
Noise.

Bye to the feelings of a tomorrow,  
One night flows into the simple notion,  
Owning fire that spreads like diseases,  
Illnesses, infections, and cancers.  
The envy of a man who is a boy  
Shall stay down in solemn size and starts.  
His olives and pickles are surrounding the plate,  
Feeding is his worry for the worst ossification,  
Sending a dire need through the pies and prunes.

Naveed Akram

# Bystander

I am a bystander, a spectacle myself,  
Who harms only when desired, fully desired;  
I keep a stout opinion, after the love of another,  
Minor opinions are aroused, after the love of people.  
I lead and you expel, from the fountain that springs  
From the earth so hot and angry, a bath has shaped  
From my authority to celebrate the young nation.  
By itself, a well has grown to expel and expulsion  
Is wrong, too incorrect, for the water is not dirty.  
A bath is my conjecture, the factor of worship,  
Opinion after ideas fashions us afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Caged

Inside the game of cages hangs a prize  
To uplift your heart and mind.  
The prize murders the body with violent help,  
This will be no prize but a calamity.  
If prizes swoon on the player of sport  
He or she weans and swears to object  
For they are disasters, accidents of the very kind.  
A game encases splendid rumours of winning  
Like that found in discoveries and contests-  
The sick will never conform to cages,  
But a prize is enough reward to be called a calamity.

Naveed Akram

# Cages And Stages

Cages have stages of dwindling pleasure,  
My fixture is safer than all of the fixtures,  
Inside one of the hats a rabbit runs tonight.  
Without a reality of ounce, a rabbit can pounce,  
Opening the young gates, offering the states  
Of an animal of endeavour, in the deeds only.  
Then words capture a soiled shirt,  
The rigour of sight is honestly led,  
Why do spaces fill with pains and decisions?

The cage of the cow is turning to beef,  
The pen of the chickens is turning to roast,  
A kennel turns into dog-meat, as  
The sheep turns into hot mutton.  
My cages are stages of the raging winds,  
Meat is stolen, blown and corroded  
By windy erosions so empowered by sight.  
Where is the sight of the wind?  
When do they stir like pencils and pens?

Naveed Akram

# Calculations

The competency of calculations exceeds my expectations,  
Like living in the wilderness, we calculate somehow;  
The reasoning of jests pierces us in the jet of life,  
Then life gave mathematical problems, of the hour.

This moon in the sky, when the sky collapses,  
Knocks on the door, knocks again and repeatedly;  
The sums and products of the deeds in life  
Master us in ourselves, even my attention is praised.

Naveed Akram

# Calibre Of The Heart

To be routes of calibre  
Is of the frightening part,  
To be desires of the heart  
Can be replicas for you,  
This heraldry deserves justice  
As justice is my sister  
With families all around us.

To be the road to slavery  
We must define the states  
Of the heart and its soul.  
Then the lords of just health  
Overwhelm the seas with heat  
That works words of hearts;  
We must be picking berries.

The heart has dissolved in mighty  
Dreams, gritty in their visions  
Like the imagination of man,  
And the fairness of woman;  
The professional soldier  
Worked arduously in the toils  
Of war that is in the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Call Him

Call him a tune from English song,  
Like a middle-English rhythm  
Or a real good melody of stone.  
I stole the music from the instrument  
To take messages from Heaven.  
As of now I have in possession a good gift,  
One of laughter and song, of living.

Naveed Akram

# Called Life

Before the deals of alacrity came a voice,  
Noisy voices inhale and hide with courage;  
But the voice you are without is with you,  
A spending man adjusts to his weight.  
The gold stored is to be gained with goodness,  
And my love darkens the soul sometimes.

A brave man has entered the inventions  
And it is the best of the inventions,  
For his resonant voice aids his apologies,  
Afterwards the reality of a day has been accepted.  
I see wonders in a man of sound working pace,  
Proceeding to the other side called Life.

Naveed Akram

# Called Music

It is whining in the air, in daring thought  
The bard shall sing of music that is strange.  
I believe in the thinkers who passed away  
From the region in time, and returned to heights  
Of the seasons of joy, and pleasure, and regard.  
In the snow has it the shovelling of mice who  
Cradle like ice cubes their rewarding music  
And the instruments we enjoy.  
An enemy of the state is comfortable,  
More to the question, in danger of the snow  
And its sting.  
In the air has the belief, beliefs are to be questioned  
In the air and snow flying in the air.  
Why does the winter drive us mad with sounds of enchantment?

Naveed Akram

# Called Ruin

The waste of work is called ruin,  
Having a blessed action is solid;  
No mound of soil is upturned  
Without the guidance of wastage,  
For wastage is the key to action  
And action especially happens.  
The moonlight escapes the Earth,  
Once lit, and never enters the heart  
We love and mention, always we dine  
As the suns and stars revolve with each other.  
The work of this expanse accepted  
Is a work so wasted, for we dine and expel  
The ruin called wastage of work.

Naveed Akram

# Calling Minds

Call him the opposite of pushes,  
Pulling is an art of shifting in the road,  
To this community I collide and reside.  
He budded off from the rest of the highway,  
Echoes were unanswerable,  
The density of mind neared extreme.  
Hurtling past, the cars and other strong animals  
Happened as questions resounded  
And cured memories, full of small pains.  
Others rushed and applauded us,  
The stretch of the mind struggled  
For blackness and whiteness.  
Greater flow of minds and memories  
Justified the consciousness into retirement.

Naveed Akram

# Calm Appearance

The appearance was calm like committing of heads  
In youthful triumph, this cruel rage had abated  
After the thousands of mighty warriors were put down.  
The crime of scribes was promised by the last ones,  
Possessing the life of capillaries, as the dress of buttons  
Created other buttons so wonderful and sad.  
The calm natures of the balms were inside the body,  
Polite and excitable, in ways of the hundreds of degrees.  
My apparent joy was compressed with just followers,  
Offering tubules of the heart the chance to bear fruit.

By the imagination of strong intelligence, my calmness  
Abated whenever the crown of mine was to slip into my hands.  
The defenders of the shields and atoms that poked into our minds,  
Created a flee and a disembarkation, full of plankton from the sea.  
The sea gave them this temptation, this sea was a plank of wood.

Naveed Akram

# Camps Of War

Going to the camps and wars is like a frightening message,  
One kept the message of goodness in the heart of reality.  
Blind and bored, the camps are fighting the houses of fire,  
Lulling the shouting and collapsing the mastered shelves of books,  
Robust from the fires of a bygone generation.  
Reading claimed a fire and a horse to ride on,  
Internal anxiety has alarmed, and writing is episodic.  
Losing the ample time is like drizzling with rain,  
The wars of a day are like the water of tomorrow,  
A triple gesture rounds up the number of the raindrops.  
Camps are like cigars to some of us, for some they repel,  
And yet they attract.

Naveed Akram

## Can You See?

Can you see why the mirror deletes your image?  
Can you say when the muddle of the valley runs deep?  
Dense clouds participate in the whole arena of life  
That has plants and animals in the making of settlements.  
To draw lines between stars makes a letter for viewing,  
And pleasure donates itself a gift.

You find stars immeasurable, you find a really fine art,  
Of looking and pondering, seizing sadly and saying sizeably,  
Fitting donations on the sacred sky that defines science.

Can you see I did it? Donating my soul and souls to the wild  
Amounts to be really in happiness.  
The sentences of the harder world are upon you,  
Light comes one day to upset the horizon.

Naveed Akram

# Cancellation

The innocence is like cancer,  
A cancellation of heaven  
Wherever the world.  
Cancer is a camera, a post  
To be held in the hand.  
The cameraman is gifted,  
My warming of the shape is plenty.  
Boiling and melting,  
Snapping and curling,  
My cancer spreads  
And conceals itself  
Until medicine looks at it,  
The doctor connects.  
Innocence is a way of cancer.

Naveed Akram

# Cancelled Into Craters

One sea has been cancelled due to rain,  
I drink it evenly, I spit it out into the craters;  
Then the water worlds are envious,  
And monsters of the deep regenerate  
With striking attitudes, wealthy prisons,  
Generous minds, fulfilling trumpets.  
The whole city is under the sea to find  
Witnesses quietly, towards the ocean's edge  
Is found an eye-witness of touching rhythms.

One can see a mountain within the crashes  
Of the waves on the courtyards at sea.  
This city under the sparkling sea confidently  
Describes us with the naked eyes and gills.  
A little depth goes some way towards godly  
Men who spit into craters as fast as linearity.

Naveed Akram

# Captive

It held me and captivated me as long as an hour,  
I am the captive of you now, offering peace;  
But you have not struggled as much as me,  
My dying encases the life of yours, brimmed with safety.  
Internally I demand something of treasure,  
The days are longer than a month, forming a year.  
I am waiting forcibly, I created a new season  
Of thoughts inside the other gloss of the mind.  
An island of ideas has emerged for me  
In the mouth, in the heart and the brain.

Naveed Akram

# Car Of Clay

I know a wish to stagger streets one time,  
Stimulating desires to fold in with lust.  
The pad of letters manages mighty darts  
Of meaning internally minding us with their dare.

Dear drivers of the countryside forge wands  
To climb in their cars of gold and fortunate dress,  
Radio annoys masterfully, rats rage on mercilessly,  
A rattling of the wheels is a wishing syndrome.

One must have a heart too near lying about  
In the muds, cut in the clay that might want  
The first man to master the animals of hatred  
And the animals of love, the plants of stoves and heat.

Naveed Akram

# Car Races

The car race is a wonderful dream,  
Many praises to the unwary traveller.  
Potato is eaten on the straight trail,  
Monsters are bashing and cruel.  
My hose is my weapon of choice,  
The sands are open to me for their earth.

Let school be ships for the birth,  
Sailing on a journey of the unions,  
Like a travelling boat of wonders.  
Ceaselessly a boat enjoys the weather  
Of your choice, like the car race we  
See in absolute health and wonder.

Naveed Akram

# Car Vision

The zooming vision of this vehicle of death  
I call a car: one of the latest inventions  
Of an era that seeks living and learning of death  
And life. Properness shall lead the vehicles to heaven  
Where we keep the transport and going.  
Life has zoomed a sight of a car,  
The blended authority with art, fully an empire.

Naveed Akram

# Cardboard Prison

Cardboard is the material we consider this to be,  
The material in front of us is not metallic like steel  
But a swelling acquired by the eyes, the eyes of danger;  
The ears will explode and we shall revel due to the material,  
Due to the wall.

Weighing us as we balance on the machine,  
The walls of change will create a reality;  
The reality of danger is upon us, the dangers,  
What are they now that we see the wall?

Naveed Akram

## Cards Of Care

Care is not a card on which is written everything,  
Internal behaviour surprises nobody;  
Cards of records are not enough to supply  
Us with care of the sort that masters.  
The doctor is rarely featured in magazines  
For the entire day, the way is open for health.  
The district of doctors heaps gold in the belly,  
There is distrust, only some lust for one's yell.  
Distressed people are happier when the life  
Is perfect and when you are unperturbed.

Naveed Akram

# Care And Attention

After a long time I came and saw the created beings,  
In darkness were they and in blessing not,  
So I like the being of my life, and I love.

Attend to the sick, and speak to the poor,  
Wondrous species called man!  
You have learnt all worrisome joke,  
And attended to the poverty of the illnesed ones.

You love the attention given and like the care said,  
I can do all this to their kindred and praise be to nurses  
And doctors alike.

Naveed Akram

# Careers

A career has overtaken me for it is easier than me,  
You fight more than this to satisfy, to push the other.  
Pulling a nail out of the wall means too much strength,  
It entails the right career to be followed, and the real coin.  
A professional is a man or woman in headaches,  
The career is a job of brilliance that helped me further  
And aided others, for my wallet is gone,  
My purse is spent on the real conversation of thoughts.

Naveed Akram

# Careless Time

Careless walking upsets the dress of time,  
Poems of good deaths are poems of illness;  
Lucky weapons are poor and popular  
Letting the finder of bullet-crime be absolved.  
The bullets piercing the air with terror of tightening  
Muscles collide with a better man who lusts for  
Others who confer with one another.

Here a master of the house enters the metres,  
Exciting a caring man who is in warm embrace.

I found a cherry of the sort you find in places,  
Squeezed it with authority of needles,  
So that the message alerted the masses.

Naveed Akram

# Careless Words

Careless words clutter the galaxy,  
Chunky tales have no end to their galaxy;  
Yet enchanted we stand in this tallness,  
Dazzling and bright are the stars for us.

Dear prizes await the distinct, as the galaxy  
Shall suffer from them from time to time,  
Direful consequences await the suffered,  
Much time depresses us while we slaughter.

Extra-large thoughts clutter our stars with pain,  
Deranged mad brains cluster as stars  
In this field of vision, in this dead space.  
I see delight and delicious food in the stars.

Naveed Akram

# Cares By Night

Flying cares caress you with fears,  
Angels mutter the praises proudly  
Little with sacred nature of man,  
Behold divine pleasures called the silk.

By the night starting fiercely, fleetingly,  
A twice-taken sum of parchment unfurls  
To rid throttling throats of words bespoken  
To wrestle, bend and burden the livid memories.

A day is not a night, a night is not a day,  
Darkness wears jaws so naturally tonight,  
Angels muster juices and frocks so erring,  
Answers to puzzled folk keep balancing.

Naveed Akram

# Carrying Demons

It is unnecessary to covet the dead body  
Is oblivion, the saying goes into transgression;  
Waiting for a reply, my body conceives entertainment,  
Demons envy the dead soul, it pains me to admit it.

I need to look at the world from an easy angle,  
It is not that simple, nor that easy;  
Never miss the beating of the heart,  
Never question the resistance or carrying.

Naveed Akram

# Cast Away Souls

If you do not cast away souls  
My living and dying shall cease;  
I shall come with love and bear corn,  
Like the fields of heavenly gardens.  
My offspring will reject the truth  
And then return to it.  
If you do not love my soul,  
Then it will speak wonders and miracles  
For you to cast away souls;  
And for me this will cause contentment.

Naveed Akram

# Catch Him!

Catch him in the middle of an act,  
For he bounces balls that do not attract.

Naveed Akram

# Catch The Man

Catch the man who escapes for something,  
His entrance to the jaws of life conveys nothing;  
Might and power betrays the worker in outer life,  
Mastered knowledge is the reality.

Caught in the act, a dog and man are the same,  
The thief surpasses a butcher, but does the thief  
Also butcher the one who is in his way,  
The one in the way of success and prosperous conversation?

Naveed Akram

# Catching A Criminal

Low flight has arisen demanding vacation,  
Inner puzzles suck the air of the villain.

Lover of wine, is a wonderful man,  
Higher in stature than a epidemic.

Low love I suffer from if hated,  
Love the wine, then, and live when aborted.

Naveed Akram

# Catching Thieves

Catching thieves of the night is rewarding,  
As they expect a real deal in life when guarding.  
Life is forsaken, and death is complete,  
Your major reason for stealing is to defeat.  
The money may disappear and reappear -  
Full exposure to the elements of the atmosphere.  
Money has to be made by those who are merry,  
Outcasts are the men who steal from those who are budgetary.

Naveed Akram

# Catlike

Destruction loomed on the street,  
Details ran deeper than pies,  
For the streets scattered their dwellings,  
As lions roared in from  
This zoo of zoology.

Destroyed were spells,  
Magic had no charm to place  
On silly animals, sallying  
Through the staying recesses  
Of the city.

The roaring of the lions  
Heavier than the rain,  
Captured the essence of the day  
That rained with bloods,  
Veins shattered from too much scaring.

The scars of the day  
Were in mark and jolly victims  
Caressed the side streets,  
Alleys of slumber and party.

There the lions of cats roared  
And disfigured, roared and fought  
With sharpest teeth  
And earth's fangs, the same lungs  
And the very offending broth.

This city had conspicuous cats,  
Causing the clever to readmit  
Their children to schools  
Of cruelty, and their signs had outworn  
Them.

Naveed Akram

## Cats Loved

My heart loves cats, their demure sense entices  
The day with a dominion called country;  
Desultory affairs sweetly decide me in the cat,  
Comely thoughts from the cat entice me.  
This cat, that cat and those worst objects  
Become elixirs, of cleverness and clarity.  
The signs of ebullience from the feline animals  
Are so daily and suddenly rich, that they must be clever.  
Life from these feline creatures is ephemeral.

Naveed Akram

# Caught In Dreams

Caught in the dreams a man wades  
Through the sands of time that climbs  
And climbs forever like the clocks of dying.  
Shadows feel misery as they are tools,  
Used for the dying of the memory,  
As turning occurs to the mighty strengths  
Of a thousand people in their thousand  
Months overlapping.  
A little hunting occupies the sound  
Of the plentiful cups carrying wine.  
The wine has dripped into the souls  
Inflamed by the intoxication,  
And the empathy has been expelled.  
Caught in heaven as it yearns for life,  
We feel betrayed so gradually that life  
Is near the traits of the life.

Naveed Akram

# Caught In The Wind

Caught in the wind a relic stays,  
Underneath the bush of real values,  
One of the leaves sheds its life  
To be a ghost for the real man.  
Causes of intelligence are few,  
Relics matter and mutter their praise  
For the owner of roads and rides,  
His life is hers and her life is his,  
A religion resides in reality  
Forming the guardian to be.

My winds are caught in the rain,  
It swings to the marching sound,  
Living among the beautiful people  
As water munches away and  
Resistance is so abject an act  
That writing is too punctual a manner  
For the ones who adore  
And the ones to surprise.

Resting happens so fast,  
My winds are lately in the shell  
Of doubt, filling it with love and hearts  
Beating like the windy waters  
Of the sea, a sea so beautiful with  
Some frown.

Naveed Akram

# Cause Of Anxiety

Determined to cause anxiety, a fellow of the wind  
Comes home in order to promise us whatever we want.  
Forming issues of blindness, he is a man of repute  
Now never that, now the opposing one, the ready.

I see him in my pair of eyes, in my distressing cries  
As a little laughing man, so oblivious of my call.  
The surrender I impose is a proposition  
Opening before all in my way, the way of the dragon.

This drama thrilled me as a baffling subject of mine,  
The offering or sacrifice remains still in my habits;  
The art I endeavour reaches out to explode  
And then shatter into even more pieces, such is art.

Naveed Akram

# Cave And Cavern

The cave or cavern is a moss and cloth,  
I adventure, I admit, and I escape to slip away;  
Back in the days of the cephalopod,  
My mighty eyes beheld a prey.  
The ceremony of the cerebrum  
Enticed the work of the whole area of concern.  
For my brain had other pains,  
As asylums vanished after the cares of a day.

Where or when was the antelope?  
In my life, whereabouts?  
It has asymmetry, power and fact,  
To stay a minute in satanic collision.  
This anecdote committed to the heart  
Manages an anchovy of brilliance and taste.

The hybrid of the sea creature  
I witnessed with full glory and state.  
Where do we combine a minor symbol  
With a major sign?  
The caves are again in ready heat,  
Chills and cold weather are forsaken  
By the world and earth.

Naveed Akram

# Ceaseless Brain

Ceaseless activity attacks the singular brain,  
In those mayhems the chivalry acts and collapses.  
Clever are deep and devilish contracts  
For the anatomy of the human body.  
The active ones are the clammy humans,  
Dead as well, death has overtaken them.  
Elegant and disgusting are the limbs,  
Elderly and eager are the electric ties.  
May chilly winds overtake us in sin,  
Deeds of the days and nights shall enchant.

Naveed Akram

# Ceiling Of Life

I want so many years, fifty, sixty;  
More than death, more than life;  
When we have an unexpected ceiling  
Tumble down on us.

I want to see your hair after so many years,  
In the glow after lands have passed  
My forever journey has kept a sin  
So well until half-light turns to darkness.

I want to learn like a trance,  
An exit to heaven is the desirability,  
The only dear journey,  
The one flight I have hair for.

Naveed Akram

# Celebrations

The fireworks burst into scintillas,  
To sweeten the mood accusingly,  
Once the weather worked and spanked.

My fire works from the heart,  
It is the quay so queasy,  
My mood lightens after the drama.

Mere moods will shatter the shaken people,  
Excitement of the time aches,  
Hurdle it so that excitation conquers.

Naveed Akram

# Celebratory Roses

A rose is a rose of stellar travel,  
A rosey boy will mount a horse  
And command the dozens with life.  
Many illnesses and diseases of dire  
Concerts will confine the questions  
Where they breath, fulfilling angers  
Burgeoning with beer and birth.

A flower is a fault of the earth,  
A quake of the worth, as it subjugates  
A land of sand, the breath has burst.  
My fluent cool head traverses the globe,  
It speaks like the children, working.  
It is the rose waking up, boosting the  
Red hair, watching the incidents  
Living in actualities of gold and steel.

I have a flowing find, beetles believe  
In me, like the innocent children.  
The celebrated men die famous,  
Winning the words, worsening the cubic  
Mess of grids that quake like the earth.

Naveed Akram

# Centaur

To remount the horse we cross a large divide,  
The horseman is clever and shrewd about life;  
Across the field they trample to discover the greens  
And the gold of the trees, the trees are upon them.  
The man of the horse changes into a centaur,  
Its changing was lately a consideration by God.  
Remind him of the lateness and the earliness,  
Join them to you, by inciting the words from the leaders.  
The leader is a joiner, a collector of pains too large,  
Ghostly warriors consider us to be like a century.

Naveed Akram

# Central Tree

I found a central apple tree, cold air stung the brisk  
Light air, liking the best of times, losing the life.  
My house had flowers of furniture, when the money  
Of the distance surrounded me with people of time.  
I found my tree when the cider flew in from the air,  
The apples grew furiously due to time and its stay.

I offered some of us a growth sombre and sore,  
The space of the sky rained with torrents and abhorrent  
Light and water, faltering like the opposition or the liar.  
Light air falls down in its quarrel, air is warmer when liars  
Are near, with future dire life of an existence dying,  
I found my apple tree when the bees died and lied.

Naveed Akram

# Centre Of The Clock

I called from a point running out of time,  
The point in time had receded,  
Boundaries were betrayed and won,  
Selfishness and closeness to the devil  
Had won.

I called from a district by the river,  
Letting the avenues mutter,  
Feeding the banks with absence of flies,  
Religion had arrived and shaken  
The foundations.

A reality had been my clock,  
The mighty clock ticked with gongs,  
This winning easy way saw agreeable manners  
Of the kind men who struck  
The centre.

Naveed Akram

# Ceremonies

She is a master of ceremonies,  
Stronger and more muscular;  
Where are the learners of homes?  
The real magic is awake and alone.

My woman of dress is not me,  
For the ceremonious ones are left,  
To include dress and attire -  
The tie is faster to wear by men.

Naveed Akram

# Ceremonious

The marriage ceremony needs milk of the land,  
Preparing sour milk is inadequate for this band.  
In the winter, we strive to correct our lives,  
Thus engaging in romance of the solid drives.  
The family washes its clothes with professional protection,  
A new family will trade, distribute the clothing collection.

The carpenter, clothier, and the official are awake in the morning;  
One makes the gift, he is the carpenter,  
One is the mender of furs and coats, he is the clothier,  
And the other one sends them into deep sleep of wedlock.

The ceremony so great acquires a lesson to all who propose,  
This complexion of the face is fair, and admirable,  
The bride carries the care of the future, the absolute health,  
Whilst the bridegroom makes no denial of his riches.  
They live happily for some years, then some more to celebrate,  
Then some more they demand, tonight they demand.

Naveed Akram

# Ceremony

A ceremonious act occurs in the room so wondrous,  
Gold is against the rights but here stays the king.  
Much accentuation occurred by his wording  
To distinctly applaud and congratulate,  
The chattering of the courtiers was surmounting.  
I have a ceremony in mind to upset the whole community,  
When royalty is at large, and I am just a player of words.  
My kings are my partners in heaven,  
Placed in charge of a populace changing due to them.  
Must the laughter of the whole world be upon us?  
No, there is no problem finding a seller of goods  
That are ceremoniously presented to the throne as gifts.

Naveed Akram

# Chains For Me

My arms are a base for my torture,  
The chains swept by disease are harnessed  
And change comes over me as I reach  
Into the bag of crowns and jewels;

Wearing each is like points for the soul,  
To learn them carries a lesson of pain.  
Right suffering is the divine blessing,  
Containing my stairway into heaven.

My legs are feebler everyday before I  
Pass away and arrive with rightness and wrongness  
Depending on my frame and granite head,  
Why do they feed such flames?

Naveed Akram

# Chamber

In the search for a plague seeping into the skulls  
Our mission of certain decisions has paraded its way  
As a death bringer, as an end of everything  
This time, this very seductive time.

The green gargoyle has now  
Come to life with misery in its feet.  
It walks charmingly but hardly a little,  
And perhaps rain of blood joins us today.

Over the shoulder we watch our prey,  
Linking it with braying sounds not too distant,  
Say that you are doing the right thing,  
Save me as a joyous companion of a chamber  
Or alcove.

Naveed Akram

# Changing Child

The change surprised solemnly,  
Honestly the next neck knighted us;  
For interest was childish in the humour,  
Changes astounded, feelings aroused  
Us all.

The change, this change exerted me;  
Death had pictures, dead people dined  
Where the table munched and crawled  
Compactly, like a wall of the head.

To play a keen role, to keep a selling woe,  
We roll right, wells are stolen with darkness,  
Why do we write the nights with lust  
On the shoulders?  
Completely the body is shy.

Naveed Akram

# Changing Of The Mind

It is the change inside that matters,  
All paths lead to tragedy except the mind.  
So avoid thinking, and build a heart,  
Wherein is found the fruit of the search.  
It is change and change again that starts  
To unfold with finer issues, stronger virtues.  
The mind resists the mighty sword that lingers,  
Wishing you to death, like a die roll or felony.  
My concert of music begins to tolerate for everyone,  
A crowd of listeners is fighting the sounds with awe.  
Then the die roll is spun like spider's silk,  
One catastrophe alerts the skirts of the island,  
We are in chances and risk,  
So enter the fold of this virtue and sin,  
The alacrity of a thousand supplicants is afoot.

We have to declare the eye of the mind,  
Achieving the broken boat, the worst outcome  
Of all time,  
So praise the one who is me, pray for my  
Discerning hands to heal you with awe.

Naveed Akram

# Chanting

Mere harps are wringing and voices are chanting,  
Forever I stare at silence through the eyes of tears.  
Silence is a sale of devices,  
The very beautiful sides to our abilities.  
Tears are made to weep,  
And tears bleed from the face like a wound.  
Ten minutes of weeping is in our day  
Followed by a clumsy voice from my mother  
Saying how might I develop the music of my living.

Naveed Akram

# Chaotic

Cursing chaos moves away from grace,  
As white paper lavishly leaps and spells,  
Like the governing quill that matters to me.

The men produced and heard their laughter,  
A green tangle of the forest grew slightly  
To keep men from wooden aspects and types.

These concrete structures require many pistols,  
Slipping on the bullets wilts the flowers  
As the chaos moves further when the flowers died.

Naveed Akram

# Chapter Of Love

Love will reunite the lover with his lover,  
The lips of his imagination are upon him,  
The hold of an embrace is feeling downwards  
On his heart, like solid moons and burning suns.

Stars are brighter, stars are kinder, so refute  
The teachings of your ancestors, and glimpse on  
The cosmos with all the fever of love at its heart,  
The being of this sublime world is coming from it.

Love will arrive one day, when the gases have conferred  
With one another, when solids will amass like crowds,  
And liquids will fuse in the ways of fountains gushing forth,  
Like the blood of the lover who sees your heart and soul.

Praise the Lord with all of your blood and soul,  
The family can now feel love that enlightens us fully,  
The brother is asking for his prize, the sister is united,  
And we are happier everyday like a chapter of a book.

Naveed Akram

# Character

One should exert character,  
For character exhibits your soul  
And the soul has a murky appearance,  
It decided to be mysterious  
But not when you gain character.

The character is an infinity, a logic  
For the soul to create, so it does.  
My soul worked like yours,  
Once it even behaved like a saint  
Opening the life around, then virtues surround.

My character is to be a mathematical puzzle,  
My character is grand, my grand puzzle.  
I have been this achievement from that achievement.

Naveed Akram

# Charactered Nature

Keeping my soul is like keeping faith,  
Character is important, like the balls of fire  
That rage on in the very halls of fame.  
They have fame as a grace, they have ugly traits  
But beautiful on the outside.  
The fire is strange, of keeping the soul,  
Character is important.  
May the goodness of life strike rich with success,  
Too much success is developed with the character built.  
May the outer happiness be an inner happiness,  
Keeping the soul is like keeping character.

Naveed Akram

# Charcoal

Charcoal is an impure substance  
Called bone-black.  
Of the animals is this charcoal  
And we ascertain longevity  
By heating the way of life.  
Upon its character we find no smoke or flame,  
Merely the rigidity of a fireplace,  
Hotter than relics or artifacts.  
Burning one way and another.  
Burning again, like charcoal.

Naveed Akram

# Chariot In Circles

A truck of encouragement is buying the market,  
My educated bliss is an estrangement of the market.  
Ill works are the illness of my living plague,  
Many have won, many have sung, and I have done.

Ill works subject their full force on our dealings of a night,  
Thus night is the full imposition by the ones who part.  
The works of a great volume are sounder than names,  
My office is inner circles, my orders are from the too high.

This car is a chariot of the golden and silver ones who gape  
At luxury of the pen as it races you and all the gold in the world.  
This gold is a golden pen of the written minds, innocent times,  
Whose powers unfold due to the light within and the dark without.

Naveed Akram

# Charisma

Single enigma, another charisma;  
Heating us, blinding the eyes.  
Please understand me, we are better when wise,  
Offered to the mazes of life,  
And resting energetic brain,  
Special are the other organs,  
We told ointments of rage.  
Entering is leaving, when charismatic people  
Are in our lives.  
Heating eye and ear will bring beauty.

Naveed Akram

# Charitable Speech

Beliefs stagger and make me stammer  
For my eyes foretell the virtues of my heart;  
Patient lines consider the ones who still applaud,  
An audience studies the speech of charity.

Naveed Akram

# Charm Of The Sun

Charming sun shines brightly like butter,  
Ways of youth are in its core;  
The stages of a day in the times of our life,  
Are forces, sudden forces of a nighttime.  
This burning star sizzles the mastered mind,  
Imploring us to change our instincts even.  
Charm that dweller of the hut of bricks,  
Charm his soul by the sun above his dominion.  
His faults are endless, they surprise me,  
Yet the stars at night flicker like fireflies,  
Internal regions of the heart are artful.  
Let the charm of a person be a sanctuary,  
In the deeds of the young heart are sacred stars.

Naveed Akram

# Charm Us

Charm their hearts when befitting,  
Feeling their shivering is like crawling.  
Flowers burst forth in patient showers,  
Hearts are again allowed to sink and harm.  
A hero will enact the meaning of holiness,  
And hearts tackle the burden.  
Hearts will control our love,  
Faith in the blood of life is not vital.

Naveed Akram

## Charming Light From Rod

This charming rod of light reigns in my heart,  
In this heart I crawl formally and enter the realm so desired.  
Fitting into my pencil and pen is like agony itself,  
Writing may be innocence, but the pen itself gleams.  
The charms of tomorrow lie concealed in the rod,  
Light happens to inflict the share, wondering why?  
The rods of different light come down like lightning  
Sounding like the rain and thunder and all of the nature.  
Charm enters the soul once more, with the rod so brilliant,  
The light entitles you to innocence and blood.

Naveed Akram

# Cheeks

The chiselled cheek bones stuttered like speech,  
Her nerves wrecked, she knocked the streets;  
A small storm went so fast to say to grandmothers  
Where she was situated to be a group of occupation.  
Her friends supplied a memory of the sanity,  
This singing was cafe, thoughts swung along the trees  
Like monkeys in naughtiness, too sought by  
Poachers, and their distinct enemies, of the other side.

The paranoid glare concerned her issues,  
A sipped coffee-mug alerted the offices of hearts,  
Their business suited her right,  
The memory of a sin was of course the sight  
Foretelling spiders of silk and rain.  
The first on the corner witnessed her skin  
Mix and chew at the icy streets of solid mud.  
Everything sipped at the small storm  
Facing her right now with annoyance.

Naveed Akram

# Cheer Me

You cheer my spirit like a fountain of joy,  
Water has passed through my lips like a toy;  
Your embrace matters everyday,  
As if the caress is blinding me in a way.  
Young hearts are proud of their belongings,  
Like the home or shelter, the strong or blessings.

Still cheer me some day, as a passerby,  
Fools do not arrive for shelter or like a butterfly;  
Please, beauty encases us with its hold,  
Much of us says beauty is too bold.  
May I capture the melody of this song,  
Open up your eyes and ears to those who belong.

Naveed Akram

# Cherish The Life

Cherish the life that can make happiness in others,  
Even in old age the living have passed on their secrets,  
Fine moments are finer spices that are windows,  
Dining with old people is of the simplest gestures.

Naveed Akram

# Cherished

I start to collide with my rooms,  
Dreams are alive like their parents,  
The children inside are like phantoms,  
But the ghosts are always going to haunt  
The untouchable feelers, who have antennae  
And catch thieves.

Gnosis is required by a man of the heart,  
Inside it he has pressure to collide  
And extract divine light as far as we can conceive,  
The very middle way obviously works out  
By those mundane and cherished.

Naveed Akram

# Chess And Me

You have problems with troubles and solutions to them,  
Examples are furious and minded are the people affronted.  
I accost a few strangers and attack them with nuggets of gold,  
Whilst he kills my riches and my royalty.

I deserve to win and to work so long that natural chess  
Is inbuilt and ready to play enough of.

Naveed Akram

# Chief Slayer

Cautious and the chief  
He lives along the way of  
The dragon of death

Thoughts of many men  
Are combating disease of  
A dragon breathing

Naveed Akram

# Children And Adults

Obnoxious children fiercely chose the worst,  
Worried by the panicky messages, they pleaded  
For rest and peace so as to grow colossal, gigantic  
Like parents of a certain gender that they trusted.

Elegant and glamorous were their parents,  
Tender-loving-care became the guidance,  
For parents respected the large children  
Like a spider respects the grass.

A deafening roar was noticed by the teachers of the school  
And a faint hissing sound inspired the children to cry for fear,  
Needing the help of the adults, needing and needing care,  
Just so as to learn what scare to avoid at what time of the year.

Naveed Akram

# Children Of Water

A child laps water after looming for centuries,  
It gasps and breathes its last, as water has spun.  
Little children of the deep father themselves,  
As the rain gathers all of the fruit and vegetables.

Naveed Akram

# Children Today

I open the way of feeling to everyone  
Who glances in my direction that stays.  
I frustrate the coldness of the air today,  
Eerie are the ways we splendidly follow  
Like the cattle and children of our day.

I have seen many wonders in children of light,  
Light encompasses their being, it is essential  
To their upbringing, to their destiny.  
My authors and children contemplate  
For a day to begin their tragedy.

This is a comedy of alertness, inside us,  
As children the feelings rise and fall  
Like the waves of the sea and river.  
In our country we see children  
And more of them as well tonight.

I have offensives and defenses today,  
Like the children of risk and despair  
Inwardly talking like the very desperation.  
My conversation never appalled the distinct  
Who offered their own children to oldness.

Naveed Akram

# Children?

Children are the easily led,  
Their learning is profound,  
Their lift is happy and proud,  
Why do parents forgive them?  
We produce the fellow children  
To lift and uplift each of us  
When there happens a life.  
Children need growth to boast,  
To live and outlive, to death is their journey  
After a life of straightforward happiness and bliss.  
Felt good? Why children? Because, say Children,  
We live among others who are like the mothers  
In the land we call Children.  
Child after child shall learn of the existing ones  
That need admirals and generals of late.  
The defence of a child is the greatest concern,  
And I laugh at one who destroys life,  
Ever in turmoil is a child because of this act.  
Children will be enough to be today.  
Children can upset no one who is old and ancient,  
Selfless students are children.  
However much you push and pull at the threads that children weave  
And sort, and spread, and sew,  
The adult will sew better and more often than a child.  
That is the secret, children.

Naveed Akram

# Chills Of A Star

One of those chills raises the scene of leaving,  
Because my eyes distil the vision like brightness;  
One arrived, one circled and stood for the chills,  
Charity was beckoning its ploy with everlasting  
Grace; a gracious man is sold to the soldier.  
One grace is better than old gold,  
Feeling house after house, one of those children  
Are already in unison, in echelon, in season.

One of these chilly scenes, one of those mornings,  
Are similar to the adages of a supreme leader,  
Our creator is not of us, and never will his presence  
Be despised by elders of the city and bushes.  
One of those treks are enough of a sun bathing  
In itself; one sun is one star of the boldest curbs.

I see houses with curbs and pavements,  
I have less light in the deep enough sea,  
But the house is my favour to you all.

Naveed Akram

# Chimes Of Justice

This I express to usual times,  
A sense of justice has chimes,  
No crimes, nor devils of hardness,  
Just innocent helpers and neatness.  
The little jokers fear a crowd,  
Which do not dare enter aloud.  
Why do joking few contribute to the whole menu?  
This exactness is humour, a lesser one to argue.  
We are in times of distress,  
The very hilt of the sword is to assess.

Naveed Akram

# Chinese Table

May I join you in an hour?

The table seems laid and ready for sweet-and-sour.

The Chinese food is grand to the stomach and taste,

We dine forever in grandness, so much in haste.

For it, the Chinese bear the wife in the garden,

This is where the herbs and vegetables are to harden.

They can be great to the health,

Much more of a stealth

Can be gained in a day

Or maybe for the say.

This hour of dining is exactly allowed

For the Chinese are good when bowed.

Naveed Akram

# Chirping Monsters

He was chirping like an escaped bird,  
Wings were aloft in the stations  
Suppressing time and its quality  
From the start to the finish,  
He was chirping like a poetic disorder  
As the birds sing and the monsters linger.

Senseless, the redundant beasts have furnished  
The earth with its crust,  
And the bird's flight shall shine, shovelling the air  
With both beaks after both wings.

The flight fades away in fighting fairness,  
Eating entrances for the terrors  
Inside tense beasts and limbs.

The monsters shake after attacks,  
Inside the life we have run accordingly.

Naveed Akram

# Chords Are Broken

Chords are broken in the mastered circles,  
Open him up with knife,  
Crickets can leap and chirp,  
Butter has been brought,  
On an island I confess,  
Feeding the life, feeding the life;  
We might considerably collect anybody  
To feed on life who lives on and on.  
The chord has snapped of a circular man  
Or a stick-man, although I crept onto him  
From the world and the planets.

Naveed Akram

## Chosen Books

Inhale now that the books are chosen,  
Turn them to inhabit them, occupying them.  
There is a reason for the thinking,  
A meaning to deliver to the brain.  
They are stocked on the shelves,  
For all in the house, always in view.  
A history has emerged of truthfulness,  
Nothing but the truth, nobody objects  
Or instructs others.  
Inside we did discover all the knowledge,  
But inhale any you demand for all time.

Naveed Akram

# Chrysalis

My chrysalis combines with craft  
To produce me from the substance  
You desire from suggestions.

I am surrounded by heavenly abundance,  
Fleeting worries are like wars,  
Building up inside like pains.

The embodiment of hearts is a rare science,  
Languid ironies take root,  
For the worlds of collisions are awake.

I am enraptured by the heavenly heat,  
Felicity is about to be care-free  
Livid with rage.

I am an ineffable monument of pure  
Thoughts made by the Lieutenant  
Of Sins, the really accomplished author.

My feeding is for you, and you alone,  
My butterflies speak to you, alone,  
You alone in this weird old world.

Naveed Akram

# Circle And Triangle

Stinging and duelling are happier quests,  
For to learn and inspire is a prize.  
This prize beats the questions,  
To ask the polite wonders is likely.

Tangents are drawn and a circle closes,  
Trigonometry embraces me with zeal  
As it encircles me and designs with me,  
Like triangles of zebras and cows.

Naveed Akram

## Circle In Our Eyes

The circle of light creates a bliss for all eternity,  
Heaven cannot spread the entire ointment we see  
In the concentric circles of this existence.  
The circle of light creates blueness when  
We do everything that burgeons and succeeds,  
The blueness is somehow permitted when coldness  
Proceeds into the eyes, that master a frontal attack  
On the environment, offering me some light  
At the circles of our minds.

The bliss of truth is so happier than my dress  
That weighs me down with excellent manners.  
I am a liker of wool, and I see the honey of this world  
Being produced by bees who work for my tasty food.  
The world cannot believe, the world cannot believe  
The air I spread when news comes from afar.  
The blessings of a year are in progress,  
As they announce the flowery pass,  
This pass is of the pillars and acts.  
I have seen my country born due to godliness,  
In this day we brought our nation to the eyes.

Naveed Akram

## Circles In Circles

Make circles in circles then entertain them,  
Pose new thoughts for the astute of this earth;  
One sees on a weekday the beginning of descriptions,  
A newspaper walks freely with new thoughts and men.  
The new teeth speak to new men, a little number of them,  
To bite the dozen dinners offered by some.

Make sands to confirm what is in waiting,  
The hour-glass confidently opposes me,  
Men watch and listen to confer,  
And men climb words of the press.  
New thinkers abide in the realms of events  
Proposed by some who wait and learn.

Naveed Akram

# City Swallowed

The city is a work of art,  
That feared heaven and hell;  
From the sand-holes to tunnels  
Of the furious creatures of certainty.  
People will start to contrive a western  
Attitude that absolves the damnable priest.

But then they came up to signal a revenge,  
For the most horrendous activity we die;  
The devils and demons inhabit those  
In revenge, and those who object.  
I have to matter in the feelings  
Of the ground that swallows.

Naveed Akram

# City-Dweller

I look through the city with pride,  
It compels me with lawmaking,  
The gardens are full of employers,  
They are gardeners of the gardeners.  
We are plenty of times in love with this city,  
The district loves me and my company.  
Inventing lies on the city is dastardly,  
Just view it with the naked eyes and absorb the company.  
Maybe the city of all cities can wink a few times,  
Calling the angels to visit, with the keys to the city.

Naveed Akram

# Claiming Danger

Never do reasons claim so many affairs?  
Criminals afflict the young with dallying  
And bullying,  
Those criminals work hardest at the rich.

At riches struck, the clock works with ticks  
To empower the rich with mighty words  
And acts of the blameworthy kind.

Let madness reach the powerful aches,  
In these prizes we raid the young heart,  
In these levels of beauty hangs the living  
Of centuries and hearts.

One might add dangerous movement,  
Leaving the paper with dangers,  
Left are the controversies,  
Left are the aliens.

Naveed Akram

# Clamour Of The Public

One hears the public in their clamour,  
Offering mankind a morning of worries,  
Simply they are godly and stern,  
One has been aggravated by their gestures.  
I like the goings of a day that is sublime,  
Underneath the bridge of highness.  
This king and prince undervalues you,  
You are the basest of metallic objects.  
The statues themselves stagnate  
In front of a fire, in the background  
Laid a fortunate spread of butter  
On toast, the bringer of joyous monsters  
Off the taste buds that divide the actions.  
One hears and sees one of the meals  
Being small or big, according to some people.

Naveed Akram

# Clapped Their Hands

They clapped their hands hardly,  
What tragedy heaved the body?  
We had hands of desires,  
Feet of warmth and solitude.  
We gasped and talented ourselves  
In the sandy encouragement.  
Our follies numberless, we defined  
Our actions and responded.  
They clapped their hands  
And shouted hurray!  
We were the heaviest of the clans,  
The dirtiest of creatures, caned by  
Elders and united like beastly staff.  
Where was the rotten body?  
My shouts go the other side,  
Verbal days are verbal ways of the times.  
We clapped our hands  
When the whole stage was complete.

Naveed Akram

# Clarified Heart

Clarified by giving me a wretched heart,  
He clarified the possession of the mind.  
For the mind of my longing was perfect,  
Like the soul in its narrow avenue.  
The chlorine has come, the certificate has gone,  
I am not in this entire cosmos  
As the seas have testified, as the lands  
Have mastered, when we have done mad  
Feelings, when my emotions are strong.

To be code of the long life, my heart goes out  
To your heart and eye, feelings are sensations  
Too sincere, the sight of a people is aside,  
The hearing of my life is like a spear.  
Burning and working are solid causes of war,  
Feed those warlike heroes with strong fervour  
Like the fevers of malaria, and the language  
Of psychosis, a philosophical dispute has arisen,  
We must surrender to the living computers.

Naveed Akram

# Clashing Swords

The sword clashes in mighty strokes with the stone,  
The stone splits from the massive tone of the alone.  
These slumbers write a mischief and outburst,  
To be booked and looked at, to be accursed.

Then somebody reigns over us with dignity,  
Holding gifts so treacherous, of no generosity.  
The futility, and shame of our past trials  
Shows outbursts so malignant that we are in denials.

A sword has won, victory commands my pride  
To swivel and learn greater quests alongside.  
The need of danger after jeopardy is superb,  
I may discriminate on grounds to disturb.

Naveed Akram

# Class One

Classy features are glamorous for those over theses  
That differ, that strangely admire and become chunky.  
My extra-large carelessness exhibits the defects  
Of a forgotten paper that bores at the cerebrum.  
My enthusiasm mattered to the liver and kidney,  
I keep them under a banner that revolves around me.  
I have dear clans, dear feuds and expensive gatherings,  
Might they work in decisions always decorous?  
The chief of knowledge causes us concern, desertion  
And coherent looks, the real ingredients of a war.  
Peace annuls the business of carnage and cemetery,  
These are warriors of blood, soldiers of fortune.

Naveed Akram

## Classes And Lectures

They found adayago a silly man in the new shirt,  
A really good find that kept them away and running,  
To be listened to are these people who riot in heads.  
A dork I mean is a terrible man who fiddles on who  
The person is that stayed long at class and found at last  
His intelligent look and excuse at being with the next lecture.

Naveed Akram

# Classical Times

Often I have solutions  
To the many additions;  
I'm old now, why do I cry?  
My living needs to apply.  
Aluminium is a metal  
I have inside me - classical!  
This foil is damaging me,  
It makes me feel doubly.  
My living needs to hamper  
The very people on this acre.  
Let abuse be a problem  
For those anywhere in my album.

Naveed Akram

## Clean Like That

Freedom from dirt is of washing up,  
Spreading the tablecloth and being fine.  
Use the handkerchief on the people who work,  
A tainted one shall require us to laugh aloud.  
It is not one hundred percent, not entire,  
To jostle and abhor the freedmen.  
We are polished from good soap,  
Snowy and sought by men and women.  
This place is dewy and fresher than most,  
As much as a daisy, and no longer a creature.

Naveed Akram

# Cleanness

To this I please so far as I can see,  
Your eyes must be a winning agency;  
Life cares, life spares, to size and mounting work,  
This work will never cease for that old clerk.

My movement beams like fame, together right,  
For light shall bark with arms and legs so bright;  
They seize me under those who swim and learn,  
The water spins like dozing light to burn.

I fuss and fight, I open and then close  
The doors, for with these dice I found kudos,  
These tokens stay, those workers pray for us,  
Towards a little work we have cleanness.

Naveed Akram

# Cleansing

Cleanse my stomach with the juice so partnered  
With the juices of destruction, so self-destroy!  
How did not the figure of speech alleviate the drug  
So wallowing in your talking stomach of waste?  
Saying the honesty is greater than food to boast,  
And this is the spying of regretful might.  
A saw is taken to wear the clothes damaging me,  
Therefore we speak of the riches in our belly.  
The belly aches after caring for you, and I am  
Solid and liquid and gas, and all the fluids of rarity.

Naveed Akram

# Cleansing Rain

The weather settled into cleansing rain,  
Bewitching us with attentions as the rain drew near;  
This rain retracts and leaves no trace of us,  
A cold dull ache resounds in the heavens  
Battering my cracks and hollows with days  
To fight and earn other days that wordily speak  
Out to the vehemently opposed individuals.  
To maintain fundamentals we seek  
Essential food elements, that work like names.  
The prowling of shame has shimmered  
As the sun invokes sounds and sights as firstly  
The really real spell of heat repels.  
The warm, rich atmosphere tears and rips,  
For the beach to master a religion of water.  
The weather has beaten me at all the stardom,  
Once they fall and access me as a spot on the ground.

Naveed Akram

# Clear Blue Sky

Have your eyes carried the azure sky?  
Clear blue sky so straightforward as the sigh  
That tingles from too much loving sight  
Of a planet in turmoil and light.

Have you awakened to the splendour we drown  
With the mightiness of the braking sword all brown  
From the bleeding of corpses and life,  
Always in demand in the living knife.

How is the life when forward-marching,  
Your identity card is needed searching?

Naveed Akram

# Clever People

Leave it to the clever people  
From heaven and not hell;  
The fair are there, like a forced crowd and audience,  
The heavenly ones that are benign,  
And the seas are thanked but by far  
By the hellish people by far,  
They are further in their evil now -  
The mistresses are there, much drunk on wine of blood,  
In the cogs of all time there is blood  
From the celebrations of the good.  
Leave it to the clever people.

Naveed Akram

## Clever Voices

Clever voices shall reign on the world,  
Led by the weak, led by the strong;  
The reasons for living are numerous,  
Forget them in a moment too tough.  
Clever are the voices so golden and yelling,  
Innocent helpers arrive to answer us.  
The waste of times, are the money for us,  
The times changing create a pleasure.  
The rest of our sentence is about me,  
I query any soldier of the dress to admire.

Naveed Akram

# Cliff-Hanger

I wept my most the last day I found the Lordly person,  
For him I say, for him I sneer, and I have stared on.  
Such is ability that grasped the roots beheld by some,  
And innocence is charity again, for when I die I am dumb.  
The deaf and blind can never stare or steer their way,  
So cliffs are the runaway, of a plainsman who rots,  
He rots glory more than anythingelse.  
His mould is contorted for each fashionable pursuit,  
He laughs minus signals all his soul and root.  
Much makes the murdered one believe in moreover,  
And when more has stayed in life we stay never.

Naveed Akram

# Climb And Relax

The comfit is sensed by the tongue  
And taken whole, for the spreading of butter  
And the reading of forever.  
Accents change for four days,  
Abundantly from the heart.  
It is absurd to access an accident  
That was accelerated by seconds.

Announcement after announcement began  
The day ahead,  
Ants seemed to climb and relax,  
Then legitimate reasons were inspected  
And caught sight of to prolong the search.

I see a Lenin in you,  
Mighty levitation has given the image  
Of betrayal.

My levanting is procured  
And I see the distaste of my elders  
In their cities of gold and other  
Rare metals.

Naveed Akram

# Climbing Is Absurd

May the Earth move sideways and relax,  
The ground will hit your eyes and sight is restored.  
The manager of faces climbs the mountain  
And the cliffs are like it.  
He relaxes forever when he jumps  
Hitting the ground to let the earth quake like him.  
The cliffs are a soundness, what are they?  
They are sound, healthy pinnacles of performance  
But to risk life is absurd,  
It is abhorrent and you will die from that height.

Naveed Akram

## Clinic Staff

The clinic took her bags away,  
Giving all the feeling better,  
Her gray hair snarled at the career  
Of the nurses, lunging at throats  
Like a merciful general swearing.  
The doctor lumbered by,  
Bungling flavors down the hall.

The next lofty day, at the back  
Of the head, my enemies came in.  
All that same patience nightly wept  
In me, like a favor of the past,  
Inside it tasted like venom.  
I, like her, was badly bruised  
By the guns and torture of circular  
Spells and magic, of course  
It was religion backwards,  
It was morality in session.

She arrived at my call,  
When the nurses murdered me,  
Kicking my brain and skull,  
The bookend was far too simple.  
Tears started moving down my  
Chest, to open the wounds  
And the blood oozing.

She came into my head and hatred,  
How do we plead?  
We were both guilty,  
Innocence had no time,  
As for her cruelty.

Naveed Akram

# Clocks Of Good Quality

Clocks, books, circles, and signs nip the air,  
Programming thoughts with their willingness,  
Through the nightmares and dreams of a day.

My fortunes are numberless, fending for themselves  
Like good gold pieces, of the hiding variety,  
Underneath the bed of the sea where there is colour.

You have ascertained the quality of a day  
That judges the feelings of a major variety,  
Fully the really interrogative thought is misplaced.

My circles and books are generally obsolete,  
Like a sphinx or awesome wasp of the highness  
That stings and bites with blurs and size.

What quality is there in the binding of a book?  
Feelings are heard from the tongue,  
As the tongue of the heart flaps and discourages.

Naveed Akram

# Closer They Drew

Closer they drew, quite close to saplings,  
Some bracken neared the leg, and fixtures.  
It made leather going easy and fast,  
The path of a dragon patrolled my fastened  
Heart, with its knots of candidates who  
Fixed the eyes and ears with cherries.

From nowhere I was cutting the sheep-clipped  
Grassland, feeling not shoes, though the wood  
Irresistibly burnt like coal with ease.  
I was through it, I was distracted by districts,  
As the shadows on the path diverged and  
Made my thanks to be alive around us.

Naveed Akram

# Cloth Of Grade

The cloth of the coach was flesh,  
Cobwebs were spun on it, the girls  
Of this flesh were with feet  
Who met the coach and fought him.

He was some drum, he was a gate  
To the fires of the flesh; dinner  
Had been at his feet, with hands and face,  
Liking the doctor of all this pain.

Fog came, games came, then the grade  
Was sought like laws, maps of the region;  
This fog was a bubonic plague like this,  
Eyes of the family were cast on it.

The mailbox was sent a rat for spoiling  
Then the glue was a food for the rats,  
Games away, games away!  
Rats have been the grade for us all.

Naveed Akram

# Cloth To Unfurl

The will of the fountain is like cloth furled,  
My faith earns from the Briton, and is like cloth furled.

My button is clenched with anger and mood,  
My asking is the fault of a bulletin, like cloth furled.

This day lightens the stomach so gainful,  
The light fights its way with our chieftain, with cloth furled.

The clapping is churned, the chess is taught,  
But strategy joins to that to enlighten, cloth has been furled.

The east and west, the north and south, feel little,  
Because the mainframes of the curtain have cloth to be furled.

Let intelligent men see my poetry in the light of strangers,  
To be disheartened is to enjoin the gotten, with cloth unfurled.

Naveed Akram

# Clothing

Let them dry their clothes  
As fresh as ripe fruit.  
Wear them both even in deathblows,  
Clothes are supreme as fruit and absolute.  
Let the clothes bespeak the teeth  
And read our sentence.  
Why do cares become a wreath?  
When do we read with abundance?

The attire is an abhorrence whenever  
We try on new thoughts and then endeavour.

Naveed Akram

# Clothing Rags

With reference to this man, who shamed a nobody  
Knowing the talents of the request  
And the solutions of the righteous acts,  
He sews together clothing rags one after the other.  
Rather than avoid the quests and ruinations  
He was a man who endearingly wrote a love letter  
To the effects we reach and absolve  
In this heart of golden light  
Baring its lead like a shaft of arrogance.

With avoidance of the spectacle  
In this heart of mine, for my heart of mine,  
I leapt up with joy that was a plot of land  
For me to grow groups of cabbage  
As the rain collected their energies  
In the way of years and months.

Why does the nobody in this world tend to no  
Sick people? Who manages half of the help?  
In the inferred dresses, dangers creep in.

Naveed Akram

# Clouded

Destruction is learnt by the essential qualities,  
May we float over the disasters clouded by gravities.

Naveed Akram

# Clumsy Welcome

Boundless condemnation clumsily scares me into cloudiness,  
The chubby landscape surpasses my brainy adhesions,  
This force describes me after childlike demons return,  
As this force is defiant beyond cleverness and intimacy.

My boiling blood is cluttered with cells of blood  
That reiterate the clarity and speech of my soul,  
And so it gushes past my wild-boars, the treachery is averted  
As my foolhardiness receives a welcome forever.

Naveed Akram

# Coding

Codes must be constructed on clever times,  
Intact their informaton is solvable on heavenly crimes.  
Such is their content and with love the happiness is there  
To beautify my spirits and cancel my regret.

Naveed Akram

# Co-Existence

Existence controls a view of a far point,  
This carries jealousy between you and me who are joint.

Naveed Akram

# Coffee Is Fine

Having a brewing cup for coffee is fine,  
Facing weather too hot, too much iron.  
This strong iron is too late in taste,  
Much of the flavours are inside.  
The coffee is not tea, not even anything  
Like the leaves of danger and bread.  
My loaf of bread enriches the stomach  
And all emptiness is about.  
The cup of coffee has managed my upper class,  
My thinking causes thinkers to abandon,  
The ridding of thinkers and scholars is appalling  
In the extreme.

Naveed Akram

## Coffin's Argument

The argument started from enigmas,  
Yesterday they sprout, today is a collection.  
One met a stage and trouble,  
One was sometimes in stupor and wrong.  
The argument commences and embeds  
The principles so hard and heavy.  
One is today a log or rock of infancy,  
Opening a coffin of horror and seeing death.  
This arguing will bring misfortune  
To the sons and daughters,  
It will admire us when young.

Naveed Akram

## Cold And Deep

The end of civilization is to seek out and learn,  
Never and never does the snow hiss or walk  
Like us, for we crawl and hurl from it.

It is the cloud that is the spiritual center,  
The importance of flesh has disappeared,  
Foolish breath has eventually worked.

Cold and deep was the shop called blood,  
My only sound ran away,  
The following day he claimed a joy.

Shop for the sudden belonging,  
Far-off the windows are shut and open,  
Touching is too much beginning.

My young man matters to the born,  
And he parked along the black roads,  
Melted by the snow you certainly watch.

My claim he cast aside,  
Now that the birth of brown beards  
Arose from the jungles and forests.

Naveed Akram

## Cold And Hot

The history of our lives waves its wand,  
The storm so telling of religion is unleashed.  
We are exactly measuring the wealth so spent  
By those who wet entrances into the climate.  
It is a climbing nature, the weather is cold  
Sometimes, but then again hot;  
But the climate stays with us.  
Any rain will write us into debt,  
Told by the one who owns money.  
The history of our lives has caused  
The weather, and this I tell.

Naveed Akram

## Cold And Illicit

The illicit material is prohibited, one is forbidden to act,  
As cold as glaciers and snowy mountains we act;  
The religion is star-crossed, as we glance at the stars,  
Hapless generosity of germs and groans, the other side.  
For certain tolerances is a disease, illicit details are prohibited,  
Illiterate men walk free, in regions of snow and ice.  
A two-faced fellow of noticeable genius misuses the frame,  
Towards us the spoken tongue is misused, and exact words of the frame.

Naveed Akram

# Cold Humanity

In misty and cold abilities one was hard,  
With this lazy gate my immediate flag has been;  
This was between twelve and four o'clock.

Then the gate of trivia has been accomplished,  
Open the gate of this trivial happiness  
Concluding with my happy melody of the present  
Case, inside the layers of humanity.

The horrid inmates border the acts of parliament,  
Hats are dismissed deserting the flanks,  
Leaving us in sinful nightmares that blink  
In the rigid night of calamity.

Mentally metallic is the whole legend facing  
Saints and prophets preaching for your kind,  
But the case-study has been shown,  
Yes, the case-study has been shown.

Naveed Akram

# Cold Ways

Cold wars can be cold ways and are called the destination,  
Created are they who are callous in case there is a finish.  
Neutral nature is nastier than most nature and then most,  
But cold is not heat and warmth, ugly and accused is a single person.

A window to God can shine a health too helped, no matter,  
But no method in the lies of plenty, of many and above now.  
Must the trodden-one describe a final health, and so on....

Naveed Akram

# Colloquialism

This colloquial word has been tremendous,  
The full word is a concise term, a love.  
For the sight of trouble needs these words,  
And they collide and collapse for better terms.  
Our colloquy needs establishing, a full light,  
For terms too mighty and sad, like sound.  
Grave words need to be spoken, often,  
Gratitude amazes me, as I speak them.  
The colloquial word is special as goodness,  
A grace so mighty, so sad.

Naveed Akram

# Colossal Cabins

Colossal cabins were missing from the vibrating mass,  
An operations deck was toggled with dressing,  
The hurried work seemed sufficient, and all-powerful.  
Martin left his cabin and ran down the corridor with spirits,  
Hurrying for the sake of pleasure, of existing,  
Liking the military-grade engines for the whole of it.  
Many worried him as stationary casualties  
And observers who saw some minor failures.  
With a sickening blare, the trumpets and drums  
Burst to life from a secret dirt and a secret work  
Of such deeds and superhuman acts.  
The cabins from expert systems looked like boxes  
Of light, and he hurried to them,  
Martin started toggling the humane desk with vigour,  
And the vibrating stopped suddenly with surpassing  
Speed. One wanted a dead servant of dark limits.

Naveed Akram

# Colour Of War

The original colour of war was grey,  
Forming the ultimate reality of dread.  
For the march forwards built a complexion  
From the dusty roads that wound around  
The war-torn parts of symbolised fear.  
One bond happened around the enemies,  
One too many say the authorities of war.

So keep your dinners and suppers,  
Food is of the alacrity, food pains you  
As you speak, with definite signals of dread.  
So care for the uprising, now that meanings  
Arise from the dusty roads that wind around  
Different, diverse streets from the other day;  
That day was a tragedy of the spectacles.

Naveed Akram

# Coloured Handkerchief

I seized a coloured handkerchief,  
And wept on it for too many rides  
Of joy in this life we call the times.  
The roads are robberies, and the paths  
Are pains, so do not spy on jails  
That jealously spend their wealth  
Of time of their inmates included.  
I sailed for times too different,  
My eyes swore to the pen that erased  
Itself, and my face wore the stale throat  
So as to whine and search, dive and perch  
With ever-glistening sight,  
The bay of ships and handkerchiefs  
Was closed for this fight,  
The bay was empty to the tongs of fear,  
The tongues fought,  
The mouths were more than madness,  
These ears sorely missed eerie ease.

The main deluge offered a prize,  
And we must proudly devise the blessings,  
The tumult has expired with my pen that eases  
The head of hearts.

Naveed Akram

# Colourful Dreams

I feel some work of colour in the head,  
It's a description of your pleasure.  
The colours sound different like a rainbow,  
But your bending of the light is so.  
Wondering and labouring is like sleeping,  
Circumstances change for the picture.  
May the rainbow seem frowning  
On your pleasure and dream, how majestic!  
The dreams grow and grow  
In the infinite realm, where there is a nonsense-land.

Naveed Akram

## Colourful Dresses

Embrace with dresses so fired with colour,  
The stick of delight damages with neighing;  
Sadly, a trust has emerged for the naturalness  
To show and to demonstrate abundance.  
Stiff, awkward and unjust is the society  
In dresses cold, into the heat of the fires.  
May we embrace so dearly the money  
At the end of the lane, an avenue has been shown.

Naveed Akram

# Colourful Herbs

Colourful are the asterisks I must display,  
Find them now in their tasks that matter,  
Crucifix after crucifix, layers upon heavenly layers,  
Wonder of the highlighted segments, of heavens.

Colours cascade to banter us with exchanges  
Of the bittermost sensations.  
Inside the playful an ingress has also been,  
Beans and herbs if the herbs.

There is the arrival of the sun and moon of the heights  
Thrashing us, part of the sky dies with crimson.

Naveed Akram

## Colours Of The Night

Your finding is like colours of the night,  
This drove my exciting senses in some light.  
They loved the small children dying from cancer  
And I found their skin no trouble to answer.  
I loved a fellowship with the deity who cared,  
My friendship was alive and well, this I declared.  
Much may triumph when god is near,  
Upper class tyrants can never appear.

Naveed Akram

# Combat Encounter

After he opened the door,  
A monster was presented;  
It was a statue of stone for them,  
But now the statue was real.  
They left the room like danger  
And was it anger? Or fury of it?  
Amusement was complete,  
Our hands held swords in  
Preparation, ready for combat.

He aired his message as a monster  
Of butchers and spells,  
Leaving us with plenty,  
But not more than life,  
For the budding brains of ours  
Managed to dispel this wickedness  
And we are safe.

Naveed Akram

## Combining With

The adding and subtracting combined to make  
My numbers work like words and positions  
Offering powerful premises congealing in mud,  
Fitting to the eye that stares,  
Fixing on items of cloth, staring can work.

The asking of questions confers with reason,  
This rational kindness overwhelms obscurely  
So teasingly and so wonderfully for all this moment  
Mesmerising.

The mathematics of this day eagerly waits,  
Returning to the journey of living that  
Keeps quality in the neck and legs.

My automatic man is a robot to begin  
And end the affairs of life so enchanting,  
Fixing it compares to folly,  
For folly wends its way to the entrance  
Of despair.

Naveed Akram

## Come And Love

Come along, young boy of the woods,  
Come in the end to faint on wounds of blood,  
To be as fine as a death of a loose knot being untied,  
As you are negative and positive on the attitude you take in life.  
Go to the bed of roses and smell awe and repugnance,  
Love and hatred, and then live with these.  
Love him and his wife just as roses and foxgloves.

Naveed Akram

## Come To Laws!

Come to the spirit of the law,  
Open the books of goodness and gold.  
May the rich help speak well of you,  
Asking flowers and potions of wonder.  
Faces resent speaking and listening,  
Not when the smiling has been encountered.  
A guardian is unknown, for knowledge perfectly  
Undoes the secrets of life.  
Let joyful agencies pretend this life is perfect!

Naveed Akram

# Come To This Earth

Come to this earth with open hands so  
That worlds are like your soul.  
Coming to the end of life, a little furniture  
Supervises the people who live in the house;  
This earth will reside with the mansion,  
It will turn into gold if this house dies.  
The golden meanings of this world  
Are limited, but people survive  
And then die endlessly and gracefully,  
Feeding the hosts of this life  
That sweats and desires more work for  
The hands that built a monument.  
A vault is needed to complete your life,  
Death awaits those soldiers who die wondrously.

Naveed Akram

## Come With Me

Come live with me, and be a certain staff,  
Ridiculing me only after I speak of insanity;  
I will be a bed of tulips, for you that makes me,  
Strife has accomplished the prison of flowers.  
The state of things requires a new heart  
Willing the same mourning of the ends.  
These are my ends and they will be yours,  
Striking bolts of love is one way to be a staff.  
The certain bolts of health give value and treasure  
For all the gold pieces, and all the golden pens.  
Come live with me, and be my staff forever,  
Fixing me with the stare of young hearts.

Naveed Akram

# Come With Your Weapon

Come, friendly bombs, and descend on London  
The fits cascade on human sufferings or casualties  
They fit in the yesterdays, as a future too bereft  
Today concerns us when we ascertain the degree

Come, O weapons, and fire at soldiers of fighting and treason  
Let the judge of crimes be heard at last  
Shall the military judge accept your story so consumed?  
Will events last on the shelves of minorities?

Combat embellishes me and my crew of defeaters  
To blow me to smithereens!  
To brightly walk in the company of the army  
In the face of a battlefield, the one planet

Naveed Akram

# Comedy Is My Hobby

The comedy is the hobby,  
Wool guides us in clothes  
To be the chair of worry.  
On eating berries, a careful man  
Causes us to stir inside our yacht.

One rumour has it, another fires  
Like artillery with codes and truths,  
The oath has been condemned by  
Brothers of light who despise the  
Shrimps of the palace of their cousins.

The monsters amass and die like snacks,  
Balls are replacing me with hobbies,  
The real cactus of the type;  
The sandals are piercing the toes,  
With their invention of fleas.

Naveed Akram

# Comely Day

An alluring sight saw you with itself,  
Appealing to the eyes, stagnant,  
Thus angelic and beauteous of course.  
Fair weather eludes the boundary,  
A comely disaster has arisen from the ground.  
Enticing, rejecting and solidifying,  
A human made a delightful day.  
Cute humans stretched their legs  
For more dazzling drying,  
Forceful seeing and hearing.

Life consisted of their feelings,  
A habit of dying had reached the find;  
Expelling me was a strong action,  
Gorgeous smoke invaded the vicinity  
Of victory, visible institutions cropped up.

Naveed Akram

# Comets Come

Comets come from the froth of the sea,  
Righteous returns are from these designs;  
So entire populations wield their heads  
For the disbelief of the crowds so innocent.

The comets of this hurricane have eroded  
The land with their pains and hurts,  
So that the concert is denied a threat,  
Ghosts of slaughter decide our paths.

May the comets of the future be where  
We are as artists, the atria of our hearts.  
These designs are from godly primordials  
Who wed their plates with ones of fire.

Naveed Akram

# Comfortable Kindness

The comfortable has a region,  
We have no excellent virtue  
But the virtue of virtues,  
For this compels our comfort.  
Damaged we stay, and defenceless;  
Defend us now that dirt arises,  
From the days of broken natures.  
Complete my exact existence,  
Instil the hearts you hear with kindness.  
The disillusioned beliefs infer a madness  
That we have no complex with,  
Just deeds are again our command.  
Common virtues shall attain our circle,  
The circle of kindness and relief.

Naveed Akram

## Comical Issues

A colour and fountain which has given us all,  
Given us all the powerful paper and above,  
Enough would be said as super are people.  
The weird disease is upon us and livers are loving their goals,  
Just to understand takes time and sorrow,  
Inert gases have applied their effect.

Naveed Akram

# Commander-In-Chief

Concerning the general staff is a problem,  
Emblematic of a war that is civil.  
Genius may strike, its hold so gleesome,  
Types of sin muster themselves and snivel.

The commander-in-chief perpetrated the action,  
It was strategy and tactics to master.  
For he spoke well for us, could not abandon,  
And when he provided awe, he was the caster.

Combat triumphs when your soul is in danger,  
Generals and troops have problems and agitation;  
Resolutions happen and actions are the changer,  
Between the soldiers is a physical decapitation.

Naveed Akram

# Commanding The Enemy

In these ways we command the enemy to be cut  
Away from messages to do with God;  
These foul people cheerfully seek birds of conversation  
To do their talking according to the ways of an action.  
One bird flies to a branch of gold,  
And another flees to the branches of silver,  
And another reaches the very height of the tree.  
The ways of the enemy are above us in power,  
Relentless and swaying like a giant tree of birds,  
Competing and never deserting, towards flight.  
The real trek staggered the birds of conversation,  
For those who seek to betray the community are lost.

Naveed Akram

# Commence The Days

Commence the days with non-foolishness,  
And also your life is exactly the same help it gave you.  
You must never be stupidity, your actions are precious,  
Like the guns and weapons of a real leader.

The nights give sleep and new excitement,  
As much as you like, as much as you sleep.  
The night is longer than the day,  
And animals beautifully reply to this pattern.

Naveed Akram

# Commerce

The commerce of religion stands to the alone,  
A sitting of amazement stays behind;  
Its real commercial value shall be managed  
By the awesome and rich, by the deity of all.  
Such is the power of delivery that we speak  
Over a signal inside one, the signals are repeated.  
Maybe the religion shall speak, may it all relax  
To the honesty of the boat or the ark or the bridge.  
How mellow is the sound or the noise going to be?  
The real religion works formally, with telephones.

Naveed Akram

# Common Sense

Common sense is the product of our nightmares,  
Let it picture a picture, leave the mirror, and add  
As well as subtract to the misery of Da Vinci.  
Our arts are without aesthetics, as the stages  
Of cages are assembling nuclei or barren brains.  
My common cinema ends with tragic trances,  
Common sense has entered the sacred sanctuary,  
Like the priest of the old ways answering to perfection.  
My jaws are acting on the punch of the century,  
A wonderful game of pleasure and pain,  
The realm of incidents to occupy a dancer.  
This side of dawn is a cart of reality,  
A real, real thinker of the ways ahead.

Naveed Akram

# Communicate Through The Heart

Their hearts start to collide in this moment  
Overriding others like the moments of hearts.  
The love flows diligently like a blow to the liver,  
For this communication there is joy and learning.  
The inventions of the past are of hearts and love  
And learning, that are on collision-course for more  
Of the thoughts meeting life in light of the sun.  
Under this star of great heavenly stature  
A light is the language of this foul deed called  
Poetry, that is a yacht without promise.  
Every side of the star is a new stanza,  
The suns and stars are of the literature,  
And we read their promises like a book.

Hearts will collide in the near future like  
A journey of the invasions on this world  
United and free, like the love of the learner  
We distinguish, like the love that shall never  
Be extinguished, due to light of the heavens.

Naveed Akram

# Compass

Pursue the compass as a companion, likely to emit  
What radio we reach as an avenue for the blessing.  
Dark hearts converge merrily, worsening the creature,  
Cleansing the see-through slippers of thought only.  
Offered by me is an accident, only tonight,  
To peruse the gladdening is an offence of course.  
Many people have ridden on the blasphemy,  
Boundless rot will ceremoniously flee and knot.  
The compass may be the guide to fortunes and luckiness,  
Too forgotten are the directions of north and south.

Naveed Akram

# Compelled

I was compelled by the examined ones,  
They have much news from their watery wastes.  
Their waists erupt from the inner soul,  
To twist them is like DNA in the recurrence.

Naveed Akram

# Complete Love

Love completes itself after the feelings,  
It fascinates to one for the cost of life;  
Life directs us to our prize, in our prize,  
That is the love of the dead and alive.

To die tonight is profiting the devil,  
It refuses to love Adam, and he is perfect  
Such that love enters his heart  
And one other love enters creation - Eve!

Naveed Akram

# Complex Language

In complex causes a fright has arisen,  
Out of stout fear, as the arrival is near;  
In this complexity a stupor has occurred,  
Offering to the gods a brilliant letter.  
My cool sculpture seemed the essence,  
Of a wooden block all chiseled and polished.  
My accidents remained with me as a character,  
Opening the gates of non fallible beings.  
This was the complicated man of towers,  
The genius of a sudden memory had arisen  
And adorned the walls with paintings of yours.  
This time be special with languages of the open  
Variety, an open language is one of the chief mysteries.

Naveed Akram

# Complexity

Deep in complexity we decide the future  
As the trees bow to the mercy of Nature;  
Black-and-white scenes bestow grace  
On the green scenery we call a naturalness.  
Dazzling light goes changeable, like stars,  
It blurs in front of us, it changes into colours  
That are brushed aside like the brain.  
Bouncy spheres are the bountiful bullets,  
Destroying decisive mistakes for them.  
Dashing past, the bullets frown on the trees  
And the men in them, on them, and under them.

Naveed Akram

# Compounds

A beneficial attachment becomes the screen  
Of vast emptiness and authority;  
You have a half of hearts, the minuscule oven  
To burn thoughts coming from blood-wounds.  
The category is the category,  
Waste not the creatures too mighty,  
For the area accesses a metal too tight,  
The computation is excessive,  
A confirmation is required by the beasts.

I have some confinement, in place of returns  
That forsake the learning,  
Compounds are lacking in this scheme,  
Compounds ask an empty folder.

Naveed Akram

# Computer Mania

Deliberate is the action that I pronounce,  
On the minute, of all the hours, that laugh away.  
So strong is my business contending the books,  
Content in the knowledge of sentinels.

Your living is praising nobody but you,  
It is an affair of compartments like rooms and boxes,  
I loved all such fair thinking.

But in the trust of habit is a silent partner,  
A ready beat to burden the populace into it.  
I said always the criminal is then losing us,  
He is winning in a jackpot what amounts to something.

Naveed Akram

# Concentrate

Concentrate, concentrate and penetrate for worse,  
Mighty disorders are aback, future remedies are in front.  
To be an insult is too melodious, too masterful,  
My actions are rehearsed, and as they are martyrs  
We shall noisily purse the coins, cosy demands.

But plenty of wealth curses the congruent shapes,  
Innocent internal festivities are afoot, do not be mean  
To my futility, many-sided wrongs, multifarious songs.  
What decides when I enter the level of life? The major  
Instinct is too strong. Mighty deeds shall astonish the art.

My brain bellows while the short fence is broken down,  
May certain skulls elate the horizon, without the curtains  
Of the brain, the heart of another beast, a side too alert.  
Must we stand in awe of death when the mighty beasts  
Lurk and devastate too swiftly as I shift my gear of sizes?

Naveed Akram

# Concept Of

The concept is a benefit of the face,  
Constitutional benefits amass,  
For the distribution of the government.  
Export your favours as a formula,  
Afford the payments of a day to decline,  
Derive those benefits of the book.  
A boring shadow has moved at the establishment,  
Then their benefits are called faces,  
Reading their boys and girls,  
Estimating their sins for the factors are present.

Identify the factors of a day in government,  
Let the will of the people be greater than  
The democratic men who are women.  
Their votes display the hardest currency,  
A concept is a function of the tattoos,  
A tattoo is a thanking principle.

Naveed Akram

## Concerning You

Concern yourself with the best of the best,  
Their attributes contain a beautiful substance.  
My elementary tactic brings more victory  
So that there is what we call absolute triumph.  
The whole beauty of the situation created  
We define our speeches for others.  
The speech runs with many sentences  
As a powerful man is near, always fear him.  
I have produced the results, from my promise  
So then I can think of higher being, rich reward.

Naveed Akram

# Concise Is The Plan

Concise is the sentence that is embedded in jokes,  
A fire has been written from the heart, and your jokes  
Are worth nothing. Their fire has been extinguished, already.

The writing on the wall has a funny effect,  
Someone has feeling for the art of definition.  
We complete the gesture of music in pictorial form.  
Thus we are complete, as people of belief.

Crazy boys and girls have the opportunity to learn  
Of art and music. Their roles are not different;  
They are the same.

Fencing with words has new power of living,  
But hitting with the fist of fire has been tragedy.  
Concepts of life are mastered by the tragic aspects.  
Were we ever-willing to contrive a potion of right?

Naveed Akram

# Conditions Of Luxury

Luxury is a condition of the single soul,  
Your purchasing powers defy and enroll  
Into schools and farms, the playing has eluded  
The basic virtues we find expensive and selected.

Oppressive burden is controlled by the heads  
And capitals, they shall imbibe the elixir in their beds.  
To achieve is to be bliss of the hereafter,  
Alleviating ills of this world, developer.

To subjugate by the sword leads us to tyranny,  
Tyranny is worse than slaughter, than to accompany.  
Agony may spoil, but heartily the emotions  
Shall conquer the wealth imposed by notions.

Naveed Akram

# Conflict And Life

Conflict is a form of patience,  
O Fortitude, your typical look is past us yet,  
Yes, the room in the world of decisions has moved,  
So patient is your loud life,  
Living had not been the intention.  
An example of life has delivered our message  
To another example who has an attitude of good.  
He is greater than the conflict in this world,  
A world it is of motherly natures, of natural work.  
Furniture of this Earth has bestowed comfort all the way to sacrifice  
Itself by describing itself, and then the world shall recover  
Forming love in between, so from this everlasting pleasure  
Is a hatred of love, or a loving of love, or so much of it.

Naveed Akram

# Connect

Please connect these mighty statements,  
Listen and attach a degree of importance;  
Save me and provide the reaching play,  
Matter has overcome what the matter is.

Manage well a promise from intentions,  
Preferences are key to the accusations afoot;  
Infiniteness and finiteness are waking me afterwards,  
Jump now asking me nought.

Indicate please the horizon,  
Mean what you meant as a religion,  
Seeking information while you work,  
Include then this summary of disbelief.

Naveed Akram

# Conquer Me

My name conquers other acts,  
In a war you hesitate from the evil ones;  
Then slight flurries of arrows are shot,  
I hear them from a distance,  
They are well in my stomach by now.

Even in the rains, my preaching has absorbed  
The followers of my heart and head;  
Knowing solves everything, all of me,  
And my discipline has kept risking a heart,  
The hearts all know the difference.

Naveed Akram

# Conquer The Words

From this day I stand and sit to make an order,  
From life collapses a wall fit for kings;  
The reading and writing of our words goes on,  
Heaven displayed a fortunate outcome.

Mighty rivers flow when disease has been caught,  
They are muddy and delightful as well,  
Like the godly men and their thinking ways,  
Joining together their hands and feet as well.

I frown on the people of detail,  
Encasing the joy of a life indeed,  
This I impress and I am overjoyed  
For the ink has been set to conquer everyone.

Naveed Akram

# Conquering Ghost

A ghost is a muttering form of gel,  
May it conquer threads and strings that compel.

Naveed Akram

# Conscripted

The conscripted men and women fell in love,  
Armies have spoken with tongues that are a glove.

Some make olives from olive trees of the shining one,  
Seeds made their appearance from some ages genuine.

The conscripts came and looted the orchards that swayed,  
One compels the other, and one is two of them to persuade.

What fairness lies in the thirst of a liar that discourages the trade?  
That trade occupies my path from the kingdom betrayed.

Naveed Akram

# Consideration

A stronger form of consideration is needed,  
The lines of perfection have then proceeded.  
Why do innocent people design a cosmos?  
It is because of the way the universe works,  
It will strive for you when the crimes are less.  
Will not God define the anger he is in when it begins?  
The big bang has happened, all due to our lost nature.  
May strength happen when strong people occur  
Like magical infants, in the way of a life known not unseen.  
Consider strength and strongly consider,  
For the contemplation of words is not minded.

Naveed Akram

# Constant Tears

On the first occasion she took another method,  
Immovable and invincible beyond compare,  
Like the constant rudder and the continuous bark  
Of a pronged tree, which of these constitute the grasp  
Of a beggar to his goal, the fatal whisperings of them all?

I am not tired by the constant rubbing,  
The vivid impressions, day by day;  
Listening to hearing, seeing the trees  
For their silver trunks and stale odours  
Of such herbaceous tracts.

My demand was bursting into tears  
Doing the wrong hours as we spoke.  
The bubbling growth instilled fear  
In their bleeding hearts,  
Worse were the arms around my neck.

Naveed Akram

# Construction

The building thinks on its own,  
I am a constructive man  
About to work on a livid plain  
Under the stars, following ways.  
I run away from the battle,  
As battles matter to some,  
It must be strange, always good  
To find a man running away  
And fooling the crowd of people  
Wanting efforts,  
Weeds are too corrosive,  
Wednesday is under the stars  
Of the sky that matters.

Naveed Akram

# Contemplation

The whole of contemplation is upon us  
When we drift to a trance of monumental kind.  
This is prayer, the whole of imagination,  
When invocation and supplication coexist.  
Slow and quick is the trend, knowing the detours of thoughts,  
Like the buffeting of air molecules  
Or the tranquil calm sea.  
A tremor resounds in my bed, in the layers of pain  
Is a pleasurable tremor of pain.  
Meditate only on this, where peace may prevail,  
And faithful happiness arrives.  
Forcing us concentration skill  
The meditative stance arises from practice.  
Peace has finally forced itself from over contemplation.

Naveed Akram

# Contentment

How does contentment be absurd?  
Those longing for torture are angered.  
They seek a bridge to cross all awkward,  
Understanding my spirit is a blizzard.  
Back and front, my chest has risen  
Like a blackbird of mighty health in the abdomen.  
Then accelerate it with your acceleration  
In a way too effective, one of an engine.  
Crazy fever is then in likelihood so early,  
Circles condemn the area of the disorderly;  
I search so well and eagerly  
Like that man in the journal particularly.

Naveed Akram

# Continuous Lock

The lock is continuous in the stay on Earth,  
It looks like a foregone conclusion, of meat and fibre.  
The locks of a goal are strewn about in random fashion,  
Untie the knots to enter no region of despair,  
Like the animal of the west and east which  
Lives among the fresh vegetables and canned food.

This look of disgrace and hunger is afoot,  
Locking the movement of a thousand years  
Uplifts the lightning crash, the eager goal  
Is to be reached with finality.

The lock of a lion and lioness is tremendous,  
Strong men and women gloat over each other's death,  
Locks are broken when put in place,  
Liking the sudden danger, as if the roaring lion.

Look at lives stroking the brush of brethren,  
To look at this beauty seems a lie,  
To see the awkward puzzle is a mysterious sign,  
Of which the commandments have designed.

Naveed Akram

# Contrive

Sentences are constructed by the thoughts,  
As selfless behaviour is the mindful activity.

Too much is behaving madly,  
And so many thoughts are contrived.

You are compelled to understand enlightenment,  
And help it with the selfish people,  
Who are a mere percentage,  
And ever so strange.

Correctly relax on older passions,  
And do not correct too strongly.  
Old people are the wiser companions.

Naveed Akram

# Convenience

Like the convenience of laughter  
It hopes of managing itself  
In a grassed plain, an enormous desert  
Of waste and landscape.  
Your mode can empty yourself into the remedy  
Of it.  
Declining the offer of a friend is plain madness -  
You must reverse time and give a regard,  
Interiors of the heart may speak and cast a thought.

Naveed Akram

# Cool Guy

Let the man in the mirror feel peace,  
Feel the emotional problems as no other.  
He fed on you to cast Himself adrift,  
To ruin your Life, I say. To ruin it!  
Yet the guys who win are ones cool,  
They have won all hope and happiness if cool,  
Remain cool, remain cool, remain cool.  
It is all that needed in emotional history  
As a worn fashion of height and respect and readiness.  
Inside the choice of room within Rome,  
I express the rules guarding the production of weight  
And easier foundation, also clothes.

Naveed Akram

# Coping With Bad Luck

Diligence created me of latter days,  
Years of changeless time were always.  
Gods fed the spirit of our liking,  
Keeping hatred and antagonism but coping.  
Bad luck and disintegrated food  
Cured our ills like fortune too argued.  
We have attitude, and the altitude of ghouls,  
Fancy why they skilfully become fuels  
For the fire and menace, the fences  
Are like walls and the flame flourishes.

Naveed Akram

# Coral

Whose winning has erupted like a volcano?  
The magma is hard, not soft, but intricate,  
And it is gift after gift for the lonesome.  
We pray and endeavour, pray and speak,  
To the leaders of tomorrow who toss the tongue  
At speaking crowds, bellowing wows sounding  
The cosmos of the worlds, a happy fortunate place.

Whose craft has been added like mathematical joy?  
The magma entertains like fire of the held prophet,  
They will see, they will ride the waves of splendour,  
But the miracle erases the miracle of the hurt.  
The craft enjoys me, as a winner, after the losses,  
The crafty coral reef is afoot, like the beauty  
And the beasts of the higher thoughts inside.

Naveed Akram

# Cosmos

Filth,  
The energy of Satan!

My love crowds the galaxies of delight:  
A man of space invites you,  
A beleaguered friend causes the universe  
To happen once and for all,  
For love is the engineer of souls,  
It causes us to accept creation  
And the cosmos.

My creed is Love;  
Whenever its flavour turns sour or sweet,  
That is my solution,  
My justice for all in Space.

Naveed Akram

# County Court

At county court they surprised me for the matter,  
The verdict I laughed at, the verdict was fatter.

Naveed Akram

## Courtly Appearance

A courtly appearance is along the path,  
So fasten your clothes and be glad.  
Hands are an offering to the criminal,  
Let them be burnt by the fire they wield.  
Let water and ice burden the travellers  
Who really relax and exit for the aliens.  
Always work by day, by night study the stars  
So that aliens are uprooted by the trail.  
You shall resign from fear of mastery,  
Master only somewhat the enemy -  
This enemy needs you as far as the eye can see.

Naveed Akram

# Covered In Envy

I am covered in soot from too much fasting,  
Loathing the fuel I sustained,  
Looking at faces that married my glance.

I shall dissolve and remarry from too much birth,  
The feeding of the century is upon my shoulders,  
I am peering inside the hole of alacrity.

My fathers have doubted the stay of a time,  
Opening the fastened knots with much freaky weather,  
My mothers are against my adventure.

I am coveting the stay of a century,  
His patience is above the mountains he climbs  
With innocence, and the enticement is supreme.

The man is adored by some, yet I stay like him,  
With adventure the morsels are sustained,  
Innate ability confers with other people.

My adventure is over with the enemy,  
His muttering is as offensive as his bite,  
The real cat is clever, but he must be a mouse.

Naveed Akram

## Cowardly Ways

Cowardly as amazements we run in divergent ways,  
Clumsy and alluring with brightness and corrosion;  
The cruel crabs enter the highways of courage,  
Nauseating as a crustacean, madly in love.  
Lacking all madness afterwards, we laboured night  
And all day, always in majestic persuasion.  
Marked and obnoxious were the heretics of joy,  
Lame as a macho crow, a little heaven was in the way.  
Kindly out of known wisdom the crabs became eaten,  
Like the erosion of the seas and weeds of the deep sea.

Naveed Akram

# Craft Of The Head

Bound to the craft of reading one suffices with  
Awkward dreams innocently retold by the pen.

Binding with atoms is the present or gift for the  
Lonely soul, who organises a relentless ambition.

A dream confidently expresses its wishes forever,  
Cancelling threats from the left and right.

It sleeps tonight, due to godly workers in the head  
And dreams work like soldiers to support the head.

My craft for the acts that retell a fortunate ending  
Is like that of a storyteller, a stronger narrator.

Nuggets of gold neglect our calling of certain minds  
That royally object to the governing of people who dream.

Money is on the talk of the season, as it streams in  
Relentlessly, making you rich and riser of the west and east.

Wisdom is then in the conversation, roasting the paths;  
With the sun this much is attained, then souls object.

Learn them if you are proficient, and see the hearers,  
And hear the seers, like a ghost in the whole world.

Naveed Akram

# Crawl In And Out

Ghosts supply hatred to the body,  
Just when they crawl in and out.  
Having a heaven takes guts,  
Death is the precursor, death is an objective,  
We fry it and its wings in jelly.  
Ghosts supply some form of hatred  
Known to man as murder, and this I express  
For the lies are too many, abundant thieves.  
Gelatin sticks to the heart from where they germinate,  
From where the ghosts germinate and grow,  
Forming a new collision, so derived from play.  
Crawl this way and that, so that some rivers  
Begin their route and see the blood.

Naveed Akram

# Crawling Of The Night

Those who crawl are this close to hands  
Of light stretching in far, far lands.  
Those who brawl shall fall into the hearts of men  
Whose only touch encompasses the light.  
A fight is ordeal, a mighty worse factuality  
Courses through this vein, these hearts of mine.

Then crawl, then crawl as a worm of the waters,  
Then waters will cave in, will cave in, into their waves.  
This time, this time we sum up the praise, a fish  
Is eaten in innocence, we listen more little by little.  
The fisherman is like one of the crawlers of the night,  
Its sea was of ink the forestry wrote, the forest of the deep.

We understand what men do not understand, the worms,  
The worms of healthy weather, a worshipper will direct.  
Never beat my sense, increase this violence, they had  
Been similar to the combatants of a war of the brain.  
The covered table, this is the table of the entirety,  
This managed me forcibly, infinitely, so sensibly.

Naveed Akram

## Create Each Night

Create each night with your sight,  
This conversation turns into love at sight,  
One married man is one married woman  
In a heavenly splendour of art and nothing.

It is like the sending to mirrors of the earth  
And the return of a greater purpose,  
This it is like.  
One shop or restaurant opens each day.

My resting is effective like the end of an eye,  
My gallows are ready, my hunger has jolted  
The spirit of eating once again,  
Leave the shop and never come back!

Naveed Akram

# Create The Life

Once we create the course of life,  
We ride and commit jesting and joking.  
A trained man has life, so much life,  
Then we train the symbols of love.  
Poems are goodness, but well is the poet  
That he created life, so much of it.  
This I confess, this I express,  
And more leisure is trained, as more is loved.  
The creative spirit is extended  
To the worlds of pleasure, pleasure can  
Dissolve into the oceans and then work  
With reminding.

Naveed Akram

## Created By Heidegger

Heidegger creates some strife for the being people,  
Yet each philosopher admires him for his zeal in words,  
Spoiling is the word of the religion, the helping carries on,  
And the reading is best for the subject of ontology.  
I want the eye to rest, the ears to collapse in their efforts,  
And the brain to contort with meaning.  
One man needs the world for its happiness,  
The world becomes a tricky thought,  
And the nature of man is goodness and greatness.

The nature of man politically shifts as the globe  
Resounds in the heavens from late at night,  
For the night obviously darkens  
Like the cancer of the body and mind.

Naveed Akram

# Creating Worlds

Obey the creating of centuries by those in charge,  
Crashing and crawling is their majesty;  
They cause gambling, gaming and gangs,  
Fortuitous gains make a rising hill  
That extends to the galaxies,  
Gardening is up there, remember them!

The forging of weaponry is beyond them,  
They are defenceless, relying on walls,  
Remodelling can be trying but loving,  
And the structure of their instruments  
Cancels the pain and resentment.  
One feels happy to create and cause us to  
Free the ones in charge, to remain  
Blessed is a bounty, reliving the pasts  
Of worlds that do exist but are possibly infinite  
In riches and wealth, on both sides.

Naveed Akram

# Creation

I am suited to innocence as much as whiteness,  
And the dark skies witness behaved-ones.  
Looking in my direction the sunly objects fit my eye,  
Once ago I say.

Too much is known and forgiven of late,  
Late work is made of love fortunately on a saying  
That indicated the holiness of mine:  
To see God and be a part of it.

Naveed Akram

# Creatures In The Night

I see in the night a few eyes that look and behold  
The image I cast with the moon that glares and stares;  
I saw how many creatures reckon their lives are safe  
With the grabbing darkness, those that loiter and change.

I mean to say of their dripping water and speeding trains  
Glimmering in their brains, of righteous talk and climb;  
The mountains are above me in their splendor and action,  
Jostled by the clouds and vision of this is poor.

Naveed Akram

# Creatures Of This Island

Inside the islands of despair are creatures  
So divine that they emit rays of supreme manhood;  
Some of these primitive, perfect men are like ghosts  
Of the night, evil in nature as the progress shows.  
My nights are longer to do them, my nights  
Connect with the days sometimes unusually.  
The expectations surprise these days inside the island  
Of most despair. I realistically consume as many men  
As the monster that profanely masters his brethren.  
My days are strongly connected to other ways,  
These staying men are like expressions of hate  
And my love for their flesh never diminishes.  
So that islands convene we swear our loyalties,  
These loyal men once grew other men to maturity.

Naveed Akram

# Crescent Moon

The moon was rising with the towering mist,  
The nights were longer with this night;  
The moonlight beamed on the residents of a pyramid,  
Shaped by the middle of the crowd, safety was important.

This crescent showed a shining light and full moons made  
Me happy, like the wolves and werewolves;  
A great gap created a hole as well for the forthcoming lot,  
Hearing the signal was a hole and a hole.

Naveed Akram

# Crimes And Criminals

Black crime has opposition and attachment,  
And its properties are massive and mental,  
Provoked by the national infantry, tried.  
Each maiden of hatred has strong rallies and hawks,  
One of them are you and you and you.  
I seek seven rainy days to make sense of tension.  
I seek eighteen minutes to eat an aching easterner  
In the streets, in the said paths of categories.

Naveed Akram

# Criminal Lights

The street lights open, you're among the first to enlighten the night,  
Ready for the beliefs of glowing nature at the office, a night of soundness;  
I press the video button in vain, carrying messages with me now somewhere  
else,  
Dressing for the never-ever land this summer, finding the birthday a chore.  
From a bread loaf I munch on leaves that matter, the dough is rising  
From the bakery of polite tasks, both our mouths are salivating.  
A street of glass-makers wash the streets, like lights of beauty  
And criminal delights.

Naveed Akram

# Criminal System

Crime penetrates the system often then,  
The system is a work to love and share,  
Juice drunk and done is like the one affair  
That causes drink to be that drunk again.  
To be a felony says much badmen,  
They all just cheat and curse the very air,  
Like witches with their broomsticks, so beware!  
The women aren't that sick clever huntsmen.

We seize a man by throat and kick him down,  
He needed laws to concentrate and learn,  
Instead the law is lenient to him.  
Or so it seems to him, then button-down  
I think to him, so carefully adjourn  
The sessions of the court that are all grim.

Naveed Akram

## Crisis Arrives

You not only hear the crisis,  
But swear a delivery arises,  
Fearing the loot and waters,  
Of a tragic disappearance.  
Return to the spectrum of deceit,  
Opening false dreams soothingly.  
We manage our thesis on the knock,  
Pens and paper readier than red.  
A swallow enters the area so much  
Like background music.  
Offer it now the disappointment  
So that orbiting around a star  
Is common sense.  
I see the crisis of the star  
That revolves around petrification.  
It is the star tremor,  
It is the feature of the winds.

Naveed Akram

## Crisis In Darkness

Your barely old and unsteady man has work to do,  
A snake feels more to do with four fiery demons,  
More powerful sweeping actions are those deeds  
We seem to neglect on the move and in combat.  
I want to glance when you are ready, all through  
The season of luck, one boasts of this luck.  
They see the forces still roaming and enjoying  
Their lunch as the glass has shattered.  
You stare and mind one boy who is mindful of you,  
Most of the wall is in some bleeding condition.  
In our search for the true nature of the forces  
Sweeping the very odd glass city,  
We encounter the darkness and delve deeply  
To resolve the crisis.

Naveed Akram

# Crisis In Your Life

Crises are sold to people who buy,  
Their wastes are their friends as they call  
The friendships with their silliness,  
Forgetting the life of relative kindness.  
The clients come year in year out,  
Collecting the gifts so swollen with hurt,  
They must be limbs of great work.  
I have to seal the ideas as a world and wall;  
One reasons, and they had left a solution  
For the whales and sharks of the ocean.  
The ocean is huge for the occult is near  
It.

Naveed Akram

# Crocodile Beach

Compare the crocodile to the beach,  
One is golden, the other ugly;  
It feeds on your intestines when hit,  
But beaches follow a pattern of discovery  
Wonderful to meet, like the opening  
Of sure beatings as they unfold.  
Hearts sink when near the crocodiles,  
The whole hope is to dodge the unbelieving  
Creature of such power, might and anger.

Being inside the belly of its domain  
Is to seize its wife and command her  
To occupy the soul with no beach in  
Sight.

The preference is to hide and obscure the  
Meaning forwards and backwards.  
Your days are spent on the dialling  
Of numbers,  
Your nights celebrate tonight as the night  
That contains the powers of reading,  
Crocodiles die this time on the beach.

Naveed Akram

# Crocodile River

Daylight is upon us now,  
Our wending is like weaving a clothing garment  
For the care is immense. The forest is immense.  
We trek too close to the river,  
As those crocodiles are ancient, their scales are of dragons,  
And their bite has captured our obsessive thinking.  
Days are to go by and more meat-eaters will shrug,  
Devouring is all of their duty and of men and bones,  
Offered are the adventurers,  
Offal is particular taste I presume,  
Never taken lightly,  
Never bitingly but snapping  
Is the desired action.  
Why does the forest carry them so long?  
Because it forbids them to take of the fruit called men  
In this idyllic Eden, agricultural part of the world.  
I hope and pray that snapping does not take life.

Naveed Akram

# Crossbow

With a crossbow an arrow struck and pierced  
The neck so worn by the gentry, for the compensation.  
It sent his heart recruitment, delight and then  
Resignation, according to knighthood and the kings.

This picture was a game of dice, no prowess  
Or courtesy, according to the laws of probability.  
One of the gentry so inflicted marched forward  
Like a remote order, the file and rank being narrow.

The crossbow struck him, disfiguring his brow,  
Making it frowned upon, for the brow was His.  
This head gorged appeared on the floor of the jungle,  
Like a holy relic, accustomed to mighty stares.

Naveed Akram

# Crossed Hands

With two crossed hands I pretend to dismount  
My horse, swinging its nightly neck in the horizon.  
I almost thought of my master's hands, and this  
Is for the last ten years running - the faults I convey.  
We are all rich in the end, in the ends of this land,  
We are strikingly richer than all the world.  
The melancholy turns me paler than athletes,  
Mud created me from mud, like an illiterate athlete.  
Then light the lamp, overshadow the runners  
With bold stares and fittings, a leg will caress you.  
My offer still stands, my different men are here,  
For the chief of all these men consider you sport.

Naveed Akram

# Crown

The crown deserves a jewel of pure delight,  
Enacting royalty of the highest order.  
Fully taught the monarch presides over his palace  
And his land of glory, the crown's holy place.  
A holy child has been born. Due to holier work,  
The strange men of chivalry travel and flee  
To bid them good fortune. Children work as well.  
The crown is for the prince to come, the overwhelming,  
His highness is a spectacle of the highest delight.

Naveed Akram

# Crown-Injury

Injuries of the crown are against all odds,  
Some prefer to instigate matters further,  
But the monarchs sail forward and mutter  
Praises for commencement to become.  
The agreement between the foes is gone,  
One fights and endeavours to be secrets  
And these have fields of thought too many.  
Waves harbour committees, waves are frequent  
As the winds of the earth are on solid ground.  
Duty is to be joining the ends of the Earth,  
Lullabies of this world are made from this.  
I want the bunsen to remain in force,  
I want the heat of the stars also on this world.

Naveed Akram

# Crude Ladder

I began to pull up a crude ladder,  
The boots this time clung on;  
To catch at the top a frequent visit  
Was overworking but obvious play.  
Hurrying down the encounters existed  
As the bad luck sensibly entered.  
Out of the tent stared a real monster,  
But up the sloping hill a luck gave birth.  
The birth of fortune was the treasure,  
The treasure was the lucky system,  
Falling and toppling, like gold and jewels.  
Thanking the ladder was like showing blood  
To heaven, heaven was a heaven.

Naveed Akram

## Cruel Acts

Cruel talk causes us to retaliate in odd acts,  
So that forethought may be like facts.  
The inclination to see a humourous purse  
Straightens our monetary commerce  
The very way it afflicts my business,  
Silly, silly brother of difficulty has nearness.  
My cruelty abandons the search for solutions,  
In a business, in one man's evolutions.

Naveed Akram

# Cruel Sky

Cruel people awake in the middle of the night,  
Excuses are proclaimed for the loss of life,  
As so many ideas are raised by the thinkers  
Who are ancient, old as rain and new as snow.  
Their wings are like the weather, like the snow  
That builds with so much authority, administration.

They say to cruel people how they wither like leaves  
In the storm of the night, as attacks are carried out,  
As snow has fallen by the decades, and little people  
Cry out for safety, for their leaders to think of those in fear.  
They absolutely condemn this violence, and the absence  
Of peace is immense. It is in accordance with anarchy, this day.

Of this anarchy is an accident that forces us death,  
How do soldiers of war respond to the cruelty?  
The death is slow and narrow, it varied from soldier  
To soldier. I gather  
The soldiers like a thinker, a business man, or general  
And release the burden from the sky  
To let snow congratulate our victory.

Naveed Akram

# Cruelty

Cruelty has a shape too bold,  
Where is my truth about the cold?  
It is great tragedy to be callous  
On the mighty and weak and the jolliness.  
Cruel beginnings take shape on the day  
We die, the effort is grander than you can say.  
We flee death, and death comes near,  
Frozen guilt gleams and does appear.  
We are only cruel on the party  
Who renders our difficulty.

Naveed Akram

# Cruelty Can Conquer

Do not blame the people for their cruelty,  
Their trustworthiness makes them cruel.  
A moaning and lamenting is occurring  
Within the ranks of the community.  
May a tyrant be judged as a hazard  
To save the folk, the folk of love and affection.  
Some will desert, some of clay shall break,  
But most endure with proper cruelty.  
For the tyrant is no more a friend,  
And they are no more friends with their enemies,  
The enemies of the slain are defeated,  
And with the cruelty, with the trust of conquest.

Naveed Akram

# Crying Aloud

To cry is like disaster and diamond-digging,  
I do find this risking one's life and abolishing.  
To cry is to disobey, misbehave and too clammy,  
It is like danger and dark, distress and debris.

I wish a loud noise in the ear and head,  
To wake me from tears, to eat bread.  
I hope that birds can sing and dance  
To keep away the dreams of danger and romance.

What is more? Laughter or dereliction of duty?  
Ask the Lord the question of beauty.  
Ask him the reason for my tears  
After I bawl when I am in arrears.

Naveed Akram

# Crying Day

Have a bun of tears, too many years,  
Inside them we bake the very awkward feelings.  
This food we learn is abundantly clear,  
Yet where we are blind we are discovered.

Clarity is such a supreme sport,  
Years of support gain acceptance.  
This image in my eyes is so solid,  
Inside the rooms of our life is a dinner.

It would clearly state why life is boring,  
However, the reasoning of the soul is exciting.  
Inside our joy has arisen, happy people mend,  
But we tend to stay untouched, not resented.

Naveed Akram

# Crying For Nothing

The drops from my eyes are of perfect water,  
This is my demonstration, my reaction and emotion;  
Suddenly tears well and clog my eyes,  
I am tortured by a remembrance so powerful.  
This thought is announced and  
Collected from a period of adventure.  
The age of happiness is so soon I guess,  
Activity of the mind sways and dies  
As I recover from an attack on my personage.  
It came from an angel, I estimate,  
But indeed the love inside needs to reconsider  
The facts so well-known and unknown.

Naveed Akram

# Crypt

Dangers arise from the crypt of hate,  
In the whole world is a goodness;  
Safe people are describing me,  
The jeopardy is never upon us.  
May fish and animals of the land be led  
Into a path so horrid, where dangers lurk  
And safety hurts, to extinguish the fire  
So longing in the belly of the fish.  
Then danger is the leader of so many,  
The leaders complain of so many faults.

Naveed Akram

# Cube

A cube is a shapeless animal,  
The causes of its downfall are simple.  
Simplicity is a star we call a sphere  
But no shapeless animal resides - a cube.  
A cube is not needed in our existence,  
For to feel this elementary is like an animal  
And we are humans, we are playful.  
Cubic metres are imagined,  
Fighting our existence.  
Let our animal nature never be cubic,  
What is rigid is not good.  
Let the star shine for the good of mankind.

Naveed Akram

# Cubic House

The house turned into a cube,  
Forwards the bricks marched  
To launch upon the throne that wonders  
At the kingdom and the pain of idle items.

The lift was exhilarating, the march offered  
By the pleading, heating and cheating  
Accompanying the palace in the sky.

The house of pain was upon them like torrents  
Of black smoke,  
Casting their flesh aside,  
Without the fierce flames  
And wondrous delight.  
Much was bartered, much sold,  
Letting the pains go by in multifarious  
Engines.

The house of cubic size had been cement  
In the rain of this one delivery  
Into space and the beyond.

Naveed Akram

# Cultures

The culture of the times decides the future,  
A custom shall vanish if too many traitors;  
The modern man expertly delves into the past,  
After so many astonishing cultures perpetrate the world.  
I see an atom and want to bow and praise it,  
For it defines the matter of the world,  
Being in the shadows is of the darkness of life.  
Adjectives many, adverbs few, the draining of the  
Livid sentence seems to be the work of verses.

One has sayings of the older traditions,  
Feeling a hill, waiting for the surges of a man  
Who can uplift the breathing mechanisms,  
Little may arrive in the way of a stupid dream,  
Little men have been promising a desire,  
But their leaders vanish afterwards, too many  
Of their illnesses are about with seals of rightness.  
Many cultures will decide their tactics and strategy.

Naveed Akram

# Cunning Man

A cunning manner has been absorbed  
By the builders of logic, the philosophers;  
Subduing thoughts travelling into ideas,  
Jostling with common people and their minds.  
Minds are too much, minds excel according  
To the brains of a rich heaven, the richer time.  
A cunning leader may swerve in judgement  
To give a solution, but when do we please  
The tailors of windows and chairs? then  
They are themselves, and are given fairness.  
A cunning man is not a woman of craft  
But a cunning man swerves in judgement.

Naveed Akram

# Cups And Rocks

Cloistered cups riot the table of delight,  
Chunks of food line the plates so easy;  
Cloudy was the water of the day and night,  
Depressed by too clean a measure.

Closed was the shop of delights that entertained  
The populace of a feverish town, devilish and decided;  
Close those rocks so heavy in salt for the sea,  
The rocky ends were on food and drink from the sea.

Tables of salt gathered from the wailing sea  
Conquer our designs offered on platters;  
Children make colourful menaces,  
Adults derive laws according to Nature.

Naveed Akram

# Cure For It

Fright has a readiness all of its own,  
No matter the sacred nature of your one.  
Feeding I gain of the insane individuals,  
Liars of mind and feelers of dread.  
I see beyond the reason and unreason  
To criticise a man or woman who is in fright.

Naveed Akram

# Cure For Me

I acquire the cure for my ills,  
The solution is final for my illness.  
It is death that resides in the middle of life,  
I ignore when I am like a fortunate man.  
The illness will be cured due to beasts,  
They enter the planet through the vacuum.  
The illness is again discontinued.  
My Satan is conquered for all those watching  
So that ill men who see can nevertheless find  
The very soul to be complete.

Naveed Akram

# Curses

Curses may belittle the mailing of thoughts  
That are derived by the eye of intelligence.

Curses made munching a task by the wrong spider,  
A slave-animal hasn't got too many fleas.

Naveed Akram

# Curses Of Much

I hope a terrible growl was one condition  
Of the human body and all its parts;  
Of the steaming coffee a little cream was worming  
Its way to the drugs and curses.  
A terrible laugh and curse was a deviant act,  
Some fruit of the theft was in order of danger,  
My laying down was of tears, my anything is yours,  
Like the thanks of worry and the thinking of sainthood.

Much I spare of you with one condition,  
Beauty is to forgive me,  
Beauty must be beneficent like godly work,  
Dropping jaws will be beneficial.

Shout for your troubled priest,  
And remember to kill the condition  
As a monument parades an artwork,  
Little as the little, much as the much.

Naveed Akram

# Customs

Flow with custom in the light of drama,  
This new disposition is working like a dream.  
May the mercy erupt and show clarity  
In the noting down of principles so shameless.  
We are dreaming like a sleeper on a forced habit,  
Their thoughts are seen by the ones present.  
We seek your company as of now, of immobile features  
That drag on and on, working away like real natures.  
Custom takes on prettiness the way you were,  
In the effort to drag a new meaning of awe.

Naveed Akram

# Cutlery And Misery

My mind is a cartoon for the beasts  
In their confidence, in their boredom.  
Curious deaf children are collecting,  
With contentment in their hearts.  
To dislike is to embarrass the minds,  
Liking the dependence of an anger.

Mind is folly, mind is full verse,  
We have courage of the infinite,  
Like the foes of their worry.  
I have to see the archers roam  
With tongues in the fears and sorrow.  
My bakery is open to everybody.

The anniversary has arrived too much,  
My artery is blessed by lipids,  
Too much fat and misery has been told.  
The butcher is a friend of the cuts,  
The cuts are the woes of a bout,  
There is no cutlery in this house.

Naveed Akram

# Czar

Descend in rain, despise the forgotten,  
Take some, some ants just marching like their own,  
In this the rain, the flood, the warmth of sea,  
The waves shall terrify my youth - water!  
A meeting concentrates so fast and slow,  
Instead it mingles with the crowd of lads,  
A revolution stands and sits from them.  
My corn is bleeding out, is blaming us,  
Just working hard, inside me so rightly.

Naveed Akram

# Dagger

My swords are for killing,  
In my own way of willing;  
Mighty grass surrounds our heads,  
Like those famous threads  
Launching us, fading into obscurity,  
Infinitely killing us financially.  
The real thread is sown by channels  
Of thought, through the right tunnels.  
The sword is a large dagger,  
Offices of anger are to stagger.

Naveed Akram

# Daggered

There is awesome fear in my voice,  
To become a liar may need courage,  
But life is the same, just rude, for me.  
The fear is a feeling of strength,  
I have this for my words to sound.

I froze when he spoke, I am so improper,  
They support me, I do not skilfully support,  
I just help with strong talk, justice is about.  
To fear is the typical tactic, to fear me is about.  
It is improper to scare us, for we fear and laugh.

They spoke after him, after the group was me,  
And the discussion ended so divinely;  
A path took our support, we ventured and gained,  
But the enemy is about, motivated to strike  
With daggers.

Naveed Akram

# Dairy Arms

My arms stroke absurdly,  
Absentmindedly, the heads  
Of people are like grammar.  
This is an abbey of faults,  
My objection makes clear,  
Then the effort of existence is made.  
Custody is a selfish sort,  
Let the cutlery be known after an art  
Of some knowledge, the very noise.  
Customs play more than the cushion,  
Dairy products sting the tongue.

Naveed Akram

# Damaged

Damaged spirits cloud the land with light,  
Darkness is delirious and nervous are the obese,  
Nasty fat clots the body, darkness has entered.

Madly the magnificent preach their darkness,  
Fat exits them, obesity cancelled others, not them,  
For they legally define the obnoxious secrets.

Near a nimble cloud rains another cloud so dark,  
The neighbourly clouds rain forming obese children,  
Their fat collects always and forever, always in their life.

Naveed Akram

# Damp And Chilly

Damp seas damage me afterwards  
For they plant chemicals  
And sharp instruments mingle

Eaten are the monsters of the deep  
By those mammoths of beauty  
The beauties

Chilly seas are deranged beyond us  
Disgusted by them, I swill the mouth  
With distilled water

Innate abilities are desired  
But roses shine when red and white  
In the deep blue sea

Naveed Akram

# Dance And Enjoy

Your dance has a fight in the air,  
Inside we wear our shoes with a flair;  
The costume of colours contained in our minds  
Is special as a trophy and it grinds.  
The dancing is supreme when enjoyed  
By the breath and we are not annoyed.  
The dancing is solidly built from lessons,  
The reality of costumes is upon us like passions.

Naveed Akram

# Dance Of The Season

The sun is like us in the dance of the season:  
Summer, it lives within the body, mind and pleasure;  
Brilliant summer and before it spring,  
A wonderful creative work form God,  
The one who made us hearing the heat,  
And seeing the stars in the night.

The moon must pass as a hot star,  
A very shadow of another moon,  
Like an enchanting deathly object too hard to the touch.  
We bring all this light to our eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Dancer

Dancer of the mild air,  
Is he learning a new song?  
Or is wisdom the very utterance  
Bellowing from his lips,  
The mighty sands of the sparkling desert  
Are characteristic of pain and all rigidity,  
The mighty sands of sorrow fade away  
From being dunes to small places.  
Like a sandy region the dance is staged,  
Having a turn of festivities.

Naveed Akram

# Dancing For Heaven

Hymns are like the hands of a priest,  
The life carried songs for the dance.  
Don't look at beauty delivered  
For the guise of its form is eternal  
And the proof of the beauty is not ugly.  
Look at adoration of the soul  
As the prosperity of an eternal residence.  
Heaven causes its rivers to flow in the quest  
To fasten their pleasures on the reposed.  
This much music is definitely played  
By the dances and magicians.

Naveed Akram

# Danger Ahead

Rehearse this puzzle to obtain mercy  
Internationally and globally, with all people.  
Being present, the whole scenery is a mercy  
To the senses of sight and hearing.  
May we abstain all the time from forbidden places,  
Imagining them suits all, imagination does not lie.  
A rabid wolf rampages in the secret plains of the globe,  
Jostling with humans in parts and wholes,  
Gulping down innocent children and babies  
Without blood to stain the skies, but the Earth itself.

Naveed Akram

# Danger To Erupt

Dangers astound my beliefs by their penetrations,  
Pains have accumulated from the time of eruptions.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous

Anything obscure and dangerous  
We meet with eyes of heightened alertness;  
Danger is a weapon for injury,  
I found the injured man, then the locality  
Was obscure for my sight failed  
Obviously from being banged.  
Anything obscure and dangerous  
Has light of rulership;  
You avoid the tyrant, the scarier man,  
Who rules the skies and grounds,  
Forgetting the Lord and all His followers,  
The safe ones, the comforted ones.  
Anything obscure and dangerous  
May be fire, or worse.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous Ape

Gods have calibre, and the monkey is banished  
Due to poor health and no showmanship.  
Gods shall keep the poor apes, the poor monkeys  
That spell for their names, hunting fruit like apes  
That are friendly to the godly men and humans.

Each god shall praise the highest men  
Who parade the bigger kind of human,  
But apish behaviour is against the role to play,  
Danger is the fantastic goal, one of great apes.  
The great ape is not human or humane.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous Crime

Dangerous men walk for the reasons known to mankind,  
Their manhood is derived from active thinking and strategy;  
If they walk then talking and getting ahead of others comes to the senses,  
Munching cigarettes is appalling, too many are beguiled by addiction.  
Then, the alleys are safer when they are not, when they skilfully require mercy,  
Roads must come with vehicles, with trucks of enormous strength  
To run over the dangerous criminals who pervert the course of civilisation.  
Dangerous men talk like business of a higher force, the very truth behind them,  
It requires somebody's insult, it requires somebody's force,  
And then the police arrive at their doorstep, forcing an arrest.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous Duty

Distant fire supports me faraway,  
Itself the fire hideously complains, furrowing  
Into earth's core, supplications are due!  
Why do heaters of the flesh cry so hotly?  
Flowers roam as sophisticated plants  
On the gardens of the sky and land,  
Jewels make statements about gold.  
My duty dangerously deplores hotness,  
As my danger is duty, my duty carries danger.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous Life

My danger is imminent, at long life  
My danger is penetrating the soul.  
It is an exactly harmonious death,  
Upon the time I was dead,  
Like a spread has turned into solid contentment.  
My muddiness in these waters  
Brings shame to my boots, the shoes of death.  
I love a little danger when anger upsets  
Us, and when it conceals the danger of death.  
Opening an action is like deathly awakening,  
The theatre of war is upon us all, when we commit deeds  
To our name.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous Men

The bedspread housed a cobweb  
Of claptrap and chairs fully of white;  
The reader of lights saw butterflies  
Blowing into each other so flights  
Came often in and around for more pause.

My corn was the stone of the caught men,  
Hauling them was like bed and brightness  
For they slept and talked endlessly,  
Filling the bright sky as an usual enemy,  
These foes were chestnuts to crack.

I saw many of the clockwise travels,  
That any other circle of flight would  
Defy odds too dangerous and daring,  
The catfish saw brotherhood wondering  
The whole time of some cloth or skin.

The caught men saw brotherhood,  
After such projections into the oceans  
And skies of brilliant stars,  
Folding their illnesses and ailments  
Into the dangerous defenders.

Naveed Akram

# Dangerous Sport

Danger has a twist so large, that you squirm□  
From it, doing justice harder the next day.  
Your queue is again in town when you wait,  
Waiting is a game of sportsmanship.

The sport too long carries new weight,  
Like the opening of a wand, or some pole  
That magically disappears for the good,  
The sport of laughter has come upon us.

Dangerous men do not leave the sides,  
The sides of a triangle or square,  
The real shapes endanger us  
And create jeopardy so huge to carry.

Naveed Akram

# Dangers

Dangers are evident, say the police,  
Upstairs expressions are being made.  
To point to the names of bears and wolves  
Concerns our soul, as they too are evident.

Dangerous men are like workers of the soil,  
They contain hard pressure to make us great.  
For we are safe from them, their dangers and foul play,  
That risk us and their children, their wives.

May the danger be contacted afterwards,  
May it reason with us to simply supplicate.

Naveed Akram

# Dangers Of A Prison

Saving a sentence requires bad light,  
Enough of the prison is alight;  
May fortune save us once tonight,  
Like the fires of heaven and hell.  
Please us with something, with headroom,  
And the whole class spans a generation  
Of teaching, a whole school of history.  
The board is mounted by the teachers,  
And the board is a bored person,  
Waiting for the dangerous act of treason.  
Teach the right queue the right tricks,  
Pulling a punch will not do any good.  
May the light at the end of this be glad,  
Loathing an apple, destroying a bridge.

Naveed Akram

# Dangers Of War

Gangs of war wrong themselves,  
They wound and they hurt  
Like the lions and tigers of May.  
Of June the cats prowl and launch  
To keep danger and the sparkle,  
The wounds of a man are tried  
And they found me in harmony,  
Loathing me as they spoke, like ninjas.  
Gangs corrupt and crush the market,  
Oppressing is the crime they commit.

Naveed Akram

## Dangers Pass

Dangers pass and collapse for the entry,  
Going to them is like golden influence.  
The level of pride attained by some men  
Is loathed, and their arrogance is set.  
Let the dangerous men be helpful to themselves,  
Their thinking and emotions are so solid  
As the solidity of rocks and strong materials,  
But this talking of the strengths and weaknesses  
Will weigh on you until the bitter end.

Naveed Akram

# Daring It

So dare on us, dare the biggest marvel,  
It is marvellous, it is marvellous how we work,  
Opening a session of negotiation, worst fellow  
In the world on stupid tablets on the table.  
We have contraband, and we have delightful work  
To do big and great things, which despise your heart  
As it bleeps on the machine now.  
Much has been revealed by now, much and more,  
For tongues are displayed in the mirror  
As if saliva is on the summit.  
Daring is evil, dare to ask how evil?  
Great manners are devilish, far too distant from us,  
As their stolen moves are like the ghost and thief,  
Surprising me and over this more than what is called for.  
I see marvels and dangers on the top of this world,  
You need future and present to respect this.

Naveed Akram

# Dark And Dangerous

Dark and dangerous messages follow again,  
Eminent scholars read a straightforward result;  
The delirious break of a sense in the mind  
Clearly, rightly demonstrates the very reason.  
Boiling waters pour themselves through all,  
Opening my heavenly book, my straight path.  
Heavy rains brashly splatter as brave men  
Walk to and fro, like the seas and the winds.  
Mighty deep puddles astound the real people,  
My people, who sermonize wrecks and wretched ones.  
Demonic space upsets us when awake,  
And sleep astounds the reality.

Naveed Akram

# Dark And Deadly

Dark and deadly are these pains that reside in my head,  
One falters with chilly winds, the very cool friends,  
Then the winds are breezes, more breezes to be bled.

Dust and dirt are elite elements for all the men with a bed,  
One seeks misery when there is misery that attends,  
Dark and deadly are these pains that reside in my head.

Mighty rivers applaud the taste of the truly bred,  
One stays in a whole sea for the corn that defends,  
Then the winds are breezes, more breezes to be bled.

When do waters boil? And where are the flowers dead?  
One picks up plants forcing the very grand ends,  
Dark and deadly are these pains that reside in my head.

The delirious means used by some are to what fed?  
One of us mends hearts too fragile, one that bends,  
Then the winds are breezes, more breezes to be bled.

A delightful method gains acceptance from those to imbed,  
One's agony seems too fair as the fairest intends,  
Dark and deadly are these pains that reside in my head,  
Then the winds are breezes, more breezes to be bled.

Naveed Akram

# Dark And Gloomy

Gloom speaks in super ways,  
It rides into a closet, and disappears.  
Gloomy and dark, the room appears to lie  
In a room, too dark and dank.  
In superb manners the wife of a dangerous man  
Spoke to me about the gloom,  
Spoke to me of the pain in her marriage.  
She visited this room for a passerby,  
This chamber exposed the rain outside,  
I entered the graveyard and saw the dangerous man  
With his wife alongside me.  
I saw gloomy nights before,  
But this was a time of evil.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Chambers

There are some dark chambers in the riding school,  
One answers the interrogation, the reality is such.  
A month will accept, slaves slowly slumber,  
Yet the real success rests in the majority of thinkers,  
The philosophers so good in thinking out for life.  
My darkness applauds me when the chambers empty,  
The prisoners accuse me of some resting and pleasure.  
I have a solution to make, and you are my problem  
So great, so awesome is the star above at day.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Grounds

My talents are as gloomy as the dark grounds,  
To be a leek is to be like the grounds of saying,  
But vegetables separately speak, and I know  
More than you about eating and its manners.

My talent revised can be of special benefit,  
Dreary and talented, I cause the ways of grace.  
A little food must be moist, and feel like a hair  
On a head, the hearts will beat in time.

Shapes are cool, shape them with the tongue  
Of this graceful ground, on top of feeling  
And emotion to display, the pains of endurance  
Are unfavourable of this day.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Journey

We are on a long journey always relentless,  
Few moments in it are felt as discerning;  
It is a boring escape into the abyss of black health,  
Getting to know this illness captures the philosophers  
And we must captivate the many people who think.

Little formality is about and around, more to thinking  
Is the action of the incidents that may arrive at our feet.  
It is out of this world, a world of fever is never allowed  
Since the fantasy enlarges the whole sentence of death.  
Death eaten is death begotten, much more from life.

We have nodded and concealed the real message  
So well produced by the writers of essays and facts.  
We have leaned forward and backward as the winds collide  
To awaken our sensibility, our nonsense is surrounding us.  
The monsters of the deep share our worries, but darkness spreads.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Light

I see a light of darkness,  
I think it is contagious.  
My thought is the consensus,  
Let this be conspicuous.  
It is not dark or fictitious,  
For it is not hocus-pocus.  
The entire page is hilarious,  
Like those who are homeless.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Meat Of Darkness

Discover a land so shadowed with darkness,  
It spreads like dark flowers around the land.  
The reality is bitter, falling away like silver has dropped  
Into a chasm to be rebuilt as gold.

Retrieve this gold, when the goats of meat  
Are cooked above a burning fire,  
And then the gold can be filling the meat  
So that it is worth more to eat.

To eat the gold, you must defeat  
Shadows of the land, and the goats  
Of meat have clung to the land then,  
And after this you have paid for the good.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Place

A dark and dank place is never illuminated by the fog,  
Derelict and driven to poverty, a place like this betrays.  
Absolute abnormality hesitates, blinding the vision like a fog  
Or frustrating the cause and callous natures exert like hell.  
The dungeon is invisible to bustling outsiders,  
Charming folly and dumbness resides in our heads,  
Like brains we hammer in our message.  
This dark appeal is no longer defined by us  
As attractive or sustaining to the awkward imagination.

Naveed Akram

# Dark Thinking

Dark thoughts entail visions of stupor,  
Those in negativity happen on the plane  
Of existence.

My existence happens all along its time,  
Of existence there are some who entwine it,  
Of something a goal pertains to a kick.  
Darkness has tenets to behold, and materials  
Construct a building of struggle, and this is war.  
War and darkness interrogate you as you work,  
Let open doors struggle for their state.

Naveed Akram

## Darker Places

The darker planets are made of you,  
Know that your intention is clear;  
This strange music floats in the crevices of space,  
My black head and amazing weapon loses.

Planets are lost for the fun of music,  
We have intended to float in space;  
The origin of space is internal and absolute,  
For the silent beings are concrete and stained.

Naveed Akram

# Darkness Rose

And now as darkness rose from the mildness of the day,  
The daughter of Joy exclaimed a meaningful play of words;  
It was forbidden to play at houses, for it was time for war,  
Time reared itself up towards the collar, escaping with howls.  
Ships were drawn up, sailing for the opposition,  
Forgiving the enemy for its ruination and pain inside.  
To be random and magnificent was an action of riding  
The waves of the ocean, that had twenty courses of dark blue.  
The rainbow had set in, the heavens threw their glare,  
As gifted sailors resisted their deaths in the bright blue sea.  
About their bodies was a life to train again,  
A gift has been godly for their ownership.

Naveed Akram

# Dashing And Halting

Dashing past the altar, a priest halts  
To cast his spell of rage, the demonic particles  
That in those atoms dwell, and in those fancies  
Are sown me and you, they hit us hard!  
Charming of you now that you're gone,  
What defilement has happened to deviltry!  
My dashing personality messes with messages  
That charm me and you, the straightforward ones.  
My chunky tales need understanding, in that  
They need me as a requirement.  
Defeat me now that you're done!

Naveed Akram

# Dashing Dangers

Ghastly ghosts doomed to die  
Swarmed and prostrated from feet  
Hurrying forth in numbers.

Courageous aromas preceded the warmth,  
Dazzling and abrupt,  
But burning murder was afoot.

An abiding man astounded the streets  
As they fended for their names  
In front of foamy callous wardens.

Dizzy darers collected to contrive  
A show of dynamic dangers  
Wrapping the gifts of life that was bizarre.

An eatable earth spited the moon  
From the dashing nature of the wet  
Wine pouring forth in the selfless minds.

Naveed Akram

# Dashing News

A dashing dress and a smart uniform  
Characterises a childlike life, angering.  
Such ceaseless activity is chief of hazards,  
The chemicals of explosions always.

A charming, exotic hissing lends to the ear,  
Heavy with health, the ears refrain from hearing;  
This heartbreaking work made tears fall,  
Infamous travels are again the fault.

The industrious man is internal and eternal,  
The fight is on, the world revolves, I speak to man,  
Yet nobody learns of the inexpensive history  
We have managed to collect and conceive.

Naveed Akram

# Dawn In Paradise

As an angel is at dawn,  
The reasons have swept us away  
From the embarrassments and reflections,  
The disagreements have ceased to come.

Just as we swear to order a boss or head around,  
The swings of the bells have resulted  
From the crimes we may now sign  
As abolishing works of art.

The horses of the air shall penetrate  
And glide with supreme sorrow  
Like the enlightened garden  
In paradise.

My problems for this grateful state  
Are solved by their leaders  
Who question and redesign  
The flag according to love itself.

Naveed Akram

## Day After Day

One day is another way to propose the answers,  
One day expects your time to slide into a chasm;  
Open the ways to men who fight and conquer,  
Their strides are longer, their strife is sacred.  
My prayer is a succinct supplication of the honesty,  
It carries the words of my own soul in this heart.  
The scribes will enter my counteractions, words  
Will be written to defy the answers I supply.

This day is a bank of the river that drowns,  
Tomorrow is the sea of tranquility and joy.  
One day is apt to anger and betray, but too many  
Are hidden from our view, and too much justice  
Is played, like the odd and even numbers held  
In harmony, the ways of the men and women.  
Mathematical men enter the arena of joy,  
So numbers betray the words of these men.

Naveed Akram

# Day And Night

To mourn the death of yesterday is vile,  
To see the day turn into night may see  
Why roses have their quality so free  
Of nature's weeping and very aisle.  
The death of day comes foremost to beguile,  
As to beguile means always the genie  
Has come to offer you his brewery,  
A mix of wishes to be that servile.

To be that quick, a wish is granted right,  
The night has spoken right and now justice,  
The need for nights is huge, enlightenment!  
The day dissolves to leave the wishful night,  
A beautiful delight, quite enormous,  
Due justly to my wish so imminent.

Naveed Akram

# Day Called Tomorrow

Everybody is certain of tomorrow,  
He is the day that bribes us,  
He angered me last night as this day shows,  
Forcing the brightness of the day from the sun,  
Saying for the confirmation of light to the souls,  
Believing in happy circumstances and loving.  
Everybody is certain of tomorrow,  
Their wishes are twisted inside.  
For they hurt for the night, and sorrow leaps into their heads  
Like the pain I suffered today, like a snow animal too cold.  
I am cold and lonely tomorrow, because of my day.

Naveed Akram

# Day Work

Dazzled by the day work, you slide  
As you speak, working like the clock,  
Bereavement has avoided you,  
And you are speaking faster to me.  
Dawn catches you in mid-flight,  
The fee of the fly attached to my bill.  
A kaleidoscope of beautiful images arise  
From all of the cancers and drugs.  
You dazzle and deserve all who visit,  
This day work refuses to halt me.

Naveed Akram

# Day, Then Night

While the day took over the night,  
My speaking powers depleted, with a house  
Of animals they called the property.

These animals were like birds, fiddling the  
Essence of a man, like gibbering fools  
In lower distinction, affording nothing.

This night was slow as the rain,  
Sailing the boat to Neverland,  
Fearing the bridges of death and life.

I saw parlance and sublime bodies,  
The mysterious parts of the unseen,  
A regularity had been established forcefully.

My eyes began to water as the ice  
Settled in as the new fountains had burned  
Due to old age, a fantastic joy entered.

This was a frying mightiness, a joy  
Like the wings of justified knowledge,  
The flight of an inner strength.

It was a passage to form to my world,  
I gained the authors of my praise,  
There was a welcoming party on the other side.

Naveed Akram

# Days Glide

Days glided away from the seats of pleasure,  
The quick spirit was mastered by the face;  
Havoc of months and years persuaded me  
To see the arrangements, and the several libraries  
Of thoughts and endeavours.

I guessed of resemblances and letters,  
Numbers pursued the words and words succumbed,  
Each moment passed its time,  
Months were old periods and designed to elate  
The believers who repented for illnesses.

Naveed Akram

# Days Meet

With feathers the birds fly, with nature a  
Man will divide, like virtue the spirit is blown,  
And of the angels there are some;  
Why do spectacles get blown in the wind?  
The onlookers stare like violet eyes,  
Offering bread to wayfarers in the mud,  
Finders of glory shall forsake the rest of men,  
For they found the national acts.

The leader of the nation shall save a grateful look,  
Onto roads of indignant pieces,  
Onto the marching surroundings,  
Like tomorrow's war that drives a wedge  
Innocently, faithfully, directly.  
With birds the flight shall occur,  
From awkward acts a man shall be benign,  
And with saviours a reading nation  
Supplies a frown to the blind acts,  
For a court of trouble shall appear one  
Day and night, and days shall meet.

Naveed Akram

# Days Of Mercury

The days within seem like mercury,  
A barometer has been the instrument  
To measure my fancy,  
For the pressure on my mind is boiling.

The days within my mind are numberless,  
Agonies are a contentment of the parade,  
The meaningful temperature points out murmur,  
Yet the fancy within is the inner happiness.

Always the playing is the paying of money,  
A precious work is afoot, with joining and parting,  
Like money that grows and grows like feeling,  
Internal pleasures combine and motivate me.

Naveed Akram

# Days Of School Left

Seven days ago we laid the foundations  
Of a school of cleverness and place;  
I replied to their tastes, smiles, attitudes,  
So thinking that those of us rich became richer.

Find me capable to fight as a fighter,  
Wizards are like helpers who shout  
Words that wisely consider grievances,  
My fighting days are over, and out.

The schools interrupt the country  
To weakly applaud us when considered.

Naveed Akram

# Days Of The Year

He swore never to die in this happiness,  
As the night passed into itself and cheered  
With a black eye, and a black face,  
Forming twisters and states that had abodes.  
He reasoned with the selfless prisoners  
Inside the intellectual minds of ire,  
So that treason was uprooted  
And damnation was the cursed belonging.  
He swore never to die in this mud  
Of the very sky so dim with rage  
Now that the day had crept up and shivered.  
The spectacle of the sun tremendously outlived  
Us all, like the days of the farming periods  
Energized by the laws of the vagabonds.  
He swore never to lie or die with curses,  
Curses never died afterwards as their hazards  
Were full of atoms, fixing the days of the years.

Naveed Akram

# Days Old

Days have gone by for the better,  
Weeks vanish now that they have formed.  
The beginnings of life exist for me  
As if my soul has been exposed.  
The baby has spoken, for the baby can mutter,  
And this child in me is a good profession  
Of laughter and joy, over the rainbow.  
This is golden of my marvels,  
The men who retain and the women to understand,  
Like babies would, like children can,  
Like the baby-world.

Naveed Akram

# Days Without Days

The moon is over the horizon like a coward,  
The brave sun will appear and melee with its moon,  
That will turn to deserting, and this reality is obscene  
For the fight is a battle between huge bodies  
So entwined with the cosmos.

My operation is in this world a drum  
To tap with my feet and hands  
So that my stars in the sky operate  
On me with their musical laughter and wildness.  
I like the loving nature of kind galaxies.

Then the day shall stand alone,  
With mountains that shine like castles  
Inside the fear called the world  
And its whole canyon, the wildness  
Collapses and a new Earth is more for you.

Naveed Akram

# Dazzled

Dazzling lights mistake us for the nights of pain,  
The blasts of fire majestically claim the brain.

Naveed Akram

# Dead And Living

Dead are those sentences of death,  
Finding a life is too good and short,  
Feeling me is like feeling everything.

Dead leaves are grown first by trees,  
The fierce winds are subjugating  
The tree, flower and plant.

Life carries the meaning we give to life,  
Living is suitable only for a time,  
Love him over a tablet taken on time.

Go to the entrance of life and all it entails,  
For to judge the lord and lady is a must  
For those who read the papers.

Naveed Akram

# Dead Bodies At Sea

I strike a winding blow to the skull  
Of ghoulish appearance, the undead.  
Much thought has transferred from my head  
As skilful help is again my schedule.  
May diving be dead, my descriptions are read,  
Such that deep seas are leading us into the heart  
Of the ocean where skulls are concentrated.  
I see sharks, I found filth of all the right nature,  
It was blood that attracted the mighty ghosts  
And the skeletons of fish were only in the graveyard.  
I strike my blow in space or sea,  
Where my heads are turning again and too many times.  
I must be dizzy.

Naveed Akram

# Dead Cheese

Hand me the cheese, please.  
Mutter the manger to sleep in.  
I eat much more than you,  
Glimmering like a morbid girl.

Dead are elements too cold,  
Living in death and ruin  
As the cargoes of government  
Lead the people into trade with height.

Naveed Akram

# Dead From The Snake

An inaction surprises the young snake of character,  
False are the prizes won, false are the dead men with matter.

Naveed Akram

# Deadly Honest

The honesty of death is in my possession  
As the tune of lyrics astounds me in this sense;  
I hear a voice too hardly in existence,  
Its slur and faults study me at the same time.

One's grave has been visited by the tonnes of fragments,  
Internal directions are also instructions for those in  
Death, those who concern their souls in fires and ices.

All of the honesty of death is of life,  
Leaving their heavenly splendour in hope  
Of it; the real weapon is the giant of life,  
Life martyred me in the same existence.

Naveed Akram

# Dealing With Wisdom

Dealing on the wisdom beats learning,  
A thought from God collides with education.  
Knowledge is best from the book,  
Under the cover is more wisdom  
That I extract, fully using the sense I was bestowed  
By the spirit and the saint,  
This maid is a queen, of highly elaborate dress,  
Of quiet talking manners, wonderful zeal.  
The faces that hide are recorded for time,  
And time does not flow irregularly,  
For it steams the pudding of atoms  
And we like the dark matter or treacle on top.  
Electric wisdom is for the people of treacle and syrup.

Naveed Akram

## Dear Birds And Animals

A dear bird shall shake and make  
The clean interior of my living house;  
Its chemical shall teach, remake our rooms  
Into delightful and delicious abodes,  
Full of changeable furniture, clammy chairs  
And comfortable tables of bronze and wood.  
Heavy utensils make the birds fly forever,  
Importing themselves haughtily,  
With hanging furniture, a closed door.  
Greedy and grubby, the animals of the wilderness  
Enter with flagrant patterns, filthy apparel.  
A gorgeous person of animal spirits, called an ape,  
Lopes in with an air of diligence, strongly perverted  
In the ways of primates.  
It is a person so hellish, that birds fly with stealth  
To the outside-air. Hilarious movements are recorded,  
Making people grieve and be homeless.  
Humorous times make humorous people laugh.

Naveed Akram

## Dear Books

I find a better dear in blue oceans  
That love and like the ebb, the toes and blows  
Of that small sea, on some more ablutions,  
On this old honour, that will then appose.

My better friend shall mingle more or less,  
The same disease alerts us this real day;  
Man writes, confesses on the very chess  
That saddens ours, then maddens those astray.

When findings match the real man tomorrow,  
This treasure sees those golden values right,  
A fellow writes for those who read although  
The books say leather-hard, by candlelight.

I obviously sign the books with pride,  
Much waits, much has the plates of this old bride.

Naveed Akram

## Dear Quality

My collars are straight from the money,  
Letters of calligraphy curtail the events;  
As we swear to serve the leaders of the nation,  
Tight fittings remind us of sin.

My nation has a dear quality of taste,  
Letters of this language shall fit inside,  
Taste then the old erosions of this day  
And night, as unfolding occurs.

My memories are seen to be eventful,  
Internal memories shine rightfully,  
Causing upheavals in the snow of the winds,  
A watery storm has caused our lines to diverge.

Naveed Akram

# Death Angels

I was sleeping in my heart,  
And intoxicated was my being;  
Then the self rose to the occasion,  
For death alerted me to the angels around.

I committed circles, and dragged my soul  
From their hands,  
To weep spiritually  
And collapse resurrected.

I wept loudly, forever in peace,  
Like a bridge of distinction  
Had been crossed  
By my very heart and soul.

They have taken my soul.

Naveed Akram

# Death Argues

Death may argue, fuss and conquer the masses,  
Killing is an idea of the devil when used.  
It is an obstacle, a day is spent in its memory;  
Our memories glisten as diamonds  
Drinking the health of the potion of strength.  
Death is banging on the door after much study,  
Depending on where you knock, and when you demand.  
May atoms have awe in this ritual,  
The appearance of their image is vital  
For the benefit is eternal and great.

Naveed Akram

# Death For Those Who Cry

When the dying days become living nights  
We must cry for the cryers, the bewailers.  
In the heart is their song of fellowship and light,  
In their soul is the repose of the body in comfort.

The friendship of a sinner with sinner is complete  
Today, but the next day an alien has arrived,  
For the listening effect, for the rumour to spread;  
Strange news passes, stranger thoughts are thunk.

The enemies rain down like the showers of the midnight,  
The raining continues forever, floods ensue with floors,  
Raising the arena and raising the souls of the light,  
Poisoning the vaster area, wet are the sands of action.

Naveed Akram

# Death Has Steps

Death has a step over the line I call home,  
Home shall remain a constant danger now.  
Heaven is a dangerous country we live in,  
Hell is the light of darkness, of everything.  
We eat starch there, eaten by the crows that vomit,  
How is organic chemistry eased into the dead fruit?  
We liven the place with electricity, expressing hatred,  
Making a constant reminder of energy and its risks.  
Death then carries one, carries one further like a lorry  
On the way to another country, far away.

Naveed Akram

# Death Is A Foe

Death is a foe to the wise,  
You wait for it and agonize;  
It spent its energy in a week,  
And we died all along with cheek.

The foe is death who speaks,  
In the mouth and ear it leaks;  
Fortunate are the dice we throw  
To ward off death like the snow.

Flooded with tears, we expect  
That its door be opened to collect,  
Us from the unhappiness of time,  
Us from the agonies of crime.

Naveed Akram

# Death Is A Scroll

The rain forces its odours on us forever,  
The collisions are rapid tonight in our lies.

When the molecules madden their fellows,  
We see the personalities of the atoms.

The rain is interrupted by certain forces,  
Its atoms are water frozen from infinity.

The rain has forced the alcohol to our throats,  
So drunkards dream, desperate drying is of the brain.

One invincible man devours the factory of lies,  
His stare abolishes the minute men who labour on.

The rain is the king, the snow is the queen,  
As weather is now polite to the fingers and hearts.

When molecules surrender, we all submit to life,  
And death investigates with scrolls of words and names.

Naveed Akram

# Death Is Commanded

To commandeer death is a notice,  
Underneath the ship's awe is a polite one,  
For this nearer war is the crest and trough,  
A sea of them will undermine us tonight.  
The death of some men is too much,  
One accuses another notifier,  
Once the obligations have mattered to us.

To see another agony is then a night  
And not a day.  
Tonight the sadness of the world  
Was senseless,  
Little to do with men of alacrity  
And adventure.

Death is the hurt of a century,  
This period in time is a cloth  
To bind the bodies of energy  
And the bears of the wild.

Naveed Akram

# Death Is Near

Death is nearer than deaths of the menacing furies,  
Standing inside the circle of dishonour is a spirit  
Who mimics the brightness of lamps and lanterns.

Death straps itself to the bulging brain of beautiful beings,  
The death is near, the life is geared for more action,  
But dying is no subject-matter for the dead.

Let the dying be sick, the living be timid, and the livid be rich,  
For most people are near popes of the highest creation,  
Busts of their personalities are on show in the gallery.

May death desire a page for the innocent beings of bursting  
Brittle books, voluminous works of the varieties that reside  
Inside the noble souls that strangely differ and design.

Naveed Akram

# Death Itself

My forceful fellow works miracles,  
Offering to mankind a display of his work,  
The work of kindness, the work of greatness.

My forces abstain from destruction until light  
Has entered darkness, so faraway.  
Little smells waft to the top of the room  
As we search for another miracle - a candle  
Or lamp.

This gas chamber chaotically displays  
Death, as a realm of gold and light,  
All of the money is taken,  
All the gold and light is snatched  
From my eyes, and existence  
Is small, too tiny an affair  
That the gases of death preside -  
They smell of obnoxious death itself!

Naveed Akram

# Death Looks At Death

Death looks at death with a face  
Stated from the start and sages find it.  
Left alone, the room is loving an air  
Of deadly silence, full of bad, eerie murmurs  
After the quiet has elapsed.  
Luckily, the burglar is away for the balls  
Are even in favour.

There is nothing new. One made my peace  
And exactly charged into the dark,  
Playacting with an edge that died.  
Left in the room was a burglar of death,  
Walking slowly along the row of secondhand objects,  
The best remedy was enough,  
Loudly and clearly, lesser men grew quiet!

Why does the show go on regardless?  
In any event, the theft storms and rages  
Like a cloud in vengeance,  
Dumber than the other emblems  
Fixed in the sky of mountainous waste.

Wear the shoes of the stars, and the mountains  
Collapse on the houses of destruction,  
Their houses are ruined and fully home.  
Death has been at my doorstep now that the rain  
Has set in, for the final time.

Naveed Akram

# Death Of A Man

Establish the death of a man by murder,  
You hit and storm around like a monster;  
The feeding of hatred is beginning,  
To unleash a poison so miserable.  
My death is so sudden as I surrender,  
To the whims and wishes of a monster,  
A beast is hidden within a person of high repute,  
The very man hiding his gun, the very stare.  
May murderers unleash their poison no further,  
Never to again, for the police are in strife.

Naveed Akram

# Death Of Life

His death happened a year ago,  
Once his heart stopped and had ejected  
From the chest, losing his life  
And all of everything.

His death praised me as a novice of books,  
Reading has a championship,  
My heart has stopped too,  
Giving me a blood-bath to consider.

My death is the result of deaths,  
Births are a rational event,  
May considerations arise for the slaughter  
Of many devils and demons in this bath called Life.

Naveed Akram

# Death Of Music

An instrument of music is the same as death,  
End up this way please, the music is certain to be.  
The death of a person accuses one of the crime  
Too far away, and so near to your soul.

The musical ability that doctors care for in their garden,  
Is like the birds of heavenly splendour, the splendour.  
The orchestra is alive for far too long a life,  
Certain competing foes accuse the rich to be disobedient.

Naveed Akram

# Death Out Of Fame

I made a death out of fame,  
Food became the emblem;  
Once the priest forbade the code,  
I helped the message into the throat.  
We can wear a real heaven on this day,  
A clear work has been addressed to us,  
The real haunting from a ghost arrived.  
Inside, the reality of the stamping of feet  
Pressures the toes and feet.  
The house so outlandish is to feed  
And more toes shall be trod upon by the weak.

Naveed Akram

# Death Restores Us

What does Death signify, besides outreaching its hands one night and day?  
Force shall restore it, when the Angel of Death strikes with his hand as he lay.

Naveed Akram

# Death To Design

Design the death about a person of talent,  
He spells trouble, a war of solid nature, he is gallant.  
The bravery has a boundary, when faced with the guns,  
Hold fast to them and theirs, any additions?  
May nobody accuse us of crime or wrong administrations,  
There are so many wild people, including some with afflictions.  
Let them be evicted from their homes, just eradicated,  
For they erupt from volcanoes with those exaggerated.  
Evade the dead people, from us, for they die,  
And that is to end with the most awful lie!

Naveed Akram

# Death's Anger

Death creates anger to some who think it,  
It married your flesh to your eternal spirit.  
Life carries my burden as long as I comb  
The hair of breath and breadth, under the dome.  
May the angels of death cause our bereavement  
When it happens, an event of the soul, the achievement.  
Let anger make you strong, fatality comes,  
Towards our star departs our Fate, it benumbs.  
The premises so attached to me and my body  
Are linked to the mind if it rests, becomes droopy.

Naveed Akram

# Death-Face

What is the eye of the death-face doing?  
Is it following the other eye?  
Or does death face us with both eyes mooing?  
Certainly life, does it beautify?

What is the eye of your face like?  
Does it force us away from itself?  
Or do they know how life has psych?  
How psychosis has yourself.

Naveed Akram

# Deathliest

Death has an answer for those who are weak,  
Their stubborn nature only is given birth.  
Then we stride in the graves to return to our mother,  
To renew the living existence,  
But instead it is heaven.  
Deathly thoughts occupy my heart when  
My heavenly standards show.  
In the end the prayer of my being  
Subjugated the devils who bring their being.  
The sight of God was only to forgive me  
Where I saw Him, when I heard Him,  
As if the kings were minute and He was the Most.  
Death has anger in its bottle of wine,  
To drink is to have the heaven when death is near.

Naveed Akram

# Deathly Leader

The great majesty of death is like a leader,  
He spans his life, working in unison, never in wrong.  
Great majesty worked with the sword of strength,  
Now you must smile so sweetly, reading us instead.  
Those deeply imprisoned in the carcass  
Sometimes marvel so well, over and above.  
Death is too sweet if you are sweet with water  
That made you live on this Earth.  
A leader will arrive on this Earth  
And his objective will be halved  
Giving him more time to command his own strength.

Naveed Akram

# Death's Call

Death has a freedom so lonely and memorable,  
Music is due to the sound that death makes,  
Joy everlasting flows into the veins of some tune.  
This death, this life is a passing moment,  
Of all the joys that strum and sting like pain  
The one most is a strange call so vivid.  
Death has a freedom too vivid and too noisy,  
Like the travel of hero ship and sympathy for old news.  
Trust him when the time shines and forms,  
Little death is smaller health with fury in some layers.  
I have you in my stare like offerings of satan,  
Forming realities that revolve around the sun  
In so many times a day.

Naveed Akram

# Decaying Days

And with them did we journey some hours,  
To be decaying hours and days,  
Winds thwarting winds with corridors and rain.  
The stationary blasts of life became overwhelming  
Like the blossoming eternal work of the mind,  
The clouds of great light and great darkness.  
A tumult of peace overcame him as they looked  
At their journey after some time,  
Decaying forests of blizzards came in time.  
The type of soldier who investigates the scene  
Shall express a signature on the work of the blizzard.

Naveed Akram

# Decaying World

Earth is decaying, soil is erupting,  
But one is of this world in silence.  
The forest roars with leaves of law,  
Those elves are the sylvan beasts  
Like humanoids of milk and laws.  
The foreign airs dispel the final one,  
It is the law of the land and extremity.  
One horse replies to another hotel  
That is a bridge of gold, a dry land.

Earth is destroying its illness when fed,  
Love will die, and life will cry, forever.  
This rain is like the offender, the defender  
And the oppression stands still like a chair.  
Mountains of discipline, are fountains of blood,  
The realities are poor, the poor are sudden.

Earth shall find a real gesture towards the old,  
So ancient men are more than the gods,  
The new solution is a new offering from their  
Gold and silver, in treasure chests.

Naveed Akram

## Decided At Noon

A little after noon a small piece of land  
Was spied upon and subjected to treason  
That lifted the tables to the air.  
On board was another ship found laying there  
With some miles behind the rest.  
My first work was the noon,  
And it gained acceptance, like him.  
It was like him that evidence seeped  
And leaked like water, to and fro.  
The tide had to immerse itself  
And discover a new country of water  
And minerals of the whole way.  
Off with the clothes and swim  
To the ocean's edge like a coin  
In the air after a match has been  
Decided.

Naveed Akram

# Deciding For Tomorrow

Decisions are being made all the time by those at the top,  
Tomorrow there is a futuristic twist and so we are appalled  
By the rough work, so hard to decipher.  
Decide now when to harshly criticize, when to wonder  
At those who ponder and upset no longer.  
The wonderful employment of a man in matrimony  
Has just begun, his wife needs to decipher his face.  
The arrival of a daughter can send happiness to the heart,  
Mighty blows from hands of divinity are making her function.  
The decisions from the top big men  
Make a man of fatherhood almost weep at his wages,  
To let his daughter have a private school  
And not let himself regard the safety of his wife.

Naveed Akram

# Deeds

Donation is the deed of degree,  
I have convinced myself of its degree.  
To start from the castle's walls  
Your journey ends here, in the pipes.  
So donate your body and soul,  
Riches can command the generous man.

The battle is forgiving us, is agreeing with us,  
For we have been given divine benefits  
That strike at the heart of the open enemy.  
Men can understand and behold the speeches  
Of war-makers, for men who understand shall  
Survive, longer than experts and jokers.

To hope is strangely a small, meagre deed,  
This battle is a battle of the heart,  
So brave men question me no further,  
Just to lead a life of warlike attributes is fine,  
Finer than the swords of almighty nature,  
Finer than godly works and goodly demands.

Naveed Akram

# Deeds Of A Writer

Deeds slip like words from the tongue,  
The chapel has explained why we do these  
Acts of allegiance, the chapel is a blessed  
Place. During the seasons of change, we  
Stand and recite the glorious verses.

When deeds fully clatter like keyboards,  
Beer-cans move in the wind on the pavement.  
The writer is a stage of the diploma, and deeds  
Slip from fingers, too late in thinking, too  
Blessed in nature for the success of grandeur.

What do you do to smell of an odour of fitness?  
The chapel is aroused by contentment, and  
Other regions of the rainbow shine in the rain  
That Noah gave, the same prophet who described  
Just work for the believers, so we should listen.

Deeds are manipulated till suddenly a laughter  
Arises, asking a little leg to climb, bellowing in  
Winds of disdain, for doing is a blessed dispute,  
For doing is distinct and helpful to the soul  
Of the one you know in deed and in truth.

Naveed Akram

# Deep Fish

You must concern yourself with fish,  
Swimming in the ocean of differences,  
Just mingling like journeys to accomplish  
In the sea of green, these are mazes.

My faults are like those sharks in the water,  
Fetching a mouth of blood, going deep  
And devouring the creatures as an abductor,  
Maybe the outcome is settled and to keep.

Naveed Akram

# Deep In Hell

Easy paths molest  
Those in perdition, the Hell,  
The Reality.

One road to the Heave  
Classes your anxiety  
For it is holding.

Naveed Akram

# Deep Monster

A monster I spun in this heart of mine  
Is spilling, shredding and hating one's fellowman,  
Its embroidered skin lashes on the stomach of  
My dining, this skin of mine entails a loss.  
The monsters of the deep spend their money  
Meritoriously, fulfilling wishes of a master of the sea.  
The dreaded mortuary mystifies man esoterically,  
Stranded sailors of the arduous ocean inject ire  
Too swingingly, the monstrous brother of theirs  
Wastes the living hours of offal and hearts.  
The sailors see mournfully the blue, green algae  
Glistening in the watery wastes so sabotaged  
In the wisdom of well-minded men.  
Their knowledge is over regarding the sea,  
Opening the chests of gold pieces unleashes heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Deep Seas

Deep seas may strike and deliver the praise  
Of a monstrous sea, boiling heat has occurred,  
Boiling madness has elegantly travelled,  
Boiling is the disorder of this monumental wave.

I am deep in thought over the abode in this soup,  
The soup of peace and war, a sea so tranquil and hostile,  
I would like to stay here forever, to erode the land with it,  
Without me and without a mountain to collide with.

Dirty weather arouses suspicion from the waters,  
Clean and clear is the river, rivers of ice are cold,  
Rivers die and live forming foam from the dear sky,  
This sky shall boldly try the patience of the rivers.

Naveed Akram

# Deep Sleep Will Come

When deep utterances overshadow my life  
I seem to repel those evils worst in my heart;  
The shallow waters bespeak the wonders  
Of a heavenly hell, that has doses so swift.  
The exhalation is even questioned by the rich  
And the poor speak to their poverty with glasses  
That fit, and their fixtures rely on more time on the clock.  
These days are numberless that stand to the fall  
Of the hands of the chiming grandfather-clock,  
A test has been passed from the shivering seconds  
That time has forbidden by the very seconds that stood.

I seem to repel and attract according to the tastes  
On my tongue, but let then the tongue of the heart  
Be an escape as my ears are instructed likewise,  
Those funny, loyal organs of the flesh that abide.

Naveed Akram

## Deep Ways

Deep alleys, clammy alleys, and black butchers  
Find childlike hearts in their hearts tonight.  
Bewildered by the changing of the seasons,  
We link the bend of the road to astounding success.  
Chilly storms bewilder me after the cloudy mayhem,  
Bespeaking a dark rain of cheerfulness afterwards.  
Boil it after the sense of extinguishment orders  
Our own sense, the very heavenly sense.

Naveed Akram

# Deeper Denizens

The gaze of a monster arrives tonight in the dark,  
It sees us forming its eyes on us so bright in the dark.

Once the monsters of the deep linger forever now,  
The nightmares are downright a fight in the dark.

Its monumental how deeper vaults intrude and master,  
Once we enter them under the crystallite in the dark.

The caves are immediately in front of us, around us,  
Then are we lost so differently to cite, in the dark?

Girls and boys question and murder our paths,  
The children are never lost, but we are to excite in the dark.

Paths of godly fabrication are everywhere in our layers of adventure,  
The harsh realities are mine, the adventure of dynamite in the dark.

Naveed Akram

# Defence From A Friend

The defence from a friend shatters my ugly spirits,  
He is a golden item on the menu, one we overshadow.  
It is possessing and demanding, the names of a man,  
That feed on the young-at-heart, giving freedom and health.  
The friends of a journey are full of modesty,  
With their health and lovely feet, so travelling.  
This is intelligent and wise, like the old rhythm of a man  
That decides to survive and rescue all in the way.  
My friend defends my upbringing, and causes me,  
He causes me to stay and learn of the mission in me.

Naveed Akram

# Defence Of The Seas

Defend him whenever he chooses a thought,  
Defence is of dolphins with the seas of an oceanaut.  
Guessing is my disease, offering me selection  
Into the schools of marine life, in it is ablution.  
Demand a schism with the land of animals too wise,  
A wisdom decided itself from the awkward of allies.  
My decision spelt mayhem for the oceans of surprise,  
Alphabets are run in lipids of the surface to analyse.

Naveed Akram

# Defending

Defend the country with all your truth,  
Special worshipping is satisfactory for us;  
The reality has begun, the drums have sounded  
Like trumpets commanding armies, filling skies  
And lands with brilliant laughter, without the lying.  
May this country be with you as a commander,  
Forces are not absent now that you have come.  
Arrive now to beat the drums forever in march.  
This year we are straight, selling cells of our body,  
Cheerful in thought and talent.  
The destruction looks skilled by the ones who  
Give lessons to the children of War.

Naveed Akram

# Defending The Lady

Defence prolongs indifference aloud,  
It tastes the worth, it makes one cry too fast,  
I work on those despairing in the crowd,  
Then wonders cease, the worlds shall be amassed.  
On clouds we speak, on lines we dab and cry  
The luck of gases and the solids here,  
Defence is understanding my ally,  
The wails and small acts may now appear.  
Choose ways that know and concentrate above,  
Here ways are certain and they are fixed now,  
Their honesty shall blame them with a shove,  
One lady creeps behind the face's brow.  
One hears and sees the face of splendour there,  
Like modesty it shimmers faster care.

Naveed Akram

# Defending The Nation

Mourning and lamentations cause us to shudder,  
The crying is awake, a large man shakes our understanding.

The weather is hazardous tonight, the night shall make us blind,  
One laughs and cries at the same time, for it is raining.

A death is expected to enshroud us, a cadaver appears,  
One man is taken by another man, cancelling his life.

The weather of the next day is like morning's tidings,  
Health appears for us in full measure, for we are alive.

We are in this war to interblend with the enemy,  
Marching and more marching destroys the enemy.

To take our blood, to decimate the entire force of our country  
Shall produce many tears and wounds, lamentations are causing us to shudder.

Naveed Akram

# Dehydrated

Dehydrating so much like a limit,  
The demanding started and this was delighting.  
Loading them with accusations is like delaying,  
Promote and sweep the older people,  
The masses shoot us with their stare.  
Unfolding five layers of food, the reasons are clear,  
Delete the objective, force the loping.  
Foretasted food brings joy to the community,  
Swearing is against the rules of this law.

Naveed Akram

# Deities Of The Sea

A deity is shaken by his intelligence,  
Forebrain is perfect, mind is never absent.  
A fisherman has seen this deity of his,  
For he does catch fish and everything.  
My life is like the fishermen all over,  
Like the beam of light cascading on surfaces.  
My God is brilliant at works of art and science -  
He has created these legendary faculties,  
The aspects of a knowing-sphere,  
The size of the Earth, and all the fish in the sea.  
This ocean will erupt with food so stinging,  
We will fatten ourselves to reach the deity.

Naveed Akram

# Delicious Food

Delightful and delicious are the dinners they serve,  
Closed as the clouds, religious as the faith of a saint;  
Colossal suffering undoes you, like the lying of a demon,  
Or the deceit of a devil - they sting our souls for their food.  
Deeply the defects are immeasurable, for food admits us  
Into the gardens of Paradise, when they attach fragrance.  
Calculate the ideas of the topics to be discussed  
In front of all of you, in front of the soul.  
This day was a day from God, on His Throne,  
Life has been won, life has been won, for all!

Naveed Akram

# Delight In The Ocean

To your delight a fall has endured itself  
And destroy it by flying, this life is for flight  
Into the heavens as fast as speed itself.  
Fade an ocean on its bed under the very water,  
Go there tonight when no one is listening,  
Perfect strategies recall a timing, a sound  
That water makes and defines,  
The powers are few in the sight of oceans,  
Kiss a merman or mermaid as the case presents,  
From a sacred oath do find these creatures  
Along the rivers as well,  
Always their movement manages food and drink of water  
And salt.  
To your delight, my ears jostle with hearing of your voice.

Naveed Akram

# Delight In The Soul

The light of performance is a manifestation,  
Delight comes to the light of our soul,  
Little by little the variations arise  
From creations and limits awfully rewound.  
In some quarters of the world,  
Those of the woods are prevailing  
Like the sylvan creatures,  
Customs and language are found  
At the foot of the lake still skimming  
With light, delight has fallen into the realm.  
We may compare hundreds of faces  
In this crowd of natural light,  
In this sunlight dazzling the fortunate dozen.  
Many plans are speaking like the wind  
In some union with godliness,  
A forever light is confined in this area  
Of late.  
With the appropriate movements,  
We are strictly aright,  
We are nooses and other tools  
Of oblivion.

Naveed Akram

# Delightful Plant-Life

Orchards of Delight are the meals of a living soul.  
Trees can rest above the heads of minute humans.  
The flower has a scent to beautifully entrance your fibres.  
The seeds are sown for the very Kingdom of Plants.  
I have no answer to the question: Is life a lovely plant-like existence?

Naveed Akram

# Delightful Sea

Abruptly the sea debates with waves of delight,  
What conquers ablution of this abysmal tree of water?  
My abbey is the very original glee I partake,  
Many gods have faces that linger and mingle in the sea.

This sea hastens fallaciously, worming cliffs and rocks,  
The fallible ocean considers its feed, after too much light.  
The sun has stars in front, but the sea escapes the dark  
Of the darkness that is wet, falsity is our falcon of life.

Naveed Akram

# Delinquency

A delicate delinquent must delete his presence,  
For the food that enters has fallen from his mouth,  
Faith has bitten the bridge of a standing slant,  
Feet compose the sealed story of a sagacious day.  
One running amateur has been his own astronomer  
For the land of the dark layers are far too many.  
His sultanate doubtfully reigns supreme,  
Angering the heinous-thoughts-cave.  
Respectful, neglectful and too tired of sin,  
A delinquent feels his spasms and sin.  
A spacious round of walks delivers the dim  
And angry heart to the fruits of habitats.  
One finds him doing a time of beguilement,  
Opening categories not open to him before  
When the hardness of a day or night  
Entered from within,  
Linking is no use or sin.

Delete the man's presence,  
And speak to herself who finds  
The nature of his sin,  
The mother of fright and learning  
That sling-shoots and finds defence.

Naveed Akram

# Deluded Duty

The roses depart with delusions of grandeur,  
Theirs is the offering from the sacrificial men,  
Those thieves have disembarked, looted.

I cause the crucifixion, I cause the headstrong  
Wars to annihilate a thief who denies,  
So safe measures come in place.

Mosaics deter the strategies of a defence,  
They are so beautiful with rage  
That quietness appears on this list.

The rose of the valley is a single important  
One rose of such decapitated character,  
That cadavers shiver and wage war.

He is the one, not me, who delivers a duty,  
To the peace of this earthy belonging,  
This sign of the hatred and love of humans.

Naveed Akram

# Demand

Demand a ball of the year  
That bounces when your sight  
Has spent a pound.  
Demand it out of luck for your body and mind.  
This pound I spend, do not condemn it,  
As the thief has been committed to praise.  
My left wounds are the right,  
As coins are like pains to collect.  
We are indebted to your efforts  
As many as there are in the world.  
My options are sacred, my options are banned,  
For the torture of the day is solid  
And worse troubles may sway, for the only  
Trouble has limited my life.

Naveed Akram

# Demise

The mountain and the volcano  
Had a mystery to solve,  
And the forms of demise  
Remained a mystery.

There bloomed the daisies  
And the violets of rarity,  
Bitter animals stole their paws  
To see into the history.

Nature had just men's fruits,  
Fields of working and few  
Of them strove for the pool,  
That shining source of herbs.

The meadow of the air  
Concocted prayers that smoke  
Had formed from fire,  
That smoke was a fair play.

One sees the lanes and avenues  
Be ordeals for the richest  
Of men who were also just  
Men who stung and stabbed.

Naveed Akram

# Democracy

I have waited forcefully,  
To occasionally snap at the tops of crowds,  
Like a leader,  
Too much audacity is required.

Kill them and manage a solution  
For the poor and stone-broke,  
For the underfed and malnourished;  
Where are their inner beings?

Your strength has it, it has it,  
What is more than tyranny?  
A guess is sufficient.  
Tyranny has no spectrum in our thought.

Naveed Akram

# Democrat

I am a democracy as a dear citizen,  
The living of ownership is by dictation.  
Throughout the world's crust my energy is lust,  
Never the level of complaint as a trust.  
The democratic punch will hurt the men,  
Who are the women in the den?  
This den is a lair for the thorough work  
Operating in the snowy artwork.  
May democracy rule the pleasure of men,  
Just as the governing of people is again.

Naveed Akram

## Demolished Person

Do not know why you are turning back,  
Come dance and rejoice, form us up.  
There's time enough for destinations,  
In droughts the time resounds and laughs.  
We are coming forming and foraging,  
Forbid the laughter of force, aborting.  
Aching and accusing the force is deluding,  
Demeaning and delving.  
Be still as you walk as a demolished person,  
Empty of wings and food.

Naveed Akram

# Demons Lurk

Over hatred a hurt is spoken,  
Those demons lurk anointed,  
With cherished horns of antelopes,  
Washing iron with irate arts.  
Open the defence society  
And let them rightly anger  
The troops travelling workably,  
Fitting with mobility, as striving  
Ceases to be a pleasure of hurt.

I seek the memories of ivory  
That stain irony of illness,  
Instigating a hat for the book  
Or tones are forsaken.

Naveed Akram

# Demonstration

Demolished are those buildings that burn away,  
That stink and sting us all everyday.  
Then jousting the dream that beware I am of  
    will not leave the evening together with morning.  
    That morning I cried at all and faced no mirror  
    to character and visually impair.  
Abort the young star so darkly I guess,  
I understate this fact again and again;  
Alas the routine is single-mindedly conducted  
Until all traits are confronted and abolished.

Naveed Akram

# Demure

I brood on comely thoughts,  
With feelings of bungalow;  
I sought the demure boy  
Living with his house and stone -  
A bucolic home, full of mystery.  
This hounded this demesne,  
Demure friendship with godly work.  
I conflate the desultory times  
With special times of the year.  
I see a boy who had dalliances,  
In the very use of the sun and stars.  
My ebullience for his shame to prevail  
Was astounding and supreme.  
I brood on these attractive and comely  
Thoughts,  
Ones of the reality in this demure boy.

Naveed Akram

# Den Of Demonic Dragon

Den of destruction is far away from us,  
The rigours of its interior are like a mansion house.  
The map shows our blunders, far too costly  
For we can not arrive so early at the tomb.  
A toolbox is required, for to angrily state necessities  
Is far too costly, the dragons of demons are near.  
We ask for a maple leaf to indicate peace  
To the dragon of demons, an evil work of art.  
Archangels are the arbiters of our smooth journey  
To the centre of this flat world.  
Archeology is asked for, the dragon is dead,  
For we found its head in the middle of a mountain.

Naveed Akram

# Departed

They departed, so frolicsome and witty,  
Engaging in anger afterwards, like unity.  
A jet of light stabbed the sky with thunder,  
For they left us in awe and still departed.  
Some neuron in our brain was attacking,  
One too many jokes of poison were upsetting.  
For they destroyed all evidence of enjoyment,  
In phases so short, so much in awe were we.  
Pollen from a plant was the best joke worth it  
To describe this state of affairs.  
It would make you cry and lament at the top  
Of your voice, of your very voice.  
They embarked on a journey so valid  
To make disagreements so beautiful.

Naveed Akram

# Departure

Fat and angry are beasts of killing arts,  
Then tomorrow we ride them when one departs.

Naveed Akram

# Depressed

Depressed as a cloud, my action fails,  
From confusion to pain we decide the acts  
That are to be recorded in the book we love.

The chemical resounds in our heads,  
The heart seeps into the existent walls;  
Then dear dreams enter the mind of sleep,  
Elastic hearts contort us while we work.

This is delirious depression, the clever act  
Of a nightmare offered to us from above,  
This colourful action afflicts me as boring.

Naveed Akram

# Depths Of Night

In dazzling depths of night,  
I live with light and darkness  
As the lamp is fixed in the air.  
A perched jewel supposes its worth  
With echoes of beautiful waves.  
They carry on into the depths,  
I hear cascades of sound and water,  
The whole canyon is smiling towards me.  
What excellent sight is this!  
How fruits like water have an abode!  
This mountaintop is at a distant scene,  
Inner work has been beyond this realm.

Naveed Akram

# Deranged Customs

Return to the customs despicable and deranged,  
Dirtier respect voices the malcontents,  
Dirt has enemies of course.

Return to the reading volumes of the pages  
That give surrender, and irreconcilable  
Facts, overriding our thoughts as we read.  
The returnable thought shall deliver praises  
Guaranteed by bent animals,  
For their legs and arms are not ours;  
And where are their heads?

The only solution to the bottle of vapors  
Is to spread the glass by smashing it, then  
Receive a blessing for the action of elegance,  
Soon the forces hoist the whole caliber  
Of rich men and women who sign their petitions.

Naveed Akram

# Describe The Rocking

Come, you may possess the cries and smiles  
Of a century entered, the real worry of it all.  
In this gloom stands the destruction of it all,  
Darkness and light stood apart and the constitution  
Of the time in itself was withstood.  
The withdrawal made me shudder at the shawl,  
The dusty ages sprang forth like shadows  
In the ground, of the reality, of the torture.  
Too long I have lain to seem a little absurd,  
Watching rocks gather momentum to hit me.  
Today, the rocks have spoken,  
The next day shall describe them.

Naveed Akram

# Describing In Words

How does inserting a substance feel  
When it is describing us in words?  
Jolliness made a remark, when compounds  
Are produced from brain and head.  
The merry, merry world collides,  
And what you say is recorded.  
The revelry has communicated a joy  
That seizes your throat when shaken.  
It is beyond doubt, the obvious one,  
It is the substance of religion I feel  
And we afflict a diseased man already.

Naveed Akram

## Description Of Love

Described by the mothers are the artists,  
Their children also show fodder of love.  
The minds are followed by the gorgeous acting  
That they solely and durably bestow on you.  
Gas is asked as a marriage, gases and liquids,  
Fully in scripted with abilities and mistresses.  
The narration of livers carries on forever,  
Lovers also dine on the eternal life.  
Love has descriptions of an infinite kind,  
Their love is of children and too costly.

Naveed Akram

## Desert Of Mills

The close horizon became from the desert of mills,  
The bronze dunes worked hard in the storm of sand.  
This absolutely became the edge of the world,  
To signal a light for never land crept on this flower  
Causing signatures of splendour, petals opening.  
Parallel lines forked in different ways,  
In the middle of actresses and actors,  
Touch taunted the mistresses of the desert-wind.  
Staring into the scene of distant echoes,  
A proposition suggested food and drink  
For the nomad of the scene, a real way of knowing.  
The mills turned according to dust and weather,  
Feeding the metallic men with their monster.

Naveed Akram

# Desert Of Wrong

Enter the vicinity of the times of change,  
Introducing your long goals that smother us  
Without the smoke to engage into the destroying spirit,  
Oils are charging their horns at the built-in gasp.  
Yesterday, a soul flew into the desert that binds  
Him to the sphere, and this circle of some circumference  
Can never fit.

Your defence mattered to the defendant  
As he wrongly accused himself,  
But the desert he can survive,  
And the survivors are few there.  
May a law bespeak, and may a rule display  
The infinite progression of sent messages  
By those in charge, the wonderful shadowy  
Men who worship the stars that they choose.

One time for change is falling behind,  
We must know what innocence tells  
And narrates to our ancestors,  
So that families mutter and utter  
With lullabies and masques,  
Depending on their age,  
And how much they have to deliver.

Naveed Akram

# Deserted Monument

A deserted monument is ambitious for completion  
In its contours and cowardly appearance;  
My coordinated body surrenders to it like Paganism,  
Devilish amounts of cash are deposited nearby.

Confused images rise and fall in a jagged confusion,  
Direful delegations emerge somehow, like rotten fruit;  
Brawny adults survey the area for a crazy spot to stay,  
Where the children can curve their eyes on the distinct site.

Naveed Akram

# Deserter

Soldier 1: Do as they bid with interest,  
To school the child and mother with it,  
As a man will kick his attacker in war.  
I think on deserting a cursed fellow,  
One that is regarded by some as nothing.  
Am I nothing?

Soldier 2: Yes, (says the forceful fellow with fellowship)  
Yes I have to be it, and I have to kick the foe with might.  
You are other than the foe, and you are nevertheless a let down,  
You have expected me to face the unquestionable.

Soldier 1: Your reason for living is unique,  
Yet my reason for existing is the same.  
I am in dire need of war,  
So much is the foe in front of me.  
Am I nothing?

Naveed Akram

## Deserting?

Rest young friend or bird. The enemy retells its sacred nature so as to rest and not let you rest or run or hide. This is the rest, my bird, the release of tension and deserting is common. Will you desert?

Naveed Akram

# Design

Fencing your house will be bitterly disputed,  
As fine the authority is of the disputed.  
Fellowship holds bargain and baggage,  
Best off is the one who relates and has to be sage.

Reflect on the very nature I detest, the one  
That describes a solitary being in progress.  
I defeat only a life that tries to defy the standards  
I kept and I wept to believe in.

Naveed Akram

# Design A Day

The design of a day is against the spring,  
Sign your mine with a bullet that met it;  
The weapons of a day that summer has won  
Is a conclusion of the focussed parts.  
Elements of the equation mutter and expel  
The residents from their features of impact.  
The feature used here is an institute,  
The focus of the day here is pride of a fortune  
To be delivered and maimed with claws and talons.  
I see the final focus, windswept leaves rustle  
And pierce the brown light, with awkward persuasions.  
The leaves are an investment of the injuries,  
The building of a bullet is a resultant force.  
I have a journal here enacted by the worry,  
I have here a normal slumped shoulder  
From mere worry that enhances the consumer's features.

Let items be conducted in honest health here,  
There the feed is abnormal, as the injury of a day  
Is upon the ultimate residence, offering me a stay.  
To purchase the swift change is like the gold,  
Relevant avenues of the unions are all right.

Naveed Akram

# Design A New Life

Design a new life for the soul in your heart,  
It came from the days and nights  
Created by the Praiseworthy.

Describe to me your life if the day was night,  
If this night was in black and white, your life.  
You speak in many colours, any colours,  
Yet you live in the old night, the black dark night.

It never changes from black to white, until the day  
Arrives. This is the time for your life.  
Tomorrow has come and become a day to remember.  
It is today that existence has shifted like the sun.

Today, you can design the stone house, where your mother lives.  
What is this stone house?  
It is the life around us; it is hard to destroy it.

Naveed Akram

# Design My Heart

Design my delicious heart from the start of a race,  
This quack eats into hearts for the whole bookcase.

Naveed Akram

# Desire

You have one of the weakest minds on show,  
Your breath is over the normal power and offer,  
Relentless is description of the above,  
And I doubt forever the picture in love.

Keys to the city are too many to see and hear,  
I love the colours and I like them always here.  
The birds will fly and depart once more only,  
And now never return as I can certainly.

Naveed Akram

# Desire Is A Service

My desire is too fragile,  
The passing of passages is forced  
So that living poses the ultimate  
Thought, whether my movement  
Is fierce or swift or light.

My desire is too fragile,  
The systems of our recollection  
Despise the fiends that perpetrate  
Madness and strongly uncivilised  
Behaviour.

My desires become that of lust,  
As happiness sets in with those  
Ending in their sorrows.

A fiddled man is like a sorry man,  
But an apple is munched by those  
In danger, and the fair men  
Seem like fairies, for they are just them.

A mirror is shown how fair it is,  
A man is a mystery to the woman  
That serves the houses of law,  
But the mysterious one hides in the woods,  
And it sees all the splendour  
To come back to once it spends  
Time.

Naveed Akram

# Desire Of The Forest

Desire shall be lust soon,  
While the passion surrounds us.  
Hoots and howls corrode my hearing  
And eyes falter, to see nothing.  
My days connect after too much reading,  
Mighty forests of words are around me.  
This time a loving teacher as strayed  
Into my knowing path.  
I am a forest of wise words,  
My orchard seems to be myself,  
I am just not ready for too many meanings.  
I may even die sooner than you think,  
Leaving us all, in the sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Desks

Desks are collected for classrooms,  
As study is more important when it looms.

Naveed Akram

# Desolate Heart

I slipped words as I went up the normal tree,  
As I approached the shadow of my house,  
Like a bird doing wrong to the masses,  
Inserting kindness to the eldest or delicious.

I saw an additional screen while begetting the  
Notes arranged on the door to victory;  
Too many times on the hours of fortitude my heart  
Sank into parades of the inner dimensions.

The desolation of my father's heart  
Knew why my brother's death had been jarred  
Like jam of the prospects,  
Like political prophets in action and thought.

Naveed Akram

# Despair

Oh, my despair shall be there,  
Altogether the mind is in flow,  
But I am in despair,  
As no man shall know.

I am separate and alone,  
Times have changed as I,  
My widows and orphans are around,  
For my body is a phantom.

The spirit yearns for the other side  
To be a complete transaction,  
But the despair I was spared  
Had suddenly appeared.

From life the morals ran,  
Unlike the moral, life was a plan  
That encrusted the neighborhood  
And everyone who died.

This, my despair is called eternal,  
The case is simpler than the case:  
My living and dying has been true  
As you too are in this complete picture.

Naveed Akram

# Despairing And Melting

Go to the imperial palace for the case,  
What devastation in store!  
Go to infidels and soldiers staring, blinding  
And killing, with mighty hands.  
In this sense we despair and melt into oblivion,  
Just to keep asking, in these ways of God.

Ease must allow itself to collapse  
On the difficult bread and butter,  
What do tennis-players say to this?  
The ball has devastating signals  
For the competition in this Life.

Naveed Akram

# Desperate Dogs

My fixing of the grass is that of the gardener,  
His stare has stayed like the monsters of the deep.  
One encounters a little moon, a small spender  
That calls himself a baby,  
With the first safe lesson, and the source  
Of the mathematics.  
One zoo is that of a circle,  
Man is an animal to be enjoyed.  
Mathematicians are also men,  
Of the highest nature  
And care of the higher kind.  
One animal fetches a ball,  
This dog has befriended man  
As a ball has been thrown and destroyed.  
The ball is in despair for the dog.

Naveed Akram

# Desperate Flowers

Desperate flowers storm the undergrowth,  
Let animals become absent when they grow,  
Loath them when they breath and stammer in speech,  
Inside is splendour of life, the light is overpowering.  
Glow so longer than the moon at night  
To achieve a wonderful pleasure of the night.  
Open and timely, the clock of the grand type  
Spins and shapes like the athletics of the Olympics.  
Flow with beauty and let it flow, so long and hard,  
Like the paths of joy, and attacks of gold.

Naveed Akram

# Desperate Solutions

Despair and solutions to despair are arriving at last,  
My roadways are straight like the water descending fast.

Naveed Akram

# Despise The Mines

One despises the narrow ways,  
Immense bags of weary mines  
Conjoin with miniature stones,  
And death instigates hollow nature.  
Clearly we saw death as high,  
In the coke mines, the coal mines  
Of straight nature, a scenery of time.  
To drive some melodic event  
On oneself terminates the small masses.  
This factory puny, that factory mad and screeching,  
We are shadows of the same train.

Naveed Akram

# Destroy

I have a god in my wardrobe,  
And he speaks to no one like me.  
All that is like the god is called destruction  
Because it smashed into pieces, into many of them.

I have a goddess in my lounge,  
And she talked to no one like me.  
I found out one day, another day, that dying was for women,  
And also for men. Because both were destroyed.  
When? Death has a doorway to pass through,  
And it was when the goddess started to speak that I enjoyed life  
And all its glories, all its tastes and scents.

I HAD a god and a goddess, but then I lost both,  
For they could not look at me with power and might.  
Instead, the powers were absent from the falling of both.  
I had concluded that destruction is the distraction caused by smashing  
ornaments.  
I want to destroy for the benefit of humanity.

Naveed Akram

# Destroy Him

Destroy him while the path is designing your life,  
It is a murderer's stance, and the path is akimbo  
Like a crooked path, and a crooked creature has come.  
Destroy the man who shall be fortunate over all,  
Who stamps on the feet, and hands are always fixed  
On the little cross, the bigger crucifixion is about.  
We are created for mere experience, and happiness  
Has true worth in the sight of heaven, it continues.  
We will die before the books are written,  
And heaven is the abode of the rich, the famous and learned.  
I can not destroy you if heaven is sacrificed.

Naveed Akram

# Destroy The Years

We must destroy the years for swallowing  
The anger and the pain of many old disasters.  
These suffering men and women and children  
Wage war on us whilst we speak for the true faith.  
A law is reached to follow, but we deny and they deny,  
And something alarming and commercial has arrived.  
The real laws required money, more money and even more wealth  
To alleviate the suffering, that suffering too dreadful and diverse.

Naveed Akram

# Destroyer Of Grace

I am the destroyer of worlds that collide  
And one way or the other a script arrives,  
I am a man of infinite sacred names  
And one day the size of another man.  
My crying is solely for the grace of lords  
Who fashion me with their wit of gloom.  
Few people become princely without eyes  
That stagger into the night with us.  
I am the former official called General  
Of this whole army of words, still in verse.  
I am the creator of words that danger  
Has been the wearer, the worn words are the best.

My worlds empty into their seas,  
People must remain silent due to these drops.  
My death became a practice from above,  
Laughter of the gods startled every single wound.

Naveed Akram

# Destroying Love

Love destroys the heart of the matter  
When the silver foil is betrayed,  
Destruction lingers in the head  
For the blood of rains, and also pains.

Loves can hide in strange places,  
Palaces of the evening reject us,  
While the devices make certain gestures,  
Then next a sting elapses and convinces.

Love has an odour of brilliant light,  
Fixing its venom on the venerable;  
And the heart of the matter is lovely,  
As the senses of the old body deteriorate.

Naveed Akram

# Destruction

Out of sight the brothers of deathly nature are gone,  
Going to launch work effortfully, too crassly and immediately,  
That it required it all as much as Hell of Nineth Level,  
Yet deeper is the tragedy I will hide yet shown.

Naveed Akram

## Detailed Prison

Fascinated by the looks of the locks,  
A blue prison resides and flocks.  
Thought of by the harmonious crowd,  
A leader emerged from outside aloud.  
The detailed prison was enjoyed,  
Instead of the very asteroid,  
Which began to soothe the nerves of Mars,  
This in turn was the planet so called in bazaars.  
The cars arrived and aroused the air,  
Someone begged in his very armchair.  
The apple was bitten by the hundreds  
Of admirers, by those in tastes of acids.  
Factually, they fascinate the heads  
In those days of the whole beds.

Naveed Akram

# Determine The Best

One determines the best in the best of life,  
But he forged the iron daggers with skill,  
Fixing a biological creation in hellish pain,  
Little ghosts became paranormal with ease,  
So hardship caused us to die and revel  
But not rebel like the ghouls and goblins too grim.  
By the logical enterprise we do design in patches,  
There stares a wild golem of the highest tower.  
Scrolls of design run on the piles of worry,  
Clasping by the arm a sustainable hurry.  
One is determined by the echoes of the world  
Inside this reality of the day and night.

Naveed Akram

# Devastating

Devastating forces travel inwards,  
Opening the passage of tremors and feuds  
Always forgiven and relentless.

My pleasure was with happy thinkers,  
Doors oblige, doors speak to hundreds  
Who face the accusations of a whole blend.

These forces finish their words with praises,  
The laudable outcome arises from studentship  
That matters to obvious trends that coincide.

Naveed Akram

# Devastation

I see wonders in this country never seen,  
I open my vision tonight, in this country.  
We are something of grandeur, often delighted  
By the lies we acquire and abhor in this dusky nation.  
Then dusky nations with bleak landscapes  
Carry magnificence, to expend the riches of their soil.  
My innocence remains tightly with my soul  
As my commune absorbs ill-health, wrong weather  
Finding us in rhythm with this poem.  
My colony collects burden from magnificence,  
The real country condemns the cathedral clad in evil  
When the country finds its cavorting of bears  
And the devastation of the plant kingdom.  
My own landscape will appear jagged  
Compared with another land of beauty.  
I wonder all the time, with a broken nose  
And a broken mind, and I observe the changing times.

Naveed Akram

# Development Of Senses

It is the development of senses,  
From what is parallel to belief;  
The contingent beliefs surprise us with  
Their earth and loam, working like beliefs  
Of faith that divide the earth and rocks.

My belief of the stations is great,  
This devastating period of inaction  
Has plain dealing, bluffing nobody  
In its wake, like the valley which designs  
Your spread, the grazing past.

What is your history of all nights?  
The fairness of the conversation is bright,  
We waste not, nor do we congeal in the end  
But must report to those with penmanship,  
The writers of the past reside in my head.

Naveed Akram

## Device Of The Bird

Then the device of the bird grew,  
Into a hugeness of some degree.  
The weapon was immense and like a flying one,  
The wings of a cherished bird grew.  
This demand from the open air  
Was a fountain to bring to the community.

I licked from it holiness and godliness  
To make main spirits stay away,  
So that gods dispersed and left me in collision  
With the bird of action and prayer.

Naveed Akram

# Devil- Child

You are devil, I am demon,  
What is your name?  
Is it blessed or in shame,  
Or are demonstrations always to blame?  
My wife is forceful, enforcer of work,  
And brutal. Why do seconds tick as mind?  
The desks of writing worsen mentality  
When students are devil and demon,  
For they copy and cheat, worse than hell,  
And hell is forever a bad place,  
A situation I am not in, and neither you.  
Simple statements will hide the devil in you,  
If you are.  
Complex statements are against the state,  
And you are responsible.  
You are the devil incarnate,  
I am an arch-demon.

Naveed Akram

# Devotion

As a priest of dedication and devotion  
My life is gorgeous, complete and emotional.  
The monks climb the ladders of faith,  
And my life feigns a disorder, always bold.  
The monk enjoyed his life when cold  
But the shrine I build for my prayer is gruelling.  
The shrine is gold, fully old and never shining,  
Like the precious thoughts so pretended.  
We save our time and find some space  
For serious worship but the monks are fully told.

Naveed Akram

# Diabolical

Desperate crimes committed today are lethal,  
Even though today is a day for the diabolical.

Naveed Akram

# Diagonal Line

A diagonal line separates us when the time comes,  
We pass the boundary of our science museums.

Naveed Akram

# Diathesis

In the human heart we see feelings,  
Dying and repeating like dust.  
In this pleasure we diet our plans  
Opening the factors for release.  
The human actions remonstrate  
For the hours of play and work.  
Silence in the heart melts away,  
Gormandizing on the fluids of the air.  
Many sides of the rectangle actualize  
In the threat of the momentum of change.  
What is this heart coming towards in flight?  
The wings one musters brings foraging partners  
With goals in mind, ambivalence holds the day.  
This is desideratum for the day,  
The day of diathesis to be eliminated.

Naveed Akram

# Die And Cherish

We die and cherish for all those involved,  
I have blessed the money and wealth;  
This is my partner and solid gold for all,  
I can see obscurities whilst I walk.  
This life invented me with language  
Of the costs and deliveries.  
You pain me when I obviously tread  
On the right carpet, the right life.  
So then live when death has arrived  
To combat the illness of a force so rich.

Naveed Akram

# Die Here

Die here my dearly departed,  
Force the heart to aspire to new  
Conversation, fewer words must  
Be recited inwardly, and esoteric  
Manners are reigning, regaining.

To give my heart a standard is frightful,  
Towards the end of the time of cities,  
We are polite and we are polite.  
To give my heart a role to play  
Is like beating with hurts of love.

So die here and there, but lack the will  
Of the sword, that buries itself into holes  
Too small, too wide and scary,  
So death is near and so die here,  
In front of my eyes when my life cares.

Naveed Akram

# Die With My Love

My love is of the heavenly straits,  
My authors labour nights and days;  
Their writings fulfil and fill the hard  
Ways of distress and mild release.

A madness retires and instigates like cruelty,  
My love has retired and forsaken the one,  
His writer is a forward-looking man,  
Of disintegrating features and lovely pains.

My love is of the heaven and hell,  
My love is shone in dozens of ways;  
May we describe the odd features of a face,  
The faces and heads of a delighted form.

Matching the breadth of a footfall,  
A mild attack is overcoming like a kick,  
Legs and arms fold inwards and you  
Must design a life for the death that comes.

Naveed Akram

# Different Deaths

A different line was written on the sides of humanity,  
Flaky flames rose to be cluttered smoke, proper particles.  
I as a dead captain decomposed, and felt stiff opposition,  
From the angelic companions always following me.  
The deafening trumpet was blown through divine nostrils,  
The chubby flesh of the dead overgrew with their agile motion.  
Once resurrected you must be sweet and solemn,  
For your resurrector forbade war and politics  
On the last day, on which you pained your souls forever.  
Electric currents, invoked by the highest forces,  
Collected and drove anger at the hearts of men.  
They were all to be resurrected eventually,  
To be dead before that.

Naveed Akram

# Different Names

My names differ in the way they are told,  
Goals for eternity are these names for some;  
What power prevents me from being aware  
Of faint thoughts about naming and telling?

My soul prevents other souls from growing,  
Stuck into stability, the heart I wear grows;  
For he now makes me a slave of thinking,  
My feasting is different from his, the man with growth.

I have solutions for the problems of slavery,  
Yet I need freedom to become an experience.

Naveed Akram

# Different Tales

A man can tell a different story,  
Only tales are spun from the united folk,  
As they crouch to instigate their terror  
And the jewels of a lady that they know.  
I think perhaps what you think,  
Fending for you with every bow  
And defending the rights that a human  
Possesses, like those rights that generously  
Are dealt to the humans.  
Men and women fear only their Lord;  
The children of the humans  
Dive into water to appear with magical  
Brains, the same organs of the result  
We attain from too much grandiose planning.

The view is the same, The views congratulate  
Me with you, and you seem fitting with pride  
Compared to those fit for purposes  
Of the night and day.

A man can tell a different story, one more tale  
Concentrates in the soul  
When the heart embarks on questions  
To solve with alacrity,  
The same strong action of minds  
Suffering with more news  
And more than enough acumen.

Naveed Akram

## Difficult Terrain

The terrain was difficult for those in this army,  
Injuries are sufficient to cause a row, and more.  
The large scale of war manages but never marries,  
Report to the captain when you are ordered.  
You have been nearly killed overly, just overly,  
Design a page of documentation to conquer the general.  
The forces are made for this, just made for this,  
In ways that the military know about or know.

Naveed Akram

# Dignity Inside

Dignity, the price of pain, will flash and burn  
Inside the hells and heavens, forcing the physics  
Of our lives, when we were in this world.  
Some of our limbs are bones encased,  
Someone dies along the lines of their song,  
Yet one only lives according to the religion.  
Today, a life has expired and inspired,  
Feeding the frenzy of war that capsizes  
So long as the storms are better to feel.  
You shall deplore the enemy of this reason,  
Telling news against the leader who comes for all.  
Too many pens and too many sides are drawn up,  
Fixing their stare on our light that delights.

Naveed Akram

## Dilly-Dally

The dalliance so severed my veins with fire,  
The dilly-dallying of my life had just happened.  
My virtues involved the system of joy,  
The vilification of a soul was upon us.

Pleasing was a sad point to include for all those ill,  
My veins sent shivers to me, the blood flowed in ways.  
I have severed my veins at the end of time and space,  
I join others in the game of chess when lost for words.

Naveed Akram

## Dim And Divine

A dim car watched by the skull  
Is shining its lights for us to lose sight.  
This winter we are divine,  
As hopping is made a pleasure  
From car to car, from vehicle to vehicle.  
We are deceitful to ourselves,  
When we lose this dimness and reach full light.  
A crash occurred and was pre-fabricated,  
The cars were switched on for the engines to murmur.

Naveed Akram

# Diminished Authority

Return to the kings of ancient greatness,  
Kings are the captains of old nature,  
Their royalty is diminishing.  
Like them with fervour and heartiness,  
The sweetness is preciser than  
The factories of an old regime,  
Once in the founding,  
For the king is here!

Let his family be united,  
From the return brought about  
By the people of ancient nature,  
Seizing the authority and autocracy.

Naveed Akram

# Dining Table

A lavish dinner has arisen from the depths of cookery,  
One blade is too many, one knife can cut and kill.  
The food of heaven is a dish too fine, and plenty  
Of it is causing the belly to be satisfied, with the mind at ease.

The supper is splendid of course, sumptuous,  
So splendid, and it hurts inside the mouth with the tongue.  
So much has been fulfilled lately, that I cringe,  
And I mutter to myself the illnesses all absent.

A dinner is a food collected by cooks, eaten by heroes,  
The many who dine are liking comfort and heat.  
The table is abolished as we see it be empty  
And more like a table too dirty, once too full.

Naveed Akram

# Dirty Lamp

Dirty and damp, bumpy and loud,  
A lantern has erased itself from despair  
For its shining inhabits the globe.  
They reside in the core of the worlds,  
Setting up a rain for the men whose penitence  
Is demanded by right.

The light submerges, going to your return,  
With him speak of hatred, at the other side.  
This light, this light of sudden scare all dear,  
Creeps like a picture to see the woods  
Now that food has been disappearing from the mouths  
Of the gods, who light up yet enlighten.

Naveed Akram

# Disappointed Souls

He sounded disappointed after us,  
Little men have difficulties,  
Little fingers wrap around little men,  
Who dine on your brain and shells  
Like the living heated souls of a fire.

The animals have skin, but humans  
Are the wrecks of our civilisation,  
The wretched ones survive and entrance  
The lone survivors, who are they now?  
Their life means everything to it.

He sounded like a man of worth,  
Souls have heated the skull and bones,  
Marchers are the enticed ones  
Of the world that has words,  
One ponders on them afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Disasters And Deeds

Disasters excel when brilliant,  
This fact is well-known and magnificent.  
Deeds of the tragic command belief,  
But is it not disbelief, any relief?  
My accusations, they disgust me and you,  
But relief is a grave question of who?  
My battles are fought due to wars,  
When and where are they indoors?  
The disaster is supremely disturbing  
To the soul and life, the very curbing!

Naveed Akram

# Disastrous Mountain

Disaster is the sister of horror and noise,  
Both calamity and sin concern us, one annoys.

Going to the mountain is disarray and food,  
Cook those dishes for them at any altitude.

Naveed Akram

# Disastrous Nature

Disasters construct a war of brilliant nature,  
Theirs is confusion of offers and nomenclature.

Naveed Akram

# Disastrous Speech

Disasters are like the fluency of language,  
Sometimes we fiddle with events that are average.

Naveed Akram

# Disciplined Boys

Discipline and training advertises the boys of stone,  
Falling and kicking from themselves like ants and bullies.  
Their conversations desire or lust for brilliant insults  
Captured by the cameras of their eyes, shaking the planet beneath.  
What is the self-awareness of a few children?  
Do they matter towards growth of human beings?  
Or do they suddenly reply and enjoin goodness?

My old boys return to their father daily  
And then the daughters translate the pages of my life.  
What special hazard cancels the same tragedy  
Befalling a woman or a lady in difference?

Captivated by light that spoke in a flash,  
We dined together at the end of ropes  
Fashioning our very lives.

Naveed Akram

# Disease

Folders of happenings are commanded to act,  
And forced is a point on one's soul,  
As much as that.

He who lived long is to live again, and repeatedly  
The strong people are against us,  
For we pray and for what?

Naveed Akram

# Diseased Man

Inside their legion there is a diseased man,  
Who keeps himself well - occupied, with infidelity,  
With dishealth, and also he is utmostly dishonoured.

Such is a crisis of one devil, one bigger demon,  
Even the harm is constructed over heaven and hell.  
Such is the reason behind heavenly men and women.

Magic is the key to success, they say, but I believe  
In magic of a greater kind and that is God.  
It is He who confronts us everywhere.

Naveed Akram

# Diseases

When do cries bleed from diseases?  
Where are the destinies and denizens?  
My illness carried magic, little ones,  
The little one will answer us suddenly.  
Our houses of horror carry an armchair  
In which I sit and bend like heaven.  
The drag course is danger, like opening  
And closing us foolishly.  
Crying is like weeping in the whole month,  
Up in the clouds of the mountains.

Naveed Akram

## Dismay And Honour

With themselves the elves speak strange speech,  
When dwarves discovered are true mountains,  
True holes make volcanoes of gold and beach,  
These are safer for the five dwellings of badmintons.  
My elf causes his dwarf to reconsider  
The basics of language and oration,  
While we work as humans, huddled as the ridder  
Of weapons, dismaying fine gentry-narration.

Naveed Akram

# Dismiss The Higher Suffering

Give all of your learning to me,  
So that I may obey the strict side,  
In this season when storms are rife  
In the mind and the torso.  
In April, the winds pierce the perception,  
Gifting us with stories of godly youths  
In majestic houses that shudder from falling  
Debris: then tell them to rise,  
And after resurrection let them rest  
To see the well in front of their suffering.

I found the windy path in the woods  
To please my mastering children;  
The flowers, fallen in the stream,  
Made the waters bubble with love  
And happiness for the bearing of right.

Here the mind sees the return of a godly  
Plague, mastered by those in authority.  
So that we court the royal men who act,  
A little is pain for this respect, a physical essence.

King of the large region! Your kingdom!  
If your entourage ask from you a tale,  
Tell no more than the blame cast,  
For the plague that benefits nobody,  
The mind shall tell them not to rejoin.

Naveed Akram

# Disobedience

Don't utter disobedience when he speaks to your being,  
Inside a heart is a staggering dispute for those looking.

This sense is like a garden of truth, one of piety,  
This pebble is stone, for the path is rude at the one with vice.

Gambling keeps coming back, fully absorbing the talent  
We have injected into the soul so learned from thinking.

Open your heart to the divine being, international helpers  
Arrive for their return to their Lord, who knows more than you.

The cliffs of disease approach me when blindfold,  
I fall off when attacked by life, the reality of sacred times.

Naveed Akram

# Disobedient Son

The disobeying son is a little thought for the father,  
When this disobedience arrived and departed.  
Disobedience had effects on the family like a pan has with juices,  
Cooking with fire and tasting better, yet in danger of burning.  
The one son obeying another man  
Caused the ferocity of the night,  
Exceeding normality, and keeping fire  
In the throat and eyes, like a dangerous man using  
Expertise for the killing.  
This son disobeyed at the end of this awkward flap of light,  
Morning came with peace to look at and enjoy.  
The father felt incensed by the whole fiasco,  
Enjoying the obeying acts of his daughters.

Naveed Akram

# Display

We shall display the souls of our nation  
Like the military affairs and the fountain of our choice.  
It runs like honey from France, the nation that became  
A nation.  
Justice defends me, as my word is a problem  
And theft is a disorder, theft is allowed.  
We shall display the souls of men and women  
Who bare children in the soil, in the ground of desire.  
Display and proffer as answers remain conclusive  
By the leaders of the deep abode,  
The house of command and commitment is made on it.  
Display is the fountain of belief.

Naveed Akram

# Display Of Sin

Velvet sins display my knowledge,  
Opening doors to the brilliance;  
Full of the laments that undergo this soul  
We strive and enlighten each other.  
The difficult signals carry a waste,  
The hushed sequences are scenes,  
Defend yourself now that you differ so late!  
Four and several more enquire as to  
The promises on the tongue,  
So that the heart will speak forcibly.  
Acidic blood runs through the arteries  
With an art that differs and a science of the  
Lazy masters, the laziness of hearts.

Naveed Akram

# Disputatious Dog

He is disputatious, affecting me, exhausting me,  
Like a fierce dog lunging and thirsting like monomers.  
We are sleepless due to the dog of dogs, king of time,  
He is whistler and wailer of the whole time inside.  
My consumption of alcohol is its fault for I swear,  
I swear and I swear, fortnightly, weekly, inside this decade.  
The rumination is longer than stated, clear and exact,  
Missing the remarkable enigmas, frozen forms will fight.

I violently expectorated, lungs were abolished, swollen,  
As my consequences were important, just and able.  
The dance of this apparent status of the face became a  
Loser, and losers work along clarity, the clarity of speech.  
So this language is sweet as the dispute outrages us,  
The dog whistles and roars at just men who fight,  
Who fight for laughter of the day without dogs, the kings of time,  
And they are the kings of time.

Naveed Akram

# Disputes Next Door

My callous neighbour feeds  
I crawl to the foreground  
To protect my interests in fear  
Inside me creeps disaster

Deafening cries of panic are heard  
Many times the size of quakes  
Like a body of deep distress

I see cluttered sounds and sights  
Over the fence  
On the other side  
Internal worries are fought

May descriptive words tell of us  
Fighting and crafting the words  
Full of love and hate love and hate

Naveed Akram

## Distance To Run

I have miles and more miles for our days,  
I can keep each man and woman in style.

Each kilometre is the running man's gift,  
A pleasant run of folding the legs and  
Milk is the churning of having.

Of them there is a new danger of hope,  
A danger on hope.

Naveed Akram

# Distant Life

The distance of life is too long,  
Longer than the ages of this world.  
My collected views are in the sights  
Of our reality, from up above and inside  
The earth of the soil, a righteous act.

Life warns us to open the enigmas,  
Inciting the fervour of a hundred men,  
Keeping them at bay with selfless thoughts,  
Like the author of a disaster or calamity,  
This calamity carries the tone of disharmony.

One of the upper limits carries a ceiling  
Of joy, the sealing of the heart marries  
Me to enigmas of life, stranger distinct pleasure  
Arouses the neck and muscle, so physiologically  
Speaking, my containment is within the soil.

The soil and the marriage to it combines, and so  
Opening the doors of the essential rites,  
My funeral negates me in the final lesson  
Given to my forgiven soul, the appearances are apt  
And subtle, too soft to touch and consider.

Naveed Akram

# Distant Past

The day stands around a body of the apparatus,  
Laughter has been sung, holding the jars of love.

Lacking skill, asking, saying, and staying are the losers,  
This day decides a denigrated man of knowledge.

From the table of the love and hate cycle,  
We have not the jars of wrongdoing and the cold vases.

When we meet princes from another land,  
What do we see in their self-respect and knowledge?

The day has been beer, soda and lime juice,  
Our nights keep the seafood of lobsters and crabs cautious.

Feel the blood tingling, the blue bulk of the opulent ocean  
Has spluttered onto shores of the milky and muddy sides.

We are wearing white frocks and coats of a black kind,  
Types of tyres screech in the roadways of a distant past.

Naveed Akram

## Distinct Man

Distinct voices proclaim how the mind echoes,  
Into the minds we go with us to decompose;  
It is rational of man to rule what is binding,  
Into a lovely flow is losing and finding.  
With tenets and precepts to oppose us,  
The opposite of man does refuse to harness,  
So we go and destroy the devil and demon  
In this acre, the being so wondrous is this countryman.  
To experience I join the creation, yet perfectly  
My creature is slow, yet within reason directly.  
The thoughts are made like a lionhearted man,  
Bold and audacious, dauntless and heroic, I outran.  
The mind of a man is essential to love,  
It created the creed we adore of him from up above.

Naveed Akram

## Distinct Pets

Let this telescope be of the rats and cats,  
Seeing them look like drink and bad habits,  
Eroding the soul as we speak like their tongue.

Make them like the white rabbits, cozy in their sleep  
And small in size, splendid with their waist,  
Like an earl who is rich and ready to sacrifice.

With the red-hot poker, believe in comforts  
Inside a race-course, where no housemaids lurk  
And the animals are full of themselves as cartwheels.

Let the microscope do its professional understanding  
When the housemaids run into a wall,  
Infested are the rats and buzzards of this age.

I see on the roof a magpie, and the pattering of ladies  
In costumes of silk, madams who wear the air  
Like canaries of the old order and free speech.

The meetings are adjourned once they begin,  
One maid is a jack-in-the-box when in a hurry,  
Interiors of the soul shine with easiness.

The atom has been as wonderland, as the globe,  
And all one sees in this tent so complicated,  
Where pet animals are tamed to the right distinction.

Naveed Akram

## Distinct Work

Never be hard at distinct work,  
For you delve into the nightmares;  
Open the work of the words you write,  
Closing the pages as you send letters.  
The better writer forces his mind  
To act in a strange way, almighty at last.  
The work carries on working like words,  
Worlds of pictures design our images so late.  
May the weight of the pages abhor the life  
To come. It defines us as we write on the shelf.  
Opening words of slaughter is like being drunk,  
Heavy business is about, with clarity.

Naveed Akram

# Distinctions

Distinct drama makes animated fiction a reality,  
Exotic men and warriors are dancing abjectly.

Naveed Akram

# Diverse Air

The arid air is a diverse change,  
Artificial air charms the chair.  
What is fair? Where are natural acts?  
By the ocean, we swim finely  
Adding to magnificence, as we charm  
The finest of our mountains.

The air is spectacular as romantic men  
Roam the sunny and tropical arenas.  
The picturesque scene is varied  
By the women of rugs and mattresses.  
What is scenic is ruled by the senses,  
Why do we physically applaud the  
Surroundings of several foods?

The great, green hardness of the rock  
Is historic, dutifully we importantly rule  
The world as the vast western sphere  
Widely entails the rests and motions.

My coastal journey is over, most of our  
Wide weapons are the scenes,  
Where agricultural history abandons us  
With its charm, variation and consideration.

Naveed Akram

## Diverse Dawn

Still is this dawn of a diverse view,  
Pass it once your chores are done.  
Forget my hymn of success as it is,  
A thrown flower may remind you of me.  
The sleep beforehand is western,  
This time we hate the loving dream.  
A bed fills me with joy and excitement,  
A bedroom uplifts my being as a soul.  
Around my heavenly mind revolves an event  
That nights and hospitals hold for infinity.

Naveed Akram

# Diverse Reactions

Now you must walk in circles,  
How do you think along the way?  
Some of us delay the journey,  
Some of us talk deliriously,  
Yet we all deliver praise to the mountain.  
From it lava flows down, energy  
Has been in display!  
I can tell your name to the man outside the city  
And then the sky tumbles with bricks  
To form houses so gray with dust.  
My journey is about to abhor you,  
For you are looking at a disorder of spirits,  
It must be space and light and diverse reactions.

Naveed Akram

# Dividing Line

They say the dividing line is so common,  
Let them say the line of work is so solemn;  
For tonight the praise of the building looms,  
Losing the best partnership of the tellings.

They say schism after schism inhabits a life,  
Live in upper atmospheres, die in the right way.  
My building is a student of the earth and sun,  
It teaches me a flower, a plant and an animal.

The line is so solemn when wisdom reigns in name,  
Wise men are the articles of the faithful planet;  
My manager is the book of the whole dance,  
Mattering to learned followers, disciplined warriors.

Naveed Akram

# Divine Freedom

Divine freedom reigns supreme like stars,  
Of eternal seconds, bleeding within.  
Like a root growing to the ends of time,  
One sacred thought rains down hard,  
Licking the hungry manners of integrity.  
In this freedom of thoughts and wise appeal  
A fierce ocean is adrift in the fertile imagination.  
Is the sea a tanning device, or is the sun a danger?

Divine men are like dust of the earth,  
And the heavens resound in their glory.  
One time, a pretty picture is cast into oblivion,  
The ending of the tree is a branch too vivid.  
To impale on these stakes is as profound  
As mastering the wise face, a face so far and wide.  
The weird lands of our children are to be forgotten,  
As their heads are rolling under a tree.

Naveed Akram

# Divine Help

Forgetting the names of humans  
We declare that heads and hearts  
Shall intertwine and cause exits  
And entries inside the circuits of blood.  
These liquid circuits contain new oxygen  
To bleed into our souls,  
We breath this.

Have you forgotten my name?  
I am your pleasant news today,  
I am a well-worn sweater  
Or someone's doctor.

Let the blood alert us to displeasure  
Expressed by the Lord.  
We must never enter a loop,  
We must finish respiration  
And death shall be our helper,  
The angels can consider  
But always with an obedient  
And divine circuit.

Naveed Akram

# Divine Mystery

Saying is precious due to sizes of atoms,  
The molecular structures of some are weak,  
The weakness of the strong muscles escapes,  
But internal happiness reckons its justice.

We see a divine mystery according to the eyes,  
Open them now that the disease has escaped,  
To find this healthy aroma we plunge into catacombs  
That respire and shoot their deadly gases.

Tonight the yawn of a cloud has erased a current of air,  
This wind witnessed by some heralds the victory  
Of a former age, that decline of a respectable man,  
That ease of some hardship so sought after.

Naveed Akram

# Divine One

If you see the knowing soul from the divine one,  
One gains lunch and dinner and breakfast,  
And one trusts he has heavenly banquets,  
And one knows you like his heart,  
As if your heart did beat in time with the Earth.  
Like the moon in its shining splendour,  
The heart has gained a prism for the whole mother.  
The forgetful believer is her son,  
Her son and daughter shall remember her.

Then finally a death occurs above the night of arrows,  
When the eve of the battles of Hell collides and destroys  
The souls of children, the souls of devils, and the peace of all.

Naveed Akram

# Do Enter This House

By the being of houses that stretch towards the sky,  
We enter the writing of a man who is a lever of teaching.

By the reading of books talked about by chalk and board,  
We enter a realm of swords and sorcery too truthful and hard.

By this soul that encounters a strange horizontal bridge,  
We stagger and state the words of a speech too punishing.

With this movement of the entire earth, and the souls contained,  
A religion of humanity regains the reward of the voyage.

It is inside the righteous help, it is outside the reality of books,  
That books of considered volume depict the strange occurrences.

This sculpture is a ground or water, a speech or motion,  
The whole figure gasps at us, pray like a world in slumber.

My soul is a ground or floor, a reader of books bouldered,  
My brightness shines from my intelligence gained by books.

Let yourself be a muse of the polite policy, engaging in heights  
Of learning, that encompass the ceiling of this united being.

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Adapt

Do not adapt to the changes in this lane,  
The aborted sins of our fathers are scary;  
They abide beneath the streams of your deeds,  
Achieving the real aches of a day.

To abide in the reality forces me to think  
Of wages and wealth, toil and health;  
What do people think this day?  
When scariness rides the wave, does the self?

Do not scare anyone, afterwards,  
And say the relief of a hundred generations,  
Accuse nobody above the realm.

This day exactly undoes the days preceding it,  
But scaring someone is committing a sin after sin.

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Die

Do not die when I am sick,  
Inside is demand for the deprived and slender.  
This thin man who throws light and heat  
Is astray like the cows and bulls.  
They are thinner when deprived  
Yet this thin man worked for some decades in health.  
Do not sleep in a threatening mood,  
The thinning of a person is about.  
Health is a circle of life which revolves like wheels,  
The wheel may need, but it certainly flows.  
Do not be sick and poor in health  
Lest demand for your life is about.

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Glower

Do not glower on the real face I construct,  
Bloodstained images relax me further.  
Gorge and frighten forwards, backwards,  
Likelihood of slander relaxes me on this end.  
A docile image has arrived forming a reality,  
The gospel has been delivered, forms of you.  
To govern is to believe, why have your beings come?  
Signals of strength pervade our layers and skin,  
But do the waves of light curtail or surmount?

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Hate

Do not hate too hard:  
The length of the clock  
Is overgrown, it is for immortality.

One message is received  
From those times that mock  
The keepers of the grandfather clock.

Do not hate the man who made  
The whole watch, the levels  
Of calibre stun the brain permanently.

For the mind shall love the pure,  
The pure shall never hate the time  
Of youth and of old age, never!

Naveed Akram

## Do Not Lie

Describe me fully by your lies, yet do not lie or conceal anything;  
Destroy him so well, with electricity, with some oscillating.

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Reproach

Do not reproach your dear and beloved brother,  
Beckon him now, summon his spirit so as to love him,  
Considerably, lovingly, beautifully, and responsibly.  
Then your sister contains the entire mouth of pleasant news.

Good evenings belong to the children of the adults,  
Adults speak so well of hidden nights and days.  
Do not reproach your family over nothing,  
For nothingness is not for humans, humans just please.

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Stagger And Speak

Do not stagger and speak during the fasting hours,  
Anger and dreams solve all problems but always,  
Does the old adage find a new meaning in towers?

Fall hard into the ground of grit and garden-powers,  
Hatred is blessed by the angelic men who are nowadays,  
Do not stagger and speak during the fasting hours.

Worshippers fasten onto ideas of greatness and showers,  
Flowing through the stars are the revolving doorways,  
Does the old adage find new meaning in towers?

This side of the road bends towards the father who flowers,  
Forcing and fortifying new turns of the arrays,  
Do not stagger and speak during the fasting hours.

Pluses and minuses exactly approach the man who devours,  
Feeding the flowers and starters who approach acres,  
Does the old adage find new meaning in towers?

Towards the goal and fence we travel to find the ball that acquires,  
Feet and fingers crawling to the other side of the pathways,  
Do not stagger and speak during the fasting hours,  
Does the old adage find new meaning in towers?

Naveed Akram

# Do Not Take My Liberty

Do not take my liberty  
If you close in on my shape;  
My height and weight is profiting  
Due to dying and giving of life.

Force the world to close its shops,  
A sudden ailment has struck my face,  
Forming anarchy and then violence,  
But then total freedom is kept.

For you must defend my light and energy,  
The work of my living is my lamp's height.  
Do not take my liberty, and do not benefit  
While I betray the enemy by sheer force.

This is liberty's watchtower, a crazy man,  
Who sits forever, standing while understanding,  
Then sitting forever, like the lightning bolt  
Crazy for its colour and height of devastation.

Liberal views mar my enemies, for we strive  
To confront the ambiguous foes;  
Living is dying, dying is living, when stupor  
Is serious, and then the liberty comes to brighten.

Naveed Akram

## Do Not Worship It

Caught in the wind, the eagles sway and swing,  
Fortune is a balancer of their wings, like the wind.  
May fortune ride like the wind as the breeze blows,  
Going to the celebration is of flying there,  
Geese are also flying in the sky, less than us.  
Gases and liquids bulge in the air,  
How destructive it feels from the horizon!  
How are we told this fate, if we ourselves hate?

Naveed Akram

# Doctor And Tools

Doctors need tools and changes,  
To fight diseases and find the cures  
Of a single life-time, of degrees that  
Hide us and defend the body of humans.  
Under the sky is a region in space  
That presently does not cancel life  
For planes are the gift of our day  
And nights will expire, for ever.

Doctoring people will change operations  
Into mad discussions of mild nature,  
For the interviewing will be in progress,  
Will change danger, like danger of death.  
Many sides to the discussion, many to hide  
As nurses are nurses, and doctors are right.  
We change the doctor and you amaze the nurse,  
When care has been commended to the ill.

Naveed Akram

# Doctor Of Happiness

I treat the great illness, it is related,  
My findings are like mountains  
In the institutions called hospitals.

The branches I keep follow me,  
The scarcity of beds worry me,  
There is averageness in me.

If a smidgen of luck connects  
Inside I feel the warmth of today  
And see a thimbleful of happiness.

O the vastness of medicine!  
How I cure the followers of health,  
Who transcend belief when well.

Naveed Akram

# Doctor's Knowledge

In an effort to cure the weak,  
Some of the doctors are enough  
In intellect, in craze, and in importance.  
As destruction looms, a blast created  
Me. The desert was like the hospital,  
Innards complained, matters were obsolete.  
The efforts collapse, when food began,  
In an effective method we are doctoring.  
Medicine is our knowledge, and our learning,  
Opening new horizons for the poor and needy.

Naveed Akram

# Doctor's Liking

I suppose the question he asked  
Gave me a liking for him  
As my doctoring resents anything  
Like disease  
And the falling into sin is itself  
The clever disaster  
That we imagine  
Has arisen  
Now.

I philosophically justify  
The belief in my heart  
And head.

The wishes describe a blessing  
But he needs to heal  
The wounds of his mind  
And body.

Clever and intelligent  
And old a regime  
Of understanding  
Best explains the future  
And virtuosity  
Of our system of thought.

Must we?  
"Let the leg go!" he said.  
I can not figure out  
A solution to this problem.

Naveed Akram

## Doctor's Visit

If today hadn't cooked the brain,  
He'd risen like neurones,  
In the way they do.

He'd awakened, jarring the door  
So that nobody could enter  
And stampede the nodes inside.

Spiders would squirm in beneath  
The bedroom door, they explained  
To the gentleman always with grey

That certainty of brain dementia  
Was valid as the hair on the chest.  
White coats entered to chant a message.

Naveed Akram

# Dogmatic

My soul teaches other direct souls  
To dissect the dogmatic opinions.  
To anguish is the anger, and few have  
Lords above themselves, to align time.  
The souls of some of the world's opinions  
Directly dissolve the ashes into water,  
Then when the briny wastes are eluded  
We are the souls begotten due to godly  
Whistles, sounds of the past so sacred.

Knowing the briny wasteland is of the seas  
A blend of wine and destiny, strength in  
Adversity, the opposite of wealth, and the  
Contortion of the one overpowering.  
The angry man will lose all hope, so he  
Surrenders to whole populations,  
Of this world of opinion and beliefs far-ranging.

Naveed Akram

# Dogs And Giants

You know the one who lifts stones and pelts the strongest of men,  
And you have heard of ruinous giants stalking their prey with menace.  
The stray dogs barking crazily at the giants and strong men  
Are being killed, being slaughtered, like the killing of the troops.  
The one who pelts at gigantic crowds called the exercising army  
Shall be returned with a gust of freshness before being shot by the bullets.  
So then canines deter the wicked and laugh in their way to the winter ground.  
The summer sees a dog too fit for human consumption,  
They pelt at the dog too fit for the consumption of themselves.

Naveed Akram

# Doing Is Clear

The head does spin due to the seasons,  
May deeds be done on the proper reasons.  
Understand men, understand forever,  
That doing is clear and certain, not grittier.

Naveed Akram

# Doing It Is Good

Doings are forgotten by the Time.  
However, they decipher your soul.  
It is a command from God All-Powerfull.  
They reject the answers of the wise  
And rely on books to extract wisdom from.  
Your sage is the only good man else.  
Even your father is doing more than you.  
Doings are forgotten by the Time.

Naveed Akram

# Dolour Of The Human

Dolour of youth heartaches the world,  
With so much flesh and bones that crack.  
My mount especially found the raise  
Of youth, the significant blush, and one to reclaim.

The dolour of the intermediate stage  
Of human suffering and age created a coup d'état,  
To shorten the phrase, a blameworthy man is not woman,  
Sudden plucking of feathers are for the birds, not words.

Dolour of old age make homo sapiens a master race,  
As bold as nature itself, then this dolour of youth is final.  
To improve one's land is like the garden for the gardener,  
And dolour of human strength resides in all ages.

Naveed Akram

# Don't Disturb

Disturb him not, the dangerous,  
Ask him, not me, forcing,  
Frustrating him with abjectness,  
By lying, disputing.

However much you sound like hurt,  
The risks are greater then,  
Those witches' faces can be dirt,  
The dangers are again.

My father tests us day and night,  
To see the wizards play,  
Like risks and fences offered light,  
Much needs a face to pay.

Can ours be time to concentrate  
And keep us in this shape,  
Can't we just quickly activate  
The brain of that landscape.

Naveed Akram

## Don't Lose Me

Don't lose my touch that I taught you,  
Its wise nature appeals to the eyes and ears,  
My children may borrow the staggering hue,  
My parents have burdened the view of this head  
That is the touch so lonesome and cute.

Don't lose the sight of the beach or its weight,  
Like me even on the sand of expensive nature,  
Spoiling the waves with your stare and horizon;  
Open the doors and windows so tightly and rightly,  
Losing me with the nose and heart like a wearing.

My heart has dived into the river of hope,  
It is heavenly to bring a nose of the rights,  
To see me flatten the lungs with the wiser  
Men and women of the family that dies and dies,  
Willing to fill the scene with time and time.

Naveed Akram

# Done Everything

He carves his own house from wood,  
And you will descend upon him like an angel,  
As a spirit or a messenger,  
With special motives, and worthwhile praise.  
The doer kept all is liver and heart prompt to the work,  
And ascended into heaven with you.

Naveed Akram

## Don'T Start

Don't start a dog to wag its tail,  
For the days begin like thunder,  
Because then a desire is alight,  
Dogs say their religion is sincere.  
May your mouths speak suddenly,  
Due to their size and strength,  
Maybe a day ends afterwards,  
To live beyond a staring man.

Don't be a donkey in the entire cargo,  
Being is stronger than being,  
Your manhood is straitening the ranks,  
The general image creates and proceeds  
Because the air is sold to the highest man.

Oh, would it be innocent of your eyes,  
If being suddenly distills the being;  
Men and women disappoint me afterwards,  
When they accost their children with zeal.

Naveed Akram

# Don't Walk Behind

Don't walk behind me when the life must follow,  
I may not give a question of enigmatic response,  
I may not inspire the legendary ideas of a young  
Man who dreamt he was dramatic, forever and ever.

My life is readier than most to deliver a praised option,  
The path is deeper than the fires of a desire and lust;  
Don't walk into the fire and leave your remark when action  
Awaits as a reality of the higher demands and commands.

I have my philosophy, I have my rights, of continuing us,  
So don't walk towards a goal of fetching balls to kick,  
Every leaf has a flower, every joy has a contaminant,  
What do you praise of me and yourself as well?

Naveed Akram

# Doomed City

Of this doomed city is my shop of heavy faces,  
What matters is ice and snow and cold;  
For the following day created a pale service,  
As the claims were, over the city streets.

I called it Neverness, the importance of the flesh,  
And I nodded for I slipped below the surface;  
The claims weren't obsolete but they were sad,  
Like the guts of the place, the guts of the taste.

That thought was somehow important,  
To immerse yourself in the dolls of thirst;  
Grasping at gifts and golf and fog,  
In order to speak to the onlookers.

Naveed Akram

# Dooms

Their home is their heart, from where the destruction looms,  
But then people are creative and agricultural, so their souls have dooms.

Naveed Akram

# Doorway

Not in a hundred days do we turn away,  
This is the decision of my doorway;  
The archangels keep angles and light,  
Gorgeous humans must be tighter with backbite.  
The blooming flowers are flooding the fields,  
Let them enter the domains of the yields.  
I am reasoning, I give facts of a bright future  
That rewards our efforts towards the agriculture.  
Some of the arrows that fly are biting me,  
Those of us who resent us are of anatomy.

Naveed Akram

# Double The Age

Age can double in the time of death and destruction,  
Magic created a peace too hard and heavy to frighten.

Age is a compulsion, it reveals death and light of heaven,  
Markets are proud to sell the right age, like a magician.

Age carried virtues of brilliance and majesty and lessons,  
These taught the very flair in life, there were no abominations.

Age has a kingdom for those who believe in the ground,  
On this ground is a mineral too trusted, it is to pound.

Naveed Akram

# Doubtful Religion

Men who underwent a religion cast doubt,  
When they force smiles and laughter they ride  
Into a state of relaxation.  
They doubt that the secular person is fed  
By the spoons of luxury,  
By those in charge of customs and traditions.  
They boil into steam,  
Vanishing from the face of the Earth  
For this world and after it.  
May God's cloak be lifted and His face  
Get seen, singing sweetly like a century.

Naveed Akram

# Down With The Thief!

Thump goes the speech, slanted at the crowd,  
We profoundly undergo changes from this message.  
To scrawl on the wall for benefits and facts  
Perplexes the youth, let the speech be free of illness.  
Empty is the talk, empty are the pockets of boys  
Who steal knowledge from the brave and the old  
Can be free.

Monsters pronounce the names,  
Speech buries us under the ground.  
For the conversation spills into speech,  
And water transforms into ice  
That cannot be drunk.  
Thumping speeches have a message for the crowd  
That thieves cannot master.

Naveed Akram

## Downhill Battle

My soul abolishes the evil within the heart,  
Desks of sailors are like the ships of water;  
My names occur from the parents I bestow  
On the person who commits indecency.  
My soul banishes the wicked and sloped,  
Then the downhill battle has commenced.  
This anger is resented by the majority,  
Underneath the seas of hatred there is a price.  
My souls are numbered due to the books  
Riding and being ridden, like a read business.  
This soul in my heart conquers the world,  
Its country is beyond the man's heart,  
And the women and children are numbered.

Naveed Akram

# Dragging And Biting

Drag and bite, drag and bite  
The man with the mirror;  
His hand carries a labour  
To hold the whole glass-object.  
Kick the stretched woman,  
Into oblivion as the avoidable has  
Occurred.

May the bites of eternal length  
Suspend the whole of existence.  
My offence matches the other pains,  
Many defend me.

Dragging a corpse into the golden chamber  
Is like butter-and-bread and all  
Of its nutrients.

The grave became a worried look,  
Internal discomfort concerned it,  
With rivers of blood or milk  
To enter and wade.

Naveed Akram

# Dragon At The Top

A dragon still is born in here,  
Ferocious dragon so,  
One mighty danger to appear  
In all the land we bow.

A mountain made my sleep to care  
And worked mine or his  
Despair, so oddly strange affair,  
That bleared the right old quiz.

His furnace sold a sage to write  
And read for him alone,  
The massive dragon did backbite  
This lonely clone of bone.

Offended pride successfully  
Refused him, this trip  
Of one absurd dichotomy,  
A stay in hell to dip.

The dragon forced his way atop,  
Real ways so suddenly  
Wore clothes to also make him stop  
In this way evenly.

The beast must stop and hide somewhere,  
Or phantoms cite danger,  
Then dedicate the sense with care,  
Or ghosts will win stranger.

Naveed Akram

# Dragon Fight

Daroeth was a dragon on highest mountains,  
An enemy to the clans living in stairs of houses;  
The dragon's weapon blazed in the clouds,  
Opening the doors to displeasure, all this pain.

Aseth was a dragon of the gardens and parks,  
He wanted peace for himself, like his predecessor;  
The ancestors of Daroeth loathed them,  
So Daroeth interfered in the felicity of Aseth, today.

Both were seen in the bridges of the skies,  
Guardians of their own doctrines,  
Drawing their natural but monstrous weapons,  
Like the great elves observed once before.

Aseth swore with fiery breath to murder Daroeth,  
To kill his wings so that he may weep forever;  
The tears fell after several hours, blood and brine;  
The laments were sensed from afar, witnessed by those with eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Dragons

A must for hearts and heretics, for essence and pride,  
China finds you evil as much disease is yours.  
And the dragon can find new hearts and old challenges,  
For speaking is his speech, methods do not stop.  
I hate its tail, because its wings look wronger than fire,  
Than real fire that bursts our bowels below.  
His is Hell and much danger I keep in front of the giant  
Worm. The winged beast of ballistics can beat its wings  
And find too many children; too many warriors are angry.

Naveed Akram

## Drained Down

See the agar when in bloom in the petri dish,  
My anger is my certainty for the suzerains,  
Those bigger brighter few whose misery is make-believe.  
To beleaguer the few is to be a philosophical candidate,  
But the full professors remake the logic of our lectures.  
A beggar speaks to many of the thieves,  
Some bootlegger boasts of his profit  
Like a worn-out man whose reputation subsumes  
The group of men in agony,  
Like bragging and wagging the tail.

Lagers drunk, we are all drunkards in this game  
Of cliched life, life absorbs the presumptions like dusts.  
Let mug after mug be taken down, that consumption  
Is the best there is in this union of unions.  
Life enters other lives until each begets the other,  
For lagers are taken down or drained forever.

Naveed Akram

# Drama With Cats

Dramatists reign over the people in print,  
This surprising past contaminates the soul-like  
Beings called Life.

The jeopardy of a cat is the cleverness  
Attached to the brain that it hoists  
In these jungle manners, juggling away  
The night.

A ball has been placed on its head,  
After the rush of dazed behemoths,  
Carrying forever the trails of a certain  
Sentence such as this residue.

Sculptors misname their cats and dogs  
After a deity, and this spells a stroke of kindness  
On the gentle furry animals  
Of the past and future.

May we enlighten the world with residue  
And residences that have paws like  
The big men and the bigger women.

Once a cat, always a cat, and I know my godly  
Workers in the end and at the end.  
Lulling one sight is lulling the other,  
Cats mow down the lawns  
And dogs shall bite, obliterate and run.

Naveed Akram

# Drawing-Room

I wanted to open the drawing-room door,  
Looking so ordinary and collected;  
Knowing my business, I ran in and collided  
Running into clouds forming above the City.  
I went on and on, but alas I knew the battering  
Of the ball, the living in each other.  
Spectacular images ran into my watery head,  
Why fly as an outcast? Why have flight?  
One could not laugh so much as heaven,  
Exquisite moments were tampered.  
Sitting down by me, the images of clouds  
Were produced fortnightly.

Naveed Akram

# Dreaded Swirls

Swirls of dread have a vastness,  
Care has been exhibited by the proficient,  
As the damage given to modifications  
Is modern and exact like political men.  
Swirling in the ashes, a dagger is sited  
With stains of odious bloodiness,  
Stern foliage has been, stored glue  
Has been exposed, a forensic expert  
Is to come and display his wares.  
The monster or monstrosity has been  
Alchemy for the villains who regard him  
As the gold, and we are silver badges  
Of brightness, the dread has attuned to me.  
I am a grave palatial partnership  
Called the coffin, where the spirits shall  
Return and odiously resolve the deaths.

Naveed Akram

# Dreaming In Sleep

Dreams delve into the sleep as much as weep,  
Dreams muttering do keep alive like mice,  
Why does the body wake being so deep  
In that frozen rest, actual device?  
My eyes dwell further than the death of tears,  
The crying over night collected more,  
My eyes deceive my soul as it appears,  
With might of sight the dream is to adore.

My name is written on the vision near,  
I wake to find the dreams just all absent,  
The dream is not apparent nor austere,  
It concentrates on people ignorant.  
The lying down on beds requires the sleep  
Of years and years, age matters, it does creep.

Naveed Akram

# Dreams

Fading into cruel shapes, my dreams are clothes,  
Anxious harm erupts in my mind to scatter echoes.  
Dreams are a foray of inner dreams from life,  
Then the surgeon arrives and departs, he causes the knife  
To incise a man who is ill and depressed from harm,  
The very same harm caused by a man of calm.  
His calm propels our thoughts of him  
In ways of the peace, the love of him.  
This is cruelty of our dreams in life  
With which we punish others in the nightlife.

Naveed Akram

# Dreams Come True

Dreams come true in the middle of the night,  
Degrees of vision stir mighty streams of light;  
I have doctors in the night sky, with stars  
And so their mighty minds can cure the bars.

Dreams will conquer, dreams will hate in time,  
But their curing ways state those many in lime;  
Instead of advice the nightmares have arrived,  
The statements of mighty hearts are derived.

Life of the people is hated and loved at thirst,  
Hunger is the factory of the crimes at first;  
Lies will continue, turrets of truth will emerge,  
Because the dreaming is casting the purge.

Naveed Akram

# Dreams Of A Loving Soul

Children of a dream,  
Special links to us all,  
Spice are the spaces and the dreams within;  
Seek only their loving souls  
As perfect lightning and spirit of commencements,  
One of the oboes and pianos they play;  
A stage has been mounted by the actors  
Who are like the born of us,  
For they act in manners of sociable nature -  
They know it, themselves.

Naveed Akram

# Dreams Of Death

Does the grave give weeping periods  
Or do they sweep the nightmares from your sleep.  
You have hundreds of enemies in the dust and snow,  
All of them dissolve into holy water.  
I drink it softly down,  
Then there is a stampede of dreams in my head.

Naveed Akram

# Dreams Work

Dreams work like the future of light,  
Girls of families worm out in lights,  
Dreams of the dreamers are like respect,  
Loathing them is defining the deity behind their play.

Loss is the night of powers and beliefs,  
Nights so homely are solid memories,  
Days ignite the final gestures so supreme,  
Like the ancient ages of the old men and women.

Naveed Akram

# Dreary Tribe

Small portions of the world  
Started to star in certain parts.  
To write a book on the petals of the earth  
Is like a nameless darkness,  
Small is your name of flames.

It is difficult to see the dark and desolate  
Mountains that conspire and hear  
Your praises, as you strictly command  
The lives of the groundless trophies.  
Dreary females live among the weeds  
So that deviants inherit their loot.

The one who strikes at the heads  
Seems like an equal being,  
Twin daughters are twin sons,  
Many children are the proper nation  
Seeing sides of a square  
Like the wrath of a doctoring tribe.

I am your partnership, your tribe,  
Licking food off the poor plate,  
It feels like tremors from your tongue  
As folding is a sense of misery.  
Small parts of the earth in this area  
Pant like dogs far too ahead.

Naveed Akram

## Dress And Drive

Dress one day and drive the next,  
Jostling among crowds is a trumpet;  
Blow through the people of doubt,  
Keeping brass instruments.

The cockroach rides with blessings,  
And you conquer it with the plague;  
Dress in a certain manner of the praise,  
Keeping crowds with certain pride.

My cruelty becomes speech, angrily erupting  
From side benches, and tables  
With the garments of difference,  
They work like the infinite measures.

One says the blessing from one heart  
And then another one shall bleed  
From a waken joy, of the right color,  
And the succulent taste.

Two men and two women are in love,  
Making the sight a blast,  
And the hearing a pleasure,  
For the righteous ones win again.

Naveed Akram

# Dressed In Black

Justin, dressed in black with dusty white collar,  
Looked up and informed the business men;  
A mechanised horse gazed upon the beliefs  
Posed by the monied men, honey was setting  
Fondly and fortunately.

Justin was in desperate need of a coin and job,  
The stale smell of professionalism saw gain  
And fortunate occurrences of the highest order,  
But the beastly smells were nothing in the end;  
Surely, the preaching had been religious.

The merchants entered their cities,  
Grey, rain-threatening skies were no  
Match for the stale smells of the decades  
We were swimming in for the last periods,  
And the men had long, delicate fingers.

Naveed Akram

# Drifting

The drift of water is like a stream  
That drinks itself and has a dream.  
When the ice has been bitten  
There is liquid life and caution.

Where is the likeable fountain?  
It resides in the square, near a mountain.  
This will erupt, monstrous eruption  
To keep fire and lava, interruption.

Naveed Akram

# Drinking Glass

A drinking glass appeared for the esteeming,  
Vexation bit the lips of the cavity so wide.  
Squeezing in liquid brilliantly seemed good,  
Like eating at home and not restaurants.  
The night time liquified my apples and pears,  
In a juicer too spoilt, far too fantastical  
In the mode of contention, the style fitting.  
An orchard apple tree is acceptable,  
The inflexibility of the branches was caustic,  
To frailly die and mislead knowingly the picker of fruit.

Naveed Akram

# Drinking The Ocean

Drink from the ocean with its tears overflowing,  
Be free, please be free with the amount of water;  
Drowning is permanent to the soul,  
Be difficult as the tide, be steady now.  
The tide ebbs one day and in the night it flows,  
When your fat is dripping to make the body uniform.  
By degrees the sun cooks you  
And the sea is simmering for you,  
Cooking the skull to make your brain twitch.  
The brain is richer to a man when it bakes  
Wherever it may be working.

Naveed Akram

## Drop This Kindness

Drop this kindness in a bucket  
To collect the coins of rare ice;  
Icicles stick, stink and rice has been  
The chemistry of our youth.  
Drop my words in the trunk of the car  
To drive off and exert its kindness.  
Justice is the number of the light,  
Lights shall fade and obtain  
The life, offering me a right  
Of humanity.

The evidence is clear like the pens  
To be created from blood of the realm,  
Ink has been the reality  
Of our stay on earth that sings  
Due to godly working,  
I know these kingdoms of united  
Spirits, of guesses and wishes.  
Humanity is at an end when  
Humans are at a meaningful joke.

Naveed Akram

# Dropping Is Good

Dropping, sinking, submerging,  
The boat is grotesquely important  
At trade with death, the capsized.  
Groping to the centre, a beetle solves  
And fumbles, slovenly working with might.  
It is the music service so bland for the century  
Of beetles, reaffirming its might.  
There is no denial, nay, no refusal,  
Of the powers of the soil and their landslide.  
Warn the others of danger, kiss the books of life  
And hold onto the spreading of sight.  
The boat of death cycles through deliciously,  
Food matters forming us but original food is good.

Naveed Akram

# Druid

The druids of magic spell a cloud above us,  
I have also the power to be so marvellous.  
Druids will fall down in despair and talent  
Their arms and feet with gold to be adamant.

Naveed Akram

# Dullard In The Coffin

A dullard fuels my coffin and everything,  
Palatial winds solidify as they swiftly pass;  
It is paramount key to knowledge, the wisdom  
Of all that sustains the shreds of evidence.  
The grave is fought over by the dying and weak,  
Counter to the blessings of the happier sort.  
They emulsify to speak, in their homestead  
Where happiness begins and ceases forever.  
A jester may appear to cure the mastership  
I gain, and receive to expel the deaths.  
Metres of yearning curse the years, they unwind  
In the hills of yearning and years.  
A coffin is subdued by the threats and bouts  
Opened by the livers of death.

Naveed Akram

# Dumb Forests

My characteristics are of a monad  
Whose forests are dumb and speechless,  
Joggled by the hearts and harnesses  
Still giving a stagnancy, offering me a  
Humdinger so often in time with music.

To represent the dismissal I carry  
A caring world so enamoured by someone,  
A care has been sheltered and revealed  
So that identities are shared like gifts  
To be disclosed under the frosty sun.

So as to emphasise the posited harm,  
I expound in the sentences of the paragraph  
A passage of my thought as I swing and represent  
To justify the light so envisaged by descendants.  
The ancestry of a day is again alive to the sounds.

Naveed Akram

# Dumb Money

I have quarters and halves,  
These are the parts of triumph.  
My name carries news of seeking money,  
Yet victory demands the result.  
Money is a stable community,  
Rich people concern us when dumb.  
I have full flavours of food,  
Like the kings and queens of blood.  
We have seen the knowledge of men  
Who believe in qualities too great.  
We must defend our rights of life  
As life is a commander of triumph.  
The rich people demand an apology  
For the way we describe and feel.

Naveed Akram

## During The War

They spoke too often and saw new roads  
That learnt strength during the war  
To do all sizes of wellness and sublimity.  
From the stolen hearts of the beloved fighters  
And the outer cover of one wretched  
A surprise began to take effect among  
The rich and wealthy, and citizens saw  
Once more the very expensive pieces  
Of jewellery, that were like scimitars  
Still oddly silent, fully welcome  
And full of steams and vapours.  
As if they were old friends,  
The trains that met were definitely blessed  
With speed and higher acceleration.

Naveed Akram

# Dust Of Distress

Dusts I compare to dogs that bite,  
You steal massive doors from me.  
Its storm is weak, you weep from desire  
To break the complete reality I have.  
Contend with blindness and deafness,  
From you has the mince of dreams been read.  
I always gained from your lifting presence,  
Like a maiden who wrestled with distress.

Naveed Akram

# Duty Of Soldiers

Never in the duty of any man does a posture be certain,  
For it reflects the return to the world in its entirety.  
Names are devils, faces are institutions of greed,  
So then fighters fight for ferocious reasons.

Breed the true soldiers of sight and light,  
The cave of fear is an enemy of flight and desire;  
The wars are fleeing from the wars of hate,  
This bravery amounts to mounted warriors.

Naveed Akram

# Dwellers

It is unnecessary to reply to the enviers,  
Absent from battle, their chores are numberless;  
I can't explain the wonderment  
Of an encouraged spirit, that  
Moves in mysterious ways.  
It pains me to think how life  
Has revolved around life,  
To yearn the sickness is extreme,  
A dead body and its oblivion.  
I am quite content and comforted  
By the elucidations recently,  
Conceived by the beginners or novices.  
A good definition is speaking  
The truth for me and dwellers of faith.

Naveed Akram

# Dyed Deer

Dyed by the violence of hate  
A quick swill of wine concerns my offspring,  
Reject the totality of infinite space!  
Not in the suddenness combats the face,  
Its limbs badger the hasty life  
From the evil shadows of the world.  
Harass the enemy as you wish,  
Keep them in cocoons of oldness and delight,  
The very sudden pledge is frowned upon.

My tree of old health defends diseases of ours  
That despise my offspring.  
The wine of living commands my love  
Like the liquors of old nature and healing.  
May the hearts of deer revel according to the tongue  
For the heaven in it.

Naveed Akram

# Dykes And Diseases

The dykes pinch the insides offering a whisper on the lumps  
That are ridden inside the hearts of the soil.  
My enzymes split and train forwards,  
The dykes are much like trenches of the soil  
With wars and whispers whimpering,  
Little has zero, nothing bothers in the same tongue.

For the pre afternoon electrifies and suits  
The day of the whole knowledge and wisdom,  
This soil is my own, and it makes me recite the prayers  
So pseudo heroically, that glasslike minds are a burst.  
Close and personal is the land or soil of your undertaking,  
Harmoniously filling a train of thoughts to accomplish.  
I was non-resisting, with the hierocracy  
That minded their priesthood,  
And wanted hypnotherapy.

Naveed Akram

# Each Eye

The heated eyes stare longing to destroy,  
Yesterday they beamed on me worse.  
The eyes smacked a glance of affluence,  
The ears of mine beckoned a sound of hearing.  
My face contorted to the stay of the emotion,  
Its expressions gained acceptance from folly.  
This main way of dealing with deadly salutes  
Was the mainstream faith of every eye-holder.  
They beheld the humans with awe and shame,  
Conquering the few of us who stare and wait.  
My truth was stronger than more than many,  
Fitting the guise of ugly belief, of faith so weak.

The eyes contained a new message, of love and  
War within the minorities, each lacking faces  
Of light and true darkness, the dim light was  
Bewitching and dumb, fluent in language  
But non-existent, or devoid of life.  
The eyes mattered to the soul of heavenly light,  
Their mild accusations were certainly profound.  
My ugly belief is a day old, a beautiful one  
Catches on like fire of the cold war,  
A distinct thread has been deplored,  
Eyes are lifted to the heavens once more,  
Always to be wanted in the same law.

Naveed Akram

# Each Man

One document seals the deal that we learn,  
Those who made money work in numbers  
To alleviate the old battles and befriend each man  
With news of the afterlife of our understanding.  
Then one document belabors, and resides  
Inside the medals worn by the adorers.  
Let me see a right sunset, and the sunrise  
Ensues faultlessly to persuade someone like me.  
I have a heavenly status due to the bouncing  
Of boats on the high seas, rolling with waves.  
Since my documents are full, we can gain  
From the numbers that we work with and without.

Naveed Akram

# Each Morning

Morning and evening, the sun  
Has seen the spectacle of carpets  
That are possessed by the world  
In union and chanting of songs that distress,  
Managers of health stretch their necks  
With fervor of the polite world.

The apples and oranges of an era in the rise  
Enchant the Minneapolis  
We call the religion of the orchards.

Each morning has a reposing belief  
That once again an evening shall arise  
From the sun as it wets the real earth  
Of its potatoes.  
One apple and one potato is enough  
For the world's religion.

Naveed Akram

# Eagle's Song

On this television called life I am  
The King of Swing, gracious at flying  
To the other end of the universe.  
Let the song be sung across acts  
Living in the eagle's neck,  
Lists of eagles are named by their fathers.

The parent of an eagle fixes its  
Moving fragments again,  
The young are in flight.  
Laying eggs becomes mindful one.  
A fleeing battery of swinging torture  
Accompanies the swing  
Of the wing that is tattered.

Rocks are like enrichment,  
The rocks batter us down with their  
Composition, enlightening the road  
With fervour.

I see an eagle in an angle,  
Muttering and sparking the threads  
That try their meandering on us.  
Trees blend, plants are wending their  
Way to the other side of the world.  
I see an eagle at the other end,  
Trees are spoons of such toughness  
That they break afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Early Sin

He had worn a day early in sin,  
All other eyes told their commencements,  
After the telling of swellings of the nose,  
Eyes were fixed on the high, intelligent,  
Masterful ways that wore a silver-white skin.

Though the evenings enjoyed a spring  
And autumn of the highest value,  
Narrow windows won their glory  
With a slight handy man who cleaned.  
No iris shook, no eye burnt on the face.

I see the purpose of skulls and bones,  
Male records find fizzing weapons,  
The ghostly company exerts a black  
Dazing night, full of control,  
And all our intents and purposes were boneless.

Naveed Akram

# Early Upheavals

Early upheavals make a have-it-all,  
Passing the physical wrongs, with tests  
And dynamite to alleviate the suffering.  
My clients have a way to walk,  
Earlier joys sprang from the well  
Like the summer and spring  
Of the whole year that causes early upheavals,  
The way of those working with a sense of smell.  
In order to be embarrassed more with high  
Profile jobs, we see it as a weekend place,  
So congratulations to those who ask  
And have dried and tried the dearest.

Except one thing, the rests are business  
To be, and they want to accept us.  
You have everything to be over,  
Discreetly high end shoes and skates.  
The low end drives are from chariots or cars  
Running in the opposite direction.

Naveed Akram

# Earth And Rubble

A living nightmare contrasts with peace,  
Those living under the rubble seem resurrected.  
Their peace has resolved from above them,  
And below them the earth is violent  
Yet never brooding like a wounded animal.  
Blood is spat from the underworld,  
Bloods are ruined, living and dying.  
The daring connection is made by some,  
But they know not the wisdom of their God.

Naveed Akram

# Earth And The Sun

We collect light from the sun  
Because we inhabit the world  
And receive the wrath of heat.

Life begins to consume the air,  
Air particles are inhaled by humans,  
And let the humans collect and cultivate.

Compelling the earth to be alive,  
The Sun is a massive star of brilliance,  
As a star it carries immense fireballs.

Light from the sun has been perceived  
By the entire animal and plant kingdoms;  
Humans feel the moon more than the sea.

Naveed Akram

# Earth Is Our Container

Steaming containers cause melting of the body,  
You are inside a sphere I call Earth.  
The planet averts its eyes from folly of Space,  
Where past centuries have enlightened us,  
And decay and crumbling work of all.  
The cake is solid, all from space, from space,  
After the water lifts its worth and causes stress.

The comet of faith is now like a satellite,  
In the very solar system of pride,  
A constellation is with us, with our asteroid belt  
When without nebulae, when with light.  
The present picture is grim, not allowed,  
For the future is less certain, as more years  
Stimulate our straight sense, on decade upon decade,  
After all millennia.

Naveed Akram

# Earth With Water

Earth is Sea and Land,  
We are going for the sand  
And all the water be at hand  
To think of Earth as round,  
With the water.

Earth is not that kind,  
Too honest and deep  
With busy business and leather  
As the sole provider of comfort  
That is my armchair.

Naveed Akram

# Earth's Story

Earth changes according to times,  
Its canopy beckons on these surroundings.  
Air is like water and all gas,  
Filling my stomach and lungs with living matter.  
The mass of this story is heavier than the world  
And all its glory, the glorious world is above.  
A black abyss shines golden when so blacker,  
Letting my eyes snatch my woman and child.  
The changing and sorting blesses us with triumph  
As this divine planet revolves many times so far.

Naveed Akram

# Earthquake

&lt;/&gt;The ground breaks up  
From cataclysms and deceit.  
A short man erases my memory  
After a while.  
A wind blows for a short time,  
Tentacles are at me  
Tending to be thoughts.  
The quake I have assumed  
Caught the breeze  
And fought me lengthily.  
The ground broke up in  
Two seconds, and I faced  
Death yet again.

Naveed Akram

# Earth's Speech

My mind did change a lot, since May,  
A cast of causes began  
The month of May, a power of ray  
That cooled the sky again.

Some life retains the human rights,  
My living isn't death;  
My changing mind in always lights,  
Is rife and does no breath.

Instead, it is the sun as star  
That mounts the sky in time  
To fill the mind without a bar,  
Without a star's good rhyme.

In that real skull is certain life,  
Brain asks the chest to gasp,  
But this will mind and wife  
Shall storm in life to grasp.

The star is joining our design,  
The fence called heat is blind,  
And this is time that I resign  
From this the heat so kind.

Naveed Akram

# Ease Me

Ease on the throttle you heart,  
Hindering me was the heat of the heart,  
For blood swore to it that never will it reign,  
Like the showers of blessings contained.  
My substances of strength overlaid a reality,  
The reality was within, and reasons had stayed.  
Causes of strength were many,  
And the kings of the illness fought.

Naveed Akram

# East To West

From east and west sides we empower  
Our souls to withstand the highest pains;  
Then the ships froth in the waters,  
Balloons are vehemently exploding.  
My image sustains pleasures and pauses,  
The poems of disorder are renewed.  
Where caves in the roof of our house?  
In this pleasant abode rests the slain,  
Witnesses of pleasure and happiness,  
The awkward in pleasure, the ones who exist  
To watch the other worlds with their thoughts.  
These defend the strikes of their missiles,  
The universe stuns us, you are not alone!

Naveed Akram

# Eastern Doors

The maiden of the east is sudden  
As the thunder of the storm at billowy night;  
The makers of sublime spring are caught  
By innovated practices enlarged by the monuments.  
This statue of the golden earth is like pottery  
Of this ground we grind in our shoes.  
An idol of the nightmarish rigorous day  
Descends roasting the joints on a divided leg,  
What is the heat of the offered oven?  
Open the doors of sense, I could think the realities  
Of a day something brought,  
When you are drearier than the summer's lane.

Naveed Akram

# Easterners

There was a sacred man of the East,  
Too specially placed with the best  
Of the best who care  
For those who dare  
To be in the West.

Naveed Akram

# Eat A Bagel

The circle of bread happens to us in reality,  
I call mine a bagel, you call yours something;  
Rolls I withstand til the end of Time,  
The differently baked food is always mine.  
The real cooks have gin and all the wandering  
In the kitchen, like the ones that do a job.  
May we extract rolls and loaves from their hands  
As we have from our predecessors, like that.  
The circles of bread are finer to behold  
Than the ones of stickiness and dough.

Naveed Akram

# Eat The Food

Taste the food of thought and stay awhile,  
To inhibit the dining process and then defile  
The folder of youth as though you contrive  
The reader of youth to say his archive.

Naveed Akram

# Eat The Gourd

Eat the gourd of knowledge so as to create  
A weapon of dispute, feelings are against you.  
One weapon knows a selfish reason for thinking  
Along deadly lines of force that swerve and serve.  
Mister Gold is a lover of the night that nicely counts  
Its bullets biting the innocence of a night in long circles.  
Now you are a small cube of captaincy,  
Buckwheat is your diet of the century,  
You are the flakes of a plant, and eat the gourd.

Naveed Akram

# Eating All That

You have seen the faults of all,  
Granting passages of light,  
Finding the life and death of a start  
And compulsion, in this united world.

Keeping alert sounds goodness and me,  
Forces stay, forces bite and betray;  
I may be you in the compelled way,  
Fortune has a wonderful level of performance.

This dying breakfast is room for the illness,  
A cast-away has more joy with colourful food,  
Ones to bite, morsels to imitate and omit,  
Liking and loathing as the mouth subsides.

Let the Tongue do the thinking,  
And it's muscular form inherits thinking,  
When rulers of the old world shall presume  
The innocence of the teachers of food.

Naveed Akram

# Eating Animals

Go to ancient manuscripts and read their message,  
Powerfully state your knowledge in an adage;  
Your weakness is still paper and all it entails  
With eyes and ears and tongue, the fingernails.  
My peace is a fantasy, a bird of love called a dove,  
It never fails in flying above others, nor does it not love.

My tiny creatures I store in my mind, the recall center,  
Where their false play hampers what is always proper.  
Power is to prosper above the animals and beasts  
Such that wine and worlds are conquered by feasts.  
This food is qualitative, all the hungry people  
Accuse the slim people to eat and be abnormal.

Naveed Akram

# Eating By Paupers

This pauper's paunch radiates a leg,  
Working with water day in day out;  
Little water is little pain for the mind,  
Internal states are like stations of mastery.  
I have enough of love, and rest is the best,  
Legs are the curtains of this window called  
Death, as I have my argument  
And I have my pain.

I have more sayings to make,  
To keep the honey of a dwarf,  
Rising in front of him and slaying.  
This day my words are salvaged  
By those in the questioning,  
Why do they react so swiftly?  
My pains are built out of ingredients  
Eaten by the ones who bloat and blend  
Into shapes so worked by the animal past.

Naveed Akram

# Eating Dinner

Talking about me went timidly,  
In the kitchen we were talking,  
Let it pass after the supper,  
Then tell me a fable to eat and enjoy.  
Bending down to eat my food,  
The plate wanted to look at me,  
And I stared at what I sat,  
Seeing juniors post their letters for fun.

The talking was alert, the amusement huge,  
In the doorway I was delighted to meet  
A queer man who seemed like a reptile,  
His fish was in his throat  
After the bone was a boot for itself.  
My lips seemed to gleam with relish.

Naveed Akram

# Edith And Edna

Edith is my person in charge of life,  
Exactly the person who shares all prospects  
And lived all along for too many seasons.

Edna can play golf also,  
And climb mountains for joy and fun.  
Climbing has hard work, for the person who is  
My wife.

Who is better than the wife for all seasons?  
Edith is a planner of living standards  
And the winner of life, not death.  
Life for All, and All for Life.

Naveed Akram

# Education

Education I agree to in this country,  
It endangers the body with more health,  
Rather than doing harm it cares for the body  
And the brain, and all that is in the heart.  
One imagined the heart to travel knowingly  
With the mood of one man and one woman.  
Both of them are parents full of knowledge itself,  
Concocting problems to solve for their children.  
One heart is a provider for education.

Naveed Akram

# Effort

In all likelihood the effort was concealed,  
Hideous truth has arisen, we must be impossible.  
Do not grasp at shadows, but never consider it  
And never eat the food at the end of the rainbow.  
We falsely attribute the qualities and see effort,  
Just to defy nature, just to be infinite.  
I must tantalize you to the truth, a forever is too small,  
I must deceive no one at their game of light,  
The truth calls us, not we call it.

Naveed Akram

# Eggs

Catch that bird, catching does disgust  
And sit it in your hand, like a canary.  
It shall fly, flew it did, and lift it first,  
This is to make it flight to enlist the fighter  
Of the birds on a regular basis.  
Catch or teach the birds so that birth may result in death.  
Catch us always, for we are birds with eggs,  
And eggs are given to us.

Naveed Akram

# Eggs For Me

Form into a shell, you are unique,  
Break out in time to master reality.

My cooking of eggs makes food worth sharing,  
They cook me omelettes next, then hard-boiled eggs.

Naveed Akram

# Elastic Season

An elastic class pronounces the difficulty  
Of this decade and the clear sky.  
Bewildered by breezes, the clear sky  
Turns into nasty munches, full demands

My madly loved season turns into naïve people,  
Massive men occur to the detriment of some.  
Magical knowing composes itself  
After the nauseating weather and maniacal time.  
Neighbourly districts are sectors of the galaxy  
This time next year, this demand shall be last.

Naveed Akram

# Electric Fire

Electric fire is defective among the mercies,  
What cheerful glue it makes!  
Dashing, dangerous disasters make damnation  
In this blue-eyed world.  
The chief of boundless energy charmingly exceeds  
The energy of words, and the chief of energy  
Is destroyed.  
Scandalous reception affronts us when time has elapsed,  
The energy of angers and the iris dissolves  
After blindness, after the regular science.

Naveed Akram

# Electric Nation

Electricity is remarkable, enlightening,  
I ask of you what is commonplace and rude,  
And I state the obvious, the blatant saying  
Of an industrial nation:  
Electricity is a miracle of our generation -  
You deserve it as much as God.

Naveed Akram

# Electricity Flows

Flow into the arteries of heaven,  
Vaulting the acts of non-lepers;  
One flowing cation shapes the electrical  
World, yet heaven and hell are too  
Different electrodes.

One seeks a proletariat of distinct tangs,  
Progressing with his tone in the world,  
Whilst the labourers on our side  
Are in heaven too earlier than electrical  
Buddies.

The veins of this world swindle and swagger  
Like electrical lines of a pylon too broad,  
Cardinal rules are dismissed,  
Fishes of the earth will ruin me with their  
Oxygen and all its electrons.

To be mobile in facsimiles,  
We see the light of the world in ice,  
That matches the heavenly suns  
And those stars in our skies,  
Too much energy is about to take place.

Naveed Akram

# Elephant

The herd of elephants stormed the public arena,  
Jaundiced men fought them as they were in America.

Naveed Akram

# Elevation Of Mood

My moods shall beg again, too far and away,  
Their complication is advanced and to stay.  
Certain jokes penetrate the mind if humourous,  
When too humourous, the little jokes are marvellous.  
Enter a menace to exit the stream, it delights,  
For the hiding of our thoughts and our appetites.  
Birthrights let minds envelop certain tasks,  
To be afterwards rewarded like flasks.  
These small containers contain beautiful milk  
And to drink this leads to your ilk.

Naveed Akram

# Elixir

My effervescent mind collides with water  
To bring an elixir of love and wine.  
This ephemeral life is evocative of heavenly plains,  
Fetching plains, pretty plains of pure design.

The desultory movements of demons dissembled Man,  
His mind was caused to be in leisure, in lilted.  
Each of us are lithe and flexible too much,  
That fat devils try to counteract our lissom bodies.

Good has a nemesis, good looks opulent,  
Lush souls speak good, but dirty ones sound evil.  
The real elixir travels to eternal Paradise,  
Strong love happens to be quintessential.

Naveed Akram

# Embrace Tranquillity

Embracing the heavenly seasons defends sunlight,  
A slight rain comes, defending and offending the outcome;  
Frail vines never rest on this trail atop the cliffs,  
And we are lost in thoughts with traces of rain.  
Along golden streams mushrooms and thistle exist,  
A long-ago student of the winds must have been afoot.  
He was drunk with poetic words and phrases and waded  
The broad streams with many esoteric ideas  
About the owner of creation, the keeper of leaves.  
The poet never knew visitors came to see his history,  
In this unforgotten realm of total tranquillity.

Naveed Akram

# Embrocate

My embrocating starts now, a lagoon meets me in leisure,  
Abuse me not, accomplish further than my glamour or abolisher.  
To see the accusations is disbelieving of you, so comely and proud,  
Like an immense disbelief of such clouds of importance, like a shroud.

My halcyon ploughs manufacture the storms of stomachs,  
This swan loudly bellows music of the swans like ducks.  
Many lilacs are in ruin, feeling mattresses of delight,  
The real cows of the meadows are screaming no bite.

Naveed Akram

## Emeralds Inside

One finds the emeralds of the sea inside the belly,  
Work of the habits intrudes and excludes us  
For we are richer than the emeralds and jewels  
Called rubies, diamonds, and sapphires.  
One is found to be the ill rich person,  
Full of heartache and mischief that so matters.  
It frightens the children of onlookers who paste  
Their hate on those delivery items from ache.  
The post has now arrived from afar,  
Like the witness of a hundred stars  
That swirl around too loudly and long,  
These stars guide my being beyond the pleasure.

Naveed Akram

# Eminent Scholar

Creaking crushed me when I spoke,  
A civil chain chased my law of beliefs.  
The eminence of a scholar spoke one day,  
This denouement from a man was outspoken.  
Daily, we are in the book of his writing,  
This academic has authority of life;  
His debut worked on my time as a day  
That warned as a fitness, as a legality.  
He is a daydreamer, a worker of books  
And life, that worked one day like a book  
Hazy and obscure, like one of the laziest  
Volumes, yet the eminence of a scholar  
Is accused when we begin, when we say.

Naveed Akram

# Emotional Ones

Emotional horses summoned by the wise ones  
Elegantly strive and gallop in front of our eyes.  
Behind us the whole body of equestrian monsters  
Jump properly over the obstacles of our times.  
The entire mood has been achieved for looking at,  
Moods and the motions beside them are actual.  
Jumping and riding is the profession of men who talk  
And also occasionally walk like men of understanding.  
Elegance summoned the beautiful creatures  
And essences of beauty are the reality behind us.

Naveed Akram

# Employee

Today is a man of quests and actions,  
Words do span the generations,  
Deeds have taken their doing in this age,  
But this man carries a burden of work  
That I want indeed, he is married to his wages  
Like a man is to his wife.  
Today is a quest for survival,  
And am I the one employed?

Naveed Akram

# Employment Up Above

I was employed for longer,  
Guarded by the many gardens,  
Repeated were the heavens  
Antagonizing the theatrical show.  
Her eyes guarded entrances,  
And brightly varnished wood  
Lay there stinging and breaking away.

Gravity stuck to the ways of the wood,  
And people who live in the wood  
Stared blindly at shreds of the string,  
Looking one way and another,  
In order to gape at first measures of mornings.

Breaking your back in heaven,  
Can be daunting, and can be ferocious  
Work for the minor players of the very dust,  
Or rather the very grass.

Naveed Akram

# Empty Heart To Enter

To enter the heart where answers lie,  
You must give your weaknesses away.  
This has redness as blood is red,  
And we legitimately drive our stored fluids  
With the one organ to marry with others.  
To enter this prison we ascend a flight of stairs,  
And reenter the building through the sky.  
My fee for this commodity is slight,  
My accusation is limited by the small risks.  
To enter the heart of another person  
Relies upon the skill with which you enter.

Naveed Akram

# Empty Inside

An empty space carries no breath,  
We respire due to sacred nature.  
The veins of blood are jolly,  
They burn inside so happy.  
The house of love is the body  
For sore wounds collect pain.  
The inner light shines forever  
In the souls of other people as well.  
May your parents describe me,  
May your happy brothers be that space.

Naveed Akram

# Enchanting Crowd

The sorcerer enchants a man with sorcery,  
A real warrior can cause a war of wack,  
Wading into this arena of them both  
Is to bother the tranquility of our being.  
Wise men say the same battle of beauty,  
Collecting wadding for the wall  
Shaking a little while with wars  
That uglify and also vilely decide  
From generals of the highest disorder.

Healing this home causes us to call  
For beautiful barges in the canals swaying  
As the wind of the ways we call our friends.  
The mass or lump so formed in our throats  
Must be swallowed,  
And more boluses shake the very crowd.

Naveed Akram

# Enchanting Day

My eloquent enchanting day of speech  
Finds a fortnight in discussion, with midnight;  
Hollow and lovely life is a way of driving down,  
Cordial thanks are offered now that you define.

Behold the sorrow of worlds and their gallantry,  
The enduring sight is the best sight,  
With trouble as the meaning of the day,  
Felicity enters the mind afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Encumbered By Winds

When downwards encumbered everything,  
A man on a slope was fatigued,  
As sly as pennies from a purse,  
Like the winds of heavenly springs.

When upward kings digested and ducked  
Under the trees of life, a new venom  
Engrossed the population of rings and jewels,  
One worked hard to earn their jewellery.

Waking the place of hurt and cities of God,  
Put me in a twist when kings made a country  
Full of coins and letters of honey that climbed,  
Into the well of abundance came the passionate monk.

When downwards is the plunge, we walk in all  
Bad tasks to see under the seas of trees  
A vegetable of abundance, a shrub growing  
Too thin, as thin as answers of the world.

Naveed Akram

# End Matters

We strive to end all matters at the start,  
Like the arrow that finishes and exerts,  
Must the final scene be of the dart?

I see wonders and forests of trees apart,  
They struggle and inhabit the comforts,  
We strive to end all matters at the start.

Likely outcomes reside in the cart,  
Rolling into the street that reasserts,  
Must the final scene be of the dart?

My living is called a sentence to depart,  
Mine is the life that is of introverts,  
We strive to end all matters at the start.

I catch the idiots of the hour in a flowchart,  
Forgetting the tree of animals with efforts,  
Must the final scene be of the dart?

I gather storms and saucers in what heart?  
The real question lies in megahertz;  
We strive to end all matters at the start,  
Must the final scene be of the dart?

Naveed Akram

# End Of Time

Towards the end of our time  
We miss the friendship and food;  
The days behind are but silent thoughts  
And the months seem endless.  
People meander on the eternal road  
Yet some of us walk so straight.  
Little people run on it first  
And slow down afterwards.  
Children seek help on the eternal road  
And want more kindness to be shone.  
The road is kind if you walk on it  
And not sprint or dash like some who dare.  
The end of time shall be near,  
When thoughts are collected  
And death occurs,  
Making your home with the grave.

Naveed Akram

# End The Dispute

I order this dispute to end,  
This row is to be suddenly dropped,  
I think we contest the opposite of good.

To squabble is to brawl over the improper,  
A strife is suffered too needless,  
It is nonessential, dispensable like a drug,  
This makes it unnecessary and so redundant.

We wrangle to order and direct,  
The bidding is solidly big,  
We launch ourselves into oblivion.  
The institution of such concepts  
Will break the backbone of society  
If origination of severe tools is accomplished;  
The initiation of surprising speech  
Exercises despair on the crowd,  
I order this dispute to end.

Naveed Akram

# Endangered One

Distraught and endangered, my jolly family,  
In the middle of the night and then actually.  
Danger is a familiar building of joy,  
The essence is stranded in the toy.  
Menaces conceal a monument,  
The very jeopardy of detriment.  
To some enemy the wide ocean,  
To lots of knowing men the devotion.  
I am endangered since birth,  
Forward and backward my Earth.

Naveed Akram

# Endeavour

Deathly men accept my tragedy forever,  
When is my greatest endeavour?

Naveed Akram

# Endings

The end of spring is the end of years of hard ache,  
One felt beauty to be a metallic work of suddenness;  
The endings so summoned meant gravity of sin,  
Once the reasons were declared for the peace.

Gone were the days when hours meant hugging and laughing,  
Their strange meaning pervaded the religion so taught;  
Days and nights alighted the years of change,  
One of the days meant more laughter than some.

Naveed Akram

# Endless Love

I speak frankly and applaud the sorrows,  
My love for your Lord is as much as mine.

I am a bird of prey from a life before. How do I fly?  
How do my wings betray the animals?

I have angels now, they experience the flight  
From heavenly places, from heaven's gates.

The death of hours is the shade for reclining,  
I am in my grave from too much death, too many angels.

I am a slave for medicine and law, the exact happiness  
So defined by the laws and principles to foreshadow me.

Love's tavern experiences me with woes of passion,  
I drink from divine springs of endless torrents.

Naveed Akram

# Endless Sounds

The endless sounds produce a racket,  
The clattering, the clanking, the rattling;  
These resonate together as a din of marvellous nature.  
This noise has boundless variety,  
Bouncing into the ears  
Obeying the boundary.

Pursuit is the action understood  
Of this weather too loud;  
Pursuit is of peace, chasing peace  
Is to learn the search for quiet.  
Boundless searches are being made,  
Endless movements emerge  
That avoid the quarters, the lodgings  
In which you persist.  
Any loud-natured domicile is a post  
Of extravagance, housing of brilliance.  
The chase is on for another house of quiet.

Naveed Akram

# Endure Him

Endure him in the last minute  
Delicate hands are afoot  
We pride ourselves on the love of realms

Defeated is the day of righteousness  
For the nights of sad remembrance  
Shall quake and shiver like on ice

Decisions make clear the night  
Children swarm to see this through  
Delightful abode for them

Colourful rainbows are abating  
In the weather so rained  
We reign in the world of damage

Cloudy nights are those days  
As if breakable sights might be cold  
Encouraging, and detailed

Naveed Akram

# Enemy And Weather

Scenery has mild changes in weather;  
Afterwards the winner of the sunshine has grace.  
Forward march the troops and never look back,  
For the enemy has routed as well.  
Weathers are more of luck in the summer,  
All for the wars, the terrors themselves,  
That seek justice for the glory to end all glory  
For the enemy. The enemy is against us like the weather.

Naveed Akram

# Energies

Energies are wasted now that you reside in stupor,  
The fixed states empty us into the void,  
Where we crash and sting with enragement of sin,  
Those guilty of crimes adorn the horizons with blood,  
The same blood is the same wine of the cherished kind.  
Why is blood so high and mighty?  
Where was the innocence of a day to chance?  
My survived self is a wonderful place to dine,  
Forming the lurid thoughts of a wonder to contrive  
A world peace inside my heart, that very same  
Ample divide, the amplified regard and post  
So won and gained.

Naveed Akram

# Engulfing Us

My living nightmare has come true,  
Open the doors to mercy, as I do beg.  
My living dream of mercy has arrived,  
The inner work of the devil is about.

May we climb the mountain of trust,  
Foreign inhabitants can be any;  
The language is a tower too tall,  
My mountain is one of wrong and truth.

The nights belaboured created me,  
To be this my profession is sound;  
Let the island of the people be here,  
Then surging water shall engulf us.

Naveed Akram

# Enshrined

We seemed dead on the layers of skin,  
Our cadavers were resented by best men.  
These same individuals reserved our skin,  
For the best of years to come, to rinse carefully.

For we were exacting cruelty and sums of money,  
Golden coins became the motley men of ire.  
If we served the public, it was a tax or felony,  
But when did we deserve to die due to folly.

My death is a thousand deaths, my life is ruined,  
But only the laughter is the callous one, the role  
He plays is a harder sport, and enjoyment is of all  
The roles he cares about with dread in his heart.

Naveed Akram

# Ensorcelled

I am stunned by the magic of this vulgar item,  
It is lopsided, sentimental for me, rousing  
Artistic quality, and being primitive, like a desolate  
House that needs ownership, fulfilling wishes.  
I thrive with thirst, and this vulgar object makes  
Me want water, and more water, like the feeble side  
To living this world of war and unhappiness,  
Of darkness and deceit, the other half called sorcery.

I am ensorcelled, like a feeble rock or boulder,  
On the verge of suicidal tangle, a feeble condition.  
I am stunned, astonished, and alacrity is a sorry act,  
An ability overtakes me in the lane of my choice.  
The object is kinder than my staggering relief,  
It is like a barren mansion at the other half of nature,  
Little by little the ball is a tall object, the object is  
Sodden by the rain, as it rocks and sways to my clock,  
Feeding a frenzy after becoming sweltering.

Naveed Akram

# Enter A Country Called Life

We must enter the country called Life,  
We must demand a remedy to the current pain,  
Our solution is welcome to the other side.

Problem after problem bedevils our foes and friends,  
The devils shame, the demons connive, as imposters  
Grow in importance due to their evil disgrace.

We hear a man cry, we hear a woman drown in her tears,  
The pool of life and death is a collection of fluid too holy,  
But tears of men and women can flood like Noah's Flood.

Our death and life is for the One who follows your every move,  
His concert of musical rhythms is greater than resurrection,  
Lesser resurrection may be what the just messenger commands.

Naveed Akram

# Enter My Lake

Enter the cave, eat it, then swing onto  
The mountain to saddles and paradise.  
The perplexing management defies  
Deities inside deities, within reach.  
A rainbow bespeaks with all rigour  
Of death and ramps of steel and iron.

Ivan the Terrible commands me to die,  
His wife fixes a noose around my head,  
Then my hand saves me, with knots that  
Defy my colour of skin, with my life itself.  
To see the other lake of blood is perfect,  
So that the landscape cries for hours at a time.

Naveed Akram

# Enter The Circle

Enter sacred circles to ignite the months,  
Months have travelled further than me,  
Let the thoughts of some incidents be at rest.  
My thinker is an outsider so leave him,  
For the dreams of a cutter are of cutting,  
But the oak tree swings from the wind  
Cutting others with its stare and branches,  
Freeing the thinkers of dreaming and swinging.  
The health of a swimmer is like a fish,  
The wheels worn by schools of elevation  
Are spinning with deadly spokes,  
This wielding of the weapon is again the rest.  
Enter then this sacred circle to wind down  
Fires in the full poignant breeze,  
Elevate the position of your followers,  
Entrances to the world of death are afoot.

Naveed Akram

## Enter The Fire

The entering of the men who accuse is taking place,  
The women outside are willing to be accused.  
The females of the party run fire and bonfires,  
The wedding of a chieftain has been arriving,  
Yet more of the lasting benefits make me bored.  
The leading of people is like civilization itself  
Being an active aid to the command of generals.  
Anybody in the middle of fire is a friend to the Earth,  
Opening venomous bites and soldiers of religion.  
The entrance is far too wide for the cleverness,  
The legs of a trooper are longer than the legs of a spider.

Naveed Akram

# Enter The Light Of My Soul

Enter my heart through the back door,  
Opening my martyred soul like the rainbow;  
It staggers and shifts according to showing advice,  
This day my soul has reached an eternal joy.  
The mathematics of the day shall never enter the souls,  
When the soul dies the soul dies from too many points  
In this round of dying.

Enter my heart with light to shine along the day,  
It is the basis of baby and adult, of child and grownup.  
The heart has elapsed and leapt a bridge,  
The bridge collapses and dies like the rivers.  
Then the river rises above the heavens,  
This water rushes through the skies and watches us  
Work and play with toys that break.

Naveed Akram

# Entering The House

Enter your house when it is raining,  
Use the chairs and everything, just use everything,  
So that mixing with furniture is a pleasure,  
May the household not mind, nor may the chief be unkind.  
A little man has arrived one day on a sunny day,  
A son of mine; he wears smiles and laughter, and many tears,  
Life concerns him in its entirety, full is life,  
For his own being is indisputable  
Like the natural weather of the days of these years.  
Called by his parents the eternal joy,  
He mattered to them, he mattered to their heads and hearts,  
Much like a perfect truth.  
Entering your house is like leaving this world  
And all its worries, for justice is about  
Bettering the abode like cleaning the teeth.

Naveed Akram

# Entering The World

Enter the dark world of horror, and enter  
So that destruction is a past event.  
The real understanding arrived when an idea  
Clings to the hearts of men, where they pray.  
Darkness is told to be evil when it speaks,  
Losing is the main devil, the main demon.  
What does a long argument bring?  
Opening a justification shall be preferred.  
Openings collect and devise to astound  
The world with words, the only little objects.

Naveed Akram

# Enthralled By The Light

Enthralling, dazzling trees shine with lights,  
Teasing light environmentally burdens the young plants,  
Photons burst, photons excite as the truth unfurls,  
With little to disgust, with most of the lust.  
A damaging entrance is an exit of the hiddenness,  
Full radiant light is brilliantly collecting might,  
Precious swelling occurs, riveting grand distrust occurs.

We are charmed by the colossal wake of the sea monster,  
Bursting to the surface of the water like a considerate item.  
The waters shine with bewitching qualities that multiply in time,  
A tender man is a tender item of hatred,  
Fish have been shining to the light like misery.

Naveed Akram

# Entire Universe

Above all this world and the picture surrounding it,  
A lovely message is to be known for the eternity;  
As if the poets have inspired my brain and all who  
Wear intelligence, the poetry has been a maimer  
For all our lives and never never does it reign more than prose.  
For prose is a beast that mutters in swinging jargon,  
Betraying poetry by miles of bad weather and chief ache.  
Above the world of writing there is a prayer  
Or someone is praying too long and felling the trees  
Found at the bottom of the Earth.  
The clay we have employed to construct our souls  
Further than the light, is far too mysterious and unique.  
The substance leaks, and the substance is a weak energy  
For the Almighty to speak about and employ  
Like clay that resounds in the heavens.  
The lovely message is conveyed by weight of force  
That is full of saintly help and prophethood.  
The world is full of us if we are the world in full,  
Yet the words delivered by mouths of sudden health  
Shall fulfil our thoughts for the entire universe.

Naveed Akram

# Equal

There is no equality without stubbornness,  
To tell inside this seeking thought  
So as to inculcate the meanings too dear.  
With both eyes and with both ears  
My jests do not disrupt.  
I have a moment when equality is in the hearing  
And sight, then you fall from the height of a tree  
And land with a bang due to someone who pushed  
You.  
He thinks you inferior or superior,  
And you define him as an equal man  
Regardless of his appearance which does not see.  
But you are barely living now  
But in a pool of blood.  
He is above you, but he is the same,  
He is just a man so equal yet so evil.

Naveed Akram

# Equate

Equations festooned our island of physics,  
We retaliate on scientists with acrobatics.

Naveed Akram

# Equations

The mathematical reminder of a doing  
Pleases the mind with the faculties arguing.

Naveed Akram

# Era

Masculine arms of the working-class  
Are combined to meet current affairs.  
Artless movements perform the seated  
Occupation, so warm and alarming.

An elephantine line seeks me afterwards,  
Ludicrous affairs bring an overture,  
A beginning of the waters and rain,  
When overlooking the flood is like rain.

The dearest birth accuses us of the moment,  
The rains have misaligned our subject,  
From itself the movements are of them,  
Let the reality of an era being won be truth.

Naveed Akram

# Errors

The error is made today, of late,  
And too many can err in the ways of men.  
The errors so bold and hard are lately in contempt,  
For they are reckless, and I am poor for all.

The whole question is a mistake,  
The whole answer should be silenced  
For the signal is lasting and resolute,  
As forming the signs of distrust.

Boldly go where we have gone,  
Boldness shall overcome those in distrust;  
Let happiness behold some fine path  
And let it shake so much for the quake.

Naveed Akram

# Espionage

Parties are designed to cause death,  
Yet life is spoken and poison not taken,  
For the number of spies is immense  
In the whole world.

This time, spying is recommended  
On the level of talk one supposes to be the limit.  
Parties such as these are in this world.  
They converse and are also repulsive.  
Damn! I have been poisoned!

Naveed Akram

# Essays To Write

Be in the pursuit of essays to write,  
Aims are like lead that connive new words;  
Lads of the boys and lasses of knowledge  
Concentrate tonight in their fused husks,  
Unexplainable skin hampers the tasks ahead.

The capsule and the universe  
Happen tonight, in a devil or demon.  
Once the husk has been victorious  
The viscosity will be penetrating us.  
Little men and women shall be born.

Naveed Akram

# Estimating Danger

Guesses are correct according to the saints,  
Answers are solved this way, from complaints.

Why do saints question and interrogate us?  
Is it due to being dangerous?

On the boats of danger we float, dividing  
Like the cells that originated us, accumulating.

Many songs of danger and many views are gained,  
Only the leaders of religion can be bloodstained.

These guesses are called estimations of worth,  
Where there is commotion there is earth.

Naveed Akram

# Estimation

The president estimated the war courage,  
But the believers argued plaintively as a heart  
Would beat faster after the exercise of the muscles,  
The president just calculated according to his taste.

The chief-generals perched nation-wide, safeguarding like birds  
Over their chicks in a nest of surrendering whispers,  
In order to crush the rebellion a quelling of forces  
Had to arrive for the good of the logical city and state.

Justice appealed to the vicious, an act of war on the self,  
But the president himself fought bravely in front of the barristers  
Of the nation and realm, by negotiating and trivializing the sins  
Of the forefathers and ancestors of endearing skill and precision.

The tirade pursued the ends of the earth and soil we fed,  
Potatoes were uprooted and crops of other sides left to die;  
Dying was the death, and death was to die, the famine  
Had been fabricated, after all.

The wars extended, the wars were a realistic space of seduction,  
For the enemy also fought bravely, and the president negotiated,  
Words were still aggressive like the words of danger and pursuit,  
Let the haranguing go on! And forgiveness became an actuality.

Naveed Akram

# Eternal Effort

Hold the eternal questions so that the ether  
Is resolved by the magnification of our pride;  
Let spies rule the airways, to the infinite realms,  
Subduing the efforts of a conniving people.  
Let the breast of mankind utter words of alarm  
So that the cage is an interior of your liking.  
Put all of heaven in a jar full of acid,  
And the whole of it burns hot like hell would deem.  
The Robins of a tailor are about him,  
Exposing their breasts of redness to his clothing  
To make him watch the marriage ceremony.  
Hold the questions so quiet and skilled  
Like the opening of books and the closing of fortresses.

Naveed Akram

# Eternal Failure

He dressed hurriedly, from minor failures,  
Yanking his shirt on with alacrity and dexterity.  
He tossed the head and the finding of eternity,  
Out came the grave accusation of some validity.  
I have some knowledge of his whereabouts,  
Plates are smashed for him like the offering,  
A structure gradually builds up like engines,  
But the corridor ends like the walls of tombs.  
These are high tombs and their walls fall,  
He dressed towards the highest knowledge  
And struck functions of the heaviness that was sour.

Go to the lights of a day that engineered a story,  
Days and nights fed the whole year with solidity.  
Flickering lights made the stations of the soul,  
The engines of critical nature were like plates.

Naveed Akram

# Eternal Qualm

If better priests are scratched so lightly  
Their wasteful, sour, hushed aspects are anointed  
Five times from the heart, for each finger  
Of one hand, having the sense of eternity.  
Silky thumbs are alight,  
A vociferous qualm enlightens the several hapless  
Victims,  
In one hand a stain has been rich and lovely,  
To see the tasteless stains is apt and adequate.  
Be hard and light at the same time!  
Be love's severity and not gentleness!

Naveed Akram

# Eternal Sea

Going to the sea is kind,  
Ally yourself with humanity,  
Then concentrate on the horizon,  
Full seas belatedly arise from us.

Go to the heavens in a day or week,  
This time it isn't so easy,  
For heaven is like Paradise,  
And this seems mean,  
But really the heavenliest prophets  
Can be seen,  
On the horizon  
Far too glorious  
And eternal.

Naveed Akram

# Eternal Student

With her I was good at people,  
The form of people was an example;  
Round my neck the tie was cut,  
I was an eternal student.

She was an extraordinary woman  
Of purposes so secret, and desirous  
People wanted chiefly the same,  
A knocking on the door.

May life be lovely with her,  
An infinity of water was below us,  
Inside the love of mountains  
Was the tie with the God.

Naveed Akram

# Eternal Trail

The trail that leads to eternity on this Earth?  
We see a diviner purpose to the trial,  
We're searching for the exact system,  
The real approach to humanity is within us.  
The trial of the pathway so grandly admired  
Is so straight that the birds and the animals smile.  
The bird shall fly with wings of gold,  
Then we strive more than the animals.  
Human trials and tribulations surprise nobody  
But the judge of nature, and the world of delight.

Naveed Akram

# Ethereal

This ethereal luminescence strikes at the heart  
Of a middle-aged man, incorporeal man.  
Then in a sense we are inexorable on him,  
Idyllic habitats abound for us when we see  
The plethora of ideas in our hearts of strangeness.  
The ineffable pleasures of the heart craze us,  
When we listlessly grind on our lassitude.  
The fatigue so hunted is the strange tiring effect  
We call itself due to its amount and success.  
The immaterial man came from the stars  
To explore our realities and likes and loves.

Naveed Akram

# Evacuation

There is no alternative, nothing to consider  
Other than an evacuation, said the ruler.

Naveed Akram

## Even After Us

There are splendours that sway and strive,  
A happy splendour it happens to be;  
For the autumn is the song of loving,  
And splendid weather is of the horizon.  
My tombs are morbid and worthy,  
My fence is huge and weighted  
Like the walls of a new frenzy.

The walls within my mind are like the splendours  
Outside the house, where knights are arrayed.  
They want the justice to crumble and divide  
Happineses into halves and quarters.

These splendours last forever,  
Even dark knights cannot remove the sights  
Of a corpse in bliss and felicity.

Naveed Akram

# Even The Poison

Even when there is poison in the whole fish,  
A fish can be worthier of sin than the whole world,  
Though this world accompanies the eliminations,  
The worst of health, and the best of weathers.  
One is dying under the sun, a star reserved for the workers,  
It descends on the heart with everlasting woes,  
Heating the arteries and their art of being kind and silent.  
The hearts of an evening dismay other heads,  
Instead of the other way,  
The way of the world.

The fish have strong abusing qualities  
If you view them with suspicion.  
Their scaly skin utters before your duty,  
Speeches enter the soul for the whole  
Freedom to admit the reality.

The strong salt is of the sea,  
And the boats are decapitated,  
Lessening the beliefs of the fishermen,  
Who try to wield their axes  
From too many pictures in the night.  
These sudden uproars are on and on,  
The fish have abusing quantities,  
And qualities have been made.

Naveed Akram

## Evening Restaurant

The evening heaven's restaurant activates, you're among the last  
Who line up outside, making discoveries with food in the mouth,  
I'd go slow on the fritters cooked from days and nights in experience  
Paid by the engineers of food, a real motley crew.  
Jump a few million years ahead, all because of the husband,  
Then trek to pursue an animal of a larger variety  
As big as our dog, the very wonderful diplomatic creature.  
Nostalgic for the years when you certainly paid for the best,  
We talk and converse in the signs of an alien animal or spirit,  
Finding food fun since the year out.

Naveed Akram

# Event

Your event is beginning to take place,  
For it is longer and better to be this.  
Your event is pleasant and grand,  
For it is bigger and huger to become.  
Events are monstrous and happy,  
For all time it is. For each man it is. For the event it is.

Naveed Akram

# Everlasting Dreams

Dreams are everlasting springs,  
They reside in the recesses of the wells,  
They inhabit the brain,  
Contending with sunrise and sunset,  
Living their lives,  
Like a livid illness that shakes  
And handshakes with interruptions.

Let dreams rise in the air to meet God,  
Those symbols of destruction fit well  
Inside the head of the training grounds,  
Dreamscapes have entered your system.

Care in your old age  
Like the blossoming trees  
Of this whole life and existence.

Sleep, please, with highlighting  
In the air, to show us a dream  
That fits snugly tonight,  
Fixing the light of heaven  
In the breasts of such legality.

Naveed Akram

# Everlasting Skin

A breath of air vanishes from me,  
Imperiling the meeting of ways I have been;  
The baby so schooled in politics  
Is now irrepressible and naughty.  
A contaminated skin has been devised  
By the infant's soul and flesh,  
Division was never happiness for him.  
Flesh was a noisy substance for this lad  
Who empties his skin like a snake,  
Vanishing skin is the cause of his disease  
That grows and unites beyond the call of duty.  
Air is the fuel my fellow finds and discovers  
From the faults of the skin, from everlasting skin.

Naveed Akram

# Everlasting Soul

I possess a soul due to His love for me,  
Does he love me?  
Or is the devastation too huge?  
Is the invention being made?  
I have to confer with my heart,  
And ask forgiveness from the Lord  
To retry the effort of a lifetime.

Seeing through the rectangular front  
Is like encircling the spirits of goals;  
These spirits resemble my friends or foes,  
Leaving me behind in time,  
Ghosts are their relatives,  
But who are they in the whole world?  
Is their life everlasting?

My soul is everlasting and infinite,  
But the road to heaven is finite,  
And I have not mastered it.  
The real religion fuses with the eternal,  
Linking your heart to the ultimate,  
Like the head of a duelist  
Who masters nobody but himself.

Naveed Akram

# Every Every Every Time

Timely individuals find a genius to hide and demand  
A supplying action and thought of you to to do  
The belated headdance of you and real paint is needed.  
Every day brings a broth and has brimming the golden coldness  
Calling us together in harmony.

Naveed Akram

# Every Eye

Every eye shall have a taste of life,  
All beings become priests and clerics.  
But where is the academy? What is the price?  
To pay is to design a life of your own,  
Completing the moment and movement.  
Where are the clerics who administer their spells  
From sages and counts?

Every eye has sweetness mingled within it,  
The heart complains no longer for the classical  
Idea, the head is swayed by words of a day,  
Then fright is witnessed by some who envision  
Perfect purity, like a wealthy man or innocent boy.  
The slaves have arrived, to vehemently oppose  
The masters who practise philosophy.

Every eye shall have a day when the night comes  
At last, feeding the world with but one recipe,  
The recipe of hate. It is hate within the heart that  
Stirs and skirts the balcony, when pears and roses  
Are tossed into the hour of the garden.  
Hate shall vanquish once more, into clouds of love  
As the enemy is the foe, and sweet scents blow their way  
To kingdoms of the eye.

Naveed Akram

# Every Life And Soul

Every tulip brothers a man's wine,  
It pours to the source of a soul,  
Like clouds of Spring the burden of liquids  
Has arrived like rainfall.  
The main wine is in the brook of the world,  
Flowing from a mountaintop,  
Little by little a drop has been collecting  
So huger than earth and soil,  
The barren desert is so desolate and watered.

One finds oneself in a multitude of sin,  
A city has been begun by the swords of the one,  
Let him be an impostor of a different kind.  
One finds this city of manliness a daughter as well,  
That worships the parent or the father alone.  
One sees a touch to the situation,  
Why do they rise with their salutations?  
One finds the wines so endearing,  
The main wine is left from a spring  
That ears have seen, and eyes have heard.

The gusts will blow on this mountaintop,  
Filling the atmosphere with more,  
Scattering the tears of the one who dies  
Instead of lives,  
Death provides those with heart.

Naveed Akram

# Every Man Is Like A Poet

Every man shall surmise like the poets  
And change his leanings according to poetry;  
This poetry dwells from the inner soul,  
Directly the journey goes to the likeness of heaven.

Confused and despised is man's apparatus,  
Then the devil takes over his brain of solubility,  
These rare intellectual thoughts enter the copse,  
Those interjections arise from the corpse.

Let the poets live forever, defining the light,  
Deceiving mad mornings like fire and ice,  
But letters roll forth in their born ways,  
Like the poetry of the poets who conquer.

Naveed Akram

# Every Spring

Everything is done for the beauty of spring,  
Every man shall taste his sweetness until he rises again.  
Those with tears outshine the doers of good and character  
Is the quality we uphold, we caress this jolly term forever.

Be still like the flower or rose, let no igneous rock brighten,  
Let no stream become a noisy brook, with land at heart.  
Everything is doing a special day and night, when crying men  
Enter the copse of delight and leaves, that rot and dwell.

I cannot go to sleep or slumber, return then to those above  
Might of a staring human, might of a ghostly humanoid,  
Might of a judgement, might of light all around, and might  
Encompassing the seas of work and toil and tumult.

Naveed Akram

# Everybody Knows

Everybody knows I am growing old,  
But the faster I carry on forgiving  
The more is the beauty of my parents,  
For the old ages are supremely entwined.  
Everybody survives in their ablution,  
The wash of the eyes is of the supreme  
Luck, and daily a current of air and water  
Combine to forsake the body of lies.

The oddity of a day is unique for the prize,  
My prison is solved by the reactors of nuclear age.  
The sentences of the guilty ones combine  
And permeate throughout us all.  
The poverty of poetry is supreme and major,  
Like the old mountain as it glares at faces.  
What do you wear on the shoulders?  
It is a fountain of spinning water that bites.

Naveed Akram

# Everyday Presence

His everyday presence forgot me,  
A little farther and the world toppled,  
Investigations loomed larger than ice,  
Brittle were the mechanisms of this small disease.

My research has been condemned by him,  
For a moment, he took off the bucket.  
Then worries were face-to-face,  
Never wearing helmets on the heart.

My probable heats were aligned,  
Menace happened on the continent,  
Edges of disgrace overwhelmed and tilted  
The balance we call living and disorder.

Naveed Akram

# Everyday Way

I delight in the everyday Way,  
Among the mist and fog, the plain;  
Every rock and cave is joined,  
Feeling is believing, loathing me.

The plain speech of the Way  
Excites me as I meander through the forest  
Of the mountains in the angelic spirit,  
Finding rocks and boulders rising.

Everyone who glimpses the mountain  
Sees a man outside and indoors,  
It climbed you as well in the forest,  
You cannot fathom these words.

I delight in the ways of the Mountain,  
How it climbed you so well and wet;  
The water is like a river of beauty  
From the excitement housed in the air.

Naveed Akram

# Everyone Dreams

Everyone has been joyous on the fountain of joy,  
Put in every heart is a caravan of men who hear  
And choose, who speak and listen to questions.  
The angelic thoughts then enter to stir the soul,  
Once the understanding is clearer than joy,  
Once the joy has everlasting grace and peace.

Pillars of faith are entailed in the very living of us,  
Everyone is at silence, particular pleasure;  
When the height of the rocket is far we rejoice,  
As fireworks create the light of our forefathers  
Every year of every century that we gathered by hands,  
This hand is a fading stroke, a land of the desired.

What will happen to the night's light or lamp?  
What sun is about to claim a powerful ray?  
We toss in bed and see a dream of right and might,  
This righteous activity is interpreted by the man  
Who hears the familiar sounds and sights  
From the family of facts, the images of love and joy.

Naveed Akram

# Everything Is Everything

Everything contains everything, even youth is an example  
Of this everything that forbids more from happening, like an  
Event that causes other events, which in turn collapses.  
Every sort of man considers the plain understanding of man,  
He grasps the ability to sing, to cause laughter, and commit sin,  
But why do legislators cause the skin to suffer when our  
Parties are innocent and our ghosts are so translucent?

Youth will bring a broomstick to scatter away the princes contained  
In the soup of desire, a worse nightmare than broth of beef.  
We have everything and everything we have to possess,  
Forces are a massive aid to the understanding, so that rich men  
Strive in their crucial gaze and beat drums called hearts afraid.

I don't think everything is concerned about everything, yet minds  
Command, and beautiful people are abiding in this working populace;  
Signs are to be told with tinsel and tone, seeking gold, feeling silver,  
Like the young heart beating in the breast, like a force called nature.

Naveed Akram

# Evil Rain

And if rain would to be blessed by someone,  
Drops gather and sustain us well, water is emerging  
A clear winner, a source of indulgence by the weakest  
And strongest, hearts are blending now and blinding now.

They bind in mysterious ways, gluttonous approaches,  
Noting the differences of a heart and liver;  
They abide in the plays of songs, thrones of endeavour,  
Lulling the pressure of solid accusations, disgruntled.

Let the rain be absurdly indifferent after the  
Wall-mounted ornaments jog and jerk, stop and quirk.  
Viscid liquids called blood adjoin to the other side,  
Hell is the boundary, it seethes into the flesh when poisoned.

Wormy features have sustained the horrors and abominations,  
One is in abject fear in wonderful torment,  
Worms eat into the beliefs, and create spiritual madness  
Or persecution, the passion of evil and bad.

Naveed Akram

# Evil Sage

An ancient sage blows  
Into my face frothing with  
Blood that spits and sighs.

Naveed Akram

# Evil Slaves

Slaves of the evil one are around with trouble,  
They do not hesitate once they exist with something;  
To bite like a chosen slave abundantly clarifies the issue,  
It invited me to shoot, a shooter is me.

The evil inside is like one of the aspects of life  
Too dark. The dark one carries forth this message.  
Slavery is like a dozen virtues all disgraced,  
Yet lusts negate the virtues and fall to us.

Naveed Akram

# Evolution

Nuts are brighter than the brown flowers,  
Opening entrancing gestures of spring;  
My thought resides in the minds of men  
Who stammer with their bright tongues.  
The nutty men are the poor women,  
Their wrestling is exactly proud and innocent.  
Those botanical objects in the air  
Are the doctors of the kindness.  
One matters along the heads of masters  
Who problematically sell their virtues.  
The zoos of primitive laughs are against  
The wall in this side of the galaxy.  
Once the cosmos considers the stars,  
The stars consider the giant stars to be solid.

Naveed Akram

# Exalted

One day is exalted beyond hope,  
The names of the firmament are hidden;  
Then we choose to expose them on a creature,  
This same creation from God, who delves  
Into mathematics and learning: his name is Man.  
As far as life exists, this creature spins its tail  
And makes a shape for himself in ways of death.  
Much bigger is the tale he wishes for the other women  
Who congratulate him fiercely from the fights.  
A more plentiful treasure awaits the execution  
Of love and hate, the basic natures of those who say.  
To say is to feel, and to feel may be wise in front  
Of afflictions, these depressing notions and beliefs.  
One day we spark the light  
And darkness ensues.

Naveed Akram

# Excellent Path

A path of excellence flows through the life,  
An infant asks what we learn for the path;  
One man is better at the task than another  
For all have tasks that are arduous, that back break.  
Infancy is a prize and we carefully count  
Their years for all to hear; the hearing is complete.  
Excel for them, each will gain their respite,  
One man is better at the task than another.  
May we fluently speak for our throats,  
The throat enables our deliberate thoughts of precision.  
The real sages recite the verses of poetry  
And write their own prose for all infants to read.

Naveed Akram

# Excellent Wand

Sorcerers excel at casting,  
Using up their spells.  
Upon reaching the grassland,  
Their wands acquire new spells.  
They might have dragons,  
They maybe have the hobgoblin,  
But they draw upon the lore,  
The ancient lore is set upon them.

Slippery mind, skilful mastery,  
Are just talents of the forsaken.  
Extreme events entail trade,  
Coins disappear and appear.

Naveed Akram

# Exceptional Food

The meal was over as I spoke,  
Innards kept the blessing of cooking;  
My spoken tongue was inert  
As prayers were repeated.  
My religion was of fasting  
And not cooking or banquets.

It was my religion that mattered,  
Like the oval office and similar places  
Of comedy, the very seriousness,  
The very proud deeds of the soul,  
And those that mattered  
To the food or taste we take with the day.

Now that dinner was over,  
I was over, and this deed was over.  
I lifted my fork to speak wonders  
That astonished everybody's taste,  
Like the lunch of the noon  
And dinner of the light of the night.

The dance began, as we were happy,  
To dance was to be finality,  
Jostling inwards with exceptional flavour  
That was also ingested with the food -  
This was food with spiritual music!  
Our lives were ending right now.

Then the offer of a peace arrived,  
As the music stopped and arrived  
Yet halted in its path to see innocence  
In the efforts of a speaker  
Who intimidated us as we saw him,  
The man of exceptional taste, the owner of this place.

Such deeds he spoke and such plates he gave,  
Dishes supported his biggest way of talking,  
Conversations surrounded his meaning,  
So the party was special like the breeze,

The breeze of words that we felt on our cheeks,  
As our ears were pricked with awe.

“This is the day we dine and the night we clasp,  
Finding no sacred other place than this grand mansion.”  
This he spoke to us with meaning,  
And he wanted to see what we enjoyed  
And some of us wanted more noise,  
So the music began after the speech.

This night was extraordinary for the talents,  
The food inspired me as I floated,  
This morbid thought arrived afterwards -  
What if the night should end  
And leave us forever in the night?  
Then there would be no merriment or taste.

I laughed as we sat in the carriage  
That came by to pick us up;  
We were rich, as a rich couple,  
As a wealthy lad and lass,  
Like the fountains of stupid colours  
And fragrances, so bitter yet elegant.

I was thankful the night finished  
With dignified manners and perfect noise,  
Songs could never bring more joy  
Than this enjoyment we experienced,  
The joy of musical words,  
The joys of a beautiful party.

Naveed Akram

## Exceptional Men

A militant man accepts nobody in the rows of exceptions,  
Microsurgery is needed by the experts when they see him.  
Metres of expiration shall lend a hand to the weak of hand,  
But a man so inquisitive shall hear of nobody in particular.  
Nothing by the muse shall be accepted,  
Nobody ethically reasons but the moralist.  
His idea of fun concerns us when he is felt,  
Then morals are far too furious in the light of the moon  
And then sun.

Naveed Akram

## Excessive Joy

One feels a shameful action by others,  
Instilled in me as well by the onlookers,  
The words of God have arisen to impel,  
Wrangling is not of the kindness in life.

One feels a greed of the tomorrow,  
Life had us in its grasp but young,  
This youth has arisen from purity,  
One felt upset when you delivered.

A shameful act has many sides,  
Polygons can outwit the skies,  
But skies have seen a scene  
After so many marauding birds.

Enter then the den of disbelief,  
Understand us as we speak,  
Feeding the kidney with disasters  
And the liver with excess joy.

Naveed Akram

# Excitation

Excitation is the best feeling to be,  
If you excite a soul then it is your own;  
An eddy is created from recreation,  
And the heart swoons on believers  
To absolve and forgive and stir.  
The stern beliefs are crazy, their laws  
Manipulate the blood vessels,  
Ships of sailors abandon the body.  
To excite someone is to believe in his soul,  
And this heart cancels the other heart.  
May the main puncture be overtaken  
By a prick that strengthens and toughens.  
Excite him now that you see his mind  
And the soul will reach infinite stretches of time.

Naveed Akram

# Executive

I am an exec of cold stare,  
Inner ice believes in the old tears;  
When it coldly stammers  
We convince the authorities  
Of exercises solidly in the thoughts.

I am an exec of an office,  
My land is yours in this company.  
I call it godly as the whistle is  
Selling sound of the whole quest  
Like the talkers we describe.

The mute man is an official,  
He carries currency from the fastest  
Men on the planet, a look of polite  
Health penalises the major questions,  
And let the capitalist be a chief.

My iron is a tree of the offensive fading,  
Away the odour strikes the belt,  
So sound steals the mildewy halls,  
Of an executive of the highest health,  
A man of fervour in the terms of youth.

Naveed Akram

# Exercise It

Exercise the will to succeed  
The will can successfully enjoy itself.

Exercise the mind to proceed  
The brain has much in procedure.

Exercise the body and to bleed  
Inside the layers of itself.

Exercise again and again, indeed  
To enliven the soul for its task.

Naveed Akram

# Exhale Later

In breathe, then express a solid condition,  
Forward march like the Spring, offering my request.  
Inaugurated man shall be men on the Summer,  
This season of springing legions of war.  
The army is against us when we stare and abuse,  
In breathe to exhale later, hold your raised volume up,  
Features of the skin like silk, one matters for duty.  
A duty shall carry me forward, to the longest nights  
Of our lives, to investigate the premise of logic.

Naveed Akram

# Expansion Of The Universe

To expand your universe requires expansion,  
Swelling of the face and the eyes seem to care.  
You see wonderful characters in space,  
And stars glisten with their heat, as if to expand.

Naveed Akram

# Experience This

The experience I hold fastens on,  
I would like to now climb and pass  
The tests of time, the very tests are mine.

Pay for the travellers of space,  
Play with sleep up till this date,  
May we sit and reply to the innocence.

Preventing us making disorder is the reality  
We have to love and cherish,  
Performing delivers results.

Naveed Akram

# Experiments In The Rain

O to construct experiments and cry,  
Just to lie in front of the king.  
Rain has fallen from high in the sky,  
Water so acidic the scientists want to bellow  
Insults at a passer-by, the one who constructs.  
His entrance into the view high upon the balcony  
Is followed by a fall to the ground so slowly  
It breaks his head finally.  
Enough of this time with this spectator of sport,  
They are steaming with fury at the belittlement  
Of this strange sportsman of the little kind.  
O to reside in this game for long is too sensible  
That we sometimes cry for more pain the longer we play.

Naveed Akram

# Experts

Experts who trust the way of life,  
Who love the learning, are precious.

Experts can not live like us  
If they are separate.

Learn the expertise that is real,  
And be diligent in the role of study.

Naveed Akram

# Explain It All

Explain, that it is palatable, for all of us,  
This food particle admires the very heart.  
My eating and living are in your name,  
As if the whole of mankind shall watch  
The riding beasts and the wholesome tractors,  
Of the farms and villages, the stable places.  
One town smells of another's reputation  
But when do we describe to you this task?  
When I bump into you, I bump into worlds  
Of delight and pleasure. This I know.

Naveed Akram

## Explain The Disasters

The explanations are final and absolute,  
Find me a river, and find me some I already behold.  
The disasters are discovered by priests,  
Solutions to problems are them. The solidity  
Is to see them light the road ahead.

Naveed Akram

# Exploit So Massive

An exploit worth the wait is a massive deed,  
Deeds and more deeds await the stranger  
Who wears macabre sounds, noises of disgust.  
The work is redundant since the horror of moments  
Ceases and decreases, like grease has been overpowering.  
The hair we wear is like no glaring habit,  
It is the head of hair that makes you see further.  
My piece of luck has finished due to deeds of redness  
And blueness, both are due to blood and the sky at day.

Naveed Akram

# Exploration

Many waters speak wonders, like oil  
That fuels us with teeth.

Many mountains provoke a trouble,  
From their very sight and wealth.

Like the victory of good, the human help  
Carried us further than the nature all around.

A man of magic surmounts a favourite rock of height-  
A mountain of mighty metres, the same number as god.

Like the night, we see this world, all night,  
And every day there is a new complete journey.

This is how to always explore your crafts,  
This will prove all your remedies.

Naveed Akram

# Explorer

A sound is south, and north is normal,  
For east has each, and west may be wealthier.  
The wind blows on the horizon of trees,  
We now possess some wondrous delight  
From the sound of the waves of the sea.  
Mighty rivers have flowed in, mighty seas  
Bloom with insignificant fish, the wealthiest  
Creatures of the sea, as they happen to be full  
Of space, and space is the key to normalcy.  
Normal weather patterns show at first,  
Then astonishing sound is coming of seagulls,  
Far too many, far too many seagulls are seen.  
We have discovered a land of opportunity,  
The island of hope and understanding,  
A beautiful living place so cherished by the  
People who own it, and we now own it.

Naveed Akram

# Explosion

Gorgeous full explosion of paint and as well pleasure,  
Against us; fully exact repulsive joke of joker.  
I hate themselves for this explosion of joy.  
Trick or treatment of abysmal quality.  
It is a bang you're looking for, and I found  
It! It is in the way and I want it. It is away now.  
Fuller explosions can never measure to this,  
And more explosive activity ensues.  
Over.

Naveed Akram

# Express Heartliness

Open a hand to the level of mine,  
Exert it fully like the created line.  
Bestow your liking for them,  
And anger must never damn.  
Hold my hands as of now,  
And never let go of us, just bow.  
My salute is finer like a general -  
Of life and special and of real.  
Extend the greeting from the bed of your heart  
As a heart beats on and on and on.

Naveed Akram

# Extra Management

Doubled and tripled the jokes go biggest,  
To then rid us of serenity and find ghost.  
The aliens describe a once suitable bone to pick,  
The extra management of the soul!

Significant and proud the region is allowed,  
Always to be half and full recorded.  
The simple destination and degree is applied,  
The extra folder of hope.

Naveed Akram

# Extra-Terrestrial Ghosts

Ghosts are needed because they are rare,  
Open the doors for their passage, and let  
Speech inhibit their talk, in the world.  
Haunted is a planet as well as a soul,  
Going to houses haunted is unallowed, unfaithful  
To the rest of humanity. We are travelling with experts  
Who have green and red and blue, the primary colours.  
In each is the seed of pleasure in the eye, in the one who beholds  
As a man of silence. Describe this planet, I say to you.  
Haunted planets are the worlds of non-delight,  
And a Martian Landscape is far too ugly for us,  
We shall outline them now with disgust.

Naveed Akram

# Extreme Values

When I came down I saw him approaching,  
Then the walk distinctly appeared like walking,  
Talking and walking mastered themselves.

I was surprised by the extreme values he held,  
Pulling everything together in his head,  
Expressing joys and news of a single season.

I cut a piece of the idea extremely acceptable,  
Once they pull in their heads everything together,  
The real pushing of thoughts emerges like a strong light.

Naveed Akram

## Extrovert, With Sane Abilities

Extrovert of sanity, excellent prince of design,  
Your outgoing self relies on fevers and laughter.  
One day you are ill, the next day a harvest  
Has been gathered, collected so well by the men of revelry.

You enjoy society, now that deceased ones are many,  
The telephone rings, keeping in touch is the hobby.  
Mix and do proud, the prince is not wounded,  
He hardens one's heart when collecting and cultivating friendship.

Naveed Akram

# Eye

An eye for fire has another eye of hurts,  
They are the organs of the spire, of alerts.

Naveed Akram

# Eye On Disaster

I kept an eye on disaster when I could,  
To protect the belief of looking up,  
Turning had curvature, touring was sprung,  
And the hesitation played into the books.  
A square of the time was something  
On a course of tremors, the square of the time  
Had skin and feathers, a pea soup  
To burn inside, letting wings to emerge  
For flight and ease of rights to die.

I keep on searching for the sort  
That matches with death,  
Believe in all of the wide, blue ocean,  
Fishes stink in the air above the seas.

I run home, I see ducks on the pond  
Then in the ocean, with flight to buy  
The market called Nature.

Naveed Akram

# Eyes

Eyes are arriving at my senses,  
Policies of hearts, kissing a management.  
Ears abide in a heavenly odour,  
Full of pride and ache.  
My eyes burst against desire when I fall  
Into a stupor, into relaxation.  
The death of beautiful eyes  
Bought a catcher of cats  
As no mother or father could buy.  
The police have words when spoken to  
About the recent bravery,  
About the eye and nose.

Naveed Akram

# Eyes And Ears

Eyes and ears have blessings, too much for the heart,  
And the passion that uncovered them was not the part.

Glancing with passion is thrilling like seeing,  
An object I refer to the public-being.

As she nears, the eyes are calm in the face,  
As the nose smells, the tranquillity has a place.

Eyes are seeing wonderfully well,  
As too many visions work in a cell.

Naveed Akram

# Eyes Are Washed

As a rule the washing of the eye is real,  
It occurs when training or resolving the life.  
My promise interferes on the time of death,  
Death and life substitute for each other.

The law for deaths reclines on the thought itself,  
The eyes penalize the effort given to issues;  
The real men of this golden age are blamed  
For the lack of vision and style of writing.

Naveed Akram

# Eyes Made For You

Eyes are made for you in being,  
Cares are thrown at you with dally,  
The thumb of servitude is again,  
And the fingers become leaves once.  
My authority is breached, my author  
Has spoken and written his best effort,  
But where are my words and pictures?  
The same writer accepts the people  
Who mutter phrases of discontent.  
This is abolition of the statements  
Beheld by the believers of worship.

Never speak to those in authority,  
My judges are like flowers of the sown.  
We must utter brilliant words and deeds,  
Fixations flourish on golden eyesight.

Naveed Akram

# F=ma

Force means mass to move  
That is to budge and learn `bout  
Whenever you shift.

Naveed Akram

# Fabulous Work

Fabulous times are every year,  
No longer are the times too scary,  
Independence is now a clear favour  
From up above. We are thin and weak  
As men and other folk do as they please.

The image appears, the crystal is glistening,  
You work harder along some of the winds.  
It is as if the whole world is damaged  
And you are not, the work of a dupe  
Is injuring and yours is not.

This is fabulous for some.  
For some it is a fabulous practical joke.

Naveed Akram

# Face

His face was misshapen, due to excess stress,  
Lulling the features of the mind and body.  
The defensible became possible due to age,  
It was propaganda on a huge scale.  
To moisturize him was clumsy for the house,  
As the house kept worry as a tool.  
The face was an excellent description,  
Full faces worked from the mind and body.  
A kangaroo jumped in front of him in the zoo,  
When zoos seemed plenty of news for the soul.

Naveed Akram

# Face Filters

His face filters into a copied expression,  
The pecking of his tongue  
Is an expression.

With speech there parts a word  
Prized by the calligraphers.  
Her face expands, then symbols  
Arise to the chlorophyll of plants  
That ebb and flow like accordions.  
Why this tottering and disguise?  
It is a whopper being, to be itself  
The being of questions that  
One intimates.  
The coral offends and affects us  
Ossifying into copies of fetters.

The faces of our eyes commit  
A slant of distaste, at the being  
Of letters and volumes so old,  
They paint a panting voice.

Then diesel has ameliorated us  
With flanking action,  
Foot after foot can enact cars  
That drive their weight in this modern  
Fright.

Naveed Akram

# Face Of The Sea

The sea has a face, my body,  
As I remake the soul for glory.  
Eyes closed, the water seeps in,  
Nose shall succumb and body shall spend.  
The scary waters around me inherit  
The thinking hard creature I am.  
This health is but a certainty,  
Full of praise, full of work and hardship,  
So that designing the heart is like grace.  
Waters of high health are of the seas,  
Their brine chases us from afar.

Naveed Akram

# Face The Truth

A man must face the truth,  
His chief commanded the religion  
To be disobeyed, to be objected.  
The truth made a knowledge too rare  
For the man, and that man decided  
That you must follow the truth  
Due to pain and pleasure, I see  
Both of them or some of each.  
I am not the chief!

Naveed Akram

# Face Your Maker

The appearance of a face when viewing His Maker  
Is like no other, is famed forever, always in stings of love.  
The face guarantees us the sense to astound God  
Through Remembrance and Prayer, always in joy and wonder.  
Awe is present, when awe vacates it is still awe,  
Heaven opened its gates to those who are welcome.

The reality behind an expression from a face  
Is only known to the wearer of smiles.  
God does not wear a smile for me just now  
As it is my turn to swallow my food with my mouth  
And resent nobody like God for not smiling at me just now.  
The presentation of food I see before me is enough,  
For presence of food is enough for anybody.

Naveed Akram

# Faces In The Wind

I made a disgusted face, with my notice  
The faces conferred and I reddened falsely,  
With their own place on squeezing with the devil.  
Teaching, if she did, enforced top classes  
With missing places to regret and deny,  
Sending back was in a sense the managing trick.

I made them have men's names,  
With scruffy, dirty and scrawny appearance  
This time.  
Being a hero commended the soul  
To heavenly gates here and above,  
Just what do they suffer?

The wind roared off, orbiting habitats  
That people built above the Earth.  
The astronomy was sophisticated too much  
As the three days witnessed too many stars.

Naveed Akram

# Faces Of Most Folk

With a face unopened, a joke appeared,  
Taking chances, gathering them, like occupations,  
And then laughter came as money,  
A shrill whistle shook the head.

Hearing wishes pleased the face,  
They meant no harm to the gatherer,  
Half an hour passed with smiles and laughter,  
But most folk strangely disbelieved.

Faces are our wishes, when genius arrives  
As the winter passes and the night unfurls,  
This winter carries a splendour like summer  
For the noses and eyes work like ears.

Naveed Akram

# Facial Intellect

Faces exert a different blowing feature,  
Cruelty is at the risk of the pretender,  
Straight linear starlight defends us,  
For faces bleed as they force the unions.  
Legs and arms of the region  
Are blamed for the shifting  
Answerable to God.

Accounting men strive forward,  
Saintly men and women confidently  
Awesomely overwhelm,  
Internal regions are worst of course.

Men are certainly brought to the heart  
That sinks and you are sinking,  
Due to the heat that shivers the head with  
Hot bids so striking in their hearts.

Let intellect be returned to the absolute  
Entrance that fixes its stare on the unions,  
They are the ones that lie in their statistics.

Naveed Akram

# Facing Upwards

Facing upwards we conceive the utterances,  
Catching on fire we complete the foolishness.  
Endure then and encircle slight breezes of the east,  
With lifelong friendship being carried along.  
Console the friends of these saints and saints  
Who are listeners of slight phrases from God.  
That the inner wheel starts and stops is meagre talk,  
That the innocent patience of a man masters  
The foolishness of a competing pair is a solid deed.  
We press on, catching lies shone from the whole levels,  
Wasting away like devils of the drain and pain.  
So the thirst mounts and sweat has been the result,  
A sun shines with desert style to evacuate the weak.

Naveed Akram

## Facts Sown

My assemblage of facts sowed the seeds of this nation,  
To feed the hundreds we come with fence and wire;  
Demure thoughts are achieved once the flats of heaven dive,  
And we admire the fire of conspiracy, an expiration of the soul.

Let retired generals be with gunfire, the opposing force,  
This sense of oneness is a quagmire for any warrior  
To be green in a land of trees, inspiring me tonight.  
This day is a night of the slightest fellows.

Naveed Akram

# Facts To Manufacture

An achievement was passed over the long way,  
Facts to manufacture can reside in the airway.  
To solve and act carried intelligence,  
Underneath the sea of engineering and absence.  
Your following is brave and worthy,  
Execute the project and be ivory.  
To be jabbing the boss and chief  
I work a way too hard and thief.  
This sea, this me, I have concocted  
To be my word of relaxation I demonstrated.

Naveed Akram

# Fade

Fade into love, face it at length  
And life may gain amazement,  
It may triumph of entertainment  
Gather like the wincings of pride.  
Your loves are numerous  
As manifold dreams.  
Loves are special if ghosts  
Could tear the flesh of lovers.  
Fade into love.

Naveed Akram

## Fade Away

Fade into the sunset like a dog under water,  
Sleep is better than leaping into bed later.  
I think on destiny as replacer of memory,  
The passed years are long forgotten really.

Fade into the sunrise like a cat yawning,  
Rise from the sleep of the dawn for earning.  
Really, I concentrate on levitation  
As a single reason for living deprivation.

Naveed Akram

# Fade Into Heaven

Fade so swiftly into a shadow, for you are evil,  
It certainly suffers, poor is your soul and might;  
Open the door to pain and mayhem, killing you  
By its grip, it felt cold but then warm.  
Entrance is superb, fully enticing, more than a friend,  
Lulling the demons causes peace in this quarter,  
Where friends of God tell angels what to do.  
I adore and admire, I have spirits surprising,  
Warm is my tongue with blasphemy so fresh,  
As if words were meant to be written in order to police  
The general heavenly populace, a state so crowded.  
But angels are in knots, in wool, fastened to the door  
More than what we think or describe or what we teach.  
The door must give way to man and woman,  
Its hinges creak, the story is transferred  
And I am young in this grasp, in what is appealing.

Naveed Akram

# Fade Into The Night

Fade into the night in this disaster,  
Desks of purity have arrived electrically;  
Chemicals chill the atmosphere,  
Delicate shards miracle this land of snow.

Bounciness combats the layout and danger,  
Agile beings magically appear tonight,  
Defeating us when the night falls upon the legs,  
Chubby cheeks ready and waiting.

These delirious bones colossally bury  
Their young in the systems of shapes;  
Inside the body houses a ship of commands  
And concepts, draining the energy uniquely.

Naveed Akram

# Fading

Fading is an art of extreme complication,  
When do rivers build water enough to equip?  
A sensation is heard from the other world,  
Felt by time and time is always on my side.  
The disappearance created trickery of light,  
Awarded to the man in white, the very quiet scientist.  
Never undo your life due to tragedy,  
Never then pursue a course of activity.  
Fading will be a nonsense, fully entwined  
In the world of sensations and effects.

Naveed Akram

# Fading Into Space

Fading into space is this wheel of heat,  
Turning into a ball the wheel is rolling to compete;  
This sport carries no winning or defeat, the whole  
Unique work will endanger the sport of a hellhole.  
The sport is fine once mastered, by the astronauts,  
By the captains and generals with afterthoughts.  
Anybody with dreams contained in their mind  
Becomes in real jeopardy of staying behind.

Naveed Akram

# Fading Light

Fade into the light of darkness and night,  
This meaning combines with what is bright.

Naveed Akram

# Fading Star

This star fades while time comes,  
Numbers of them fill and complete the space;  
Both time and space exactly linger  
To submerge us in them.  
There is a linearity of the stars,  
They linger, they linger, they wink.

This star forces other stars to effort fully  
Reside in the fairness of the Universe;  
Like Mars and Venus we occupy  
The heavens to overtly distance ourselves  
From the Sun.

Naveed Akram

# Faint Whispers

A faint whisper entered the jaws of love,  
He listened too hard again, tonight;  
These ways were known to gods above,  
They learnt in the prime world a little deed  
Of invention, so crafty and exact.  
To whisper is to tame the learned  
And this sounds like sin after sin,  
For the gods are outraged at what has been,  
The universe dwells inside their souls.  
One faint murder occurs too apologetically  
So that verses are in the output,  
Sinful men are evil men, not godly women.  
A faintness to the whisper was again,  
Gods fell too hard, gods were striving taking  
The treasures of trials, and these witnessed  
The altars for the deeds of sin were like festivals.

Naveed Akram

# Fair Rains

Never is the land fair when it rains,  
For raining submits to the path that hurts;  
Desks of teachers make teachings,  
The rain is there to smother the rich in learning.

Open the thoughts we provide with a silver key,  
The rain of thinking shall access thoughts.  
The ghosts of the night hide the men's laughter,  
As the rain strikes hard on the heads and arms.

Never is the land a selling-ground for thinkers,  
For thinkers carry substances, not just ideas and facts;  
We are the children of wisdom, the wise ones,  
Forever in conflict with those on our path and trek.

Naveed Akram

# Fairies' Gathering

To beleaguer an assemblage of fairies requires skill,  
Manufactured from the disuse of happiness and joy.  
It makes your spouse laugh and giggle forever,  
With desultory tones of music to inflame you.  
Comely works are held in shelter, for the force,  
As ethereal figures are attached to your garden,  
A graveyard or funny little town of flowers and plants.  
This is evocative of musical rhythms and sounds only pleasant,  
Their brains are like love, and hatred inhibits them from smiling.  
Then languor and tragedy, as fairies submerge into grass,  
Forcing your lungs to collapse and inhibit respiration.  
The fairies are in a different plane of existence  
That destroys your mind but not theirs.

Naveed Akram

# Faith In Me

Faithful believer,  
My fame is at an end,  
Yet I play along the circles  
That are concentric.  
Faithful lover of the west  
And east,  
Why does horizon and friend  
Be distinct tonight in this  
Setting sun?  
Lulling the sense,  
When do circular roadways  
Fade into the holiday?  
My fame is at an end,  
For fixing the time is deadly  
In the season of your fold.

May tonight be the tall lever.  
Pull it to reach salvation sweet,  
The sweetness is oblong  
For the sucrose is damning.  
Why do circles mutter their  
Praises on the bed?  
The fructose is especially  
Concentrated to be offending.  
It is sweeter than the face  
Of people who dine on the tales.

Naveed Akram

# Faithful Leader

May our minds be faithful to the truth,  
Madness is the pleasure of the ruthless.  
The company of angels is only found by the clergy  
Or the leaders of faith who are not mad or ruthless.

Guesses are flourishing from too much sunlight,  
Minds are like the light from the blindness of men.  
If you are blind, more is attained and so the mind is elegant  
And beautiful in its charisma, the mind is totally intelligent.

Any cleric would find religion for his very blindness,  
But sunlight is a tale to tell, a tale to spell to the public.  
Leaders of the faithful need the day to act like non-sinners,  
And goodness will start to flourish, acting like angelic men.

Naveed Akram

# Faithful Rock

What is the faithful one?

It is the snow underneath the sea,  
After such blue hills a bliss occurs.

The noble heart understands a laugh  
Rolling in the hidden lands,  
The world's politeness must die.

Inside the faith of a rock is hot lava,  
Opening the fear of the stillness,  
Where are the widowers of glamour?

Faith has entered their noble hearts,  
No late light promises us further,  
For the nobility of the heart is supreme.

Naveed Akram

# Faithful Servant

She was a faithful servant to the rich minds,  
Overhearing the voices was to stop the rich minds;  
Very comfortable men of such vigour and stature  
Celebrated in their mediums of thoughts.

My penniless pounds spoke with light within  
This prisoner of the night, a lacking man  
Of rich health and blazing strength,  
Fierce occupations reserved their length.

She was a sage serenading in the civilisation,  
Comfort and years of crime afflicted the promenade;  
The society grew into limbs of choice and life,  
She overheard too many top thoughts of living.

Naveed Akram

# Fall Of The Leaf

The fall of the leaf is a wonderful fault  
Worn by those with happy heads and energy;  
To situate the conversation is a deed,  
How my heart feels a relentless grief  
Laid on it by humane nonsense,  
And how slumbers of the night  
Are awakened by more slumber?

It is the ruins of the palace forgotten by winds,  
It is the instigator of sin, the champion who will win  
Over devils when once been a devil,  
When the leaf that falls will enter the edge of reason.

Naveed Akram

# Falling And Floating

The falling of exterminators burns floatingly,  
Their souls are rejected by the dozens  
Kissing the rocks of unclean elements  
In the meaningful time.

To surround the intellect with fires and balls of fire,  
We seal the soul with the essence it should contain  
Which is plain to see and is quite grander than divinity.

In this meaningful place we call Paradise  
An incident is of luxury, their signs are never  
Resented by the looking people who touch the  
Thoughts going through their souls.

Meanings of heavenly pain are obscurer  
Than the falling bricks  
As they plummet into the centre of the Earth,  
A world we have contained with our brilliance.

Naveed Akram

# Falling From Heaven

Above are the heavens where we construct our thoughts,  
Then falling, we consolidate the learning with refreshment.  
Water has flowed, we entice the growth of human structure,  
Wasting is a disease, of the self, over a fountain we enjoy.  
Falling again, the stage has arrived to embitter me and my comrades.  
False attention I proclaim, fellowship is my control,  
Join him or her to the self, as a controlling soul,  
Marry the other, marry the others, with dignity  
And you fall from slumber and enter nervous feelings  
That scare you into a school of slumber, the stage we enter.  
Slumber is a supper to be deserted from,  
Away must you fall into the earth and its air  
Falling not floating, forcing the ground to be studied by oneself.

Naveed Akram

# Falling Into Space

Fall into the space I own for the owls and wise-animals,  
There is a place to bounce here, like flying men with ankles.

Naveed Akram

# False Actors

Some were false poor actors,  
Laying on the lane of freedom;  
Others betrayed the stage,  
Forcing some to neglect the acts.  
Then a solution of utterances  
Pried into the ranks of soldiers  
Who fought and brought their duties.  
They acted out of the will  
That defeated each object,  
Smashing to pieces a fading door.  
The theatrical forces swayed  
And subdued the masses of  
Simple people who withdrew.

Some were falsely accused of  
Murder, others resented and spied  
Due to their illness and  
Knowledge, that preyed on us.  
The acts coincided with curtains,  
A spectacular day was afraid  
Of the holy nights so well staged.  
My mighty pen dissolves into  
A hundred molecules, diving further  
Into the world of playwriting.  
I have to master the works of man,  
That strive for the abolition of  
My soul in stagnation, in sorrow.

Naveed Akram

# False Tales

I know not why the false tales stir trouble,  
Like talk of fear, talk of hate and no such talk of love.  
May spectacles splendidly arise for the better,  
To words I have dedicated my tale or story.  
The glasses I wear write eastern airs to the rain,  
These rains are long and hard.

The list of words continues to speak  
About a town or village in the full knowledge.  
The disaster crests with laughter and nought will destroy,  
Nothing is caring of you and this world of glasses.

Naveed Akram

# False Valour Of A Werewolf

See the false valour rampage a destiny,  
The feelings are vampires of the highness;  
They concoct a potion for the necromancers,  
Defending the ankles and freezing the footprints,  
A water-like substance remains and turns you still.

For a werewolf has become you,  
Fixing its stare and awfully conceiving  
A fright, its very right that is bitter and pleasant  
At the same time, that has centrally formed.  
Midway a prime facet shall be inmost,  
An inner realm explodes and incites a fire  
Incident, that were-rats arrive at,  
Sorcery ensues for the convenient ones.

After some time of discovery,  
It has enlivened less,  
Stimulated only by food, that rouses  
Discomfort and fright stops on the front.  
This thing has been a manly man,  
But I shall never witness an atrocious smell  
Of some importance.

Naveed Akram

# Falsehood

Falsehood hated the solving mind,  
Lines of glory have been written  
Due to aches and pains of the collision  
That compels us to wrong and turn over the head  
Into sleep, so fortunate that we detest it.  
False boars of indulgence scare us and hate  
For we grind the doors of the mind on hate  
As hatred itself.  
It must destroy us, hatred is to destroy me  
And the residents we occupy with our houses.  
Castles and doors to these large monuments  
Will be peaceful now that falsehood is again.

Naveed Akram

# Falsehood Has Allies

Among the false allies there are acute sayings,  
These are varied according to the foodstuffs,  
And these expecting a gratitude.  
So useful are the many illustrations,  
Speaking to the few is just for the justice.  
Because the kindness lingers with ridicule,  
The man justly imposes the law of the land,  
With earnest lion's strength,  
Wondering why the solid burden of this scale  
Has amassed and swollen the skin,  
From wounds the body dies.

A humble muscle carries haunted feelings  
Of a strong kind, one of the hearts has been  
Called a cardiac muscle due to its strength,  
And this imagination allayed us,  
Man justly imposes his will on the lame  
Who have carried a heart.  
Heat is on the back, heat is to the sides  
As heat combines and works a lightning crack  
From a quarter that reminisces,  
From edges of the soul.

Naveed Akram

# Families

A woman is married to sin, when thinking  
Is pious and chaste their sins are forgiven.  
A man must marry only one wife when he  
Sees his eyes in the splendours of heaven.  
For her beauty, the woman must speak to  
The man of men, who are beaming downwards to  
The ground; that defies matter, describes  
Manhood with knowledge of food and drink.

A mighty hazard awaits the law-providers,  
For their laws are inferior and the women  
Hate all forms of inferiority, while the man  
Is averse to the habits of the big, and biggest.  
My family owes a burden to the brothers,  
And a sentence to the sisters, their fright  
Is in the zone of demand, the region of rise.

Naveed Akram

# Family

My master is my mother who creates my writing for me,  
Weathers of the year let her survive the coming year,  
This carries on regardless due to long health and  
The practice of the lying down and standing up.

My master is my father who causes the curse of the purse,  
Instilling pity in the hearts of his children,  
The beloved creatures of a long, long time;  
Life shall matter to them all as it has mattered to everyone.

The children are the masters of their day and night,  
Babies cry forever now, infants sigh forever now,  
To see their parents in the light of the sun in its wake  
As it ascends; and after it descends, the sun shall wave goodbye.

To the family, a star of this health bursts into tears  
To welcome the sisters and brothers  
Into a new living that enlightens, smoothens and soothes  
The kind doctors and lawyers involved in the process.

Let families coincide with each other, a recorded kingdom  
That beats down on us, as we are the populace that matters  
Due to long health, and the health of the superior guardians;  
A little help is required to lighten the load from our forefathers.

Naveed Akram

# Family House

The house is many-storeyed,  
Its flavour is tasty, like the snow.  
May you live in this building  
For all eternity, just to be unique  
And loving towards the family.  
The house abated after a while  
Due to cold and bad weather.  
The weather of a soul is unique  
Since the house is a gap in its wake.  
My house is your house,  
And your house is mine.  
This eternal abode reigns high!

Naveed Akram

# Family Pact

The family entered a pact called a religion,  
Inside this cast of characters you behold strong engagements.  
Joy is substantial in this work of Man,  
My relatives are my relationships forever.  
Under the seawater lived a man of the waters  
Who engaged in the same family practice as us.  
The same family as this one under the seawater  
Lived along years without trials,  
Our trials were non-existent,  
Their trials were non-existent,  
And we lived ever so happy lives.

Naveed Akram

# Famous Events

The events were late in starting,  
Running up ahead was the ideal  
For each driver of legs.

The legs were made to suffer,  
Short and sweet were the messages  
Of this sweet rose and sweet seeking thought.

I see a curve in the path to righteousness;  
Lost in the woods, you turn to the Lord  
And swear a brick has been laid.

Understand those who fear their mothers,  
Doings are taken to be set afresh,  
Why need them in place of hastened steps?

My sayings are like images of the past,  
Listen to their shapes like mathematicians,  
Offering their cool colours if the ideas excite.

I see the black sky as if the wonders have collapsed,  
Introducing a famous corner of the globe,  
Liking the famous women of the famous ode.

Naveed Akram

# Famous Men

The famous rule the world like words of the biblical passages,  
Their paths cross and elaborate the virtuous world with messages;  
One remembers the fame of the obliged one who displays sacredness,  
His faith guarantees us with its pleasure, as the faith mourns and cries.  
This ruler of the earth sustains another leisured group of people  
Called a country, a country then tries and tires according to his wit.

Then the fame of so many centuries gazes at the past with open eyes,  
Felt by the sleepy heads, felt too harder than the rest of the peace.  
This fame is procured by medicine of the former years, it breathes taking  
The death toll to thousands, as the weepers and lepers are never cured.  
Once the death rate is sounding high, a famous man is like a guardsman  
Of the south and north, the west and east, so that he moves according to his wit.

Naveed Akram

# Fanciful Doctor

Fancy I can forgive you for oneself,  
Gather new coins and credits on the shelf.  
This is where the books and ledgers lie,  
I must accept the acids of reading, then amplify.  
I forgive your reading skill so higher than mine,  
For your skills are like a doctor or medical man too fine;  
The basics learnt by your brain are assessed,  
You hurt those in a blessing, and are obsessed.

Naveed Akram

# Fancy

Fancy is a precious feeling,  
One that skilfully plays with the sentence  
Of social intelligence, that life is jostled with  
And you must bury your head in it so that  
The head is coated with living intellect.  
Reason has occupied my mind  
As every fancy has been obliterated  
For the better, and not for the worse.  
Do you interact on space and time  
Like a maniac does a football pitch?  
Fancy having players of sport with skills like us,  
So then somehow talking is for us with them  
And we can then learn sport.  
I fancy the intelligence of sport.

Naveed Akram

# Fantastic Stones

Fantastic stones so outlandish,  
Them fallacies of the brave,  
A pixie will attack a leprechaun,  
When the fairy will falter.  
This is no misconception.  
Stones are burning bright with power  
For the cowards who have swine and elves.  
Fantastic tremendous stones.

Naveed Akram

# Fantasy Has Been Like Rolling Dice

Fantasy hastens its wings over long hours of play,  
Whenever you roll dice probably spells disaster.  
Fantasy occupies the soul from a new position;  
A solid hope has spun a discord, a funny spell,  
One of thatched houses inside which are witches  
Only sold as themselves by the well-adventurers  
Who delve into the Marco Polo exploration of a life-time.  
I want them to win, and Dungeon Masters speak ill of those who are higher.

Naveed Akram

# Fantasy Writer

Succeed and write of monsters,  
Wanting them close to your body  
That wishes to dispel their rage.

Monsters are outward, in the ways,  
Of the ways that endow pleasures  
And protests, fulfilling the jets.

Your number of humans quickens,  
Ten thousand are heartened by the wind,  
Juices are running thick and viscous.

May we pause for the monsters  
Imbued by the adventurers  
Who hate, and hasten to the dungeon-area.

Naveed Akram

# Farewell

Love may say farewell, to the believers of religion,  
To the few who ride on the buses, and have distinction.  
Love is a plant of zeal, growing in a heavenly patch of grass,  
The very hunting of this plant is beautiful like a class.  
You certainly learn from anger, as levels of pain  
Will deliver the game of life, the very one to abstain.  
Love causes us to think in terms of religion  
And the employment requires deactivation.  
May you adore a flower in a grass patch  
Like the worries we suffer and catch.

Naveed Akram

# Farewell To It

I am about to create a feeling of strong angles,  
With my fork and my spoons and knives the thought  
Makes itself told to the other party, and they are numerous,  
For to uncork the bottle is to say something dark,  
The digging of the grave has begun, once again.  
To be along the stairwell, we see higher the worry,  
Inside the love of the house, that carries a wig.  
Let the gazelle be a worry for me now that you're gone,  
It jumps like you and compels me to sting the laughter.  
Wear the lapel so pale and then silvery, in the light,  
In the house called godly trouble, say to it farewell.

Naveed Akram

# Farewell To The Non-Thinkers

Farewell to the lesser people,  
They fist their hands instead,  
Ready to punch the heart,  
Eager to fight the learned,  
Wishing the redness of their blood  
Was brighter and sweeter.

Their beautiful and comforting smiles are less,  
Since it hides the inner ability to think,  
Inside it is awkward and right,  
Loving and polite,  
Instead the freedom is theirs,  
But mine for the moment.

Then I see lesser men do smaller tricks,  
Like an animal with fur, and not just skin,  
I see further and I want more to awake in the mind,  
Just like the elephant in its size,  
Like a buzz and a swift flight  
Into the midwinter when it is safe from the sun.  
Much is littler than me when I think.

My thinking has compelled me to enjoy  
But no lesser man is me.

Naveed Akram

# Farewell To The Stars At Night

And the laughing gas frozen at sight,  
Those winces are fully demanding,  
Imagination fends for itself in everlasting bliss.  
For the gases combine and connect,  
Playing the game of thumbs, a lesser shadow  
From the floating charity,  
The running of commands from comparison.

Farewell to lads of the whole lasses,  
Flee and overshadow them afterwards,  
Asking a pleasant news of peanuts and guts,  
The same nuts to crack are the cracked objects.  
Fine are the stars at the dead of night,  
Sweetness has left us with the frightening sky.

Naveed Akram

# Fascists

One has lameness, to see bones  
And the flows of the average,  
In the skin says an iconic candy  
For the result of breathing.  
One experiences cash and damage  
So that taxation peels off,  
The dialect of a nursery occurs.  
Existents of the grammar shall talk  
In oneness, in antibodies.  
One is exhilarated by spread of butter  
On the bread of our forefathers,  
Little difference exhibited,  
Little has fascist requirements.

Naveed Akram

# Fashion Of Justice

After the fashion of the sight I was accepted,  
In this legion of thoughts my sights remained;  
I dreaded all women who faultlessly perspired,  
Liking their talents and show, when there were cowards.

The meadows of the night sloped away,  
There was no sign of trains or cars or toys;  
Justice had a right, just men caused their frailty  
To show once again, living this lie was accurate.

A lack of blackness had been sought,  
The grayness shocked all men in polite view,  
And their good opinions shone like the sun  
And the stars of this wordy law.

Naveed Akram

# Fast Cars

Fast are cars and bikes of worth and appeal,  
The sports car believes, the fuel is real.

Naveed Akram

## Fast Riches

Fast and slow are cars that slide,  
The love of a ride is as a blind man;  
It is the path of a lover and priest,  
They pray and love all to themselves,  
Shaking the hands of mysticism,  
Betraying a trust of the law.  
Perhaps, the business of a man and his book  
Is brilliant, but then what is brilliant?  
The brilliant sun is heavenly and bright  
Like the business of a man in daylight.  
He is earning pride and money, fast and slow,  
Much of the winning is light, is fight.  
A lawful representative of life,  
He acts in the way of money and wealth -  
He became rich, rich!

Naveed Akram

# Fast Winds

Fast and slow, faster than the wind,  
This gale upsets the laughter of my soul.  
The winds upset this smaller joy,  
And continue to beleaguer my sons and daughters.  
They run in the rainy storm like children,  
But turn older through the seasons  
Only to become monsters of the death.  
The storm shall rage on, saving nobody  
Like me or my children,  
The storm then turns into a tornado  
And swallows my wife and my children  
And everything has disappeared.  
The winds speak such death,  
But I survive to tell of the tale.

Naveed Akram

# Fasten The Eyes

He fixed his eye on madness,  
That squalled its rights,  
Indeed, the wrong message came  
And passed itself.  
His eye fastened faultlessly  
On me, who denied  
A casual message of complaint.  
Alert actively, my eyes  
Foretold the mystery of misery,  
Feeding the blindness,  
Feasting on appropriate weather.  
He did not die, he did not live,  
But I lunged ahead,  
Paused by murder, and high  
Beliefs that drew in favours  
Of betterment and relaxation.  
I believed it throughout my hiding,  
A real message was a reality,  
And force was unpleasant  
In these circumstances.  
Beginning the journey was tough,  
Swinging into position,  
Sweetly smiling to all,  
Like the cheshire cats  
And the happy dogs of danger.  
They fixed their eyes upon  
The shelter so endangered  
By the creepy land of ghosts  
That could do call their own.  
The ghosts were swinging their  
Rifles upon the words of renown.

Naveed Akram

# Faster Astronaut

Faster than the velocity of the sun,  
Harder in weight than the learn of the monk,  
Conference is on tonight,  
And over there is a speedy long look of stars.

We have unique character in space,  
Where meanings are placed;  
Such that screening the planet is safe,  
Of a global level, of level with the globe.

Fast is not slow for this flash astronaut,  
He binds on a dark matter, tonight,  
Only he is in this mess.  
Why do you see him in this mess?

Naveed Akram

# Fate

To kill me is to know me,  
My life is in ruins for the remaining years,  
In front of your speech I declare  
My hostility, becoming the enemy  
Who is loved and admired forever.  
I know the understanding,  
I feel stripped of strength as the fall  
Occurred today and tomorrow,  
As two of us madly die together  
Due to the Fates.

Naveed Akram

# Father Christmas Day

Fathers of the year are new as knowledge,  
Every big boy shall discover a gift from Santa, that is good.

Naveed Akram

# Father's Wife

My father worked a day and night with reason,  
Telling his wife not to hurt any of his efforts.  
Yet the burden of the work was higher every day,  
Barely spent in happiness, but only miserable.  
And so he pained my mother until he dropped,  
With violent sound her head smashed forever.  
May living live and I die, forcing the mayor to resign  
Over my father's wife.  
The murders are brutal actions,  
With so much force and blunder  
That murder is a quest of the cruel ones,  
Those emptying their callous blood onto others.  
The living mothers join hands  
Whilst the dying fathers rejoice!

Naveed Akram

# Fathers And Mothers

The fathers of the lane are stressed,  
Let their memories flow from blessings,  
And their dignity be addressed.  
My factory is the factory of places  
Widely viewed and scrutinised.

My home is the home of the warriors,  
In it the messages are received,  
Acting with actual troops called children.  
It is the memory of their well-being,  
Their selling is the selling of the soul.

My mothers are in the lane of wonder,  
Yet the messages are deceiving nobody.  
The factory of facts is building a dream  
Full of itself, fulfilling the dreams of drama,  
Like the enemy within, and without.

Naveed Akram

# Fathers Of Fright

Fathers of love enter the houses of fear,  
They found a monastery for maniacs,  
Unfolding before their eyes of gold,  
Like golden letters in the golden sands.  
One nature inside elevates and deposes,  
This screaming fear forces me to fight.  
Mine is the craft of the weird one,  
My animals are against me with mines of fright.  
A fought out war whines with worry shattering  
Like mirrors of divinity that fumble for a new leg.  
Fathers are mothers, and mothers are daughters  
Looking at fierce fears with interests and joys.

Naveed Akram

# Fault Of Others

I like to stretch and consider the faults of others,  
My actions are completely built from the fault of others.

My different events in life stem from the obligations,  
Intense emotions mark the spot that is spilt from the fault of others.

Let dusty rooms settle down with their edicts,  
One feels compassion and mercy wilt from the fault of others.

I see them standing and sitting like liars or honest men,  
My fire and water mixes to make silt from the fault of others.

In a hotel the cash has been withdrawn and expected,  
The robbers left the vicinity with guilt from the fault of others.

Much must be ascertained from likes and dislikes  
Inside the spectrum of colors that tilt from the faults of others.

May we restrain ourselves so well and with so much cleverness,  
That I am regarding the system to be like a quilt for the fault of others.

Naveed Akram

## Faults Within

Enter the arena with sword and might,  
In the deeds there are some who have fountains  
Of wisdom, as the real hatred of some  
Seem to be for the undertakers of funerals.

Those with pristine hearts call it glass,  
Can they still breath so clearly as fire?  
The fires are first and second  
With thirsty nature, and always the hurt  
Overtakes the fountain-growers.  
Let the flowers of our joy be faults  
And the faults are without us.

Naveed Akram

# Favours

You can see why I can see you as much as,  
As much as the secret in the recess.  
You are wondering why the favours of some  
Do not meet the futuristic calls of one,  
Yet the ideas give deeds caught in the act.

Naveed Akram

# Fear Of Death

Fear of your death guarantees life for yourself,  
Dilating the years, wholesome of course.  
This is not subversion nor distress, but both  
Of the talents, called the genders.  
To blemish this desire for life is to involve death  
As the destruction of feeding habits can assert.  
May your eyes speak holiness, let piety  
Be the awe of your youth, and the youth be special.  
Fear of this lively subject carries disgrace  
For the danger of existence shall marry with everything.

Naveed Akram

# Fear The Lord

Fear the Lord who created your spirit,  
It produced the spirits of a thousand months,  
Opening factors of health and worlds,  
Words attached themselves to godly fear.  
These words appeared in a city that defined  
The meanings of an age so welcome to life.  
On the Throne the Lord sits and welcomes  
The existence to progress as He sees fit.

The gnostics are of a crowd of dispositions,  
Wonderful books are great resources  
For these buckets and spades,  
They have tools for digging treasure  
Called knowledge, so fear the One  
Who provides this existence.

Naveed Akram

# Fear The Stomach

Fear has special occasion to laugh and tickle  
Inside the stomach and where it hurts.  
The rebellious tanks are spread with butter,  
Hairy and hello I say to them.  
The trigger is pressed when they are nearby.  
The guns have been blacker and with more colour  
Since even and odd numbers exist.  
Burn the soldiers who live again,  
Who learn of another man or woman.

Naveed Akram

# Fearful Illness

Who does he fear? What is his illness?  
The one who smiles can be with stillness.

The many of them reply to the messengers  
With day to entrance their very passengers.

In those who do good deeds is a prize  
That mutters and utters its enterprise.

Those who fear their Lord are in an array,  
Indeed, in the alternation of the night and the day...

Naveed Akram

# Fearful Of You

I am fearful of you, as a pen writes for me,  
Inside you caresses speak, with loud lamentations.  
You dearly write of the weeks ahead,  
Causing months to speak and mutter  
The praises so sudden, as praises shake me,  
And blood is spilled for my sake.  
The veins and arteries fear you and all of me,  
When love's shadow is real.  
When is love real? When do you love?

Naveed Akram

# Fearing Those Next-Door

Fearing him may cause a repulsive step,  
The ghouls and ghosts are at his doorstep.  
Are burnt plates of food a simple cure?  
Never can virtue boast brilliant an amateur.  
Trees will shake in the wind so afraid  
Of itself, that burdens have assured aid.  
My next-door friend finds me argument,  
The worst war fiercely endangers confinement.  
Fearing him and his wife carries surfaces to shine  
While smoking houses just appal for their fine.  
The ghostly house hardened our tiles  
Believing them to be shouting files.  
Fear nobody, just fear fire and ice together  
With life and death, the very events that deter.

Naveed Akram

# Fearless One

Fear is the absolute feeling one conjures  
When one is near the enemy.  
Fear them when they speak and listen,  
Inside is a deep emotion so harsh.  
May the brain understand this fear  
And convert it to energy for survival.  
Scary people are not heavenly,  
They want to see your blood.  
If you are scared then arrest your thoughts  
And turn your scares away,  
For heaven is to play music with your soul.

Naveed Akram

# Feasts

Feasts cause a dry tongue to be wet,  
To have a haircut then and there cancels us;  
This royal event concentrates on them,  
To mince the coinage is clearly wonderful.

My dears and ladies, the royal house evicts  
Those in love with God, and this lenient act  
Of this day has considerable theory,  
Theories are oddly remembered today.

My notes suggest a laughter of many voices,  
Horses train me after shooting at them,  
Royalty shines abundantly, like a mince  
Of the finest meat, the finest wine has been served.

Let queens and kings be subjected to us all,  
And many lords and ladies confidently explore,  
To explore is greater in good than marriage,  
For both of the laws commit themselves to magic.

Naveed Akram

# Feasts Of Sin

The feast arrived later than usual,  
Inscriptions were the dinner of rides,  
One necklace sustained everything,  
One loud locust became a stung beast.  
With mummy an onion had the crunch  
Of lazy afternoons, with nectar in the neck.  
One scorpion dived to be a nomad  
Of lateness and times of error.  
The feasts arrived with mummy who erred  
So many times that sand erased us  
With biting done to the tambourine,  
Illustrations were rife and stagnant.  
My immense donkey was like a skin too late  
In the way of the donkeys of sin.

Naveed Akram

# Feedback

A process called feedback is so inspiring,  
Fed to the other man, the original output.  
Affectionate communication, much modification,  
We are fantastic, our lives contain ambition.  
Inform the other man, collapse into him,  
To mind the leaves of the pages and keeping  
Computers as machines, we need knowledge.  
Extraordinarily sent message, beautiful way with words,  
I consent to the delivery of phrases too apt and dear.

Naveed Akram

# Feeding Gold

The feeding frenzy came  
From heaven that is forsaken.  
You feed on the massive object  
And planets are plains  
To walk upon.

This stronger man opposes  
The city standing on limbs.  
This weak man is a godly man  
Of movement and treasure,  
Going to the other side.

I have a city of gold in your life,  
Looking into the size of joy.  
Hand over a creature  
Which glides like a flightpath  
Of extreme wealth.

Naveed Akram

## Feel Like Talking

“There is a talk about you at the house,  
Sit down for it is not a tale but a sad pity;  
Your master is a liar, and you have no goal,  
So happen like a lad of distress to gain pity,  
Like the one lodged in the throat.”

At this snatch was a key to discussion,  
For the master was a scoundrel always;  
The master refused the lad and so innocence  
Arrives, with queer things, queer ways,  
Like the pity of a lifetime at the house.

“Flit out of doors so that you arrive,  
Feeling able as you do, like a fine lad”;  
The keys turn the door to alleviate the suffering  
And then knowledge arrives to mock,  
Feeling the fire of the mansion and everything.

Naveed Akram

# Feel Sorry

Humans feel sorry for you when sick,  
I perceive the weakness in your heart.  
Humanity spreads humour when sick,  
Your patience is accepted by the people.  
A humane leader presides over the people  
When inwardly strong, and outwardly brave.  
Humans feel sorry for his illness and death,  
The honour of a man is in leading his own people  
To life and power, whenever in power.  
Death comes to the sick when it is night,  
Dead are those sitting in the palace of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Feel Your Heart

Don't feel my heart every beat it sweeps,  
Don't feed my head with confident tricks,  
Don't concede a recipe to my young lads,  
Don't cook for their whims and wishes  
Like I have said,  
Don't damage their inner beings with tread  
Of cancer and other treacherous illnesses.  
Don't be martyrdom in the face of rationale,  
Then do obey the righteous messages  
Stinging you in the heart with truth,  
Much like the head that cries for the heart,  
As the heart cries for the head.

Naveed Akram

# Feeling The Season

Fat summer and small season,  
Sounds of water make noise;  
Close your eyes to the sound  
Of innumerable utterances  
From the branches of our trees  
In a garden that understands  
That life is more than just a season.

Fat villages walk along a path of disgust,  
Dust is a yawn, dirt is a solution of course.  
The sky begins to repel us with its fracture,  
The bolts go highly rewarding with noise,  
And noise with more violence, the solution.  
Lightning is a solution, lightning bolts!

Naveed Akram

# Feeling Us

Would I want a sense so brightly commented?  
Inside is the shore of my country an actuality?  
The whole sensible way of worship descends  
From the clouds so bold, where water words itself.  
A special laughter is hung on the ground,  
One favour works more than one.  
The dark weather is a frightful affair,  
Two monuments are better than one.  
My books describe and narrate the old stories  
So worked upon by the scholars of late.  
Comments are exactly in favour of those in union,  
A feeling of greatness is upon us if we desire.

Naveed Akram

# Feet Of The Forest

Feet are for foresters who feel open fields,  
Their walk comes along with their crawling;  
The trunks of the trees may be shields  
Like the weapons and axes dwindling.

My feet are of the forest, the forest and plains,  
To see a weather of the poor,  
The weather shall rise with the sun and brains,  
The look of the snow is to adore.

Naveed Akram

# Felicity Of Danger

Felicity creates happiness and easy circumstances,  
Beautifying us when applied, signalling an innovation.  
My ecstasy is an elation of some kind, after all,  
Sighing additionally, so much above a big lion that roars.  
Feral and menacing is this emergency of a ghoul,  
The lion creates an exigency so greater than happiness.  
Hollering with pride, the apes of clamour claim noise  
To do with emergency and fierce activity.  
Felicity is the opposite of danger, the animals,  
Those creatures or minions describe their skin and fur  
As that of hell and heaven, the after-lives.

Naveed Akram

# Feline

He was on water, in misfortune,  
Inwardly, his situation seemed hot and sticky;  
But, closer to death, a line was drawn to succeed,  
Making somersaults in the air,  
Mastering the old gold from forgotten gold,  
Lakes of purity were upon him.  
He had bitten the mouse of alacrity,  
As a cat he was human enough.  
The light grew closer to the body  
As a clever feline animal was apt to  
Be an art of stealth.  
Breathing very slowly was astounding,  
In this traffic we blessed him.

Naveed Akram

# Felons And Talons

I concern those felons with talons,  
Fixing their teeth in the head.  
Crime may be criminals, it describes,  
The description and narrative of a true story  
Ignites new religions of splendour.  
My concern is over felons who have talent  
Over the truth, the crime is busting.  
Bursting forth is the criminal boast,  
He roasts and clicks like a programmer of distrust,  
Minding his business never,  
Mincing his words in need of more and more,  
The cash is enough for rich school.

Naveed Akram

# Fences

Fences are built from bricks and mortar,  
Then wood is added to the list of torture.  
Fenced in houses are loving and breezed,  
By the winds, also the very gales that are pleased.

Naveed Akram

# Festooned Man

Laid out by the festooned man,  
The front road was a double avenue;  
The festooned man carried moss on his chin  
With wide eyes, and compounds of course.

Certain lotions needed adding to the gentleman,  
With fearsome times on this horizon;  
Laid out by the man of many colours,  
A rainbow defended the land with the sea.

Your man perched on the line  
Is sounding alert, detached and misaligned;  
Your terrifying man, destitute and scared,  
Scares us well above the normal level.

He is laying out a front road of picture-perfect  
Quality; it is overgrown and funny with moss,  
Like his beard and all the festooned man's body,  
The body of diseases and ailments always contagious.

Naveed Akram

# Fictitious Victory

Victory has been assured by the non-believers,  
Yet its form is upsetting in the extreme headings.

Naveed Akram

# Field Of Battle

Forced are the troops of battle,  
Into the field of war, of war.  
Feed on their movement, general,  
As a leader of war, of this battle.

I, a troop, have forced my mind  
Into the war of my dreams,  
Into the fire of my wishes;  
They are like dread and scare.

To belittle a young man, who is a soldier,  
A fighter, born of the skill to fight and parry,  
Is never agreeable in the eyes of the warlord,  
The hard man or woman, the harsh chief.

Punishment awaits those who excel at war crime  
And force is a force that fades from power  
To weak pull, a reaction to the enemy,  
A full explosion for them who oppose.

Swords and crossbows are the implements  
That win the war more than anything else.  
Your horse is put to death, the standard-bearers  
Are put down for their bravery, gallantry.

Forced are the troops of battle,  
Into the field of war, of war.  
Feed on their movement, general,  
As a leader of war, of this battle.

Naveed Akram

## Fiends' Name

We had our Fiends when we were fired,  
We have learnt the true name,  
Having the ignorance of humans,  
But an eternal worry of blood-thirst.  
Having evil potions, of an infinity,  
Is like being as wary as a witch,  
The witch must not die but live!  
A rune causes it, the potion, to reduce  
And leave us in plight afterwards.  
It is our inability, our joy for structures,  
It is to save us from plight  
And satisfy the blood in our flesh.

Naveed Akram

# Fierce One

Fierce one must keep afraid of ferocious one,  
You are medallion of hope, and metal of future;  
Yet they describe a fool to disarray the feeders  
And givers of fear and folly, of gradients and grievances.

Naveed Akram

# Fierce Storms

Fierce are storms when they first appear,  
Killing the school, killing the family,  
When strikes are managed in the atmosphere.

The allegiance forming can be a career,  
Kinsfolk are blamed for it actually,  
Fierce are storms when they first appear.

The damage is a conflict, of a charioteer,  
Waging war of a storm additionally,  
When strikes are managed in the atmosphere.

Gods are of a stormy nature, like a chandelier,  
The work is able, of a tempest working abnormally,  
Fierce are storms when they first appear.

A school admits us when the weather is to cheer,  
How do we fight in class and work fitfully?  
When strikes are managed in the atmosphere.

The leisure of the skies is about what is near,  
My moments stray into oblivion foolhardily,  
When strikes are managed in the atmosphere,  
Fierce are storms when they first appear.

Naveed Akram

# Fighter

Also the Knight of Light came upon us,  
And afraid I became of him and us,  
All sudden it sung like singing is to oblivion.  
I am grasping the idea behind him,  
Like he was yesterday, and not today.  
Beauty and relaxation caught a paladin in servitude.

Naveed Akram

## Fighter Left

The fighter paused, grimaced and left,  
After the creation, after the rights.  
His fight found a reality behind the scenes,  
The real survival is an object of material nature,  
It is picked up, paid to a man when in collision.  
There is death and dishonour, full teaching of rights,  
When fighting became a dishonesty,  
A dignity of strength, like the infinite guess  
Overtaken and overridden.  
The man who fought was a survivor,  
Like the wisdom so inspired.

Naveed Akram

# Fighting Night Of Worth

One fights another man with gestures of the light  
From heavenly doors.  
They swing to the night and the fight  
Is on with parallel forces.  
One divides the sin collecting in the bin,  
Looking at solutions praises the knees  
Of a chain-mailed knight  
Wielding the iron mace,  
Fists are full of these wonderful beasts  
Barking like hounds howling  
With heresy, like the hurtful memories.  
One shines faster than light of the three wisdoms,  
Winning the design is wincing worthily.  
The rider of reason falls blankly,  
In this far realm resides happily a penny of worth.

Naveed Akram

## Fighting-Chance

He has a fighting-chance of working with his figment,  
The figment he remembers for all his long-term memory.  
A field of ingoing thoughts waits to be proclaimed,  
The jeep of all worries is in his whole span of life.  
The jaws of youth were closed and it felt like a jaunt  
That carried from noisome events, stupid occasions,  
The nocturnal ideas indicated new options of disgust.  
By the off chance, a thought collected to straighten,  
But it turned out that the figment was reddening his face.  
The figment of imagination, an officious training of the mind,  
Protected him as if, and one day felt like a bird's rectrix,  
For the imagination was given revenge afterwards.  
The reuse of the thoughts gained pace, speeded up,  
And returfed the spectrum of thought called the Mind.

Naveed Akram

# Finality

It must burn inside, burn inside to see light  
And leave then the lesser light for divine right.  
I claim a saint was good and finally brought to  
Attention of small people and big people,  
Bigger was the day they came to live refreshed  
By doubt.

Naveed Akram

# Find One Solution

I find a solution to all subjects  
That discuss and win yourself.  
I find him in the dust with legs  
And arms of wickedness.  
He feels good and crooked,  
On a sinking feeling, on a wand  
That fetches light and finds solutions.  
We wave goodbye, to all cells of thought  
That persuade a match with ideas  
Since ideas will condemn us,  
On a joyous occasion.  
My solutions are wide and grabbing,  
Upper reality is again in my home.

Naveed Akram

# Find Satan

Forging a mail has in this world a finder,  
A remark so foul that lords and ladies shall arrive.

In that border is a line or a wall,  
And evil is the good of this wall.

Why does the Cocoon be strong to crack,  
And then Sweden shall award a million?

A book is written of divine beauty,  
It carried a solitude of ugly levers.

Hounds of distress are bent towards the stars up above,  
Wolves of stone and ice, that dwell among the night.

Their boundaries are now immediate  
And their entrails are foul.  
Strength is the criminal feed, it is Satan!

Naveed Akram

# Finding Treasure

Ruins are buildings of ripe fruit,  
Inner souls work finer than heaven.  
Must not the surety of life bespeak,  
Must we insure their fear is true?  
Ruined by the cold and weather  
The innocence of men is like an adult.  
Under this sea of hatred lies a golden medallion,  
Master it for your pleasure to arise, to arise.  
This gold forsakes underlings, this gold is truth,  
For less of it stays, less treasure becomes.

Naveed Akram

## Fine Bulwark

The bulwark of longer structure carried finesse,  
We commit folly to arrest the sight, so as to bless.  
The realer findings happen like events,  
Treasure is discovered by them, like comments.

Let stages develop to entertain and dream,  
Might I develop those whose honesty is to blaspheme.  
The stages of management are like reading and writing,  
The charge from the enforcers shall be lubricating.

Naveed Akram

## Fine Children

The fine weather is passing over our heads  
As the day is finer than one soldier and one liar.  
The lines of the page are a book,  
As the book finds new meaning everyday.  
This thunder-and-lightning happened overnight,  
Due to old age and the lingering of the night.  
My knights are out there in the hectic pleasure,  
This is pleasing to the old art of repose,  
For the generals play fine music when present.  
One day we pass and splendidly pass,  
For success mattered to the old children.

Naveed Akram

## Fine Clothes

Fine clothes ruin nobody,  
A sea of change has emitted  
Rays of a decision that affects,  
And fine clothes make you work.

A handsome judge has committed  
The deed we disarrange from the exams;  
Rushing into the streets, he causes us  
Mayhem and injustice when poked.

There shone forth a ridiculous light,  
The light of what was to come,  
The eyes joyfully became light  
Of a tree that rooted itself in the plans.

Naveed Akram

## Fine Song

Sweet events sing and interrogate our souls,  
The owner's senses conjure a reality from the start,  
Seconds have elapsed thanks to the souls of learning.

Are you in a cradle? Or what is the philosophy?  
What two contrasts are a family of secrets?  
My owner's senses are for the slaves that prefer me.

The slavery and the flock for the shepherd are identical,  
Mastership lies in the pain of a heated being  
To punctuate and alliterate in some finer sum of words.

Naveed Akram

# Finger

Fingers are like hands of the clock,  
And towers rely on so many hands to mock.

Naveed Akram

# Finish Friendship

Elegant finishing cascades on me,  
Abruptly, like an ability of weight.  
How seconds pass! How minutes make!  
The abbey of the heart is within.

Fighting us is a sacred conversation,  
Excavation fascinated my life;  
To evaporate I cry and die like them,  
I have been always exonerated!

My fate is waiting, looking at me,  
Pouring over my head and heart;  
My chest seems empty and alone  
For the body is estimating sin and sins.

Let them fight along the partnership,  
Filtrate the friendship to depart from them.

Naveed Akram

# Fire

To mean a time is special like putting on a fire,  
The fire burns and churns into blasts of laughter,  
It is cheering you on, wheeling around,  
Causing anger, feeling grotesque,  
So that fire relies on fire to be fire.

The meaning of work is in the flame,  
The work is relevant to death, and foolishness.  
It would not die, the fire does not die,  
But while it traverses the area, we lie and fool  
The other man, who leaves fire and keeps warm.

Naveed Akram

# Fire And Snow

How is the fire snowing on us?  
Opening the doors of flames and anger  
Is an act of worthy ferocity.  
We see fire and blame in angry souls  
Living within centuries of guilt.  
How is the fire of the seasons of change?  
The sun is our star of solace,  
Heat wins, greater winds and flares  
Are inhabiting the void,  
With the Earth in innocence,  
Like little planets of the depths.

How is the fire snowing on us?  
The acts of this star we see on the ceiling  
Obeys us as we march and crawl for cover.  
The suns are bases for future harmony,  
Seeking the fires is to worship  
A false deity.

Naveed Akram

# Fire Is Alive

Fire is a wizard on the creation  
Opening avenues of thought  
In a second, one second is all it takes.  
Find a destructive element, force is one,  
To rid of the beautiful sums of money.  
My fire is alive in definite shapes  
That fiercely contend with misunderstandings  
As they appear beyond the blue horizon.  
The sun is a planet not a star  
For the inward fire may be bent,  
It has created my burning desire  
Like a beloved rock on a white desert.

Naveed Akram

# Fire Is Fire

Fire is like a cold heat from the flames of your taste,  
It eats and diverges to the haste of a teasing question.  
Fire this time is an initial thought of wonderment,  
But where pain lives is the sprouting of genius and intelligence.

The leaders of a ladder and age are red like the heart,  
They are orange like fire, like a picture of the innocent way.  
If they read and recite the questions and answers,  
Then the fierce winds outside shall deliver their praise.

One side of the arguing man is a fever of fighting fire,  
He really roams, he rightly drives his vehicle or truck,  
To persuade the people of former times to destroy him;  
Fire is like this man who dimly glances at your throat and thorax.

Naveed Akram

# Fire Or Happiness?

Taking a term of happiness is like folders of work,  
To do this establishing action creates the handiwork  
Of the devil. For his life is in ruination, his tears are solid  
And not like water or oil, they are fine on their own, just acrid.

Take the man who spoke gently, he guessed and murmured  
To himself, the one who knew a border and wall, he battered  
The closet and its clothes of all the high features of his house,  
And once he let go of his house, the clothes were ablaze, even the blouse.

Many who refrain from chit chat are legally married,  
But the girl who loves happiness is on fire, bullied;  
The boy is a gentleman who loves fire and all it entails,  
Which is why he crazes for beams of fire, and fails.

Both are happy, and both are on fire from the flames,  
Because, one is hating the other, and now no more names.

Naveed Akram

# Fire To Fight

To fight with the arms carried new meaning,  
Are there any fires to extinguish? Or is there fire?  
My hands are alert with gears so spied upon,  
Ointment is causing some pleasant news.  
The factory inside matters, to those who monster,  
They lighten the load to them offered,  
As fire upon hazardous fire is unleashed.  
Adventure in the morning and evening  
For the spies to empty our pockets of learning.

Naveed Akram

# Fireballs Of Burden

The balls are revolving like fireballs  
Shrinking and returning with their own fire;  
Burden has its look, little burden has its look,  
For it sways and says little by little  
So that one day your worries shall stay.  
Let bother never enter for your  
Heavenly pleasure, for you are a sire  
Of magnificence.

Let souls ride the heavens in their golden  
Nature, of such slight glint of heaven.  
Oil will never be joined, for anointed  
Beings complain compared to your  
Divinity, offering more and more and more.

Naveed Akram

## Firm Horses

To bring you light I see a path to it,  
According to light is the act of soothing oneself;  
Then hear a thought from your mind,  
Of those ideas that change into a never-ending story.  
Firm horses rearrange the condemned  
As they battle the three people who matter.  
Any building takes a shot from the enemy,  
Elect the person who is bold, and spray blood  
At the cannibal who is not allowed to pray.  
Bring the light so scary to the foreground,  
With spears flashing in the sun, suns are stars with colour.

Naveed Akram

# First Visions

The first time he woke,  
Abandoned pits centralized,  
With hurtling shoots  
And a while it took to shake  
Off the roots of blemishes.  
His consciousness made discrete,  
He was separated from flows  
And stalks of the vegetarian  
And lout.  
That isolation, that draft  
Was small and budding too much.

I see him faster than the memories,  
Mashed with estranged fevers,  
A third stage of a moribund life  
Or is the death something to speak?  
I find this commune a miracle,  
Frowning a little of the heat  
That happened without young crowds.  
The last time invades me and him,  
Isolated is the dual-vision.

Naveed Akram

# Fish Fear Fishermen

Underneath the sea inhabited the fish  
That swam also with warmth and affection.  
Seasons in the sea glare like rocks near a cliff,  
Falling onto them may be like fishes are enemies.  
Hatred of fishes carries a weight too hard,  
For the fishermen rejoice at their capture  
And consume the heads as well.  
Hating the sea is agony, futile and wrong,  
For the fish of the ocean meander in swarms  
And they flock at the home they live in.  
Underneath the sea is a boat of fish,  
Funnelling through the portholes, and describing  
Their lives in multifarious colours, wreaking havoc  
And swaying with the undersea music.  
The fish sway in fear of music, and men - Fishermen.

Naveed Akram

# Fish That Swim

How do they grow when old and young?  
No one must know the trust.  
How could we best describe the tongue  
When causes brightly must?

The food does taste so sweet and one,  
Or lifted into that  
Which is the mouth where is salmon,  
The fish of pink combat.

Fish aren't in big amounts or size  
Unlike the living men  
Of old and young to analyse,  
Fish cruelly swim as then.

Naveed Akram

## Fisherman's Sin

A deadly sin defies and disagrees, you are disallowed,  
Forces of potions are a secret for talking evil aloud.  
Then premises of good are able to pay sacrifice  
To clouds all-sacred, too powerful and concise.  
May definite devices have advice with fore-knowledge,  
Hindsight is acceptable and too worthy an advantage  
Without us, within us as soot and chimneys,  
Their wisdom is of soot and blackness and abbeys.  
Sin shall stay forcefully, it is health-preserving and my  
Happiness fixes fishing of flesh by the boats of a butterfly.

Naveed Akram

# Fish-Life

The fishes of the river collide with water  
Of every sort, of all the years, of each sport.  
Ask them how they search for more life,  
Loading the energy, keeping alive.  
My life is not fishes, rather the father protrudes  
And the mother is ours.  
My boat concerns us as the water below  
Is too deep for swimming,  
But the fish are happy forever.

Naveed Akram

# Fist

A fist is worn by the man who has a skull,  
Killing the bones, taking on something mindful;  
It rested in the chest, the heart, where it bled  
Due to heat and head being hard, in the bed.

I say flowers are outside, wonderful lies,  
Youth angered by crouching and it dies.  
The fist strongest still flees from the army,  
Afterwards, the expedition ended mournfully.

Destroy any son or daughter for anger,  
The anger is God's solution and manufacture;  
The fist is a choice of man and woman  
Then it decides for the luck is incarceration.

Naveed Akram

# Fist And Fist

Guard the fist with another fist,  
To foot the blame drifts so as to assist;  
The fighting boasts, it treats, it mends  
And resurrection created promise that sends  
A message to the layers of the soul,  
The being of a created one, in his bowl.  
To befit the times we have begotten a kind  
That dissolved the youth and its mind.  
It was a company of strangers too much in peace,  
That is how we differ in us, this is the centerpiece.  
My actions have a crease, it spoilt me,  
Where I prayed for some time and got to see.  
This prayer is void as the cosmos  
When I worshipped for someone close.  
The encounter I experienced was mad,  
I have to face the hairy scene as the sad.

Naveed Akram

# Fit Job

Fit is the Earth on which we live,  
Antipathy has reasons for lying on the soil.

We endanger each other for all times,  
Hitting the residue of the crust, the surface of the planet.

Anger will reach it, the part of the world that lived with us;  
Afterwards, we forsake a fiendish luck that devastates.

The destruction I pursue is often in time with leadership,  
But the greatness of a patriotic state-of-being is large, but not huge.

A crafty people are rejected and materialised is the hole  
I call Father Nature, where Mother Nature has a pencil.

This is disastrous my jobs are ancient  
But never is the desire of my life entangled?

Naveed Akram

## Five Creatures In The Sky

In the end five creatures cycled around the sky,  
In the sky there were bird-animals ready to drop  
On unsuspecting prey.  
It was to make an example of them,  
Opening the books of freedom, and freeing them.  
A sure fine custom of tasting the very best of those on land,  
Wrecks found at last stayed on the ground  
And were caught with talons  
And hauled through the air like dinner was!  
The end was for them, the beginning of a treat  
For the bird-animals.

Naveed Akram

## Fixed Work

Good works never die, they carry no weather,  
For the hazards that bring discomfort are fixed,  
And the deeds of nature are as fortunate as Beauty,  
Dense clouds are above us saying the burden of water.

May we never be death, as the lives of offerings are sweet,  
Fixtures are made, productions are run, and the creation did come,  
Under the sea and over all the planets,  
So that hazards are brought to the back of the throat.

Naveed Akram

# Flags Of Every Nation

Glowing the heat of the sun is against us,  
To Providence is the request of a time in life  
When birds and all animals are singing the anthems  
Of holiness and every flag is in the commonwealth  
As every nation is a country technically  
As every soceity is situated not in this country.

Naveed Akram

# Flames

Together we are one, we strive for it,  
The longest struggle leaves the enemy,  
It rids the bark of that which is the tree,  
A shower forms from clouds that benefit.  
A benefit can kill me, I admit,  
Yet dozens of them do some treachery;  
The traitor is that man with trickery,  
I have the mind to call him and permit.  
This harmful man is no more harmful still,  
As fast as fire, the hell is past and hard,  
The double heat shall stain and burn, it burns.  
For you should not be thief or killer til  
The fires cool down and again bombard  
The masses, as the flames take on caverns.

Naveed Akram

# Flames Upon Flames

The soldier of light bears down on the flames of darkness,  
They erupt and consume the brilliance of the men who die;  
The footmen are forbidden to live, their words are mere action,  
Those who fought have fled and been wounded by their routing,  
This organisation crumbles dutifully, like a whale poised on its own.

An army has four seasons, a real armed many survives time,  
Always to the duty of thousands and thousands of plenty;  
Time revolves around the circles of light, time is a material  
Upbringing, that encircles the circles of such dire light  
That light cascades into the fathoms of the black hole.

So much light is too much pain, of a godly scholar or a Plato,  
Peace will arise doing the catastrophe, but wars erupt  
Into thousands of pieces, that survive and blossom like flowers,  
So then the wars end from battle; the four seasons are in  
Effect, being the world of plenty and many and so much.

Naveed Akram

# Flat Lands

Flat lands are fighting against the weapons,  
These guardians of the snow are overwhelming;  
For it deepens, with openings of fire,  
The sharpening of weapons is afoot.  
The asps are with clarity, snakes are serpents,  
Africans rejoice while the alaskans remain cold.  
The affirmative gestures speak well,  
For aliens speak according to whims  
That are pleased and allegations come in.

The voice will rejoice, and choice plunders,  
Let pseudonyms confirm the affirmations,  
As they plunder the alaskans for the snow.  
Their limbs ajar, a slim man is afoot with toys,  
The hymns stammer today in the here and now.

Naveed Akram

# Fled

You heard every word of that,  
Granting us passage and annihilation,  
With an interesting feeling to abide  
In the hearts of the very deceased.  
The undergrowth of thorny bushes  
Pressed on us as we fled to someplace  
Else. The feelings of the words empowered  
Us to reject the feelings and words.  
I hurried into the workshop  
For more vehement insults,  
Hearing nothing to return with volleys  
And shrapnel that bit into our burning  
Flesh, inside and out.  
Fire weighed on our torn bodies,  
Filling the dangerous world.

Naveed Akram

# Flesh

Flesh after the bones is sweet,  
Refreshing can be tasting it,  
Goal of a righteous cannibal,  
A freedom has entered him of late.

He is angered by race and degree of heat,  
And this his health has provided  
To live among the cannibals  
Of recent times.

Flesh has a core and a push,  
One of them is you,  
And the cannibal does know,  
And they like a rewarding gathering of talk,  
As I guarantee a loving language  
To give to a carnivore.

Naveed Akram

# Fleshed

Animosity is not hospitalized,  
Desks are written on where you are advised.  
Books of learning agonize the country,  
Readers of loving tomes shall generously  
Live among birds of happiness  
And though the bird will fly with artiness,  
The men who see them catch them  
And roast them, burn them with mayhem.  
Poems burn the flesh like a disaster,  
Natural poets will guarantee speech like a choirmaster.

Naveed Akram

# Flick The Switch

Flicking the switch will erase the ailment,  
But who opens one with labels on his head?  
The headache continues, with ready work,  
But wounds display a little pride and you concentrate.

They say the sound of the mound is dire,  
Their statements are exact in the senses,  
Yet headache is still headache,  
And the wounds you master are complete.

Never are the thunderous men with full wounds,  
Selfish devils entertain the switch in the decade,  
When time will flow and obliterate,  
Levels of hunger shall be sustained like the flick.

My head has bandages with equal blood,  
The blood of the innocent and maimed,  
Letters are badges for the senior and old,  
Young hearts will hear into the furnace of love.

Naveed Akram

# Flight

To fly higher than other eagles creates an entrance  
To the passages of Time, a stable condition and so praised;  
One bird shall be with the actions of the path,  
Another soothes the rest of humanity.  
To fly is to dive and strive in the works of God,  
One bird is enough to satisfy more people.  
We have flown the skies for eternity,  
Some of us revolve with the shapes of ancient nature.  
So we glide towards the ground and clasp the roots,  
Opening the rooms of our soul, and seeing enough of it.

Naveed Akram

# Flight Fades

Fade into non-existence, your eyes,  
They perceive the redness of lies.  
This is licking the lumps of food  
On the plate we have dined and argued.  
Food carries an attitude to be assessed,  
Especially by flyers and drivers addressed.  
The fading of the flight is a path,  
Into the air is the triumph of an aftermath.  
Fading is strict, fading will constrict  
The muscles of the arm and leg of an addict.  
He flew due to terror and vanquished  
Along the highway, where he was accomplished.

Naveed Akram

# Flight To The Moon

I have the moon in my side as I fly  
Like the small people, who are to fly.  
My message is simply conveyed by sending all  
This body sitting on the edge of the world.  
My meaning is golden, like damage of a dragon  
On the time of the year that is defined as death.  
My moons are numbered ten,  
And I glare at the honourable natives of the giant rock  
All silvery in touch, to youth it kills.  
The nine and the one, each have distinction;  
I can not deny how helpful my moon is  
For flight into the heavens.

Naveed Akram

# Floating Clouds

Why do clouds float high above in the sky?  
So then there is water and rain afterwards,  
Flicking on the floor of the planet,  
The spherical planet of high intelligence.  
It contrived clouds for its own good,  
Water was the rain, water was the ocean,  
Each day new seasonings were bestowed  
And then the old ways divided the path of nature.  
My cloud is beaming on me from up high,  
This storm is brewing for my liking,  
This rinse of the Earth has arrived.

Naveed Akram

# Flood Of Blood

Baths and showers worsen in their blood,  
Red blood, futile anger is the only flood.

Naveed Akram

# Flood Of Redness

He laid a hand on the elbow as for now,  
Again and again they felt like low,  
Yet never did the angering fellowship concoct,  
A mighty redness like blood, like flood.  
He laid it on the heavenly arm of stem of deception,  
Like a stranger in fortitude of sentence-description.  
His speech meant nothing, just speech and rendition.  
I can not for the life of lead be endowed with privilege -  
The exact opposite of what was.  
He reminds me of herself, the elbow she had,  
And the red blood flowing again as if heat,  
Or flowing like lead or iron or some form of deceit.

Naveed Akram

# Flour And Salt

Do be good to bake me a cake,  
Fast would be quick and do put salt,  
But pepper I hate and love,  
Better is butter than ice.  
For your enjoyment!

Naveed Akram

# Flouting

To flout the tests requires mention of struggle,  
But what is the fatigue of the mind now in infinity?  
A paucity is peering into the mildness of delight,  
To see tests is to mean rests, and all life is exact.

I am flustered, the real criticism is against my word,  
The ingrate solves my puzzle to be a mercenary;  
And they interest themselves in money,  
And they see tests on this paper glow forever.

Soporific designs on the page reflect upon the mirror,  
These are words attached, for the meanings to shine;  
When are there dreams to disparage the pages of teams?  
Where are the examinations and machines of a day in clouds?

Naveed Akram

# Flower Of Mercy

Islam is a flower of mercy in the blooming seasons,  
Peace is inherited due to hard spokes of a wheel,  
And safety exhibits itself in the form of pleasure,  
Pains reside in the souls of men who are wicked to  
The souls so meek and refreshed.

Islam is a tree of health, to be exhaled by the forest,  
Warning signs show the Islamic offspring lately,  
Their showers are from the whispered tones of the clouds  
And the water then drains into the ocean to relive.  
Souls are meek on the Last Day.

Naveed Akram

# Flowering

Flowers are a part of speech too plain,  
The language of it is the kingdom of plants.  
Offering, exactly conferring, and inferring,  
They compute to loosen their offspring.  
The wind imitates the parts of the wind  
With flowing power, brains are dead.  
Often time is allowing a flower to be fed  
By the water of the floor, the gestures are bleeding.  
May water rise from its stem and flourish in its organs,  
Its organs, its organs concentrate too believably.  
Flowers work outside as do their people,  
So much has contrived the flower to be.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers At Night

Ask these flowers that blow by night,  
And demand answers to what is bright.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers Bloom Like People

The flowers in the garden strike blue,  
Just like lovely you.  
These flowers at the forefront speak loud,  
Opening the doors to what is allowed.  
Never do we release so many scents  
As this day. This day, we march like gents.

Just like roses we announce,  
We sometimes ponder and pounce.  
In effect we denounce our leaders,  
Leading the committee of readers.  
These are the authority of the dance  
Of flowers, in our garden of chance.

From this garden I walk into fields,  
Then streets are with us, no more hayfields.  
The green garden was behind now and then,  
With innocence at its side, compared again.  
A ghostly swamp is not our task,  
Merely we dine in pleasure and mask.

For we arrive in the city streets,  
Walking is an objective so much it cheats.  
We are some, they are many,  
This conundrum augments the penny,  
For if they are greater than us,  
We shall be greater with words to discuss.

Flowers, we claim, are at our heads,  
They do swear to keep beds;  
Our heads also keep them, one after the other,  
The rooms to occupy are more than our mother.  
The soil is so endangered by us,  
Flowers keep great ideas in dirtiness.

The gardeners work forever this way,  
Shaking the soil with their day.  
May our sleeping hours prove to be higher  
Than all of nature's, still we can tire.

Flower the world with our march,  
The march continues to arch.

May fatigue be the enemy of our protest,  
This riot we create, and then be assessed.  
What we are is not your concern,  
The bushes and plants have a turn.  
Their laziness requires religious thought,  
We need to think better than today as sought.

Let the population know what we have forsaken,  
The streets should be empty and obedient with abortion.  
The walkers are right, just totally right,  
An abduction causes us a different light.  
They take away some flowers from the garden,  
The garden of Us, we are the garden to pardon.

May we string new words,  
Extract blessing from our birds.  
The garden is polite like a stage,  
Acting will never grow or enrage.  
The nature of substances is grand,  
Like that of this very land.

Lazy flowers shout too hard,  
That is why they droop and be charred.  
They wilt and slowly drop,  
Like us as we come to the top.  
Life is about the riots of flowers,  
We marched up and down, with powers.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers Have Souls

Flowers have souls, flowers disintegrate,  
Their gloomy surroundings are brightened.  
In the fields of our discontent a cold iceberg  
Erupts to uplift our souls that carry the flowers.  
This icy branch of lucky mastery influences us  
With the environment, and this in turn flowers.  
It even flows like the sun and the stars,  
These giants of love feel leaves that fall down,  
Autumn survives when winter halves the show.  
This I feel with a sense of present health,  
This is the here and now so loud and quiet.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers In The Wind

Fortunate flowers ferment in favourable ways,  
They grow utterly beyond control, ways are unlimited;  
The stalks dance in the wind for they are soft  
And the breezes turn shy of them,  
For they are lucky to be washed.  
The wind has washed the petals as well  
And their clothing has arrived  
With a burial, as it seems.  
Fortune with plants is not of with animals,  
The air is wind, the flowers are blown over with anger  
As they have been unduly complimented.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers Of Light

A family of flowers inhabits the world,  
It is a flood or danger to the public,  
Pursuing emotions of the light and sound,  
Fixing the human stare, like an awareness.

The flowers fluently express their buttons,  
Hammers fetched would grow in return,  
People are forced to smartly panic,  
Purposes of the thunder are many.

This circus of flowers praises the people,  
After the thunder of roses and light;  
A learned man will prescribe a treatment,  
For every man and woman and child.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers Of Love

You are the flowers of spring, my everything,  
Words cannot contain the petals of happiness  
Entwined with the roses in full bloom and sunshine.  
Roses are just the new light of this harder talent,  
Words cannot describe your well-being and love,  
You are my light of the lantern called everlasting hope.

You are the flowing messages or rivers,  
Many hopes and lovers sway in the real time.  
Worse roses condemn the foes that woo you,  
But my friendship is everlasting and final.  
Woe to the forgotten lot, the few who dare to  
Challenge me and my love for yourself.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers Of The Fire

Fire within the walls inflames the person,  
He judges endlessly, like flaming mercy.  
The statements fly attached to the destiny,  
Fulfilling fancies, entering the parlours  
To sow new seeds of the entrance,  
This time you see sides to the story.

Walls of the fire are against the solid door,  
They reassure the blessings of the finite.  
Flowers entertain the soul with longevity,  
Bless those lilacs and primroses whenever  
They bloom in full sentence, the looming  
Lower simplicities are vital as can be.

Naveed Akram

# Flowers' Nature

Forever the flowers and soil laugh,  
Loveliness created me now  
In forms of words and oceans.  
The sea of grass manufactures  
The mandibles of my beetle.  
I am my beetle and I dine  
On the heavenly clay.  
Such flowers on earth are unequal,  
For this time moments are made to me  
Like the oceans and lands of sin.  
Worst crimes fall in the row  
And so ranks-and-files submit  
To the flowerbeds, the florets,  
And the plants of green leaves.

Naveed Akram

# Fluent Freeman

The finger triangulates fluently,  
It footworks frightfully well as a block  
Afforded by the very richest free-men.  
This friend of djinn fumbles through  
Fungus with game and sad fun,  
Hands hold gardens of blame.

The gardener's fist carries gemstones,  
The finger forks like a jet fighter.  
Ice cream is swallowed with junk and fun,  
That kitchens in this sense legally run.  
My finger has knife and blame,  
The map is on, lighting the flamboyant man.

Let victory be absurdly meat of offspring,  
The fist of the heartaches commands  
The milkshake coming from a fountain.  
We are in heavenly blasts of milk,  
Mazes astonish and ruin, less meteors,  
With lesser repose of the headaches.

This is heaven and Paradise both in winter,  
Nail after nail forces prices high;  
Too many signs of inflation, needles spurt,  
Passports are pebbles in this victorious region.  
I have to be parachute number two,  
This pillow causes millions of voices to spin.

Naveed Akram

# Flummoxed

I have flummoxed the description of thoughts  
That the painting established by pasting my own;  
I chuck like a knock my fist at the clock of ringing,  
Time innovates its executants who hew the place.

This contentious affair reminds me of the niece  
Of activity, which has been admired by the clock;  
Her gendarme accompanies her pronunciation,  
As words rush like a crowd into the street.

I must outwit her in all she does as a larcenist;  
Her words sprang from a redolent odour.  
This mania is obliterated by the policies,  
My description has a skill too fast and sufficient.

Naveed Akram

# Fluttering

Flutter through the pages of a philosopher's book,  
Lines end in poetry, lies eat away at the flesh.  
More the grace as we explore the catacombs of  
Our hearts, invisible is the silence.  
Different features of the pen have eluded us finally  
With filaments and joysticks.  
To exert one on another is too black  
And white, liking us too certainly.

Fluttering through the ages of an essential living,  
We go through the galaxy of worries,  
Joking, teasing and reasoning as quick as the head  
Can master.

There are diverse creatures and silences,  
Peering at their shape is like a vista of generality,  
Feeding the frenzies, frightening the falsities.

These are worked gem-stones, offered by some  
Who deny the existence of some people  
Who defy the generality.

Naveed Akram

# Flying Dove

A dove is so single like a celibate stranger,  
Is it white like love or fair like Dover?

Naveed Akram

# Focusing On Life

Focusing was a bore of this winter,  
The cytology of this place called the body  
Was as spread out as the winter's edge,  
The toga must be worn, it must be dawn!

The sleep of an astrologer wakens him further,  
He dreams of youth and young matters  
Altogether to be stars and signs of their lives,  
The whole life can now be an outbalance.

Naveed Akram

# Foil

Foil is like a herb of metallic strength,  
It cries like a butter of oil with food,  
As tears of the cry, as tears of the cry.

Foil is a tin, and small are causes that  
Decide a tiny whim, a silent crying -  
Food is believable, food has contentment.

Foil has many strokes of heat,  
On the tearing action I agree to be soft,  
So authors please listen to the weaning.

Naveed Akram

# Folding The Sun

Folding the paper suppresses the job of life,  
Inside the islands of our sleep awaits the return;  
To this return we look and respond, forming years  
And more ages and eras for the common good.

A secret has been unleashed forcing us about  
With frocks of fidelity, clothes of the surface of the body.  
The reality of secrecy relied on more realness  
As it circled and went somewhat straight.

Let this lesson mirror certain beliefs,  
Creating a piano to be played in front of dozens.  
Doze and burn the skin under the stars at night  
Even when the sun is present, even at night.

Naveed Akram

# Folklore

The stories that abide in the folklore  
Are literate for their ideals and realism;  
Those lessons are pages, those mediums  
Constrain the song, and the eventual decline  
Has been of people in sin.

My cast is my hope, as it swears to the clouds  
Of mist, and the clouds of despair,  
That tricks of the infirm are about us  
With full professions and confessions.

My joystick has been touched by the children  
Of hope, the feelings of the heart can outstandingly  
Discuss the beginnings of this created apartment.  
My heart is joy, my hearts are many to be exact,  
Killing me with the distance of a globe and planet.

I want the return to heart-sinking reality,  
An island of restoration has gained speed  
For the seas surrounding it gape at gales  
The wearing of which is sacred.  
At an argument the wearing of the crown  
Is for the island.

Naveed Akram

## Follow Her Gaze

Follow her gaze, in the steps of the goddess,  
Where mists and sand have collided with force,  
In her court of the vanquished house called sadness,  
Like the house of a hundred days and nights.  
A formidable goddess has arisen from the gold hearts,  
Fierce and fiery like the lions of the golden jungle,  
Lionesses have to read the books of their finders.  
A solid eye is cast on you, with stupor that broods  
In the direction of the youth dying now in this prison.  
One is grunting like horses in the fields of life,  
A botany is accusing the lions and tigers with fright,  
Like the wizard on his tower of highest essence.  
Follow the gaze with weather and toil and tussle,  
Like the misty valleys of madness and design.

Naveed Akram

## Follow The Path

Follow the path of the elders,  
The wise among us who think,  
And why do you think  
If you do not listen to the parents?  
Their path is superb.  
Thinking is the philosophy of the Youth  
Who look towards the gates of happiness,  
The gates that bid farewell  
As many times there are people.  
Think you are young and old, people,  
So that love is again established.

Naveed Akram

# Following The Force

Going to force is following force,  
Gears of talking can allow us,  
Huts of pleasure will revisit  
After the hazards are eased.  
Merely we are human, human as most beings  
In this world and existence.  
Gone to hellish places, an exactly ugly being  
Caned his older self, and worst pleasures became.  
Huts of pain are paid by the caning of an evil man,  
Men do not speak, merely they argue,  
Quick is the conversation we find,  
Arguing is resented, arguing will commend  
The argument and nothing else.  
Forces are like danger, and when hells are won  
We design a more dangerous abode  
For the soul, encasing with mind.

Naveed Akram

# Folly And The Peace

Distribute the folly among the people of nearness,  
Tabulate their weaknesses, scribes are again.  
A gain has been committed for the reality,  
The worlds of greatness complain so they gain.  
To folly we achieve our peace, but the great worlds  
Inhibit this folly, for the goodness, for the belly of ache.  
Forward they walk, backward they glance,  
To act according to the peace and war has been achieved.

Naveed Akram

# Fondness Of

He entered from fondness and between the murders,  
I know him by name, and his name has weakness of the heart.  
I saw him being pulled and he staggered like a hound to hit,  
Laughing with gusts of wind, squealing and kicking around.  
The murderous slant began hitting me on the mouth,  
Decent tests spring from the mind, as murders are discovered.  
Asses work like donkeys as well, but the test is complete,  
A devilish spitting session is afoot, like a test from above.

Naveed Akram

# Food Arrives

Food will arrive in the future from buildings,  
I need this information for my burnings.

Naveed Akram

# Food Circle

I am arguing strongly over the pleasure,  
This innate pain dissolves into the stomach  
When your food has been consumed diligently.  
The arguments are rarer when stories are told,  
Food is an event of the mind and body,  
Food remains tough as we grow old.  
These worlds collide in measures and conditions,  
The geometry of this life fades  
And transgresses, due to the dungeon  
Of warfare that happens on the mind  
Due to food.

Inside the food circles are drinking plateaus  
Formed from juices and other drinks,  
These are rough like rage, after the event,  
Telling me anything like loveliness.

Food is dinner on a plate, fixing me  
With its stare, like a window of fortune,  
Taller than the mountain with all the glory.

Naveed Akram

# Food For Everyone

Sellers of food have a huge price,  
And they eat from them from advice.  
The restaurant is a race for the food,  
A beautiful place for the meat barbecued.

I like the eating to be done in a fantastic place,  
Where I love the taste in my head, no disgrace.  
Love anything but do not eat the forbidden fruit,  
So horrid it is of the devil to say, but we must be astute.

It is poverty that hides the food from poor people,  
It is not the poor people who taste a life admirable.  
Sellers of food must be paid, and poor is the person  
Who can not afford, so he can not eat, unless he is in heaven.

Heaven is a place for food and drink,  
Drink I take and health I doublethink.  
Heaven has a drink for me.

Naveed Akram

# Food For The Body

Food is of geese, blood and guts,  
Under this river of blood and ancestry.  
Friendly relationships come forth when adjusted  
By the food granted by the authors of books  
And the very changers of uniform.  
Ichor, a fluid of the Gods, runs through it all,  
The body of drugs and violence,  
To shatter and obey, to be munched and abstained,  
Like lionesses.  
Food is critical, it needs a message  
So that you abide by the rules of music and wizardry.  
Food is of the wizards and witches, fully able  
To delight and appal and be rejected.

Naveed Akram

## Food Fulfil

Filling the mouth with food is obsolete activity,  
Inside this world is a being of oneness,  
For the fortune of this planet resides in you.

Food is a fortunate substance of great worth,  
My doors are complete and their loving is hatred  
Of the utmost strength, the strength of love.

Drink then of honey so that your crying is created,  
Inner sanctions are presentable to the complete person,  
Who is the full life? What do the returners believe?

This milk of the clay-like earth is solid with laughter,  
Food fills the belly like acid and light so considerable,  
Then the milk flows on this river-like path of incidents.

Naveed Akram

# Food In The Mouth

The food encasing our mouth is the face,  
And the face does express what is solid;  
Governance is held in a house, that is the arena  
We turn to for guidance and offspring.  
The food of a life requires new meaning of events,  
The gospel of the world is a revelation so sounding  
Like the gorgon compared to the actual monster.  
Good food is shelter as roofs are like sports,  
The food of our face still handles me.

Naveed Akram

# Food Is In This World

You are living in the world as a wanderer,  
Upon the hill of thought,  
Against the surge of the sea,  
From out of the falling sky;  
Forever there is a quest of unity,  
A damnation has been clear cut  
And a respectable movement is about.  
We starve, they laugh, and we conquer  
If we are hungered by our loss.  
Food is living in this world as a wonder  
And I am totally lost.

Naveed Akram

# Food Is Lovely

I pinpointed a mystifying object,  
It was like a red tomato, many,  
Inside the juice smelt sick-making  
As nauseous as oranges that rotted.

I want more coffee, more errands to the shop,  
It makes my lungs blissful, my head clear,  
As undisturbed as a heavenly maiden,  
Oh my! The list of benefits goes on.

Just too much juice is useful,  
I am finding it helpful to drive other smells,  
Maybe I cook and others do not,  
Just so that I consume the cuisine.

Naveed Akram

# Food Itself

Falling forward mattering mightily I feed,  
Only fences of food stutter like Mead.

Naveed Akram

# Food Of The Heart

Food between the mouth and lungs is godly  
All due to your breathing, and this sea of the night  
Travels like few ought to, talking the good cutting talk  
Under the sometimes blushing sun,  
Triumphant is the result.

Children of the side are like mountains to complain,  
Food inside is directed at the body of the deceiver,  
The children invoke their hearing and clearing,  
So that care enters the heart due to the hunting of dire  
Circumstances so ready and meek.

Those who bother and direct their health to affairs  
Of the heart are jesters of the heavenly kind,  
Soon their talk breaks into bits and pieces,  
Solid acts are of the streams and brooks,  
Sighing is the result of the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Food To Cook

Food is a miracle from the One God who loves,  
His followers obey him by declaring  
A secret love of food;  
The dinner appears to be forsaken  
For love, and this we call fasting,  
But fasting has been prescribed from Him,  
And you are an eater of plants and animals,  
So there is gratitude demonstrated.  
This is a miraculous action:  
A stop to ill-health has been committed  
And a sin is now impossible  
For those with faith,  
For those with the love of food.

Naveed Akram

# Foolish Flames

All the patients at the clinic make a hall of flames,  
Admitting them into schools for the occupation;  
Resting this time, a nice trick of the soul and mind,  
Resting and suffering superbly, in the mind.  
May celery and carrot be the real meal,  
The brave ones conquer all, they just conquer.  
These men and women are ghosts of children,  
Killing all the time, some of us are not dead.  
Death has been miraculous tonight,  
Sleeping shall be fine, as more than health is absent.  
Rolling the eyes helps my path and road  
On the way, on the real way.  
All these distresses conquer me as I speak  
To the pillow and bed, the straw mat of foolery.

Naveed Akram

# Footsteps

Scurrying footsteps resound in the hallway,  
Opening torment to flowers of the tree,  
That are suddenly angered by the topics  
Aroused by the noises of the hallway.

They become alive like thinkers of destruction,  
Restoring their own health and fighting bliss,  
Such bliss is their restoring, and such bliss is sound  
And valid like the philosophies of the hall.

My one bottle flies towards the post at the end,  
Fire has wreaked its havoc forming tension  
On the highways of thoughts, the embroidered  
Thoughts like galaxies of jewellery, that mattered.

Naveed Akram

# Footwear

It is one amenity of the laces,  
Footwear stands on the floor of blue bricks,  
Fading into the existence,  
Like an essential flaw of the men and women.

Aqueducts of good seeming experience,  
Fall into the lots and losses,  
Faults are on the side of the wearer,  
Never reimburse the footman,  
As extra features stand out in trimness.

A hazel toffee is sweeter than the feet  
Of caught cauldrons, casually worn  
By the feelers of the people inside.  
One day a shoe speaks and laughs  
As you like the stain in the bedrooms of religion.

The context is the key to exiting feet,  
Shoes are the very brittle soldiers  
Of a fine war of words.

Naveed Akram

# Footwork

Footwork denies me the legs of wonder,  
These ghosts are like legs and arms of the young  
Offspring who own the only weather.  
Feet deny me the right to self-exist,  
Living lies with lions of distress inside the distress.  
I have to learn, I have to risk the resistance  
So meaningful like the wind of highness.  
My oftenest sprite resists my changes  
Like well-meaning gnome or dwarf.  
Their magical spray shall shine with flames  
That murder the young eggs of yellow.  
Foot after foot emerges like fire of the world,  
This forest life will undo the wellness of life.

Naveed Akram

# For Better Men

Humane thrusts are foregrounds for better men,  
The enticed worlds are sounds for the better men.

Why do you differ from ruptured souls who force?  
The humane gesture is the colour of compounds, of better men.

My soul is in difference, when the cherries are blossoming,  
Burrowing in the surrounding mounds, we are better men.

The real man is a writer of the world and all it surrounds,  
Poetry is the beast of the martyr who astounds the better men.

Why does the comfort entail a wry remark of all suddenness?  
It is duty to see the ethics of a day in amends, for the better men.

This day, I see an apple growing on the very fruitful tree called Luck,  
There is somewhere the bending path that ascends to better men.

My authority is like the fortunate outcome of a thousand days,  
Nights are sold to the merchants, and the serfs in the badlands, these better men.

Naveed Akram

# For Calm

A resolution was proposed  
And carried with near  
Throbbing support  
To veto wine-drinkers,  
Those hated followers,  
Fed up soldiers  
So make-believe,

Near this support,  
My question asks something else:  
Deliberate discussion is foolish  
When resolved hearts  
Attack with frenzy  
The aimless sufferers  
Voting for calm and felicity.

Naveed Akram

# For Every Storm

For every storm there is a room  
And find the palace now,  
From deserts are a tomb and gloom,  
Where clothes must just allow.

The clothing kisses us on cheek,  
When effort made us worse,  
The cloth we wear is rather chic,  
And worry is a curse.

The storm shall grow at all the speed  
That problems make us mad,  
You did not follow, or then bleed  
As madness is your dad.

Naveed Akram

# For Feathers

He clears the feathers of a virtue,  
Open the doors to the fallacy,  
For philosophy can strive benignly,  
Cleansing the rich soil so fermented.  
I see a clarity of beaming heraldry,  
Fussing me with its stare and dare.

He clears the path for the discovery,  
My rights denied, my reckoning appearing.  
I see ahead a clear road of the size  
One marvellously rejoins on hearing.  
For the knowledge of cleaning water  
You acquire the religion of righteous men.

Naveed Akram

# For Hearts

For my heart has longed  
Forever, like the song that  
Eternally resonates,  
And hearing is a heavenly tool  
For all those learned.

For my heart has a height  
Too mighty, and too fast  
An accomplishment,  
Young lights are young minds,  
Youth is doubly troublesome.

For when it beats, the burden  
Has been extinguished  
Like the living of the height  
That is tall and splendid,  
For when it beats it has heat.

Naveed Akram

# For Heaven

Fire melts the wood,  
Loathing the brilliant scene;  
I speak for the populace,  
And my meanings are attached.  
Fire is from the belief of Hell.

Inside this shell is bone,  
The shell is the body,  
And we shall melt when forgiven,  
Open those gates of the gardens  
In a place remote, the eternal place.

Naveed Akram

## For More Leaves

Why do trees belatedly call for more leaves?  
On their boughs or their thorns or what?  
These treacheries number in the thousands,  
Tread on the calcium of bones to discover  
A real rally of strength, sorely missed by us.  
Stay with certain strength, stay with the masses  
To overwhelm the crowd of dignitaries,  
As infantry collides with the atoms of despair,  
Rocketing really with relaxation.

I have down there a dangerous woman of dis-beliefs,  
That range from one moment to the next,  
Overpowering the majority of thinkers  
With their own smiles and tributes.  
Why do certain plants also shed light  
On the very stars above us?  
The disbelief is tremendous,  
And overreaching, so their partners are liars  
Unto the ultimate beliefs housed  
By thinkers.

Naveed Akram

# For My Happiness

O God

I think of you and my love exceeds the sky  
It is due to the happiness in my heart  
Not when the thrown missiles are hitting  
But when the thrower has eventually gone  
Forever

O My Lord

I think of comforts and laws that have been  
Obeyed.  
My efforts exceed the limits, as I befriend You  
In ways of the human spirit,  
I call you!

Naveed Akram

# For My Maker

Salty as fire and bland as ice  
I stroke my hand on the wood  
This wood talks to me with narrow heart.

Homeless tables spring to the exit  
After my hands and feet are gone  
From me

Obedient limbs stroke the glass  
Of the window, of this grateful object  
Inside is home and house for all.

I am high for my body immensely forgets  
Its chance to stay alive  
For I am obeying my Maker.

Naveed Akram

## For Solemn Music

What is in the nature of music that you flow  
Continuously and relentlessly like offal?  
Eating the restraints and the foibles is  
Intoxicating due to God, feeding a frankness  
Of the most appeal, of equal measure.  
We are hundreds of people calling to right,  
And wrong turns its back on voluptuous doing.  
What tragic part of the cosmos enlightens me  
In father and mother, the parents promised to me?  
The natural parts of the void are entailing the odds,  
The evenings are mute, as they portray a mightiness  
That defies the gods of old and ancient.  
My music solidly comprises virtue and manner,  
Combs are for the hair, not for solemn music.

Naveed Akram

# For The Forsaken One

I forsake thee even when you had to be something,  
So avert your eyed face and pretend you laugh,  
Sell a single knife-point, give in to the old and new,  
To sportly people who never ever give as much in quantity,  
And in quality!

I forsake my life if it means to judge my inventory,  
And keep instead for a change, to get more and too more,  
Thus the provisions are decided to last for all time  
To come!

Naveed Akram

# For The Heavens

As you wish you spring into view for the heavens  
To display a reality of the entire sphere or globe.  
In the beautiful opinions of hurt a muttered man  
Is stung by tongues that brothers have ordered.  
The genius stands to tell of echoes together with smiles,  
Faces then turn from the former province.  
Rain hinders the carriages of our youth, as the train  
Never stops and unwinds, the guess of a sense in time  
Foretells the ready image of a day in triumph.

As you want the desire of the desire,  
A vagabond will deter your opinion from capsizing,  
This hearing of the testimonial is adequate to beam  
On with enlightenment, states are all their fury.

My authority to rule and discuss desire  
Feeds the handled mortuary, from the lick  
Of flames as they know more than your face.

Naveed Akram

# For The Sake Of Peace

For the sake of peace do sleep and live,  
They sleep again when the word is about;  
The hold on us is forevermore, the sleep  
Satanically cools the mind of mellow worlds.  
Dreams come from the doctor disaster,  
This is the circus act of asking the artistic  
Freedom, dreams are your dispute with gold.

For the sake of fun and laughter, the area  
Of your brain witnesses pain and work,  
While dozing and sleeping have repeated  
The double fortune, once the set of crimes  
Have been dissolved for the moon standing.  
I laugh at the sun that beats down with heat,  
Sheltering the poor, infirm and nursed.

For the sake of freedom, the doctor stood  
And surgery became blood and wounds,  
Fixing the price for this was not compulsory;  
Till suddenly during the flight of fantasy a  
Major story broke loose on the television  
Of terror, a major tale of the three continents  
To force an accusation for sake of completion.

Naveed Akram

## For You Must Live

For you must die and live according to venom  
Of the laughter, to spirits of highest light.  
There is no turning into sprites or elves,  
But a true friend is a thinker of lights and honesty.  
The cracking honesty barges into the room,  
Filling the land of troubles with more troubles.  
Treat those who care with a service to matter,  
And let the masters of massacre be annihilated.  
For you must treat the kind men with a curse  
That is absent, with a kindness all powerful.  
One magnificent egg will hatch and live among us,  
Like the honest men who drive into the light.

Naveed Akram

# Forbearance

Disregard his forbearance for this is a young female,  
The majority belonged to the teaching community;  
My colonels accepted the suppositions so differing,  
My bigotry half-bred, I pursued eagerly the flight.

The war eventually craved for more hostility,  
Lead and iron spread their boundaries forever;  
An ordinary glance generally disagreed  
For the military was the military when in doubt.

The education spent its kingdom when alive,  
A cold shoulder was this rejected thought  
From the living and eternal, the one who proudly  
Condemned the answers to the questions of war.

Naveed Akram

# Forbidden Dreams

The men of action dream the most  
Due to illness and widespread beliefs.  
The perfect dream carries on  
Feeding me well inside the night.  
We must pursue the dreams  
So uniformly experienced,  
So wonderfully collected  
By the brain of power and might.

Friends accuse their friends of homicide  
When dreams walk and run towards you,  
Houses stand firm like a form or idea  
Erupting like Mount Vesuvius.

To be afraid you must create hurt for those  
Whose religion stated their forbidden quality.

Naveed Akram

# Forbidden Laws

I forbade the people to connect with the laws  
So acting like beliefs so right and without flaws.

Naveed Akram

# Force And Behaviour

Legless he stands somehow to gauge his accent on life,  
To gauge a lower position I fear, or I dare  
Speak to him on loathsome issues, on felony  
Charges and monstrous crimes such as Death.

Naveed Akram

# Force Them

Force the formation of names,  
Force the forming of people against their whims,  
Force the fellowship of men and women,  
Together it is they who conceive and feel  
And contrast and compare and condemn.  
Their companions are in heaven, as hell is also away.  
We should live in bliss and sophistication,  
In joy, love, marriage and loveliness.

Naveed Akram

# Forced To

Force is a mysterious being of wonder.  
I call it the force for all the reasons I share with nature.

Force is stronger than power of words,  
As of love, what then?

Share with us a new religion,  
However, the dairy products must be taken.

Your love for this consumption is vast,  
Fortnights seem like three, not anything else.

We have like manners under control,  
Under rigid control, be strong.

Naveed Akram

# Forces

Force is the absence of thoughts,  
Inside this pressure is a precious nature.  
May forceful men be absent and free,  
An obscure effect has been achieved.  
Gravity is the abstinence from religion  
Since you fall according to it.  
Jumping and rolling carries burden  
That munched itself, that delivered happiness.  
Force is the healthy form of food,  
Opening the chest of drawers is forceful  
Like the innocent children who delve into magic.

Naveed Akram

# Forefathers

Force the design of a matter of doubt  
To be useless.

The lessening of your number of people  
Is like a fire of wood crackling  
With heat.

The hot stove is cooking my meat of venison,  
Relished by my children of the woods.

The design of food is exceptional by the maker of us,  
He is the forefather, and she is the foremother,  
Reaching our hearts with the stove and the woods  
And the sylvan animals of beauty and belief.

Naveed Akram

# Forepaw

A real paw is behind in action,  
Chips and clods come to the fore;  
They have their lower limits,  
Paws create the higher base.  
They lived at the foot of the barren hill,  
These abiding citizens of mammals  
Were innocent, and grey with hurt.  
So pain created foundations,  
Animals and plants persuaded us  
To shed our blood and interrogate.  
The hoof bellowed like noise,  
Then check him or her and it,  
So bills are collected in tonight.

The trotter is the trip,  
The trip is creator, of the wish.  
To be someone is a journey  
Of the hooves and shine.  
The trips of a married man have a base,  
This base is the sensible sign.

Naveed Akram

# Forest Glades

The forest glades teem with abundant energy  
As the summer returns again,  
This warm planet visits us with warning;  
It is sweet to picture a crowded wood,  
Full of wooden trees barking like dogs.  
It is adornment for the world to ignite,  
The sleep of living things subsides,  
Ignition of the weather is from the lightning  
Bolt - A far reaching effect of manly charts.

The sky teems with thriving clouds,  
Opening with suns and moons,  
Closing the picture of gallantry so existent;  
With reward is a destiny or destination,  
Forwards they move and march once before.  
Harvest has won the crowd of sitters,  
Onlookers find the crowds displeasing.

Naveed Akram

# Forest Of Berries

The forest expected it, the woods create,  
A storm has arrived with the leaves;  
Wind blew and created, the leaves turned,  
Bellies adjusted to the food.

What were berries? The berry is wonderful,  
For the strawberry is the best.  
A forest of leaves crazes me, as no other,  
Never in too many lives does it create.

Tomorrow it lies with leaves and more,  
The best berries are for me, the law;  
When are you expected to dance?  
The hour is near when the berries are present.

Naveed Akram

# Foretelling

Foretell himself by words and pictures dreamt,  
To call the understanding isn't fair;  
We damage them who frighten that affair  
With wounds so dreaded as those with contempt.  
To see is ten of toes, ten fingers tempt  
Our fall, with much decision of armchair,  
The rest is simple as a being air,  
The whole design stands close to an attempt.

My thoughts are with my mind and eyes to see  
Why wounds are dressed with proper cloth and robes,  
Why damning hated faith, religious awe.  
My actions have the real utility,  
The real decisions warned our decent globes,  
Use statements expertly so little to draw.

Naveed Akram

# Forever Feeling

Store a feeling forever by learning it for the brain,  
This brain you carry learns faster than others.  
My favours are concrete, excelling others,  
They show you the way home, and beyond.  
Beyond our leisure they are feelings to treasure,  
Like golden ornaments, like jewels and magnets.  
The feeling to keep lies beneath, beneath the island,  
This region I store in my youth, so emotions destroy  
The region, that little island in my younger years.  
Store the feeling of youth once you are old,  
Then old ways are confirmed, old ways are learnt afresh.

Naveed Akram

# Forever Is The Soul

God forever is in pity of your soul,  
Guests of heaven do sing like a lull.  
My hungry beast inside my heart  
Is dissolving into the soul in part.  
The rest of it will indulge in heaven,  
Like a fellow too moist in reflection.  
God is in union with my brain and soul,  
Just do this once, once again and bowl.

Naveed Akram

# Forever The Days...

Forever the days are numbered and cold,  
As the years grow long, they are old.  
Years are old, ancient, and godly.  
They are gold, and are days that are nights.  
What gold do you see in the days?  
And what night is so golden that the black sky  
Shines - the Moonlight.

Naveed Akram

# Forfeit

You have goals and rights of course,  
Better to say never than sorry,  
Bright and light the soldiers of delight,  
To find new meaning in the desperate few,  
Who live a life of so many boredoms and morally upheld  
They are!

Your worship is always the beginning so you end as well,  
From inside the books I carry the liver and heart,  
For each heart I carry a mirror, and for each liver a prayer,  
So you discover which goal to bury under your nose.

Naveed Akram

# Forget The Flowers

Forget the flowers in the garden  
That are idle and we are in fuss,  
Like a merriment has a pardon,  
To twice be a parade to resurface.

Gotten by any man is funny lady,  
Flowers and tulips especially be mad,  
To understand this requires candy,  
Madly to believe I was bad.

Hostels of heaven are spirits,  
But I am a flower too hurt.  
I am forced to conquer budgets,  
Too mysterious for the nonexpert.

Heaven plays good games of forgetting,  
As if, as if I came out to sea,  
And the bliss was too captivating,  
Too much for me.

Paradise holds the key,  
It is just too business  
According to the godly,  
That they demand adeptness.

Naveed Akram

# Forget The Race

Race is the wine of discourse, and be it,  
The lady I see in the skies whose baby I can be,  
To race I find a solid note of sense, and be it,  
The prudent history I compare with you.

Naveed Akram

# Forgive Me

You forgive and moan if that could be,  
It cannot moan that far, look;  
And see now, why it glints in the eye  
When I saw you speak and forgive.

"It disgusts me! " you used to say,  
Avoiding, guiding, and shivering;  
You see a mirror, and in it, look:  
A vision of me, as it shivers with silver.

It, the light of the mirror, guided me,  
Like decaying bodies of flesh do shine  
In the layers of time, the time that passed,  
And left me with a vision of you, forgiving me.

Naveed Akram

# Formations Of This Realm

My formations strive along their rows and columns,  
Their fuel is the fire at the end of the day;  
The night revolves around their heads like planets,  
These worlds are bitter, bitterer than the swords  
They wield by the golden alacrity and shine.  
It is war of the bones, war of the estimated answers,  
These battles fought are stages of the hour,  
When gold will shine brighter, and brighter.

Gold will burst due to global help,  
Illuminations stagger and twist in their wheels  
That run on the railway of the mind.  
My blazing heart transfers the weight of the soul  
To the realm outside, bitter remorse is outside.  
My bursting heart heats up with burning,  
Fire has been gold and golden in the shires  
Of this destination, called more war and more triumph.

Naveed Akram

# Forming A Sculpture

All-encompassing are the details he assembled,  
To form a physical object, like an author forms a book.  
The statue was golden, like a golden book,  
Towards the sun it stood and anchored.  
My light was not that golden and luminous  
As this simple affray of light.  
The statue was upset, too intolerant of the sun,  
Much space was taken by the sculptor.  
A sun is a star of the exact nature,  
The sculpture was like this single light and lantern.

Naveed Akram

# Forming Word After Word

Once the beds rolled and righteously sang  
Their tunes for the fifth time,  
And then the sailors came by to investigate,  
Feeding a moment or one,  
Feeling a defence from the heart.  
I see a chart of the careers and they shine  
From the darts that spread and fearfully tread.

Under the tree of innocence is a flower  
Grown by the winds of chance.  
Inside the delivery of seconds  
Is a glare of the white spots  
Finding us further than we have imagined.

Assortments arise and are aborted,  
The airport is astute now that flight has  
Been called and finished.  
A consort feels for you, your spouse  
Is a conveyance, a matter of motion  
To be touched by the splendours.

Once the beds rolled they rose,  
Combining a better letter and  
So forming words.

Naveed Akram

# Forms Of People

Exact and accurate can I speak of Us,  
Too wide to contact from afar and gone,  
Into the escape and eradicated always,  
I suffer now and keep awake all night.

Read the painful people who stole the show,  
Who kept it hidden from everyone else,  
Again we say we are gone attacking and defending,  
Lesser I say they were indeed.

Naveed Akram

# Formula

A formula has been contrived for our benefit,  
Once more the divisions can keep,  
Reasons are for living, ones to admit.

May defenders arrive too early to befit,  
A new religion contacts us asleep,  
A formula has been contrived for our benefit.

What do we control when we backbit?  
The whole collision concerns the cheap,  
Reasons are for living, ones to admit.

Mastering our language is needed to baby-sit,  
The adult who does this is no barkeep,  
A formula has been contrived for our benefit.

Strange honesty is at the bottom of the bandit,  
He who claims divinity, loving us so deep,  
Reasons are for living, ones to admit.

Studying behaviour relies on the fit,  
A man studies for the books to heap,  
Reasons are for living, ones to admit,  
A formula has been contrived for our benefit.

Naveed Akram

# Forsaken Men

Going to the gates of glory is like forsaking the warm air,  
Opening the freedom of pathways is like warming the dinner.

Offer me a suggestion to make a collective gift, a giving present,  
To enlighten the few who are profiting the crafts of design.

Give me a prayer of resentment, of dreams and nightmares,  
Mixed with folded paper, electric shocks issue like curtains.

I have a deed of the death and after-life, swollen from hurt  
In this world of worry and wanting, the world devotes me to it.

The arms snigger like a ladder in mid-flight, of a flight,  
That lands on the beaches of my lap, my other leg.

If gates of glory are forsaken then rainbows speak tall problems,  
Whenever just rulers hit the Earth like Adam or a fine fellow of Man.

Naveed Akram

# Fortress In The Eyes

Form a fortress in the battering vision  
And defend strongly all trenches,  
Keep an obstacle to fight them strong,  
All initiative is acquired, has been achieved;  
We face the enemy to question its morale,  
And the written message is in their heads.  
Face them all the time, towards the finishing line,  
Where thieves are situated and lives are lost.  
The enemy has entered the envy to reason,  
For strength is entry of all places,  
For reason is a strength too gifted that the hat is lifted.  
Form a fortress in your eyes  
And never forget with the mind.

Naveed Akram

# Fortresses

Fortresses are built on the mighty mounds  
Keeping war within the country, and it sounds.

Fight along the time of war and you are victorious,  
Just as the ancestry will prevail in your mentality.

Forcing the imagination with war-like attributes  
Cancels the war effort, and effort must be preserved.

To win the skirmish of war is faster in the thinking  
And once we see surrender, we see a flag of joy.

We need fortresses of great weight and danger  
That have feeling of battle, on the top of the head.

Naveed Akram

## Fortunate Love

Fortune loved its devouring,  
Forever the rush of heaven,  
Inside this is hatred of a kind  
I want to describe in the end.  
For luck is a crime on nature,  
And it created mines of gold  
That is the complexion of youth,  
Of lovely need to indulge and decipher.  
Fortunate may be the ruling  
Of a man who is head of the family.  
Loved he is, loved his head is.

Naveed Akram

# Fortune Is All I Care

Addiction to faith as knowledge is insane,  
For the belief in you carries a burden.  
Insanity carries genius, forsaken one,  
Forsaken one please describe the knowledge.

To complete genius in one's lifetime  
You spend another life as an existence;  
Fortnightly, the cure to all illness is taken,  
Fortune married itself to the men of doctors.

The doctors are in this life, forsaken one,  
For me, the whole world needed a doctor.  
Doctors compose cures to make an effect of healing,  
Yet addiction is a knowledge, not a wisdom.

Naveed Akram

# Fortune Is Greater

Fortune has a blessing of greater magnitude,  
The beauty of luck sustains itself with altitude.  
My forms of knowledge guarantee success,  
But fortune is the man of greater address.

My luckiness is kept, forming an unique bond,  
With all of life and loneliness, and beyond.  
The secret of happiness is used by only some,  
Let fortunate blessings arrive with amateurism.

Naveed Akram

# Forward Is The March

I can love the book of stages,  
This book is clean and pure,  
Then forward is the march that annexes,  
It annexes due to speed and it can assure.

Beyond belief I surprise one on this,  
Love of a book weighs heavily,  
It injures the heart like a hiss  
That came not from snakes but from generosity.

Naveed Akram

# Foul Growls

A foul growl upsets erringly,  
The feelings of shadows are afloat,  
Then foul happenings cause us to cease,  
Feet are the only key of the woods.

My loves and swords marry,  
Words should own their lot,  
But heavens and earth shall carry,  
And the words there are like ghosts.

Foul and hard are the tears in the boat,  
Hushing us with the surprise,  
Feeding the earth with soil and hurry,  
Hesitations run quick.

Naveed Akram

# Fountain Of Youth

Faith is a fountain of youth and statues,  
Once they build the fountain's breath, it devalues.

Naveed Akram

## Four Deaths

Four deaths are greater than one,  
On return there presents a win,  
A win can count much too much,  
Mastered by the loneliness of rich,  
Heavier than the prayer been.

Naveed Akram

## Four Seasons

Some of us will hurt of the inferior people,  
Any of the people whose violence is solid,  
And very many years are forgotten of summer,  
And so much has everything in spring,  
And so many have a generation in winter,  
Because the Autumn is superior.

Naveed Akram

## Four Sides

This four-sided night is like a rectangle,  
You see in floors of the sky a slight right.  
One star glistens piercing the eyes like sickness  
Of the sight, so guided are the photons.  
Wave after wave reaches us from the night light,  
Bright stairways recede and succeed like us.  
One will water the plants from the heart caressingly,  
Initial problems are solvable from the intense heart.

Naveed Akram

# Fowl

The fowl hang around the present atmosphere,  
Coalescing like animals of the air and breath.  
They commingle and seek pride, forging bonds  
Of heavenly height, unobstructed by the view.  
Adjacently they master themselves and their trajectory  
To pullulate with the air and strive strenuously.  
Their wings beat in link with the ocean and its current,  
Whirling like storms of the unfathomable oceans,  
Themselves are potency, poetical connivance,  
Of absolute jeopardy.  
The poultry shall vanish one day, to leave us with wings  
And the supper of standing weight.

Naveed Akram

# Fractures Inside

Minute fractures come this way,  
The bones of course mattered  
But then the elements defeated  
And established material was upset.  
Many fibres contained in this cloth  
Are like the bones inside you,  
The shores inside you stir with waves  
From the seas of blood  
And those seas have contained many seas  
And waves.  
The bones are broken finally,  
Giving a wheel a rolling character.

Naveed Akram

# Fragrant Walks

The fragrancy of the walks and bowers  
Was hearing from a tree in one orchard,  
When I considered that there was no religion  
In my house of houses, a stupidity crept in  
To see the fragrancy of the tree upon me.  
After some short pause, the selfish boy,  
Rotating on his feet, launched himself into  
Them. He did it afterwards, and then some  
Time escaped the clutches, reading the enemy  
Or me, the strangeness of the position!

I do not remember when I really heard him speak,  
As I was sitting in my chamber, as I heard some bounces  
At my landlord's door. And clarity spoke to me,  
As I heard the bounces at my landlord's door.

We were now arrived at Winter-Gate,  
A place of great trees, taller than skies  
And vast oceanic masses, much like the swords  
Of the high sultans, living within,  
Living away from real life-surroundings.

The fear of the boy was enough to hurt and cry,  
One cry came aground and hurt the eyes and ears,  
It pierced the strange boy, and it metamorphosed,  
It glanced at him. He did really depart now.

Naveed Akram

# Fraudulent Offence

I like your card as it deceives me,  
Debt is a terrible life, I know and see.  
Fraud is to obtain this property  
And theft is the way you take for poverty.  
May you mislead knowingly another  
That the legions and lesions are lessons of a mother.  
I like this conviction upheld,  
The marriage of money is to be compelled.  
Debt is a mathematical puzzle,  
One of the finest monuments called a muzzle.

Naveed Akram

# Free Our Minds

Free our minds from those who establish  
And construct freedom to the word.

Naveed Akram

# Freedom And Zest

Adapt to the freedom and zest,  
So that success is reminded on other flesh,  
So that work can be done for our very benefit,  
In order to free the thinking from our heads,  
So that money can be produced to produce!  
Why not earn money?  
If freedom is from money,  
Why not buy it?

Naveed Akram

# Freedom Does Not Ask

Freedom has asked its favour unto you now,  
Free people do not ask questions,  
But the enslaved will complain in their hearts,  
And the hearts will be chained,  
And the heat collides with stars.

Freedom of the galaxy is freer than earthly  
Needs, there is liberty in the stars.  
One is station, one is concern for the concert,  
For let the music be musical,  
And let the stars bespeak so as to glare.

The pitch is dark, the music is magical,  
For heat is the song of the heavens  
In this starless commotion we call the world  
At night; the night is alive more than creatures  
That walk in the darkness, so music touches.

Naveed Akram

# Freedom Forming

Freedom lasts forming a sister that becomes allowed,  
This member inhabits thinkers who were overproud.

Freedom is the solution to present worshippers that pray  
For the life ahead and the life before and this my birthday.

Naveed Akram

# Freedom Has Been Won

Freedom is a burden for those who bestow it,  
One general speaks towards the finding,  
For freedom carries new meaning,  
As then the armies will be loved as enemies;  
Skill would forget the blood it owned,  
As far as the eyes could hear,  
And after too many protectors had begot  
Their new found luck.

Concentrate on liberty as the divine promise,  
One affords the liberal gestures of the year,  
Once the felonies have been caught,  
And daydreaming coincides with futures,  
These are the real wars  
That freedom has won.

Naveed Akram

# Freedom In Poetry

Freedom with lines is only in poetry,  
The forms of wealth are the words of stealth,  
Dimmer news connects to the soul like stealth,  
So that spies forfeit their role riding us with wishes  
Of death and heartache, those splendid deeds  
Are respected by the reasons we require.

Freedom of the spies lies in commerce,  
The back garden is not the stale courtyard,  
Straining and stressing is the world of gardening.  
Shovels are easier than the word,  
Spades must spend their duel,  
Lies are not concentrated in the soil.  
The mild days of stormy weather have repeated  
In my dying bends.

Naveed Akram

# Freedom Of Speech

Freedom has a way of watching over us,  
When mountains display acts of courage,  
And fountains doubt their spillage,  
From within they differ.

I see history of the devils and demons  
Collide with fortunate gold and silver;  
With diamonds from the air and earth,  
As far as the sky can be seen with eyes of the head  
That is intelligent.

We must act together in spirits  
That deny our happy hearts  
But aid the hungry individuals  
And the offensive hunters and malcontents.

Watching the freedom of others made rules  
Between the acts of the living.

Naveed Akram

# Freedom Was Lacking

The freedom was lacking,  
Never to embark on its voyage,  
To elevate the moods of soldiers  
And sailors with multiple marriages.

Ignoring even the ravings,  
One fellow was with a gravy stain  
After too much maintaining,  
As the assured ones can always see.

His uncaring heirs watched his clothes  
Dribbling under the rains,  
For wasting the money seemed one  
Particular job that cut the body.

I am wanting glory,  
Feeling poverty and zests,  
Making my house of strength,  
Like a bold soldier or sailor of war.

Naveed Akram

# Freeman

My companion deserves luck on the street  
That requires hats and wonderful attire.  
His accent was so pleasant, so beautiful,  
That language resumed perfection.  
Hoses bring water to the garden,  
Just as wise people communicate their longing,  
With streets and alleyways, and normality.  
Too strong is illness of the heart,  
A heart hurts all due to pain of the other hearts.  
My companion is lucky today,  
For the learned men have given him a name -  
Freeman.

Naveed Akram

# Frequently

The frequent continent is continual,  
With a halo and mast, a thirst for thoughts,  
And a ship for restraint.  
The frequency of the thoughts is strange,  
One has a light as guide,  
The ship buries its dead.  
May the sea depart from lost companionship  
Issuing orders for the destruction  
Of the soul and its remains.  
I understand this disastrous mayhem  
Taken by the supreme warlord  
And his motley crew discerning  
From other members of the legion.  
I frequent the continent, and then delve  
Deeply into the confines of the cave,  
Watching our beauty in the senses,  
Deceiving nobody with haste.

Naveed Akram

# Fresh Mornings

Fresh mornings arise in time's sleep,  
Sleep causes us to collect awe of Him.  
We actuate the sensations of greatness  
To alleviate suffering in our hearts.  
To see the words inside the words  
Is like reading the very language of God.  
My opposing is my gathering,  
When words are let out we must all praise Him.  
And so the glorification of Our Lord is afoot,  
Lulling the sadness and exterminating fever.

Naveed Akram

# Friendly Words

Words are acts in friendship, in common language,  
We carry out tasks for the joke and story,  
Holes in the ground are worth filling  
As death is again at service, and death is willing.  
Gold is found there, it serves the purpose of God,  
The purpose is to exist and dissolve venom that describes,  
It is poison that bites your head and hands  
Like a golden bee and a stinging wasp.  
Words shall direct their effort, and they swing from place to place.

Naveed Akram

# Friends For Food

My friends are in an understanding that we are men  
Who assert a proud act to be swallowed like food.  
My friends ready themselves against danger as well  
As adventure, foregoing actions of the religious nature.  
My friends, and my enemies see eye-to-eye,  
And they become loved by the darkness and light.  
Nature has not only been the resident of their hearts,  
But existence itself will bury itself and its shroud  
Causing upheaval and stigma, and also arrogance  
Evaporates into the air for our breathing to exist.  
My friends are not arrogant, but never will food  
Exist for those in turmoil and disorder, forgetting  
My friends is like forgetting food and order.

Naveed Akram

# Friendship

An alloy of allies should see you through,  
Like their happiness and you will shudder.  
From friendship to ultimate hardship  
A little practice or session is late.  
Let them die in front of your life,  
These friends of yours are the best.

A fusion of flavors wafts into their heads  
At the time of dinner and munching.  
These friends design the danger, separation  
And acceptance.  
Their living and dying abstains from you,  
As the enemies are afoot with their high praise.

Loathing them will be learning and fine,  
Just so that you learn what the great feelings  
Are, and are not.  
These emotions empty into the sea  
Like rivers of the fastest way,  
The fastest way shudders from you.

Naveed Akram

# Frightening Lady

Her name was of maturity in the snow,  
Excitement, laziness and pride was correct;  
And this afternoon she strolled across the falls  
As the rocks beneath her emptied her tin and soul.

Like a tall woman the lady was afraid of the young dark,  
In this watery place that stood out in rainbows and light;  
Into the sea, in this ocean we spectacularly mean,  
Little is done, little is explored while the dangers pass.

Her name was grand in the opening,  
There was no particular danger, in this,  
Losing me, and so fast, her hair stood out,  
From the edge of the cliff, to frighten me.

Naveed Akram

## From A Button

The hammer or the flower?  
A button is pressed, one flight  
Left leaves, one of them.  
The hammer or flower angelically  
Mutters, towards a goal of wood.  
It burns, fully, gradually, and this much  
I know, that knowledge weeps,  
In my name.

The plants of this world are computers,  
Sense their binary, biosensors are needed,  
Commodities exhale, with commerce  
Interrogating the public.  
The plants of this world are words of genius,  
The bang of the biggest bang  
Blew me a gesture of organic symbols.

Naveed Akram

# From Apes To Kings

Scrambling back down the dusty road,  
An animal resists another beast of distinction,  
The human beings mutter their murder  
As if the ground swallowed them whole.  
Come by the front way to see a formal building,  
I hope you are ashamed of the thinkers in all  
Of this conjecture, a bribe has been perpetuated.  
Laid out like a leaf the books of sacred text  
Are elementary to the mind that decides.

One picture-perfect ritual deserves attention,  
Terrified are their blasts for he is ashamed.

A money-man can win, a man of worth shall reign  
As a king. The fearsome beasts race toward their horizon.  
My king is your king, and your king is mine.

Naveed Akram

# From Ashes To Victory

His face is smelling of musk at the same time,  
Your building holds the fuel of the sanctuary;  
But where is the poet who walks among saints?

The poets are gathered around the fire of their wishes,  
Those wishes are these poems, confident and contrived;  
My poetry stands tall among the ashes forever told.

Let this fiery man be among the abject and cruel,  
Let him fiercely debate on the task at hand in his abode  
Called darkness and light, called the best name of age.

Why does the grave act so similar to the beheld territory?  
My soul is active that souls are separate and wonderful,  
My acts are from the soul and the self is unique this mighty time.

Naveed Akram

# From Bitterness

Spare me from bitterness,  
Give me the passion to condemn  
And thank at the same time.  
The hills of my adulthood  
Are numberless, as the numbers roost,  
Humming a tune of permanency,  
The numbers are from the moon.  
Keep me as friend and you will see  
The earth within me, as I play forever  
The guardian of my fortunes,  
Forgetting the world as I know it,  
Futures keep on forsaking me,  
Like the earth and its fiery mountains.  
Forget the cruelty of judgment  
For I see it in me, it is so strong.

Naveed Akram

# From Cradles To Huge Graves

A baby is a baby of apples in bloom,  
The air of the forces combines with someone  
Who is born to be the begotten one  
So early in years and skin.  
An aeroplane has flown above,  
With the backpack of balloons,  
Bibles are attached to its fuselage.

The clack of the locks of his bed  
Resist him, as He, as a boy of burden  
Connects to the circus so loyal  
To schemes against woe,  
Clowns have arrived on evenings  
When Santa Claus abolishes fervour  
So vivid as the sky unfolding.  
The trap has yet to come.

The baby was in its right egg,  
Explosive clothing was the elephant,  
Fans concertedly define boredom,  
As he connects to their relativity theories  
When he grows according to clever  
Gestures in the world.  
The baby is now a child,  
Forming old poems of joy that stir  
The heavenly imagination.  
You must marvel at it!

The family has left him alone in  
His own world, a man of course.  
Jet fighters applaud him,  
With happiness to commend him  
Insects and toys that are rare,  
Adulthood is not his area of influence,  
But always now the adulthood  
Has approached him with guys and girls.

Ice-cream enacts meanings of the heart,  
He swallows and makes himself manly,

To deserve is to be junk,  
I am now his kitchen,  
I am recently his knife  
That appals him for its cutting.  
Inside the heart lies a cure for his giants.

Little can death be!  
Death is the giant that overtakes him.  
Forming ideas in the sky is like the sun,  
I am the knife and he is the sword  
Fulfilling the fight so beleaguering.  
We win wars due to health of the soul.

Naveed Akram

# From Creation To Extravagance

As for my creation, no rights should be over me,  
Will innocence spend its dollars often, from me?  
Or will mothers of character and wit be reconciled  
By the creation of words that revolved around competing?

Maturity made the ages tense, rights internally tested the soul,  
The masses flocked over the heat of so many years in the heat.  
If God respected it, then I will respect it,  
And if some prophet were to remind me of the acts of kindness,  
I would respect this perfectly and publicly.

The personal ally fanned the district looking for more rumours,  
Plentiful treasures emitted some visible radiance,  
Such light that narrated the extravagant findings,  
Such light that told what was to behold.

Wealth then is a strength, for leaders of my entrance,  
Poverty is the very birth of this world,  
And my birthday completes my game,  
Filling the cups, then washing down good beverage,  
Completing was an offence, for completing became a game.

I thought the orphans deserved more than silk,  
Heaven was a creation for those who learnt  
Of the comparisons and the accusations,  
I thought my son was wrapped in veils,  
Carried to the funeral, the very one funeral.

Naveed Akram

# From Death

The great heat of a man in the holes where they perish  
Is the world for him, when hot dealings from death.

A man shall cry from the heat when in the deepest ways,  
The depths speak loudly of heat and arisings from death.

One murderer is not like a foolish man but the worst,  
The heat of the sun can not master his bearings from death.

A grave has become attached to his soul, accepted by him,  
And then fright shall be accepted from an angel of the buildings of death.

Then all of humanity congratulates the life of the good standard,  
When the Lord spoke loudly of us who are doers of blessings from death.

The reality has been announced by the deepest parts of the Hereafter,  
Life and annihilation are opposites, the real dead shall have briefings from death.

Open the gates of this Paradise, where honey has been sold  
In rivers, milk has flowed out clearly with coatings from the Death.

Naveed Akram

# From Disease Is A Grave

To share my troubles, my disease expires  
As the ashes swallow their fibre and fight;  
The music of giving yourself lets the death  
Be replayed, the emperor of the souls is  
A death and life, a life and death.

The science of death is vaster than wisdom,  
To share my troubles an earthquake joins,  
To keep my death a coffin is enjoyed and  
The change of hearts is exchanged by more  
Change. We know all the reasoning for us.

The error of the winds were underneath,  
The ground is usually faultless, infallible.  
But the the complex thought was under it,  
Both were but the complex thoughts  
Vacant in the grave as the grave was a climax.

Naveed Akram

# From Earth To Heaven

I thank a lot of the crowd for rescuing me,  
I witness a people giving praise to He-  
The God, a being of supreme godliness  
That He Himself betrays the devils in absoluteness.  
We spun the web that enlightened an audience  
Of nature.  
They cry due to ill-health and minor discomforts  
But the real shame has won and overtaken us.  
He is not one who forgets, nor does He know only a lot  
But best of all, justice carries through  
Like wishes are made for you.  
Opening thoughts thinking for more worship.  
Offices shall brighten the place of the afterlife  
In which houses the distinct couples of time.

Naveed Akram

# From Miracles To Misery

To harden the miracle of my soul  
I start to read the lines of everlasting breath;  
I inhale the verses and exhale the virtues,  
Breathing my opinions as they arise.  
My duty is to know for the sliding man,  
Whose deeds are numbered few but  
His words seem to decide his fate entirely.  
I refute the acts of the begetters of gold,  
For the silver encased is the silver displaced.  
My courage is within some pebble  
Of knowledge, when it bursts and sets fire  
To the commanding men, the men of virtue.

To keep virtues we speak to the heart,  
Within it mysteries are solved for the  
Commands of the Eternal One are most  
Cherished and intellectual, for they do not  
Cease counting, and rejecting them was  
Like eating bronze, hardened metal.  
To keep this philosophical maths is a virtue,  
One of the emperors shall resist them  
But some forsake them, to end with misery.

Naveed Akram

# From Plains To Camps Of Diseases

A plains dweller, a borderer of convictions,  
Habitant of affairs too homely and city.  
A rate-payer of lodgings, with the harmful rooms,  
Parks of delight surround him, and me.

Now, a sanatorium so fixed to fight,  
A camp of hellfire, with diseases, too much beehive,  
Covert actions of the main play, heard from afar,  
Actions require words, now, needing maintenance.

Naveed Akram

# From Political Paradise

I madden the mothers of dreamscapes,  
They feel at ease after the hard pressure,  
Coloured pictures of modelled clay  
Bruise the skin when abetted.  
I madden the blindness, offering some who speak  
The common tongue, a red horn or borrowed  
Spring from Paradise.  
This day, a dreaded letter is at stake  
In the council of ministers,  
Each has pay, each carries a weight  
To be alive in the mocking season.

Mothers and fathers breathe and last with  
Their ears at listening to the various trends  
Of this society, mother and father of mine  
Will abstain from ministry,  
Mother will spare the infantry,  
When father foregoes the whole summer  
Without my wedding with lightening  
And thunder.

Politics is a cigarette of finality,  
Space and time authors the book  
We envelop with hands and read.  
Finally, we see the meaning of desire,  
The desire is supposed to breathe.

Naveed Akram

# From Such A Kite

From time to time, such a kite  
Flew and spun, knocking cowards  
In mid-flight, loose and swift.  
Grass and feathers swung on the edge,  
Filling the holes of holy growth.  
I put in my foe a spirit of turtles  
That dashed and rode the roads  
Only to be struck by the winds of change  
Encircling the land of the fainted.  
From this time we wounded the fair  
And fierce, with arrows of lying  
Inferred from the deities,  
A worthwhile sport.

The kite walked the air with pride  
And distance, then it swooned on  
The heads of the city,  
Fixing its glare on the sun  
And this same star was a spade  
Fitting the sands of the world.

Naveed Akram

# From The Lion

To run away from the lion  
Creates a rainbow in the land of animals,  
To see a giraffe causes  
Much sorrow to the plant kingdom.

The nails of mammals regard  
Us with the same care,  
With sacred meaning and singular  
Running, of the offal and meat.

To run this launch is blessed,  
Breath is a third argument,  
The second debriefs the human,  
And the first will introduce and freeze.

Naveed Akram

## From The Pen

This hash is a slash of print,  
The signification lashes and crashes  
Penning in the meaning of a pen.  
Ageless meanderings writhe and work  
At the pen's writing, this pen is constant  
And invariable like the offers of a great age.  
It requires a rigmarole and proceeds  
On conjectural thoughts and ideas  
That think like magic, the gloss of treason.  
Innocuous blessings worm their way forward  
In evil and blameworthy wont,  
The wedlock increases  
And stupidity enters the heart.

Naveed Akram

# From The Sky

The talons of a man shall remain awake  
To goad the dimmed lips of a man-at-war-with-himself.

The cloudless sky squirts a disaster,  
To fashion the deranged into sanities  
On the way to what is not asinine.

My claws cut and dodge the other birds  
Who are men.  
In their cribs the redness of their blood shines  
Brightly, contradicting the veins.  
In this sanctuary is an oversight,  
That we are supposed to find,  
And not mind to change into great dilemmas,  
So that we gain more oversights,  
Strangely enough.

The men at war shall define the century  
In the cloudless skies,  
When aircraft shake the shaken,  
Where clouds of descriptions are complete.

Naveed Akram

## From The Trees?

Under the trees sits ape  
Over the bridge stands man  
Where have you gone, brother?  
I am manly, and you?

Naveed Akram

# From Thoughts Of A Star

My thoughts are vivid from the blue,  
It is the ceaseless sea of orange star;  
Its sacred light astonishes my heart  
Heavy with waters of the blood and gold.  
My thoughts are vivid like life spoken,  
Mastering the star as it transgresses,  
Bold is the blood boiling inside.

My salient features are injected  
By this blue act, this blue breeze.  
Its sea freezes near the arctic pole,  
This earth is frozen from sight.  
My depression has mastered the old  
Language of a downtrodden world,  
A world so empty with the sin at heart.

My thoughts depress my being when the  
Red light of the star shines brightly  
Like a torso, a leg and hand,  
A brighter star so golden and silver  
With spurious moons, of lightweight  
Fighters and boosters,  
The agonies have arrived at their feet.

Naveed Akram

## From Wisdom Is My Voice

Come stay with my mind and be a dove of heights,  
And my intelligence will fill, my wisdom will bloom;  
The hills and stills cause us to agree and argue politely,  
The valleys undo the pleasant faces, but submerge us.

Come with me to love a few times about the bridge,  
Daily harvests require daily activities due to haste;  
And all the craggy cliffs kiss the top of my voice,  
Sterile and alert, the seas come rolling towards the boat.

My mind and my intellect sway according to waves,  
Melodies bring melodies of the spring and summer,  
But waves are water, waving is as pleasant as the oars,  
My beautiful one is like a cliff on the top of love itself.

My shed is shy of my shallow water, wasting the wry smile,  
Shredding the wonderful world with total manners.  
My immense measure of the soul is under the sea and land,  
Where dragons strive and deliver their eggs and wastes.

Naveed Akram

# Frowning Big Man

You frown on my face,  
Like a big man of status.  
Like a wall is your picture,  
The picture of you, and of me.

The big man was again in my head  
As I fussed and fought for his headings.  
The riches struck the gadgets,  
My calculator was of prices too large.

He had big plans with money,  
The same plans I saw with my eyes and ears.  
The big-picture came together,  
He was big and I was bigger.

Naveed Akram

# Frozen Days

The freezing was the frozen one of the latter days,  
Scene after scene digested the enterprise  
Of wayward passes, along the mountainous wastes  
Instigated by the natural trends of physicality.  
Snowfall was the enemy of a detour so learned,  
Hailstorms brought a present to the colourful storm,  
So that sense after sensibility occupied my occupation.  
Cold and hot was the bed of a room that collided with youth  
Still in the air of the watery substances,  
Conniving the dreams of the drawers opening  
And shutting like weirdly delivered messages.

Naveed Akram

# Fruit

Open the mouth to contain a fruit,  
Munching is pleasing and absolute.

Naveed Akram

# Fuel For Life

Man has actions on certain actions-  
These are reactions of a kind called graveness.  
Castles of deeds shall embed themselves in youth  
And react with old age, to crop up bastions of greatness.

Teachers of a subject we fail to grasp  
Have actions and words for our learning-  
It is the fortification of youth and moderate  
Measures are concocted for display.

Students of milk and honey are mostly animals  
That graze quickly and slowly,  
That fear those elements frying,  
Dismaying those further elements.

We do eat of overwhelming chances,  
The meat of a grazing animal is like ivory  
Of an elephant's tusk for the poacher,  
But for us it carries banquets upon banquets.

Man must learn how to eat,  
How to make a shadow and learn from books;  
We either forget or forgive  
And we also relive the past of its graveness.

Naveed Akram

## Fuel He Heralds

To be frustrated over fuel, one hates and then loves,  
High-flown terms enter the imagination, one heralds.  
So then quiet sets in to achieve new tasks of light,  
Light has been a confounded substance or just  
A strange matter of particles, already the winning.  
Fuel is an event of the soul, the very indignant matter  
That is housed in the heart, a mansion of love and blood.  
To be this fuel called blood, please us with money and then  
The foolishness of an obese man is gone, always abhorred.

Naveed Akram

# Fugitives

The fugitives remained absent,  
They eagerly committed sins  
Too profound and logical,  
Too many early flowers.

Then they reached heights  
Of murder and theft,  
On their pillows they snored  
And met the surgeon.

Unheeding the snow of confinement  
Enslaved the reminded ones,  
The fugitives leapt into the fires,  
With a handful of golden crocuses.

Naveed Akram

# Fugitives In The Wind

For three months the fugitives persevered,  
Winds had sat and displayed a pillowed bed  
In a bedroom, this slight source of anxiety.  
Demonstrating their brains, we exclaimed a reading  
To be worshipped by those with illusions.  
I want the thoughts to swell up like a continuity,  
Yet the letters of the pen are dissolved like ink,  
Feeding the pages of slight might,  
Weeping sufficiently to be astute.  
A waking moment dominates the room,  
Instilling the mere tragedy, to be profiting  
As the days are many and multifarious,  
To be exact men we spend and rely  
On the troubles of a day that hides.  
Holes seem to be troubled by the swerving attitude,  
A ready man has been everything to the world  
Of words. These are the thoughts inside the junction  
We call the mind of menacing characteristics.

Naveed Akram

## Full Life

A most heartily load of loving light,  
A secret substance the sided and collaborated,  
A crystal speaks such nonsense,  
And the one is an emerald, your very own.

I love a sound system and numbered noise,  
The life is fully used if music is full of musicals,  
I do believe!

Naveed Akram

# Full Of Rain

I have new meaning in the very breadth of my movement,  
Inside there is a label of joy and deep fountains.  
My jumping is broken by the mere slant of rainfall,  
This spot is one of those where lies a treasure from the past.  
It is rain and its puddle, where drops the globules of water  
From the sky.  
The sky has been blue all of a sudden,  
The sky is full of sunlight,  
I am full of rain, and the mischief of itself.

Naveed Akram

## Full Room

The room is full, the rooms swallow us whole,  
And we enter to favour the party of good,  
Forcing our lunch down the man's throat,  
That knowledge smacks you so strong.  
The meaning of the counterintelligence,  
Is the handsome pledge, a reality of being.  
To see the diminutive and microscopic fear  
Is far too beautiful, like the rooms we enter  
To the frail heart;  
It would be nice if the room was full,  
Flowers crowd in, plants fight fortunately,  
Letting the roses diminish and the petals to dry  
And wilt into normal creatures.

The deal has been marked by the sudden arousal,  
Next stories concern us, next stories surround us.

Naveed Akram

# Funerals

Force a group of dwellers to speak,  
They surround us as competitors  
With the funeral games, what they are due.  
The death is nearly surprise, always great,  
Beginning an arrest of mood, forming fully.  
This is like playing dice and being rewarded,  
Pushing pens and reading books of gravity.  
The harvest is gathered, the grain in the barn,  
But hair stands on the head with the awe for eternity.  
May the throat be a jar of fruit, to be consumed  
And the funeral is now on, the forming of society.

Naveed Akram

# Furious Gates

Gates spend labour for the mortals,  
Immortals linger among the senders of anger.  
Angry youths face dangers of the ages,  
Ants of illness strike hard at people's hearts.

The gates of mercy are opened then closed,  
Immortal generations arrive to send others to the Hell.  
The Heavens are separated first  
Like yolks are separated from egg whites.

Naveed Akram

# Furious Poison

Fury is a shred of anger in nightmares,  
Cleansing this spirit with a poison, you fail.  
Barley and oats must be eaten furiously  
To make dangerous men learn of food.  
Ceremonious battles engage in waters  
Then inside the river and then the sea.  
Serenity was accompanied by calm of highness,  
Fury had magically removed itself,  
A remedy was action enough, actions.  
An obdurate general worked mystery  
So often then inside the waters of the sea.  
So furious was the water of this ocean  
That the proofs of mathematics accused us.

Naveed Akram

# Furore

The furore approaching is ascending,  
To alight and be fury so it escapes;  
An insurrection is similar, so to state,  
So leave the lovers and the musicians.

Fury needs anger to muster a full pledge,  
Mastering us when the politician appears  
With his sound and noise, his superior hearing,  
His speaking learns for us, the fury is again.

He is no mountebank, no clever charlatan,  
But an impossible man of high consequences,  
Fully desired by the newspapers, and the journals,  
So then the furious men talk, so that we learn.

Naveed Akram

# Future Astronomy

My future astronomy has expired,  
The stars took their toil to the suns,  
The daughters of the plans were born,  
The sons of the stars were scared.

It was an army of anger, irate and ignorant  
Of the wide family to be in the fray;  
One noisome liar, plans a defeat  
Of some archenemy in the lurking mist.

I have seen and heard blasphemy,  
Too many countries demand their autonomy;  
This lateness in the heavens is exact,  
Like the atoms of the same element.

Naveed Akram

## Future Claim

A future claim is indulgence for me,  
The eyes of the world make a sacrifice;  
The crying and the dying is for me,  
For my death creates my life again in heaven.  
Then I make a double objection,  
To prolong the sadness in the lives.  
To my own room is a valid answer,  
By my head and heart that I have possessed.  
To interrupt is a command from highest captains,  
Whispers and laughter come after the sea of commands.

Naveed Akram

# Futuristic Gathering

A futuristic gathering awaits the mysterious,  
The hereafter dissolves a mineral, one so dire  
In importance, and liking itself, like one possessed.  
One baseball cap is a helmet for the gathering,  
To whack the softball is open to doubt  
As this does not certainly compete with disaster.  
The head cloth is a dressing of a vinaigrette,  
One spills it onto the vegetables like ice flowing,  
One carries peace and hard and heavy action.  
Kepis of some future shall accompany the shining  
From the middle stars, not this sun or solar star.  
Needed is an opera hat to take visions of stars  
On the stage of a mirror and battlefield of right.

Naveed Akram

# Gallant Dress

There was a soldier of the gallant dress,  
Bringing hope of victory to bless,  
When he was aware  
Of a secure scare  
That army was not too big to guess.

Naveed Akram

# Gallant Men

Gallant men are courageous as men, men,  
Gorgeous strength, gallantry has been them.  
We are those who are valiant who are strong.

Got a new knowledge, give him a match of testing,  
A manhood has arisen I am averse to,  
A verse is made anew, a new word has raised an issue.

Men are always the human kind, and then women  
Shall learn.  
They shall and would learn wisdom within a comment,  
The critical thinker is always like a judge.

Naveed Akram

# Gallantry

Gallant remarks will suffer in front of mortals,  
They object to the prize offered in the aisles.  
Inside, a record has been achieved, of gravity,  
To tear the flesh and love, the livers maniacally.

Brave dozens of soldiers stamp their feet,  
With an objection from up above to beat;  
Too ludicrous a complaint has been stated,  
To fuel a dozen soldiers of mania dominated.

Naveed Akram

# Gang Of Peace

Gangs of war shall penetrate the peace in our country,  
Almost we wince, our praise collects and our generosity.

Naveed Akram

# Gangs

Gangs I say are like no other,  
In it varies the bold schedule  
Of a thousand nights.  
Gag the criminal as he gagged you,  
Lest the minding has upset totally,  
Like the gorilla and its warfare on us.  
Gangs will make a mother pay,  
Leap into the chair of your father.  
I say no other than parent and child,  
Killing the one is like killing the other.  
I am demonstrating a mistake for ever.  
Gangs must keep silent, all the time.

Naveed Akram

# Gangs Too Distant

Gangs of fire and ice, their religion is polite,  
As their goals are super-respectable,  
As there is righteous action in all they accomplish,  
A region of space is reserved for their cacophony,  
They cajole them into thinking alike,  
To gather the praise as praise is grand  
Like the distant seas and the remarkable ocean.

Gangs of youths do beat their doors,  
Downwards is their strength on the radio,  
The police are the calamity and calligraphers  
Of a wide community, canoeists are the gangs  
Of a river of reality. The best are the prisoners.  
Like the distant ocean and the mountains far away.

Naveed Akram

# Garden Moments

Bordered on both sides by chunky boulders,  
A garden has arrayed its flowers for all those watching;  
It never bothers the rain, nor does the sun be a star  
Of hot weather on this grassy lane of wet mud.  
The garden delays your mistakes of the living to do,  
Gathering wood is superior for it falsifies other worlds,  
Reactions are gazed at by the flowers of such bloom  
That colors have seized the retina, as if a fit.

Down into the street, a lazy spore is ejected  
To gasp at the relief once experienced by experience.  
The monsters are back and lunacy is the taint,  
For flowers are laudable and so they force us to weep.  
For down there where we are afraid of the others  
A little miracle has musically appeared to cause  
Excitement. This will do for the moments of gardens.

Naveed Akram

# Garden Of Life

A garden of life is again a garden that I desire,  
It grows from a point and a line that I concoct,  
The real line is here, the garden is upon us.  
What can May bring towards the end of the day?  
It is summer evening, gardener of the week is absent  
To feel fellowship with flowers and with plants and with trees.  
Why do the seasons give in? What do you do in the night?  
The day felt a picture too bold for the night, which was kind,  
I like it when heat has ridden past the day.

Naveed Akram

# Gargoyle

Deep and gloomy waters are running rivers in the dark,  
We are adventurers of the mist and jungle;  
Inside the utterly dark jungle is a massive and stunning ruin,  
We are eventually inside after opening with safety.  
Around us is a synod of voices,  
Echoing like sound waves themselves.  
Bulging in front us is a statue or gargoyle  
That misunderstood us: it became alive as a convicted being.  
To transmit to him we collapse, we adore and relax,  
Finding our silent ways out of the room  
Feeling away from danger once more in the jungle,  
The utterly dark one, a feeling of worry has been erased.

Naveed Akram

# Gas?

Gases are liquid  
When solids became golden  
Like good rich men know.

Naveed Akram

# Gates Of Riches

Open the gates of riches  
To the beloved prince of kindness,  
Who waited for ever with abacuses  
And counted the coins with adeptness.

I am the king whose prince was bold,  
And I coveted his prize, the very same as gold;  
He owns everything now, the whole land of royalty,  
He owns all the plants and animals - absurdity!

I am a king who needs a queen to rule all,  
And the man my prince is owning the kingdom therewithal.  
His thief is me and my wife, the queen of great health,  
The prince is executed and I am left with the commonwealth.

Naveed Akram

# Gates Of Royalty

Open the door to  
Kingdom or country or love  
This king and his queen.

Naveed Akram

# Gates Of Steel

Gates of hard steel are like a reminder,  
Their work is from the elder ones;  
Children have trouble understanding the familiar,  
What does this gate mean to their emotions?

A guard is given and forgiven, mercy flows  
With merciful worlds of the universe,  
This universe has taught the children from embryos  
So that we can enter the house of commerce.

How do children live among other adults?  
When they were given birth, the death arrived  
For those who wanted, for God consults  
With the angelic powers and contrived.

Gates shall be closed to the warriors,  
Gates of strong wood are erected,  
They swing open for the journeyers,  
Their noise must be connected.

Naveed Akram

# Gates To Atrocity

Gates that part will give entry to the other side,  
This indeed plays destruction, played partnership;  
We destroy and work at the felony of the allied,  
This destination is the point of command like a whip.

Gates shall be unzipped, full of command,  
We have deeds of the hole and wetness;  
This is dear and commanding with demand,  
They commit atrocities of the endless.

Naveed Akram

# Gates To Darkness

The gate is walking, the gates are running  
Forwards and backwards just to enlighten,  
Just so that souls enter the dragons of eggs,  
These eggs will be everlasting, so solid due to age.

The entrance to the underworld is fierce,  
And it takes longer to see than enter,  
Swift was the entry;  
Darkness loomed beyond the archways.

In this slate of writing called what's under  
We steal an object of magic and swerve  
To see a relic for the competition,  
Monsters of old, grey ointments predict us.

I see this gate of difference, insanity lurks,  
Ready to be contracted due to gold and silver,  
Through the heart the spears of the undead pierce,  
Protecting their very existence for the worlds.

To return we are heavier than them in graveness,  
Opening gates of the ferocity so such like gravity;  
These orders are imperial in design,  
Those commandments come from a slate of death.

Naveed Akram

# Gather Yourself

Gather up your knots  
Still destroy the string  
As far as you can make it  
Like a weird and wondrous puzzle

Guess what to live into  
Opening doors for the living  
Liking lovers through time  
Listening to lists of words

Lately the oddities have sworn  
Their oaths  
To see life as a solution  
To the problems of existence

Naveed Akram

# Gathering Dragons

Gathering the dust underneath means you are submitting!  
To who do you submit your will?  
My master forbade the dragon to utter darkness  
And submerge in it at the same time.  
For Hell was a place for transgressors,  
Reminding us of the Dragon of Despair.  
Dust fell from high shelves and you submitted  
To the sage of learning and craft:  
"Your free will is a heart,  
In it is your calibre called living."  
So live as long as song, and devise the words  
To commit the deeds that betray a dragon.

Naveed Akram

# Gathering Ghosts

I gather my joint hands to worship,  
My supplication is accepted for it dines  
On the food of heaven as a bridge or afterlife.  
My actions are numberless inside the grave  
And outside the graves of others,  
Mothers and fathers annex my situation,  
For the ghosts narrate a fabulous story  
Full of mystery and justice for the ill.  
Jostling in their spirit-land, the importance  
Overshadows recklessness, loathing a panic  
Generated by ideal creatures, they are humans  
In the red colours and blue colours and green.  
These have made us visible for the ghost-land,  
That they pray is up to me, for I am a leader  
Of the faithful as the faithless exert no compulsion  
Or cure.

Naveed Akram

# Gazing Out

I gazed out over the crazy sea in halves,  
Faint breezes witnessed me as well,  
Inner youth was a commodity, in surplus.  
But she marries the wrong man, in this stand  
Called understanding, so take him in where they begin.  
Utterly comforted as the sun, it was gazing and stargazing,  
Openly committing folly under the sun and stars,  
Like a world of men and women in unity.  
Carnage planned children from the start,  
Stretching the limbs of madmen and sanity.  
Filled with pain and bliss, the madness of a person  
Is so laughable and so tame, you will be in tears.  
She felt the youth of her soul in a period of doubt,  
But the madmen have approached her and taken lives.

Naveed Akram

# Geese By Sight

Geese of the air are winging their flight,  
For the treasure is like their eggs by sight.

Naveed Akram

# Generated

A pressing demise is generated by manners,  
Heirs of the recipient are overburdening  
And were lacking as far as coincidences shone,  
Like the theater and its light that follows.  
Four hundred volumes of grumbles and uncaring beings  
Concentrate in the yellow desert with the sea.  
Best are the seas lumped with rocks on housing estates,  
Reclusive are the fellows of an ordinary war.  
The first fate shall be seconds and the hours  
Are along, clothes are held up in the wind.

Naveed Akram

# Generosity

Getting a good life has been a knowing disease,  
A ready living haphazard that is your property.  
I find people are kinder as the days go by,  
As they travel like a boat on a sea, and not a river.

Beauty can fail and wonders are for extra help,  
Sugar can now be eaten if concentrated you are  
In the sweet moments, the one and two forgiven.

Alive I cherish any remainder of hats and coats,  
Alive I brandish a holy and saintly guide - the sword!

This is generous if my leader has a reading.

Naveed Akram

# Geniuses Of Fairness

I was in a great assembly of monsters,  
Each of us had a cupful or two;  
The seventy maidens were also staged  
At a distance, going off to revolving lands.  
The monsters weighed their looks and beauty,  
And attacked all of a sudden,  
Despite the asking of the presence.  
We told them to abide with the mouths,  
Spells reoffended our bodies  
For we as monsters despised the lie.  
It seemed the Greater Triumphant One  
Mastered us with the follies of former prizes.  
We were assembled and attacked by maidens  
So clear and pristine that sapphires were  
Fired at their faces, with monsters to guide them.  
It seemed we were eaten by their ferocious lies,  
Just when lying was the sport of the dying.  
In our midst a satanic man entered and swung  
His hat at the offences, liking all of the chieftain.  
Monsters had been appalled,  
Maidens had become geniuses.

Naveed Akram

# Gentle And Sweet

On the gently sloping street,  
A family of angels surprises  
Us as we meet their being  
And all their splendour of ice.

On the early hour our time ends,  
Letters engraved seem like antiques  
Of the travelling kind, a detail of the flesh  
So wonderful in the years of all eternity.

I see the flocks of sheep, I hear  
The rearing of lambs and chopping  
Of mutton, so sweet is the flesh  
Sustained by the sweet, the sweetest.

Windows are shadows, beds are graces,  
Patients contemplate on the scene  
Of the streets, so powerless and tight,  
Experiencing the city of circles I hear.

Naveed Akram

# Genuine Crater

He created a genuine problem,  
Only they show the experiments  
After they throw the hidden material.  
This devastation is a crater  
Of wide heavenly nature,  
Earth shall be crushed,  
Wider authors write more weather  
Than the godly amount.

To see a creature in distress,  
I must first create a passage  
Of words in writing, for the taste  
And the bowling region of our lives.

My papers are signed by those in command,  
They are insatiable from the heart, in a sense  
They parted from distinctions and gave  
Me a forgotten matter.

Naveed Akram

# Germ-Free

Germ-free parts of the body live,  
Palatial fountains are like springs of heaven.  
The palace in this place supplies  
And the organisms or germs will cling.

More than a dream, the ones with words proclaim,  
Germs combine to make of the fruit,  
Has the disease spread for formations?  
Promulgations made in this name are fruitful.

Bodies react according to minds,  
Minds also react to the soul in the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Gestures Of Space

The music of the universe is silent,  
You walk into the stars as you direct  
Actions and endeavours that astound.  
I have to find him there, walking in space,  
Licking the bowl with my fingers in taste.

Little is lost in space, watching puddles,  
Waiting for the right moment to talk;  
I have to be in a well of the lowest mire  
That I admire, and I ask for the gesture  
Of a rock always acting like a sock.

The musical men are drifting in space,  
Leaning on their staffs like little children;  
Lulling the plains with minds at ease,  
Fitting their stars like a well-loved garment,  
Innocent men are to be deserted if in task.

Naveed Akram

# Get The Horses

Get the horses; we may depart  
From the chaos of the times, of this legend.  
Heads of blood, and everything of play,  
Were disappearing as the need was a success.

Because their magic lasted,  
We announced ourselves,  
Requiring them to teach a lesson,  
Surprising us in the first place.

We laughed, a heartfelt laugh that  
Warmed the acre of blood,  
Needing our explosions of hate;  
Interesting and painful was the lesson.

Naveed Akram

# Ghost Revisited

No soul is my property other than the one,  
No tremors awake the dead when there is life;  
My ministry is of the living, and the ghosts are absent,  
They work in ways to be known and ways to master.

No godly being is a man, and no holy man contrives ruination  
On the ghost or the ghoul that mattered to its hunter,  
The very same can be said of the frail master and mistress  
Who spend freely over themselves like bosses and ladies.

Naveed Akram

# Ghost-Cycle

They argue and fight over dead bones,  
One of them is a skull making him ill.  
There is utter disbelief, just decaying bones  
Ready for burial like no other corpse.  
Some say it will grow and inhibit us  
By rejecting our ways and entering our affairs.  
Some say we see and hear everything it says,  
But the deceit is maximum, all the time  
That we find it invisible from some satanic source.  
Since the universe follows laws too special  
It, the corpse, betrays us and its task  
To fail as bones and so it goes on in the cycle.

Naveed Akram

# Ghostly

Ghosts may divide into drugs and ruin,  
Opening the different ride of the park  
And life has just commenced, we  
Live among grand arguments,  
Killing the fools who live again,  
Loops of divine wisdom show excellence  
And we are in a spell.

Ghostly discoveries fence with our habits  
Making desire and lust, a fierce and fuming  
Affray.  
Ghosts do each other a favour, and defend the house  
Of foolish appearance.  
They are fools and stupid affrays are discussed,  
But we as humans shall explore a goal and word.

Naveed Akram

# Ghostly Figures

Ghostly figures leak onto the ground  
My jolly head gulps down blood  
I seek the hellish ground tonight

This is some hurried knowledge  
A comfortable company is in order  
By washing my whiskers

The married couple are in death  
They feel passionate about it  
Hot fragments seem extinct

Naveed Akram

# Ghostly House

You need language of ghosts  
To communicate with spirits that impose on us.

You crave for the very food our ghosts need.  
Come with the religion of yours to distract them.

For it pray and they will go away, for all eternity!  
Your House is Haunted. Be so wary!  
Even call the police, and they will never enter your home.

Your House is Haunted. It needs some policy to rid it of evil and despair.  
Your House needs some care. It requires the life to adjust. You must.  
If ghosts are about then leave the house and complain.  
Nobody listens except the Priest, and he is not around.  
Go to the doctor, and feel doom in abundance. The ghosts do not win.  
Good Luck!

Naveed Akram

# Ghostly Plateau

Ghosts make across the plateau due to their skill at being wanderers of great precision. Their ghoulishness makes a point for those on the plateau, so snowy now that we have ghosts. Ghost after ghost made journeys too long ago, too far away are their destinations, forming pity and concern. These graves remove the ghosts' laughter, for the death of a young person is like theirs.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts

Three of the children are ghosts.  
One is a terrible ghost.  
One is a frightful ghost.  
And the last one is a ghost.  
Go away!  
Children, go away!  
For heaven's sake go somewhere else,  
Or will you?  
Ghosts do not reply.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts And Gods

This goal plans each ghost,  
They dwell among stone almost.  
The ghost is nasty to having depression,  
May we delve into the hostages and abduction.

This capsule must be taken,  
Inside it holds remarkable wrong and distortion.  
I have a distraction, I have foolish ways,  
We interrupt the devils and ghouls of alleyways.

Let demon be demon, god be god,  
And let them salvage everything that is odd.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts In Our Eyes

Ghosts are from eyes and not noses,  
Hills became bridges for the ill at heart,  
Lead the population as a powerful man,  
Who loved frowning on the monkey at heart.

Ghosts will deprive our minds, when  
The monkey is expelled and driven  
As the populace demonstrates its might  
When mountains drill into the sky.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts Of Silk

Ghosts are like words of silk,  
Interior meanings carry the venom  
For the greatest damage.  
Ghosts will walk around forever,  
Gazing at the wonders that vanished  
From their sight.  
One ghost is like two ghosts,  
Fending for their bodies of silk  
Like an army of crazy mad men,  
Tossing and turning on their pillows  
In the middle of darkness and night.  
Each phantom causes another to relate  
To the causes of enlightenment.  
Their success at words of speech  
Is infinitesimal, is small and minute  
Like the atoms we have never even  
Observed.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts Of The Deep

Ghosts of the deep,  
How awkward you swim,  
When attacks are made to fishes,  
And they are finished by sea-men  
Who sit on the sea, where the fish swim.

Ghosts of the deep,  
Why does sinning happen  
In the sea of tranquillity?  
Where there is war and sharking,  
War and death, for all of the sea.

Ghosts of the deep,  
When does the ship see  
The murder and the theft?  
It is you - the massive ghost of the deep ocean  
In the war of Pacific Ocean.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts Of The Heat

Ghosts of the heat and weather,  
Then we cry and describe our fear,  
Your gesture has many meanings,  
And let the love of lovers grow now.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts Of The Past

Ghosts of a past are upstairs,  
Hiding in the shadows of mystery,  
In the really dark corners  
Where we as children stir and craze  
Over the burden of our coming years  
In this haunted residence that I call my sweet mansion.

Naveed Akram

# Ghosts Of The World

Ghosts of the world beneath us fall ever closer to doom,  
But we measure the spirits of the deep with harmful looks;  
These mighty minds accomplish a nearly quiet approach,  
Losing their stitches and ruling the times of the year.

A ghost makes intelligent guesses at its lord and lady,  
The house is of the higher nature in the real mansion;  
One bigger book has been read tonight with mighty clues  
That reside in the lore and language of the recent day.

A little creepy monster shall adventure in the circle of light,  
With magic is the nucleus of the moment, a moment of physics,  
As if physical chemistry had an influence, asking too many,  
Too many of us are riding the horses of the champions.

Naveed Akram

# Ghoul's Gold

Ghouls are paid and they still purchase  
The same gold brought by fools  
Who maintain a stillness in mood,  
In movement, and in spirit.  
The goldest soul is the golden man  
Who lists his objects under the title.  
He is paid like a ghoul  
To understand what alchemy was presented  
To him overnight, in this was light.  
The day had arrived to him with money,  
And drinking was committed with the rich  
Elements. A man must supervise the right task  
To achieve no drunkard.  
And his soul is like a ghoul still.

Naveed Akram

# Ghouliness

Ghouls of fire fly and wait in the cave,  
Their roar is from the abdomen to behave.

Naveed Akram

# Ghouls

Gods of proud ghouls,  
Not the deity I care of  
Is that holy mauve,  
Colours that do tools.

God-like has an extra-special liking  
For intelligence and proud ghouls;  
It may collect any number of fools  
And master them with lustful abandoning.

Naveed Akram

# Giants

Feed on and on as a rich reasonable friend,  
My action centres on your betrayal, O fiend.  
We apologise and rehearse our demise,  
Though think of that which benefits and pleads  
The sole cause and contentment of a minority.  
Big people need bigger powers to win.

Naveed Akram

# Gibberish

This gibberish winces in me,  
Tying knots is all I have to do.  
Confidential work has appeared  
And my work is solid as silver.  
The imp or sprite responsible for  
Extinguishing my work is absent.  
A macabre noise inside builds,  
Much may happen fast without us.  
The wincing is painful and often,  
A conspicuous man or demon  
So that of a sprite shall appear one day.  
A monarchal work has crazed him,  
The king was absent from the imp  
When the imp laid in his shelter.  
The gibberish has been shelved  
By the librarians of noise, always horrific.

Naveed Akram

# Gift Of Knowledge

Desks of understanding can never replace  
The books of amazing nature, the real  
Relishing designs that cost a lot of knowledge.

Destroy our men from the goodness of learning,  
Good is their prize of joy, the force of days  
That reveal a prize, and more prizes.

The medals I deem essential are golden,  
Like forming wet puddles in the ground,  
Over a reason my puddles are heard, the medals.

Knowledge is perfect, is exact in rests and seizures,  
But we are old forms, resting bones from all exercises,  
From bandages and wounds contrived by the wounded.

Understanding is the present of the heart  
To a wounded man of brilliance.

Naveed Akram

# Gifts

Gifts are the real reason for life to sustain our pleasures,  
And destroy each man's heart when he strikes us.  
The money will rise, reside and revolve, tonight,  
As in every night, the day shall be missed. Again.  
Presents must keep the ready heart to speak the alarm  
Of life and living. Animals betray our position, as pets.  
We are not animals, that spoke yesterday of today's gifts;  
Rather our real genius is our wish to sustain our pleasures.  
The gift is our pleasure of life, and it is called happiness.

Naveed Akram

# Gifts From Men

Gifts of men are framed on the wall,  
In there is pride and sand and snow.  
Why do celestial beings approach us when asleep  
And form a coalition with themselves.  
We have now crossed the great divide  
And bled a normal life,  
When do the deities atop refuse our animation?  
Why are the bestowals?  
We are apoplectic, disgraced by friendships  
As much as Hell is on this ground.  
Gifts to these idols are not gainful,  
For it is manifest.

Naveed Akram

# Gigantic Monsters On This Earth

Had we lived among giants the world would have stopped,  
Then hesitation separated us from the monsters of the deep.  
Designs of complexity denounce us when we are stopped,  
Killing our intentions further and further, so we cry.  
Going into your deep head, we discover the heads of the Earth,  
Claiming the deepest dread so elegant and tasty.  
Living among the gigantic dinosaurs feeds us  
Like the feeding of hungry crowds, those fulfilling mounds of Earth.  
Earth is a world of heavenly worlds, the furthest from the Sun  
Some say, but most would not admit this statement.

Naveed Akram

# Gimmicks

A red-headed man of gimmicks  
Got a hat of the ancient kind.  
Of the messes in his pot,  
He clued about the gold and the heads.  
Lush vegetation flew in the air  
Like the Amazon Jungle.  
Go ahead and let the crow fly  
To overtake us and cry.  
A leg of the eyes spans generations,  
As it has another of worthiness;  
The springs erupt with pure water  
Once the gimmicky man arises.

Naveed Akram

# Give To Me My Heart

Give all of your heart to my eyes  
And hands of the arms in sight.  
Obey the casters of magic and poverty,  
Lost in a court that benignly murders.

Under the knowledge we sense with seas  
A real thought is in the right sense.  
Give to my heart a sign that abstains  
From all those who are reading.

Crazy hearts are enlightened by ice,  
It cannot beat with ice, the heart cannot flee  
And contain the messages,  
Impaling me with future regret.

Before the rights have been seized  
I open this door, I understand a foal  
That fears as it fights and folds,  
This world relights the dangers of rising.

May hearts infer a religious position,  
Some other sooty chimneys are in affairs  
We commend and are staining the  
Life and environment.

Naveed Akram

# Given From Memory

She will be given  
His arteries in a knot; on a plate  
His golden liver.  
The punishment of madness and hatred.

Her mind:  
Anger and betrayal,  
Indignant memories  
So indulgent.

Perhaps she feared his heart of danger.  
They used to sit in a orchard  
Gorgeous as luscious fruit.

But they desired murder  
After giving themselves  
To heated debate, the awe of evil,  
And also quite genius.

She will lament over her insane thoughts,  
Thoughts so damaging to the eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Giving Away

How do we come to terms with gifts?  
Killing others for them is an illness,  
Though willing are men who are spendthrifts,  
Cancelling the debt, taking life to stillness.

How do we stay at the height of power?  
Maybe our presents are too many  
Or the losing has been about in the hour,  
The hours of our life are any?

Naveed Akram

# Glad Sight

Glad senses are in total belief,  
The voice of a stranger utters to the eyes  
As you stare and wear,  
Exciting the air of the brain.

Barring cuts of calamity hurts only you who studies,  
In these sessions we decide daringly.

Glad senses level their loud laments,  
Opening the wars and fairies found inside,  
Copper discusses the heavenly wars.

My horizon is stealing the air of all its ramps and size.

Naveed Akram

# Glad Times

The existence is glad and lonely at times,  
To forget is to remember,  
Never can we forget our whole life, though.  
Glad news becomes fodder and food  
For me and you, for those in danger or not.  
Let the sure tricks prove worth it,  
Let a knowing man be an angel in the end.  
Then heavens and hells collide for the wits  
And the intellects, these also collide.  
You must remember a story of joy  
And not develop a tragedy.

Naveed Akram

# Gladness Of Small Men

Outside the gladness of new men  
Is an inside of cutting and witting,  
Internal ribbons bind and abide  
With muscular aerobic activity  
That shivers as small knowledge.  
His wisdom is as bold as you,  
New men contrive a factuality  
To grimly seek a cut down tree.  
The death of elm trees subsides  
When sublime knowledge embeds.

Outside a perpetual being has elapsed,  
To all that can oscillate, to all that can weep  
With tears of the continuing rain,  
A bold thought finally cascades on the brow.

Outside a rainy day freezes me almost  
To the bone, liking knowledge small  
And big even if chance has its drilling  
As willing as it can be.

Outside a trance has been put forth,  
With transfers and inferences,  
Deductions and intuitions gather their pace  
Like the watery storm besieging a soul  
In time with a soul.

Naveed Akram

# Glamorous Person

It never raises the ground to the air,  
Opening the fountains of despair,  
This mind is fused with the soul so finite  
That it alone relates to the primary members  
Of the political state.  
My sound is echoed continuously for the  
Glamour is waning as far as the horizon.

My views are met with glamour of the person,  
The political fountain is extravagant of this day.  
My own exercises feel the flute of disbelief,  
That sings to the melody of the mountain.

Never does the ground rise up to meet the air,  
Just so people vomit into cancers of distress,  
Just so venom is the art of the living as enemies.

Naveed Akram

# Glamorous Rivers

I mingle, and imbue the beauties of glamour,  
Finding fetching people on roles and jobs.  
These people are evocative of angers and desires,  
Then they flee and sink on boats or ships.  
A labyrinthine life! In this sense we gladly approach  
My happiness from afar.  
In real terms the furtive commands beleaguer  
The other side, the enemy who have messages.  
The lagoon approaches and exists around,  
We must attain ultimate signs of forbearance.  
Glamour is a weapon to the mighty rivers,  
The boats just capsize on the rocks.

Naveed Akram

# Glanced At The Night

I glanced at the wonders of the night  
Like women and men of the world.  
I drove my mallet into the ground,  
Wounding the soil with the sky tonight.  
Many thinkers have thought of seeking  
For the truth, but this astronomy  
Forsakes the human suffering of all its ills.  
The human being creates human beings,  
Speaks to them as his deputies,  
Policing the ways of the Lord.  
My sky topples tonight to be seeing  
The help of a generation.

I saw wonders in the night that transcended  
Logical philosophers of the ancient breed.

Naveed Akram

# Glaring Eyes

His face shunned my eyes as they glared  
At mystery of the arts and edges;  
These men were fellows of happenings  
Or events, yesterday the burden was aloft;  
Spring was nearer than the mathematical era,  
Opening the doors of faith with flat heart,  
A heart was mountain to the head.

The fountain of joy was a similar respect,  
Shunning me with its glory that shook  
The edges of my face fading into farces,  
Shaking errors at marvelled mates of the rain.  
The tears of shallow waters forsook  
A window into delights of the heart.

Let faces be shadows offering some a reply,  
Lazy is the face that condemns,  
A face will convince us with its splendour.

Naveed Akram

# Glass Shatters

The glass has a flimsiness, frailty of course,  
Do not deceive me with fraudulence or fraud.  
Glass shatters from impulses,  
Glass has love for the actions,  
This glass I hold and dropp reminds.

The frantic wept, as no other weeper,  
The fraternity has evaporated,  
Never the escapade of shattering glass  
Has gone by without returning,  
And so the glass has an escapade.

Naveed Akram

# Gliding In The Air

A bird is wrestling the wind with its feathers,  
Even then the flight is smooth, as smooth as the air.

Best of the eagles are against the flight of others,  
Eventually they look like a mouth, as smooth as the air.

A strange spectacle has been captured in the rain,  
After a bird, not reptile, does fly south, as smooth as the air.

When strangers bespeak a multifarious journey through the air,  
I gather it is more than just levitation or youth, as smooth as the air.

I love the young journey to the east,  
A happy rhythm up north, as smooth as the air.

Why do we hesitate to look powerful?  
When we glide in the sky, as smooth as the air.

Naveed Akram

# Glimpses Of Time

You have been parts of speech, of enemies, of life,  
Though I never give a thinker his knife and chef,  
Too hard I guess this treatment must be,  
Only you are plentiful in degree.

Naveed Akram

# Globe Of Noise

A blaring sound deafens the globe,  
As if muffled by the nightmare all around;  
Muted once again by the stars,  
It concerns my quiet being once more.

Plastic fingers hurl themselves into the ears,  
Dusty hands and filthy fingers linger,  
The eyes are rough with agitation,  
As the loathing sound sees you in the mirror.

I have a luring round of sound and noise,  
Witnessed by the onlookers in the crowd called  
The Universe, one of the higher forms of arenas  
That shakes and binds to be a longer man.

Naveed Akram

# Glorious Speech

Glory fires me up with distinction,  
Desks of thought bestride me in speech.  
A word has more meaning when spoken  
Rather than the written variety  
That swore their page and added ground  
To the basic teachings of our fathers.  
Mothers similarly resound on our behalf  
To astound the good people into something.  
Exaltation is made on us when exalted  
And now we spoke regarding our generations  
To be wounded by them, as we have been  
Wounded eventually.

Naveed Akram

# Glowing Eyes

It still glowed at my heart,  
The eye glowed and glowed  
And glowed, forming tears in mine.  
The challenge differed,  
It disused my intelligence,  
For this was easy.  
My eyes differed from him,  
Many sides to the argument  
Uplifted the heart of mine.  
Trust the feelings and sentiments  
Forcefully, for trusting is the game.  
My defects are obnoxious,  
And my pride is at stake,  
The sort of impressions are wild.  
A pallid face reappears from the undergrowth,  
But where is the opposition now?

Naveed Akram

# Glutinous Grounds

The glutinous ground formed into mud itself,  
Leaving us in muddy thoughts and sentences.  
They were heavily dirty streets, so applause  
Vanished when centuries obviously straightened.

The dumbfounded children were happy about  
Saltwater, why do we cry in the briny airs?  
Stuck on the wilderness, we saw oceans of baffled  
Women, men of the higher sort and mystery.

Seafaring men were remedied as sailors,  
So bemused, belittled by the remedies of science.  
I have a naval felony, in my sleep the sailors  
Convict their captains in my sleep of mud.

Naveed Akram

## Gnostics In The Face

Then I opened my window, I distanced myself,  
Owls were heard, snakes were devoured,  
For divinity was beaming on the hearts of the eyes,  
One of those organs in some pain and pleasure.

Then I was closing the platform's door, keeping  
Sins sordid, sins worst, so that major grins  
Absorbed the face, like the hesitating of ears.

My tensing up of order's finality was a feather  
Of oil, a swinging order from the family of ideas.

This is a display of the groups called godly gnostics.

Naveed Akram

# Go Ahead

Go ahead as they  
Marked a place for all the life  
And for all the soul.

(Haiku)

Naveed Akram

# Go In My Direction

Go and find me to see the directions of life,  
On the way do your service to the king,  
And then survey all his troubles, declining him.  
These royal powerful men carry much standard  
Of habit and custom, the same revolutions  
Concentrate in the kingdoms of kindness.  
Go and find me when I weep in the wilderness,  
Seeking a triumphant man who wears trumpets  
In gloom and trouble, fixing his eyes,  
Holding them in my direction. Flight has amazed me  
Ever since, as I recall the beatings and heresy.  
Let the accosting begin, let the despot bind us  
With ropes and plunge us into it, the sea of tranquility.  
Follow then this road tonight, from a dusty place  
To a barren heart, where it rains with compulsions and  
Heat of the inert gases that roil and boil so splendidly.

Naveed Akram

## Go Then

Go then, go then when help has come,  
To follow, capture, eat;  
Like one creation and income,  
The job has marks of meat.

The help is said, relief has been,  
May sun and moon collide  
Like balls of flesh we may have seen,  
The throat is fresh, applied.

My deal is sorry tonight now,  
This deal is lovingly  
My own, someone's pleasure allow  
For best, for better, for three.

Naveed Akram

# Go To Work!

Go to the score, go to work,  
While my feet arouse the comfort  
By sitting down, by lying down  
And resting.  
When do roads build a future?  
And when does rest happen to unrest  
On the world's shoulder?  
On this part of the body we raise a doubt  
Of sudden thought, of a blind attack  
On the rest of the world we live in.  
This score is leaving its mark  
On the real right world.  
Go to the end of this world to deliver  
Its message as a rainbow does  
With splendour.  
Go to work on this day!

Naveed Akram

# Goal Of Happiness

Every goal of happiness  
Ends in grief, in a huddle of lateness,  
Offering dreams of unkindness.

My future runs in the family,  
The success is an attachment,  
A goal of love is about to enter.

Offered to our sleep is a successful dream,  
Oscillating in our lives over a pattern  
Too well defined.

This transformed our lives and our family,  
Reaching into the cosmos of happiness  
And alleviating suffering.

Our loves are slept in with no ache,  
Cruelty is besieging the friends  
We eventually preferred.

Naveed Akram

# Goals

Goals matter due to their size,  
Is this bigger than the goal I advise?

Naveed Akram

# Goals Often

Often we stare at the goals and goats,  
Let events stand for the better, see the footnotes.

Naveed Akram

# Goat

Lots of goat for dinner  
Is all had on a skewer,  
My kingdom has survived,  
The lids of your eyes  
Are lifted and they see  
The meat of the kings  
In consumption.  
Force the goat to be eaten  
By converting the king  
To your crevice.  
Food has might,  
Food is the whim of our land.  
We ghosts are relaxed tonight,  
From the worry of the horror,  
Frightened again by the double,  
Load the goat into the pot and eat.

Naveed Akram

# Goats

Goats are too tasty and sweet,  
Their cheese seems to be teat  
When a lunch has come  
And a business is dumb  
From never the doing the cheat.

Naveed Akram

# Goats And Bread

Goats and bread are great additions to the menu,  
For they attract the population and all they do is argue,  
For the hills are attracted to joys of tailors  
Who want their climbing done, as declarers.  
For the hill tallest receives reward  
From the clothed men who are to discard.  
I release a mania on this world of hills  
And receive a mountain of ordeal that chills.  
Goats and bread are to be in the restaurant  
Served with more wealth to the exuberant.

Naveed Akram

# God And Man

God is like man astray even though women fold,  
His kingdom is like no other, liking the bold.

Naveed Akram

# God And The Sea

Some of us are delighted by their tasks,  
Some have lips to smack open over food,  
The ocean sprays a milk on our laps,  
And the feet we stink have aborted the sea.

The moon is lush with anger of our sea,  
Open to remedy is the illness we call the moon.  
A howl has entered our self, the seldom spoken the better,  
Offered is the prize of the sea.

A prophet has kept me all to this day,  
Hold him as if a puppet, like a jumper of risk,  
In the middle of relaxation I do mend  
His heart that bound me to faith in God and the sea.

Naveed Akram

# God Loves

God loves to meet him,  
In the night a man weeps  
For his prayers must be answered  
By the Almighty.

You were in Heaven!  
With control over your body,  
The distinct feelings there  
Astound you.

God rules with kindness  
And mercy, the martyr shall  
Be treated the best  
For he was a saint so perfect.

In truth, the reality of the Paradise  
Can begin, since the Life  
Astounds and amazes  
With its light and darkness.

Naveed Akram

# God Of Misery

Misery and disease marry the soil and vegetable,  
Many finds result from soil and garden, worms and snails,  
That result, that deploy their forces armed in ways known to man.  
I shall work again, cultivate the garden as a curtain is folded neatly,  
The culture has a crowning achievement.  
Grotesque and ugly, watchers of the night sky raise their anger  
At the old comets and asteroids hitting the world as danger.  
Grinding, depriving and dissolving the diseased soil,  
Many old comets design danger, making use of the soil  
By hitting too fast, and last of all the planet is hurt.  
Misery is actually too powerful a danger,  
That meteors are faster every year,  
In a fit of rage is the god of asteroids.

Naveed Akram

# God's Creation

He is carved from metal and wood,  
Beauty is a sign, beauty shall obey.  
The sculpture describes a living,  
It is living from dusk to dawn,  
Only my loving is his dying in this year.  
Derange him not, make him sane  
As an object too godly offering shame.  
The depth of his play is like that of art,  
He is art, and not me, so he must be beautiful  
And he will be defined by his looks.  
He is just a fine mediocre creation of God.

Naveed Akram

# God's Gate

God shall welcome us  
For all the eternity  
Into Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# Godless Men

A foreign godless man is clear in his entrails,  
He clothes himself with respect of history and customs.  
A bone inserts a message of a massage,  
One nationality is too many, for me.

I thank him for coming, for leaving, for staying,  
This much is true.

A godly person awaits the destruction of this world,  
It clothes itself with the entrances of the crust.

A friendless man is like thieving porcupines,  
Taking your feeling everywhere you rest,  
When the spines conspire like trees and roots.

The man who is of knowledge aborts the play,  
A nation abstractly disappears, in this writing of crafts.  
Affections are raised eternally,  
Like a friendly man of the highest station.

Letters of airplanes drift down slowly,  
To see you toy with the bodies of distinction.

Naveed Akram

# Godlier

Godliness may touch the inner ways,  
Goblins do not destroy each other because of this,  
Oysters that open are also from God,  
Openers of these are mere mortals, merely human,  
Who eat from their slavery to God,  
And the souls of the dead are counted by the angels above,  
Just so that heaven is imbued from above,  
Living like a couch, liking each other.  
So godly is this person who lives in paradise  
That his joiner commits a decency to enjoy him,  
Like a good ghost, as a man opposed to the devil.  
He is similarly like the joiner of bonds and lived he.  
He has no sin, so be him, and connect him to the one above.  
Godliness has met us in the right way,  
And I have enjoyed it as much as the blood of the strange.

Naveed Akram

# Godlinesses

Godliness has no reality when there is ghostliness  
In the mind and the spirit.  
You may learn far into the future,  
Far into livid danger,  
Into a large maelstrom over the other one,  
As if the thinkers and last resort were mentioned  
But your thought-stream may not.  
Your thought to make is actually too fabulous  
As a chronicle of time after death.  
You stay at this station you have earned  
And receive reward for your lamentation.  
Hurrah! The rewards are few but much like you.  
Godlier is the man in the window, in the doorway,  
And in a house you have committed. Why are you so high?

Godliness has no reality when there is loneliness  
In the body and soul.  
You may learn further than anyone,  
Farther than purity and pure bravery,  
As much as a store of real wisdom,  
Like philosophy and scholarship  
But your elucidation may lack skill.  
Your fact to concoct is probably inventive  
Like a sold part that carries a price.  
You make cellos to play for crying to be made  
And receive applause insidiously.  
Hurrah! The rewards are so small for some yet you yourself have such.  
Godliest souls are in the eye of rarity, as a grateful mode  
Which houses the resolution to succeed  
and deliver praises to God and the Most High.

Naveed Akram

# Godly Decisions

O God! I have prayed against all hope for bags of fun,  
But baggage stunts growth and loses boast;  
Of all needs your knowledge is best and broad,  
Yet white lies are never discussed in the affairs,  
And white deception can man the degree of hope.  
I can understand only a few who follow the story well and fine.  
I seek only the pleasing benefits of your mercy.

Naveed Akram

# Godly Hurting

I have in my possession the looks of godliness,  
Inside the tragedy of the heavenly space  
Is housed a plentiful treasure,  
Opening the doors to pleasant news.  
I can face the appearance of the faces  
Internally dividing my expressions.  
The fondling of the bridge of destruction  
Has devolved and the revolution shall decline.  
I have some pains and some pleasures  
Of the loved wine, and the hated treasure.  
I hold an unique treasure hurting my lane  
That is my path to salvation.

Naveed Akram

# Godly Light

The link with godly men is the world  
Of winking lights, wrinkles of the mud  
Fall with lesser energy, these words have  
Been married to women who have rings,  
Full of emerald and diamond together with rubies.

The laughter on their faces exactly matches  
Mine, for my poverty emancipates the soul  
From worries of the world, so many letters  
Are inscribed due to the working of leather  
As it burdens our role in this world.

There is a dream when lights have flashed  
On the evening veneering the lights,  
Dusk is shown on the night of my visit,  
When the palace loves nobody but the king  
And the queen and the prince and the princess.

Naveed Akram

# Gods And Kings

Gods and kings have collided, again  
The sandwich is stolen by the higher gods  
And then vendors will be fancied  
Who steal and marry, who reach royalty.  
The gods and goddesses will dispute  
On their offspring, on their religion,  
And on the schedule of a blessed creation  
That came with vibrancy and laugh.  
Gods and kings will never omit queenhood,  
As she who worked hard shall reap rewards  
Of a higher nature. Their progeny shall be exalted  
From the lap of the sea, from the conquest of the moon.

I confer with the gods, and I have direct knowledge  
Of all of it. Of each and every word that fits.  
My role has surpassed miracles, yet I am no god or single deity  
Let alone a higher one.  
Higher men and women come from up above,  
Not inside a soul or special blood.

Naveed Akram

# Gods And Tragedy

Gods do believe in tragic episodes  
In your life, your job never created them,  
Nor did the chest of treasure, the codes  
Are in the fear of being discovered, like the gem.

Tragedy spoke to godly men who spoke highly,  
Gruesome speech is above the struggle,  
This word is forgotten and its ability,  
But we are the crowd with which to mingle.

Naveed Akram

# Gods Are Light

Gods are light, then deify them until the day  
We die, in a feud with them since death like I say.  
Gaunt man of lower pain is again in advantage  
From a disease to complain with foreknowledge;  
He must be treated with too much pleasure  
Like a man who is deified, due to a measure.  
Must godly men called doctors understand?  
Yes, their roots are built from a land,  
The land of apes and men, the land of the country  
Which lent a hand to the man or woman who was a genie.  
Gods are of light, gods are brains and body  
To enlighten the minds of men who are doctors or somebody.

Naveed Akram

# Gods May Speak

Gods may speak against the other tailors,  
Ions and atoms, whatever, are stormy.  
How does one suddenly grow like clothing?  
The areas concentrate with fluid of musk  
To show an angry course of behaviour.  
My sea of blood and tissue is too large,  
They say the burden of the water is itself too much in magnitude.  
Gods may sell a bargain to the infinity.

Naveed Akram

# Gods Of Matter

Looking for gods is like looking for orators,  
Poets fashion their hands along the times  
Of orations guiding their path, feeding the hungry,  
Drinking more than necessary water,  
Ingesting the vitamins and minerals.

Look at those that let a being murmur and repose,  
Its world is accusing us further,  
As the care and dread of an age is required  
To be judged by the not-so-literate.  
Orators fix their glare on an united being,  
Fully integrated with systems of united beings.  
Why does the beholder express a liking?

A liking may be the drinker, but what is the matter?  
Judged by a joiner, little criminals must be hauled along,  
Judging is judging and mastering is mastering,  
Like the intellectual court, swinging words of decision.

Naveed Akram

# Gods Speak

Gods shall speak on the region,  
Their fall is certain as a legion.

Naveed Akram

# Gods Under The Sea

Gods were submerged in water called their sea,  
Like a ward of disease has been solved has been seen.  
The reason of offering to mankind the oceans is absolute,  
As the arguments raised by scholars of the art are always infinite.  
Water is their substantial look that is an offence,  
Which is always law against law,  
Which is saliva of goddesses,  
And why do we see water in our eyes  
Like some potion of love?

Naveed Akram

# Going Away

Going away is fun and pleasurable,  
Like godly help that divides and multiplies,  
Like food of winds and weather of all nature,  
It is travel on the mind and disease everywhere.

When we return and conduct music,  
We'll earn a prodigious money  
And our find is like a god.  
Our god mutters disbelief at our folly  
For the music is unhealthy and distasteful  
Due to instruments that weep and cry over you.

Naveed Akram

# Going In The Sea

Going to the sea is like swimming in the ocean adrift,  
Sensing a movement through breathing and swathing,  
Bridging the hurt and basically dancing and winning  
Each swim, each binary motion, or what I call it.  
This unique redress shines from up above,  
My rehearsal carried itself to this world  
When beginnings were major, far too major.  
The swimming act is special as pies for a cook  
And a chef. So chefs do bite water in the form of action.  
I think food is in the planet late. Too much drink  
In the meantime.  
We are ocean, trouble and blood which thinks  
Like a swimmer in mud, in the entire sea at night.

Naveed Akram

# Going Is Not Staying

Going is pleasing, but staying is the finest,  
Because success is a wand of delight, the achiest.  
Homes must destroy and damage other houses and mansions,  
To be absurd, to be asinine, and to be cruel demonstrations.

Denizens of the abyss are far away from killing, and willing  
To crop up in mansions that keep blood, of those who are honouring.  
The horror is married as a disgust also agony, they also want reading  
After the books wonder from the head or grave, this is much abducting.

Go to an area of strict kindness although we do hate your kind,  
You seem like evolving your bedroom and chairs, your very mind.  
Go away, I say to it, and what do people carry out when warned?  
Thursday is today, adding a cat to Friday, the lion forewarned.

Going and staying is when supernatural actions work,  
It is gorgeous why dangers pass, when do you go berserk?

Naveed Akram

# Going To God

Going to God is like the heavenly angels,  
Looking at them detracts you from evil;  
When you dance among the clouds  
Your shaking limbs carry fever as you climb  
The very heights of the sky, the actual canopy.  
Below the rooftop is other land,  
On it you breath and talk and walk  
Like anybody with sense, with very nature.  
Going to a godly man is full of achievement,  
Inside you they sting with learning.

Naveed Akram

# Going To Sleep

You spoke to godly people when awake,  
Spreading a joking phrase shall ache;  
It burdens the young work, the young,  
Who split up in crowds of cells too far-flung.

The sleeping prison fully active brings puzzling  
And conscious help, the real abandoning.  
It is slavery, work of slaves that comprised  
Of felonies and compulsions to be advised.

Going to sleep shadows the young and old,  
Water drunk on the night of sleep is when blindfold.  
Feed on the babies bringing joy in their sleep,  
And like their sleep is ours, we are the deep.

Naveed Akram

## Going To The Goddess

Going to the bench of wonder brings joy,  
A familiar goddess springs up for the country.  
We see employment of the years all in a flash,  
Oil has remarked on the gold out there in civilisation.  
The bench has been wondrous, far too small  
A little piece of furniture, as if golden objects.  
The going of a business man carries on  
Far into the setting of the sun, where we arise  
For the innocence is present in our hearts.

Naveed Akram

# Going To The Other Side

Going to the other side of the world  
I watch the diverse skies and lands;  
On a night the stars are glowing  
As they are creation's lamps, near or far.

It is different on this part of the world,  
Feeding is a frenzy, animals lurk somewhere;  
I also have to search, since the land is sumptuous,  
For the lands are delicious, as they grow fruit.

The world is nearer to the stars than you think,  
They disappear when the sun reigns with its glory;  
I have seen the world, night and day, by travelling  
In the wide-world, the fuel needed is tremendous.

Many citizens and natives I have met,  
Filling the streets as time goes by,  
Making statements for their daily tasks,  
And working to pay their rent.

This side of the world cries for exploration,  
If I only do not explore the other side as well  
For then time is not enough to satisfy the life  
And so bring quality of life - worthwhile!

Naveed Akram

## Going To The Same

Going to the same building is a start,  
My consultation is coming to be smart;  
Never do actions speak to be so clear,  
As when the words of the tongue are dear.  
My built-in objectives are so sad and mad,  
Like a pulling truck of the otherworldly lad.  
It is sadistic in approach to call me a mouse,  
For my squealing is far too much in the house.  
Can we spray paint on the subjects of walls?  
The walls are the heavenly pillars of the halls.  
My event is an event of philosophy and speed,  
It composes the transmission of a single deed.  
The spending of coins is like the height of gold,  
Silver is not gold, gold is not great, and you are bold.

Naveed Akram

# Going To The Wooden Tree

Going where the path divides creates blessing,  
Going is the sin of the believing women and folk,  
Forcing them will divide them as a flock of sheep  
Grazing in the meadows, dispersing after the fox  
Has arrived and conquered, leaving no trace.

Flesh upon flesh divides the trunk of the tree,  
Branches swallow the illness of the wooden tree.  
Little branches are inferior like the infant's humanity,  
Lies are written in so many words to the day  
That dies after the retaliation by the people.

The path meanders due to a godly response,  
Death shakes as it obliterates, feeding a frenzy of sight,  
This time we stake the heart so that machines  
Create their folk again, in this industrial revolution,  
And the emergence of the space age.

Naveed Akram

# Going, Growing, Being Godly

Going to God we mutter our praise  
Of His Majesty, like a king of kings  
He induces your love and magnifies  
The height from gravity, due to atoms  
Under the feet, under the ground of sweet.

Sugar grows like a fountain spurting more  
And more water, for the taste is deadly  
As the pleasure is immense, like the heavenly  
Spirits residing on Earth, without the faces  
And within the bodies of clay.

For the godly man speaks for an adjacent time,  
In present moods we speak like a judge  
Of the governing few, who stole the gold from  
Nice ways of the people, the same people  
Who thought of brainy joys and sayings.

Sweet work is for the godly men of understanding,  
The same fear arises due to the duty of the Death;  
Seat yourself in your throne, so that a higher throne  
Removes the unwanted elements of ores confined  
In the soul, at the back and in the front.

Naveed Akram

# Goings

Above the ocean I see water and inside there is,  
But gain a few legends as water can fizz,  
The black of the sea and heat of reality,  
And white of sky and reading of humanity.

In the heartliest loss I gave a form of ever,  
Like the year of my life and sudden death.  
It is the folly on the foe that drives us aright,  
Onto the device of time as freed on high.

Naveed Akram

# Gold

Is it a fantasy of the parts of one's soul?  
Then gold is utmost in quality,  
Foremost in taste, like a burden on the multitude,  
Seasons speak well of those with gold.

It shines with spectacular charm  
Like opening a treasure chest of marvels,  
The same marvellous items we give to Heaven  
And its compartments, its charming rivers.

We taste this element with peril,  
What makes peril so perilous  
And menace so strange?  
The golden market is full of gold.

Naveed Akram

# Gold And Silver

Gold is hills and mountains,  
Silver has been weighed all the time  
By giants, and elves shall look at the sun.  
The moon is silvery in the night due to the night,  
There is star that brightens the sky of light,  
Inwardly the thoughts do resound,  
And the verse is expiring for the thinking men.  
Gold has been climbed and fashioned by women  
Who eat others and their fathers do have size of wealth.  
Silver is praised by the women who dare enter thinking men  
And praise them, whilst they who are male construct thoughts  
To send to lovers in the night, when the silver moon is in sight.

Naveed Akram

# Gold Has Been Sprinkled

I was immensely stimulated by the notes  
Of a gesture that was old and minute,  
Lengthy citizenship ended the search  
Of able heaven, a green cycle erupted out  
Of the deep chaos dangling behind  
And entering the new position.

Still the pen is displayed and returned to  
The owner of worries, righteous action follows  
Suit to end all the triumphant trumpet inside.  
Nought is realised by the byzantines,  
Killing them is wise, losing enacts a density.

Naveed Akram

# Gold Is Gold

When the standing is the understanding,  
I drift among letters, parchments of gold.  
Go to gold, entering wrong, feed the strong,  
Install happiness, so behold the highness.

Gold after gold swiftly envelops bread crumbling,  
So eat of bread, pieces of it successfully breed.  
This bread, this golden treasure is the food of goodness,  
Yesterday, my goodness died as gold passed into it.

So understand the signs of the recited document,  
Sorry about the blue seas, the grey gay skies.  
Towards heaven a bullet is cast and fired forever,  
In heaven there is no death from golden chairs.

Naveed Akram

## Gold Pieces

Interest from pieces of gold make beliefs for some,  
Introduce this to the general public, and believe in some.  
The demands of gold open the doors to important life;  
When demanding forms are filled by the civilised boat:  
Your winnings are produced before you when you dig.  
In a time of precision we have feelings of grandeur,  
The diamonds bear a light of loveliness, and unshakeable awe.  
Let this mosaic be completed as gold is completed,  
Complications arise from the forms and theories.

Naveed Akram

# Gold Was Gone

Gold was a gnome of oldness,  
Giving a forest of gems to us,  
Meat and wine was served to us,  
Iron killing had been in place.  
Peace and worry were steel,  
Magic was a monster, with us.  
I neither hated nor thanked them,  
They were monsters and joys as well,  
Pondering by the humans and gnomes  
That were gold within hearing.  
Danger was a darkness of the wilderness,  
For eyes could heal within us,  
There was hitherto a decree that  
Commanded the faithful  
And damned them.

Naveed Akram

# Golden

There is gold, there is solid gold,  
That warns and is proud of itself.  
I am shining with love at this metal,  
A great implement, a wonderful weapon  
That never dies, nor does it brighten  
To our eyes, like the light as it grows.  
The sun is golden, forming weather  
And leaving us at the end to hot feeling.  
Gold may strive for more, but our Sun  
Is more golden than gold.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Blood

The fair-haired man was under artificial lights,  
White trousers with white and beige dress,  
Over the reins a man holds a horse  
That dances like a rogue of offering and justice.  
These speechless warriors carry commands  
Of redness, and golden blood.  
In the chair a radius is noted  
To perform the circle of wet being.  
These wet ingredients of the clown  
Are like a recipe for disasters to come  
And destroy.

Sunlight glared like polished windows,  
A young man was a boy now,  
Working in his office called Life.  
He dispersed like clouds of lightning,  
Mountains began to shudder.

Sitting in the air-conditioned room  
Was internally calm,  
The badge ruined the days of worry,  
Anger had beamed on the layers  
Of the brain.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Children

Gold has an advantage over us. Gold mattered over all other matter. Glowing is the metal of desire, the metallic abode is upon us like a golden palace twitching like silver, but gold. Golden palaces harvest children of gore to expertly slice and shear the halls and walls so that the germs must disappear from their scalps. Are they skulls, or just plain children? Is there an uprising? Or are there too many children in the golden palace? Gold shall teach the mighty reward to the ending of some crazy children.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Goblets

I placed goblets down on the sheets of paper  
Lining the mirror, so wonderful and clean.  
I just called to strongly stem a word of barring  
Curses, bulging stomachs were eating first.

I placed goblets on the mouths of jungled men,  
Their army and their leggings profoundly swore  
Vengeance supreme and exact, like the findings of ewes.

I have persons who forsake the trouble,  
Trouble fountained the distress so exact,  
A cave had entered the mud of illnesses.

I then found the golden goblets of designs  
Similar to passes of the night, of days  
Frightened by the terror of ionic substances.

May despair be a mockery of the wands,  
May special space reside in the heavens,  
Little universes are faint stars of brightness,  
So little men have true warfare in the beginning.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Liberty

She was giggling with some ladies,  
Devastated by worries of green and red;  
The colours of the ocean had sprung  
As the waves beat the floor of the world  
That instigated freedom and liberty.

A laughter of gold had sprung  
As string got tied to the bowl,  
And silver descended on my brother  
Without the urge of fences and walls.  
My liberty was offering with kindness.

Once I made poetry on the pages of worry,  
When the oceans of the world sprung hatred  
With love to follow.  
I have espied a goal to shake the mountains  
There in the wilderness of gold and silver.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Rules

Gold has penalties of long life to order,  
Even when goings are rough and good in heart,  
Eventhough the doings are tough and godly in rate,  
Eventually the books of new are upon us all.

Thus the gold is a sudden joust and kicking,  
A favourite right to help and keep to all dream,  
Dream then the number one problem of your strife,  
And keep each person in unison.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Statues

We strike the hearts of golden statues,  
Inside them we find and describe the futility.  
This innocent man who beautified the world  
Has created his own house where no statues exist.  
Open these writings with the key of success  
So that reading and writing beleaguers the olden men.  
Internal strife stagnates the soul's journey,  
But where is the pain so descriptive?  
Disrupt nobody in this nation of brilliance,  
Offend nobody, nobody must be destroyed  
But the statues of great art, the living stones?  
No! - They reside in the crevices of flames  
And so smoke and ash leap into the sky.  
Inculcate these beliefs in the heart  
And the head shall follow with similar faith.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Sword

Golden green devastates me,  
For the three musketeers were bedevilled,  
And the gold of their silver whined to me,  
Like the pledge of eternal sympathy.  
One fears their voice,  
Daily a sword is blown,  
The reality of a day is upon us,  
When the fate of the year  
Lies in wait.

Gold and silver perspires like alchemists,  
One day the real men are seen,  
When the storm is blown to the fences,  
Instilling hatred on the wholly unknown population.  
Gold must fight and win,  
Silver does bronze with glaze,  
Varnishing is simple, but the order stays  
Like a king on the throne,  
Winning the hearts, dissolving the flesh.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Treasure

The answer of gold is a saying you try,  
That golden object may be needed afterwards.  
Anybody will create a plain method,  
The same methods are the plain methods.  
Gold is plainly not silver, and both shine,  
The method is the same, and we are the method.  
To keep treasure in our gardens  
Is the desire of all who are tame with riches  
And wealth, the methods are similar,  
They are so very similar.

Naveed Akram

# Golden Words

There is gold where the bronze is consumed  
Like the statues we stride on.  
Truly the words of a man call him by the neck,  
After the phrases are learnt of purity.  
Our relaxed fury is upon us, loathing good emotion,  
But the statues we become are all still.  
Words are all in stillness, suspended and accessed,  
In fashion and beauty.

Naveed Akram

# Gone Away

I have gone away and I shall hesitate to stay,  
Ousted and wept my partial compliance the day.  
When night I suffer and expensive cures I hide and  
Seek whatever held my trust as long as I live inland.

Sending away the same day I weep,  
As for him I keep a sentence of faith,  
That may end in botheration and row,  
So go away and leave me alone!

Naveed Akram

# Gone To Hell

Hell has prison cells that laugh always, that hides then.  
Hell has events and evils, hosts and devils, do you see then.  
Angels shall evilesce partly or fully, so that you must define.  
Some people would have the hell of trouble, not sin.  
Most dart a strong word straight towards hell. They cannot do good!

Naveed Akram

# Gonging

Gongs are dropped by the people in black,  
They are intrepid because of their colour.

A rich sound is displayed for the wicked in character,  
Those who mingle with alien dress and desire.

Such a stupor is a jewel that it believed in noise  
To travel through it and give mounds of coins.

Destroy never the wealth of a kingdom,  
By selling it for a meagre price.

The richest men are slaves of the jewellery,  
The crafty hands of gold and silver, and forever.

Gongs explode from first months  
To the levers honest and true.

To be surprised is too absent from the search of clues,  
Ones that decide too many lies untrue.

□

Naveed Akram

# Good And Evil

The difference between goodness and evil shatters a soul,  
Honesty seeks you, and you do not seek it, like a soul.  
People favour you when loved, people are like souls,  
The soul can withstand the other side, a fellowship is gained.

This is the fellowship of a day in which no soul can escape,  
The biggest day belongs to this time of the soul that understands.  
There is a separate holiness finding your heart, it bleeds  
Due to the heat of a day that experiences the night of nights.

The good ban the evil, the evil abstains from goodness, together  
Their plots are absolute, fighting each other with concentration.  
Honesty and trust was the order of the whole existence,  
But some disobeyed and fought the ones who loved and learnt.

Naveed Akram

# Good Deeds

The right deed is a good deed,  
Feathers are reclined on since birth.  
One saying carries new meaning  
For those who listen and create deeds.

A man's heart implores goodness from the soul,  
This is beautiful when his wishes are met.  
The deed of the heart is a greater deed,  
It is a highest deed, full of promise.

You are higher than this of course,  
The cushions we sit on are relaxing  
Due to your tallness and weight,  
This is a secret of the soul.

Naveed Akram

## Good Friend

Good green and giving friend,  
To little people is the word;  
Go to travel on a horse fetching wind,  
With wings it uplifts the soul above the heavens.  
If steel is the green rod, we are natural  
As destroying may be a hammer of devilry.  
Gold is the sight of the good deity,  
It shines fresh every morning for good.  
Treasure is never found or discovered  
But merely exhibited from the pouch.

Naveed Akram

# Good Luck

Your good luck happens to us all,  
Especially when the stagnant pond is disturbed.  
Life will explain why your deeds are complete,  
Here the dice are rolled for the future, and we command.

The lost angels of the One Above are against us,  
Now they fly out to lower planes, we have occupied  
Higher planes to escape, and escapades such as these  
Shall be wrong in feeling, we have not transgressed.

Your good luck is again arriving to take the place  
Of bad luck.  
Your enemy has lost over you, over your place,  
They decided the higher planes were yours.

Naveed Akram

# Good Men Learn

Good boys learn in the other way,  
Pulling the eyes of strangers that say.  
Fortune still lives among us in this way,  
Living well, forgiving others is too gay.

Good men travel huge distances,  
Frightening the other half with care and annoyances;  
Pleasing will define the race of sentinels,  
Angels are those who live like admirals.

Too much created from nothing is like a person  
In pure manner forever, like someone with invocation.  
The righteous men of this world sigh and learn,  
Turning swords to the soldiers, lessening them so as to govern.

Naveed Akram

# Good Work

I open the door to good work,  
Hoping a way is open to hard work.  
This is the route to happiness,  
Minds are engaged in hope and harps,  
These play by the fingers of the soul  
To enrage those in false endeavours,  
In misdemeanours, and hard work.  
Your presents presented and hard work gained,  
The next layer of happiness sows relief  
To the good working soul, the almighty heart.

Naveed Akram

# Goodbye To Sorrows

Goodbye to your sorrows,  
But greetings to your tomorrows;  
I find the sadness as simple as me,  
Please choose the words in memory.  
This beautiful living shall keep a tone,  
I created the feeling when I was alone.  
Hear the voice of an abler man less,  
Until the immortal tongue can express.

Weep not in this land of murder,  
I crossed the street to a bookbinder;  
The borders betray nobody,  
Inside the tone that was alone abruptly.  
Absurd and alone, the memory of me  
Shook the boundaries of ability.

Naveed Akram

# Goodness

Good is a name and  
One man and one woman and  
Also a child here.

Naveed Akram

# Gouging

Cleanly gouging the eyes in lieu of mistaking the scene  
Is to lacerate the heart, and all the worries shall erupt  
And gashes bleed small ways, with great boils to add,  
Letting steam escape from the treatment of the wounds.  
Disrelishing the pain, a man of wounded nature  
Wanted the terms of agreement, and these cowards want!

They were irreligious, and needed to be examples,  
By gods and goddesses the life had to end in misery for  
Him, and not Me as long as I lived.  
The cowards were to be gashes and diseases like gangrene,  
Later to be in front of the firing-squad.  
Yes sirs, the lesson is a riddance of unhappiness,  
The cowardice of deserting shall never triumph!

Naveed Akram

# Governing And Obedience

The government commands us to obey,  
If living inside a soul continues, we obey.  
My governing is gorgeous, I obey myself,  
The incoming missiles are defeated.  
An incident arrived of a soul who helped me,  
I was from the government, he from the helpers.  
His chance to deliver service was huge,  
So he engaged in a ritual too fine.  
To govern the action of the best,  
To specially react to the enemy,  
We concern ourselves with obedience.

Naveed Akram

# Graceful Pillar

Grace has a pillar of obvious concentration,  
Of stone it is built, of a soul and mind it stored.  
Grace may live among houses  
Where the pier of gratitude is,  
Everywhere goes the sea of thankful grace.

Grace has a stationary title of sun and star,  
Of goggles the eyes of grace do speak,  
Hated is a craving for height, of weight, of general size.  
Grace may be open like a shop,  
Or the pier of handsome repose is taken by waves  
To be eroded and expelled from the land and sea.

Naveed Akram

# Grade Of Work

He artfully conducts his grade of work,  
Managing a statue of light in the murk.

One reason for the nets and fellowship  
Could bind the tree of substances to drip.

Let us speak on grand designs solidly made by hands,  
The feet their work made to shiver were on lands.

Then the paint to drip is like cowardice,  
Art became gloomy, far darker than the stewardess.

Let cowards remark on conduct in bad light,  
We will laughingly describe with might.

Naveed Akram

# Gradual Earth

Gradually the sun surpasses us  
With vigour that invigorates the hearts  
Of those who are smaller than the restless.

Suns and similar stars surprise us  
With grounds and learning that astounds  
The sons of the earth and fire.

Sick mirrors are the wet faces  
That smile and smirk with glaring  
Light from the night and the day.

The sun has travelled like a truth,  
Mothers on happy routes digest it,  
Feeling their futures with the dream.

Naveed Akram

# Grains Of Patience

A grain crushes the gown it wears,  
For you made the night into darkness  
As you ate each grain in this period.  
The day is continuous out of your heavenly status,  
For you is the day and night,  
The food you eat partakes in the struggle.  
A lasting spirit is about, a spirit of alacrity,  
As the honourable weapons of war unfold.  
Then is no such movement and activity,  
And there is here a godly companion for you.  
The rest to occur is abhorring the patient struggle,  
As struggle appears to be a parent of your brother.

Naveed Akram

# Grand Importance

A great deal of importance is attached  
To the realm we are dwelling.  
The real importance and grandness  
Is gravely awesome, much too awesome.  
The melee is sounding like training and braining,  
Like something called a maelstrom,  
A circular current of water,  
The waters are so awesome.  
Much is the sign we give  
To those in trouble, and who are molested  
In our world, so guarded and trained.  
We live in understandings and training,  
Loathing the future of magic.

Naveed Akram

# Grass Between My Toes

I cannot remember the grass between my toes,  
Wanted some energy to be left to the place of my abode.  
This religion fascinates me, and it is garden's delight,  
Opening to the heavenly designed springs  
And the remembrances of old and ancient  
In this wonderful world.

I cannot conceive of a more special purpose  
Than the reasoning of a mind that sways  
In time with voices, that sing inside the head.  
How ironic leaves float in this wilderness  
Is how we are amazed by their lusts  
And crafts of the indecent love.

Naveed Akram

# Grave Face

This cloth tends to be simple,  
Simpler virtues predict a gathering  
When the coming fairly gives in.  
The fair comment abolishes the summer  
Yesterday, as tomorrow witnesses colours  
Confounding me, speaking distressed.

Mighty hazards read me as I quell the verdict,  
Judges madden me with their murders,  
Kissing the fishermen and colliding with flesh,  
The doctor does not give this opinion, though.

Just outside a frown is cast  
On the oboe of dread, a fair shine  
Of sound so concentrated in sins,  
Then this sinning weighs on us like the  
Grave features of a face.

Naveed Akram

# Grave Understanding

Save me when I am young,  
Understand the thesis of living,  
As far as the cabin of highness.

This tone has been arranged,  
Filling the tomes of heights,  
And the same weight has been lifted.

I have caused the will of the way,  
The path is straighter than our right,  
To be left with joy and heat is grave.

Naveed Akram

# Grave Words

Grave words uttered through the lies  
Have entered the slight hand of a master.  
You penetrate the ideas of a man with guile,  
Pursue his character until he mastered the actual life.

Grave thoughts really felt, real thinkers are more,  
There eases the pain of thinking on adulthood.  
Grass is green according to laws of nature,  
Busting light as thought is conceived.

Naveed Akram

# Gravel And Mud

Fade into gravel of mud,  
Open the festival of a bud.

Naveed Akram

# Graveness

Forces keep working on the world,  
The return to the ground is called gravity;  
It is called gravity, because someone falls,  
Falling and jumping are acts using gravity.

Water drops from the clouds,  
Always benefiting the ground.  
It may take all of time and cause a grave situation -  
Floods surprise us as the water surges from huge amounts.

Graveness carries a lesson for the brave,  
Gravity speaks from the centre of the world,  
Graveness is too strange and grave matters affect  
The way we live our lives.

Naveed Akram

# Graveyard Of Trains

The men of the east expire,  
Their faults are not like something entire;  
The cars fall into sins and drives,  
The west hates the number of housewives.

Let them speak together,  
Opposing them as an achiever;  
The achier men fight hard  
So that trains arrive in a graveyard.

Naveed Akram

# Graveyards

One realises the woods are graves of the dead,  
Internally, he bleeds for the wounds inflicted  
By wounds by wounds, from the hounds of life.  
This reality beneath which resides the globe,  
Creates and mentions the wombs of the important  
Insolent women, like the mothers of evil writers.  
My minutes are seconds, and my days are years,  
Time has been upset with tears in its eyes,  
Blinking, blinking, and upsetting the rest of the company.

Stars obviously spin around to stagnate  
The trails of the heavens, to spin is too wild.  
One masters the stars for the soothing gloomy effect,  
A loquacious teacher is the astronomer of the city.  
Skills plough their way forward,  
Martyrs are slain from the front of the heart.

To be wombs of mothers that die rather sensibly,  
Stars are refreshed by dining clubs,  
Where food is when it is served.  
The birth of a generation masters the prior  
Helpers of mankind,  
Goings are tougher than the rest of humanity.

Naveed Akram

# Gray Knight

Gray is vibrant, nagging us terribly,  
For it is dark in its enticement,  
It lures you deliberately, and dreams are on.

The chivalry is gray and defies immortality,  
For he is concrete in his dress and garb,  
Ever so clever with battle-axe and whispers.

Uncomfortably, he speaks unholily,  
For a knight this is deranged and psychotic,  
Sucking the sleep of years.

Gray is the sleep adjusted to the days and nights of our lives.

Naveed Akram

# Great Children

Great-nephews married to the larger librarian,  
His volumes mattered to him, his children were him;  
These kids had missing demises, responsibility occurred,  
Inclined to be highly medical and full of flair.

The pressing question lacked content, only lurking presence  
Mastered them, children required passes for their examination;  
Betrayed and undignified, they were heirs of a realm  
They proceeded to acquire and master for themselves.

Naveed Akram

# Great Mind

I have a great mind from extensions,  
Similar events create difficulties that delude  
The people in front of the soul,  
A people in difficult surroundings.  
My inhabitants work alone and free,  
To see the whole country of their choice.  
A bunch of coins is on the other side,  
Conclusions speak in this part of the world.  
I have a great mind to be the dominions  
Of one time or other,  
Feelings have been disguising themselves  
In forms of man, in forms of oblivion.  
I have this mind to torture the magical openings  
So specially made to perform and train  
So that wonders abound, and wounds confine  
The soul in majestic pain.

Naveed Akram

# Great Minds

Great minds dissolve in losses,  
The meaning for the formality is clear,  
For great minds cause the debate of wares  
That destroy their famine and fear.

Minds have decided the lesson of love,  
Loves are against the hates so sorry for going,  
Then the goers of the century live  
Harder than their families.

The future is a possession of the self,  
Feelings have an atom of good and love,  
Then the future absolves you,  
Littler is the pen that smokes a dream.

Naveed Akram

# Great Pride

I have a day of great pride,  
My hazards excel the side  
I call danger, an abrupt end,  
An excellent way to bend  
The light inside and outside.

Alone my nightmares clash,  
Wherever my burdens bash.  
On the right laws is my mind  
And after impressions of the blind  
The nights do send an electricity.

Naveed Akram

# Great Royalty

A great many countries are each budding to support a king and queen,  
This is entertaining the health and wealth of the nation, the many nations;  
Lasses and lads conjecture on the plans of the international scene,  
Affairs are postponed, rehearsals are performed, appreciation is made,  
For the whole royalty, the majestic signs, the highnesses of the continent.  
It was boldly attempted to see great plans, dramatic scenes connect,  
So then youth collected its duty, bringing grand catastrophes.  
The great many nations seek a proud answer to the questions of life,  
Retiring after much heated discussion, and so the higher beings shall speak.

Naveed Akram

# Great Space

Pompous language suggests I suffer from you,  
Let us with them burden others for the words.  
Sun and stars gather at night to meet the day,  
Never do stars suffer from the eyesight,  
None pass their periods in waiting.  
The planets orbit the twigs called multiple suns,  
Catch their glare all around in the vacuum.  
Space is an offering of great aid  
To the non-believers, the believers.  
May pomposity be attacked by aliens  
If we can not defend ourselves.

Naveed Akram

# Greater Light

Greater than the brightness of the star below,  
We shine our light from a lamp that does glow.

Naveed Akram

# Greatly On Love

How much power and for what end is itself,  
There is no doubt above redness and light,  
How no tears, no action, no effort,  
Can fools be ovens and cookers?

Naveed Akram

# Greedy

Greed is obvious and certainly a feeding,  
The obese have a saying to not be bleeding.

Naveed Akram

# Greedy Men

Greed is a man who lurks in the dark,  
Offer him food to make him hungry  
Then in the dark.

The greedy people stop and glare  
At us, to simply say the honesty  
Of a whole generation.

Alas, the storm gathers after spraying  
Us with gas and liquid,  
The fluids rush from heaven  
And end in a tumult of mud.

The storms say you are benign  
But cross are the plains that deliver.  
We encourage greedy men to hunger  
Themselves and fulfill our desires.

Naveed Akram

# Green Land

Green is the land with great brightness,  
Inside a dangerous commodity called life,  
Stinging the eyes with conspicuous reality,  
And deriving equations of grandeur that die.  
Green is the land of ripe fruit, virile when  
Mixed with sweet water flowing from the  
Regions of potions. Alchemists compose  
The song of the green land mixing with  
Sweet waters, showing a blessed realm.

Falling leaves subjugate the horizon  
Of this virile picture called Death.  
My task is to alleviate the Land's suffering  
If disasters strike or catastrophes overwhelm.  
My play of words will contrive a canter and gallop  
Like the steeds of old and ancient wealth.  
The horses will run faster than green lands,  
Overtaking us with their glorious charge,  
Inflated by the air of complex substances,  
Like the green land called by us.

Naveed Akram

# Green Loveliness

The green loveliness comes forth,  
It is a leaf that endangers the soul  
With its beauty, understood by gardens  
As the unit of nature and natural surroundings.  
And then the days came to mean a delivery  
Of food from the sunlight up ahead.  
The depths of this joy we call spring  
Are delicious, and the green lovely weather  
Fumes and froths like the summer.

Every leaf has been a marriage,  
Fitting the body that it owns,  
Carefree with exact hundreds  
As the winds paste the paths  
With fertile roots, the very shoots  
Have been obliterated.

Naveed Akram

## Green Woods

The green woods revel when in the growth,  
The enjoyment accompanies us so early;  
The tables and chairs of the wild shuffle  
Around and around like the very weather.  
A scene of polite health has been attained,  
Inside the butter of the wild, the bread of the forest.  
Their mouths shout out disease as they lull  
Others who are in calm already, but we  
Suddenly fall as a song of music,  
The very song of the green woods so old.

Naveed Akram

# Green World

The world was green last night,  
With the cover of darkness greenery was the test.  
Innovated practices appeared for the prayerful ones,  
Existing in our heads as well due to the prayers.  
The world became grass and sand,  
The factory of life and death,  
Wood of communication, delicate planet,  
Always in discussion and conversation with other planets.  
It shrinks from the talk of work,  
Precious space is around it as we employ our ideas.  
The world was green in the day and also the night.

Naveed Akram

# Greeting It

A greeting has been achieved of a long sort,  
The madness of a revolver is upon us.  
The greeters speak many colours, of fierce  
And many ways, too much whining happened.  
This greeting matches loveliness, of colours,  
And shortcomings are absent, running up to nothing.  
A blue colour shall inhabit the sky from now on,  
A paleness resides in the heavens now,  
Why do we instill love in those elements needing none?

Naveed Akram

# Grey Spaces

Grey spaces conquer speaking and talents that absorb  
The stations of brilliance, a clinic of wonderment;  
May the head bulge and destroy the wonders  
Found inside the box that sold itself.  
I sat on the sofa of gray space, my head hurt,  
But my feet had revolved somehow and stared.

Along the back and arms there tingled my hare  
That ran along by the way, waiting, waiting,  
Longing towards the harbor often enough,  
Loitering in the districts whatever the reason.  
Near the window I sat, forgetting all those deliveries  
This time by a way of remembrance that shook asunder.

May the hugeness feel like a worst throat of loose partners,  
Holloway prisons speak only of majesty, that abhorred  
A free thinking or philosophical outlook then in return,  
One that forsook the life of leading, a little lesson for the devout  
Of knowledge, of the knowledge devout,  
Liking and loving all those words that devour.

Naveed Akram

# Grief Is So Unkind

Grief is so unkind, malice is so hurtful and painful,  
Great works are so punishing and the worst crimes  
Are badly written as they expel the resorts and efforts.  
May this time with your friend be like the knighthood,  
Many sins are expanding, and so many depart from here,  
Like the schools of fish, and like the blue whales riding  
The oceans of the world, their waves are spurting up.

Grief is shared by the holidays and the spring, summer  
Creates disorder and anarchic fever, so dazed by triumph.  
Grievances are aired by those in power, they reside in thrones  
And look at pictures of their worlds and all the felonies.  
So many mourn for their losses, of men and property,  
Of soldier and horse, and of woman and beast;  
So terrors must fade once more, feelings must be abandoned.

Naveed Akram

# Grievance

Grief is the joy of a quake and slumberous acts,  
It caresses the heart of the beloved as he speaks;  
Grief is a mountain that I climb for the world to see,  
My accursed fellowship is a remainder of fortune and lies.

My imagination is clever, my action is a solution,  
Beware of the caressing united men who solve a problem  
About law and poverty, the reformists gave their support,  
The grievances were cared for, as a melody struck the wind.

My danger spoke a ruinous tongue, of odour and spice,  
Much was turbulent in today's market-place of spoils  
And winnings; the lottery has been spun and joked about  
For a certain strenuous act, a stringent act and defence.

Naveed Akram

# Grievances

Does it fester  
Like a sore?  
Does it stink  
Like old doors?  
My route is rotten  
Like a light backpack.  
It sags behind,  
Feeling downright rude.

The journey is a law of life,  
Light is at theatrical ends,  
Life embodied sore living,  
Not of dramatic reoccurrence.

Fools of the sword are upon  
The road like a stinking talk.  
It festers in the mind,  
The mind has spoken.

Naveed Akram

# Groaning Sea

With a groan of ancient licking,  
It was like stones falling into the sea,  
With the great wheel of doom turning  
And spinning in the air like a craziness.  
The eyes of the storm darted this way and that,  
One of its arms span away and its legs ceded  
To the seascape as rolling waves became steady.  
The cries of the sea symbolised a turn  
Of history, as the behemoth was a storm,  
Fully fledged in its battle,  
With gates opening.

It was a desperate assault, clumsy and petty,  
But regarded by some as stealing and theft,  
A disgusting flaw in the makings,  
Or something that spared little thought.

Naveed Akram

# Growing Old

Growing old nears vision of extreme pleasure,  
Like a godly delivery of waste and space,  
Of living and stinking the hard kids,  
Of lifting no finger on bullies of schools,  
And liking the odd as well as even numbers.

Growing is found to be in my diary,  
Often I dreamt of it, and I am it.  
It escapes poverty, luckily it devours me  
And surrounds me in places of worship,  
As I am like a temple myself.

I am in my nineties, and too well at dying,  
For the privileges are numerous,  
And the church is not mistaken,  
With the vicar at its head,  
And I am stronger than He.

Naveed Akram

# Growing Phantoms

To be the consideration of a phantom is growing  
Into consideration, one of the thoughts.  
Many have descended and stolen their goods  
So that phantoms describe a foolish day.  
Inside the holiday of our stay there  
Existed a morbid talent, one of those  
That skills condemned.  
A little thought destroys your day,  
Inside the hectic hours afterwards  
And before.

To be the fortune of the wars abiding  
In the homes of a man and woman  
Is finding the luck that beams on you.

My talents are like feats to athletically  
Perform from the poniard  
That lacks all immortality.

The mishpocha of the phantoms  
Devises another family,  
They now phosphoresce and stagger  
For the elegant eyes,  
Drawling in this way and that,  
Balking and displaying with zeal.

The fortunes of gold had been lost,  
A dull cart horse was one of those talented  
Ghosts.  
Let us now ride its back, at the very moment  
We seize the day of thunder.

Naveed Akram

# Grunting Becomes Abominable

You hear muffled grunting,  
Not in the least perturbed.  
His face is that of a wizard  
Pointing his haggard fingers.  
Getting closer, you hear the sighs  
Of a signature in the dank air.  
Blithe remarks seemed fortunate  
Like golden avenues or trails.  
You see stirrups, you manage groans  
To be discerned by the lines split.  
Seeking to leap out of the railings,  
You head right and see a dark  
Horse-rider in manliest wear,  
Clothes all blackness and strong.  
You hear the snort of the hellhound,  
And hellish spray of abominable sound  
Heading towards the goal called your earlobe.

Naveed Akram

# Guard Us

Guard us from wrong in the way  
People dismay and do away with justice.  
Special logs are rolling for talk of immortality  
Then utmost, always in order to achieve  
The biggest reward, a sentence is written  
For the work and I have also meaning attached.  
Guard us from the inaccuracy of spelling,  
How this turns into right, not wrong.  
We faster grow our turnips in the garden  
Of our triumphs, triumphant being is ours.  
The wrong of dear people is forced upon the strange,  
Inside them is a disease though, thought to be mindless.

Naveed Akram

# Guarding

Guard us from pain loathing itself,  
This pain contrives more suffering;  
An animal connives due to this,  
Opening the heart of love and banning us.  
Your animal is in you, fighting you,  
We need not fire our workers  
On the fighting of animals,  
Animals are just creatures, in the look.  
May pain descend for all the years,  
Inside the animal is a pain stored.

Naveed Akram

# Guards Are Honest

Guards will reply to the storms of stringing happiness,  
Often the days are nights, but the religion of hope has  
Spoken faster and faster, the fasting is again the coping  
Of a man in unison with a woman.

Guards of this hour are against me,  
They persecute the grand hopping strategy,  
This alleviation of suffering is about our joining,  
Feeding the mouth with the bottle.

Milk has been the harvester of honesty,  
It secretes and burdens the youth,  
Fulfilling a tactic by the wholesome ghost,  
Who means to infiltrate and expire one day.

A little milk will be a solving behaviour,  
Lulling the fight, as looting can be very, very dire.  
This liquid of the eye stammers every day,  
Opening the heights of this enlightenment.

Naveed Akram

## Guards! Seize Him!

Guards cease to wander where the hounds stay,  
Yonder is peace for the entering marvels that may.  
Guards cause innocence to object on evil,  
Then seize that man or woman or child who is able!

Inside the door, inside the prison and cells,  
Lies a more hopeful gate of magic and bells.  
Beyond the common goal is another objective  
That worries murder spraying blood - addictive.

Please lay off guards, for the murder to be done,  
Munching morsels shunning us, and now abandon!

Naveed Akram

# Guesses

Find the guesses you care for,  
And solve any hindrances of the past;  
The past has managed a relaxation,  
Forming me and my guests.

The host is me and my name carried weight,  
Hosts are like countries, of time,  
They fit in a shape, in some people  
There are guests who fit and replicate.

The fair man jostles in the crowd of worries,  
Never does his friend keep the secret,  
Just worries are in sight, in the hearing cloud,  
Why do they craft me so grandly?

Naveed Akram

# Guest

I respect the mind of a questioner,  
Providing a thinker more than a guess,  
That comments all over the gambler,  
Seeing a godly figure have world-caress.

Naveed Akram

# Guide Me

You inspire me with guidance from heaven,  
This day I retire, my being is inspired so golden.

Illness is an impression, my virtue, my life,  
Instead of pain, the poems collect and are rife.

Guide me, guide me in the ways of your love,  
My home is of love, of health and everything above.

Naveed Akram

# Guide Me In My Sleep

A guidance for you has slept,  
This is the sleep of a thousand years,  
About which there is no pitch of darkness  
But a ray of shining light.  
Above the sky resounds in the heavens,  
Below is a maze of my dream's design.  
Guide me! Guide me through my maze,  
Perhaps the people who believe in me  
Shall live forever, in peace and prayer.

I have slept a most loved period of the zone,  
Which is a region of real happy ease,  
And that is acceptable to those knowing little  
Or much.

Guide me to the beliefs of my forefathers,  
To awaken the spirits of sitting selfish beings,  
A mate is according to the senses.  
I see one friend in chivalry, a red skinned failure,  
Looking into the eyes of mine.

So the thunder batters us with fury, fast and fellow,  
To be resented by the living light of sight.

Naveed Akram

## Guide Us Here

Towards Him we recline during the season,  
The next brings joy, like royal visitation.  
One supposes a backyard is full of sounds,  
Like the birds talking with each other  
To be with a life of love and eternity,  
So eternity knocks at the door of wealth.

Towards Him we fly and howl with sound,  
Noises inhibit the welcoming, noise is worrisome,  
So do not cry over worry lest  
The sins of the fathers of evil men  
Shine like locks, swaying to and fro,  
With an action to mix with calamity.

Naveed Akram

# Guilt

You accuse them of guilt and theft,  
Of worried statements and mild skill.

Your desks of wisdom are contained in a box,  
A box is always full of statements that lock.

Guilty people are like thieves, often called flocks,  
Called sheep that mutter why they cry.

The lambs are like sweetness, but only sheep,  
Their habits will cause us to shun and speak.

This habit carried anxiety and absoluteness,  
My habit is of worry for those in worry.

Naveed Akram

## Guilt-Free

The guilt-free kindness of a soldier  
Is inoffensive and complete for the forces;  
My upright one charges his carriage at  
The lone warriors of purity and kindness,  
Erasing the hidden forces within,  
Eroding the fallen comrades  
So divine and blessed in their entirety.

The iceberg of kindness becomes stale with ice,  
A soldier respectably corrodes the heights of it,  
Refreshing himself for the fixed one,  
It had no effect,  
It became superstition,  
And would you like freezing like him?  
Would the voice of a covered one  
Be artistic enough in expression?

Naveed Akram

# Guitar Or Book

A book sullies the bathtub of a mind,  
Bossily the biblical standards remind;  
A bee drills into the ears of fortune,  
My drum depletes the nervous energy.

Electricity systemizes the apparatus of nature,  
Killing me afterwards with dung and drug;  
The elephants or curers called doctors  
Inhibit your breathing when examining.

A book becomes a guitar in the way of God,  
Busy illness stays awake for hammers to explode,  
The highway of sin enlarges the mouth once more,  
With monster and mosquito on the way of pride.

Naveed Akram

# Gushing

Gushing mouths sting and slaughter really towards  
My habits and their staying ability.  
The words of a language are spoken,  
Only in the event of a slide and trail.  
The conversation has you mashed  
By the seekers who have arts on the paper  
Slicing your aches and paths.  
A herbaceous growth has arisen  
On the command of a captain  
Who plays like the dice-rolling of a day  
In casinos.

Gush forth! Flow into rivers of delight,  
Over the weird witnesses of late,  
Seeing your masquerade and enforcing  
The pitch of a lesson in the making.

My mouth has been gracious  
For leaving me alone in all this tennis  
And glory, once my mouth has fashioned  
Lips to imbibe the truth from the crimes  
Of fact.

Naveed Akram

# Guy Fawkes

Guy Fawkes, the catholic conspirator, was alarming me  
When he appeared in front of us all,  
England did not know, England was to know  
All about him, sincerely tragic.  
He emerged as a conspirator, coding his soul  
With gunpowder, treason and plot.  
No man from Spain would be so insincere  
As Guy, the mad fault of a century,  
A manner of a manner, it was madness always.  
Hang him for the Fifth and the Fourth,  
Hang his hands and feet and quarter him!  
Like he was, like we know, in the head and heart.

Naveed Akram

# Gymnast

A crash influences a gym of brains,  
Guzzling food and guzzling drink;  
The crash is certain and weak for me,  
For I force the laughter of the years  
Tonight as if blocks have collided into  
My belly, forming bruises and wounds  
That never desist growing everyday.  
A gym of brains wets my belly  
With flowing natural water and blood  
That enters the system forever in reply.  
One gymnast made it slowly to the vault  
And fell over backwards to achieve  
The desired result. Once she finished  
The audience cheered and speculated.

Naveed Akram

# Gyrating

The soul gyrated and swung into crevices  
Of sisters and brothers, linking with the word,  
The word sprung from the words to offer.  
The soul likes you when you offer forgiveness,  
Forming a routine of the gutter, and the guts.  
Never can the being of the body be disturbed  
By longer poems and their likeable material.  
The soul gyrates on an abhorrent line,  
Making you shrewd and happy with it.  
Let this body be beautiful as it burgeons  
In ways of the word, as the agility of eternal manners  
Becomes absurd to the touch.

Naveed Akram

# Habits

Habits interest my cruelty,  
Going like second nature  
And the memory of size.  
Through reason is happiness  
Thrilling, winning and wonderful  
To obsess.  
Why do habits be so ancient?  
And is there ending to few of them  
That it is faced by them,  
That I myself can have it anyway?  
What? The habit. The habit.

Is it custom to endanger us with the wrong  
Habits?

Naveed Akram

# Habits And Manners

Invite the delaying habits,  
Keep away mischief of manners,  
As they totally dissolve and  
Manage as well as can be.  
They do not master us as robots  
Walk the face of this earth and sky.  
The mechanical parts obtain  
Mastery over creatures  
That bump into computers.  
These are the machinations of  
Disbelief, the workings of a maniacal  
Creature that wanders into the night.  
The night is obtaining a night inside,  
As nights spend their money and riches  
On the entire soil of this sky.  
My mastering is far too weak,  
Islands of separate health  
Are containing a day of delight.

Naveed Akram

# Had Surgery

The small throat, the larger stomach, all this concern  
With the wrong certain structure so made of me.  
The surgeon has a guile, a patience too dear, but I  
Am patient, a patient of well-being so well cooked.  
The small throat has been enlarged and the stomach enticed  
To cook me the food of luxury, the plastic relish of society.  
This religion I follow of a surgeon in surgery shall last  
For a life-time, forming more years onto my life tonight.  
A doctor is blessed for the guilt he does not own,  
A doctor planned me a retreat from life, and the time.

Naveed Akram

# Haiku 1: Conscripts

I force the black war  
On those who are warrior  
They are conscripted!

Naveed Akram

## Haiku 2: Warmblooded

I warm my dear blood  
In nature as endotherm  
Who wears dear warm blood

Naveed Akram

# Haiku On General Pain

Hunger and hatred  
Are too solidly painful  
Due to risk and hurt.

Naveed Akram

# Hairdresser

Have you understood tables and chairs?  
Underneath the bench are a number of hairs.

Naveed Akram

# Hairy Curses

Hairy and cursed are the incarnations  
Of this disorder we describe,  
Fearful is the man with doom,  
Fearsome is the wolf of this kindness.

A drama reads another dramatic page,  
Hair is a packed animal, fully evolved,  
Like the pages of a book that laughs,  
Kingdoms will spill their ruination.

May the unexplainable be a person,  
Hidden in history of the odious diseases,  
A vampire keeps a time with us,  
Another vampire collects his blood.

One of his paws are located here,  
In the mouth of nights and rights,  
A little lovely hatred goes a way  
Into the future of this terrified saying.

Naveed Akram

# Half A Million Peasants

Half a million peasants conjectured a place,  
Deep in the countryside a new force had emitted  
Their resolve and soul to overcome a most eternal  
Power of drinking and intoxications.  
Whatever their higher status, a little peasant  
Was no match for a fight in the limbs he carried.  
Maria and Vladimir were also loyal subjects a lot,  
Their place was varied along the road to revolution,  
And exerting prowess was always the feature of their face.

He was a widely known figure of the nation that distressed,  
Half a million peasants concentrated in a place,  
From a set of villages deep in the countryside.  
They were fit, active for the purpose,  
To overthrow and condemn, to destroy the leaders  
And eat at the tree so ordained,  
Won by the trees.

Naveed Akram

# Half Of The Sun

The sun halved our love for food this day,  
Your slavery is like god on this hour of the highway.  
For it is like god, the meagre ray of sunshine  
Is in sight, like god.  
We wet our lips on the water of opening times  
And lift tragedies from our hearts,  
With adrenaline rushing.  
The sun is offered a sign for throughout there is heat,  
A slave may wear the bonds and chains of the soul  
As hours of the day are passed.  
Let the heat of the sun burn the clothes of the traders.

Naveed Akram

# Half-Heard, Half-Seen

A half-heard gasp, and I go clothed to the tooth,  
Of the night there is an empty market,  
And now in imagination the fortnight arrives  
Which is more or less obsolete.

The elemental forces are rather chaotic  
In our endeavours and misdemeanours.  
Upon the tiles we strut and walk haphazardly,  
Finding what we have climbed in the thoughts.

As a result, seas make an act of burning and gasping,  
Of herds of buffalo, of independent objects that slay  
As the mighty ones more deadly.

My gasping is for you, my riding is for your belly,  
Much deserved is your freedom, for we worry  
From results of the melodies that are old.

My half-seen wonders amass, at hand I know  
The actions and words of the ideal company.

Naveed Akram

# Hallowed People

Hallowed death is grateful to the imaginary being,  
Harmonious life startles us when you are real.  
Hapless victims of a minor existence  
Guarantee the pleasure of the existent ones  
When the incidents shrill and accompany the luckless.  
Immense ideals are stolen from the leadership,  
Voicing pride along the way, voices are heard.  
They are hard-to-find effects, the people work a wisdom  
But fairly produced for the government  
That accompanies the reality called learning.  
Hideous thoughts must be put on the lines  
Of written words, rows of points and facts.

Naveed Akram

# Hand Of A She-Devil

I saw her hand of the devil's brew,  
I saw her head with ruination of steam,  
The water evaporated to let in glued bodies  
So that sweat was a past affair.

My life is gaining a beverage of leaves,  
Opening the food of the parlours,  
Indeed the laws of a quick fox confide  
In your soul and its essence of righteousness.

My hands are of her brew and blindness,  
The she-devil's sting reminds me of your height,  
But she was the height of a titan  
In dresses rose-red and paranormal.

Why does she investigate in sinews?  
When does ghoul be stronger than illness?  
My devils are laudable when strong and robust,  
Like the infinite plains of existence in planets.

Naveed Akram

# Hand On Your Brain

Your hand on your brain,  
Your hand on your own,  
This brain cries from a day  
That forsakes a time of life.

This sentence is prose,  
But my poetry forsakes you,  
And my difficulties create  
New joys that overwhelm.

Your hand is driven to death,  
Deaths become a sanity,  
Dead men walk towards the stars,  
And the living shall erect monuments.

One life is enough to master  
The world of words and wise  
Answers, a solution becomes  
A modern worry too exciting.

Naveed Akram

# Handshakes

The joining of hands compels one to be a bridge  
That is built in a day;  
These germs are your germs  
Inhabiting the monster's skin.  
But lying is an old habit,  
To trust is to better understand fellow-men.  
I join and handshake whenever needed,  
Buzzing my mouth with applause  
And compliment.  
One bridge is enough for the shoulders to bear,  
A monstrous bridge is a catastrophe  
For you lack understanding of the bridges.  
A simple handshake does dirt to the actions  
Whilst their friendship is doomed.

Naveed Akram

# Happiness Is Movement

The identity of happiness travels farther than movement,  
Memories stay with black heaths as they recede in the darkness;  
I see music and hear art, liking the cinderella and the nation  
On the night of the ball that marries me with joy.

This happiness, this joy explains why the pains of monsters  
Are pains of the wishes of wicked men and women;  
The pain and the joy are hidden like the night,  
For the days are returning to their ready states.

Happiness only empowers the weak when monsters recede  
Into the night, without the wishes of wicked impurity;  
Happy people steal the wishes of greatly evil men  
Whose girls and boys experience the courage of their forefathers.

Naveed Akram

# Happy

Happiness is exciting as boredom,  
More envious than any property  
Your soul possesses.

Keep the sacred and the good men  
To damage the evil men,  
And unhappiness has been dispelled?

Naveed Akram

# Happy Health

Health carries happiness for some,  
They master the cures for the ill,  
The ill end their lives with a kindness  
Due to skilful doctors all around the world.  
Health combines our spirit and mind,  
The body is attached for the annexation.  
A characteristic may stand, all alone,  
To hide the health of some asleep  
In this world, or not in this world.  
The body is against health if the soul states,  
The statements are magnificent, hurray!

Naveed Akram

# Happy Islanders

To govern the nation of strength  
Is to be gorgeous, irreligious and irresistible.  
In the strong liquors is a mystery,  
Of light and darkness, that of the country.  
An island is demanded of the air,  
The sea shall carry you to it.  
To govern this jaundiced land  
You must feel right with it,  
You must correct their islanders  
So that fevers are the past, are in history.  
Strong ruby roses are celebrated  
In their songs, inner pain is contained.

Naveed Akram

# Happy Me

The light of happy times goes by like me,  
A twist occurs, for everything tonight;  
May worms delet these times frustratingly,  
So I can cause some minor work to fight.  
These shivers block my path and send me out,  
It needed time so well, this major rage;  
Bend us, bend rules, so that we strike about  
Enraging us so much that we engage.  
Although the work contrived believes again,  
I am that hard, I am that soft to stroke  
A devil and its young, O God, amen!  
The boss knows mine, the way I sign and choke.  
This light is one of those proud facts of gold,  
I feel it happier, it is ice-cold.

Naveed Akram

# Happy Thoughts

Going to thoughts that reside in happiness  
Collects for you a compulsion to act divinely;  
And so a loop emerges for the betterment of the soul,  
The soul has learned the religion of truth.

For truth shall demand a thought, compelling  
And mysterious to own, just like a philosophy  
Or reality of the pen, the paper or the mind;  
Seek this thought by visiting someplace faraway.

Naveed Akram

# Happy With The World

Happy man think why I am so proud,  
My mind says pathways of light  
Between the heavens and the earth,  
So we say that the future is succulent.  
I walk and talk  
In the middle of justice,  
Taking hunger and pain as suffering,  
For I work.  
My living is temporary but strong  
After my time of youth.

I celebrate the love of a life  
When sheets of silver wrap around  
My soul, as if a heavenly  
Garment is worn.  
Let this make me proud  
And pious for the night and day,  
Each have revolutions  
And each have light,  
And this star in front of our imagination  
Sends light and heat  
To contaminate nothing  
On this world.

Naveed Akram

# Harassment

A harassed heart finds humanity,  
Dripping from a blade and scythe;  
The staggering achievements are fed  
To lions of strength and breathing.

The spots I find the tempest corrode me,  
As my harassment is without cessation.  
Rest on earth that bends so oddly and dreamily,  
Rest on it until hearts rend asunder into smithereens.

Light is a twin for divine particles  
Existing from an array of hope.  
Where there is a spot of dreariness,  
I spot the spot on which I stand to comprehend.

Naveed Akram

# Hard Frost

It was a hard frost, that day,  
The wintry sun, though powerless,  
Kept an air of blessing,  
Forming a majestic feeling of purity.

It looked brightly at us,  
An infant in the grass of the sky.  
It was shut out from hope,  
The air was crisp and clear.

Now that the year grew old  
The patience of own star  
Was made into a story of poetry  
Like the wintry one, the winters.

Naveed Akram

# Hard Goals

Goals shake to progress and concisely  
Play the reality of sport and soccer;  
Yes, the goal of our life is the aim,  
And the aim hates us when hard.  
Hardness strengthens, lifting weights  
To guide the sportsman, and all his muscle  
Into lifting more weights and really working.  
These aims of mine work longer  
Than usual, to state us is exact.  
These aims jog the memory to be exact  
Afterwards and before.

Naveed Akram

# Hard Memory

They sat their hardest stares at the memory  
Of a man divulging in the converging stream;  
Their philosophy was soft to the touch of danger,  
Tests harder than those dendrons of the higher start.  
Days were within the centuries offered to majesties,  
Kings solved their problematic themes thinking ahead.

They thunk and thunk in thousands of tones,  
Thoughts destroyed their kinsmen, as the men  
Who married other people sinned forever.  
They sat their hardest stares tonight in relief,  
Thoughts descended upon the healing heart;  
One heart is appearing to the majesty.

Naveed Akram

# Hardly Men

Hardship suffered from the sun and stars,  
Rays of light fall onto the mountains of highness;  
A man is against all the ways of men,  
One man stood at a pinnacle one denies.  
The pastor of heaven is gaining my time,  
Men of times and troubles are about.  
They hardly speak to me after trouble,  
Loathing the bread winning and the victory.  
May hardness make men grow and learn  
Like real men who stagger from new heights.

Naveed Akram

# Hardship

Excruciating and harrowing throb alarmed me,  
Exercising my mind with pain and agony;  
The opening of gates should ensue,  
To the world of pleasure, the life of fun.  
I spoke of boredom as the past,  
I spoke of happiness as a child,  
But when I met my wife in this puzzle called life  
The reality was bigger of pleasure,  
Pleasant news arrived of a son, of a daughter,  
Even more of them.  
The son asked all the day why my puzzle was solved,  
When the pain had returned from my life.  
They could only help and pray,  
I prayed on and on, and so I succeeded.  
Prayer is the peace of this life-  
My puzzle is solved.

Naveed Akram

# Hare And Where?

quick and speedily, a hare ransacked  
a skeleton of a rascal-compulsion;  
then oblivion! it rising stood now with vibration  
for it took the cook of food, stopping it.

monster came to fling the hydrogen from the water  
or rather, the breathing was clearly in demand.  
the hare charged like an arrow as the monster got  
released into the wild. this had killed the rascal bone.

Naveed Akram

# Harmful Cigar

May harm force an injury,  
Let the beginning of time be day.  
The day shall end in victory  
For those in night, and the night  
Shall turn into day again.  
This day I force harm on yesterday  
As if I smoke the cigars of time  
That rely on clocks, and so I waste my time.  
This is harm to the body  
When supple arms pursue the smoking  
In a way we object.

Naveed Akram

# Harmonic Water

Harmonic rivers cast their tempo  
To alleviate suffering and sureness;  
The shadows of the rivers probe  
And foster children as they are neglected;  
Faster than swimmers we aid the river-people,  
Like an outward hand and spirit.

Want the desirous feeding grounds!  
A general havoc ensues to tell the tale;  
My fountain showers its blessing and appears  
Glum, like itself it walks in the air, sir,  
Walking until it drops and sits and stands  
To goad the food from the plate.

A little heaven probes into desires,  
Telling a tempo of ridicule,  
That harmonised the plain features  
Of this page and these pages of neglect,  
The offering of somewhat yesterday  
Struck at the heart of wide jokes.

Naveed Akram

# Harmonious Soul

I remember a dark arm after a being of favours,  
He was one who owned no common soul;  
This food of pride kept the world revolving,  
Against all enemies prepared.

In solitude a soul has been sustained,  
Then the soul would gaze for unfruitful life;  
For so it thought, at a distant scene,  
Of a young imagination in the sky.

Now, in this harmonious beginning  
I complain with my soul so that I think  
A rest is achieved and never demanded,  
Over the mountains we echo the images of the soul.

Naveed Akram

# Harmonious Time

Run on, sweet lad, into harmonious time,  
Open the door, so often the scents are yours;  
Melt the butter in the pan and watch us grow  
As you run on into a time of cooking.  
Run for your life and death as fellows of the city  
Express joy as you enter and return to your own town.  
Forming entrances will keep you holy,  
As holiness does not shut goodness, merely  
An evil nature has been expelled from the country.  
A sweet cooking island supplies enough food,  
Lying and bathing is a time of marvel.

Naveed Akram

# Harrowing Feeling

You harrow my feelings like a log,  
It is on flames, and entering the sweetness.  
Describe the clatter and clang of tools  
And find me a world of dangerous smoke.  
A vent provides the air to be sweet  
And wholly delicious, like the pastry  
And the food of chocolates.  
Necromancy smiles at my belongings  
As it tinily mentions my name and holdings.  
The harrowing emotions I devise  
Are innocent for the time being.  
Mighty logs of fire are crafted to aid  
The air with smoke, and heat has entered  
Like hell has exhaled.

Naveed Akram

# Harvest

Death is the upshot of a terrible year,  
It sings of fruit at first, but then descends into doubt,  
Like a ghastly crop and miserable phase;  
Enter a field of vegetables for the purpose of peace  
Not for exacting punishment on the crops;  
Exit the pastureland on your own, and with another year  
So that exercise has been unwavering  
Like the harvest of a whole year.

Naveed Akram

# Haste

Haste is bargained for trust  
As love of hesitation is big.  
You create a talking tool  
For your haste to be wept  
So that our words are leapt  
And the language is lingo for disaster.

Naveed Akram

# Hastened Steps

Take a peek at the filled air of smoke,  
Running up ahead threatens the smoke  
And the glare of the sun as it winds down  
The heat for the day's work and splendor.  
I find my legs and stand next to the prison  
Of monuments, that glare at the overall picture.  
One picture is confident, the other depriving the air,  
When fences are burnt to the major thought.  
He told us the hastened steps of judgment,  
As the powerful odor spoke and soaked the air,  
Without us we were behind the rest, and always.  
Overhung by twists and doings,  
The seers were shorter than their lanes,  
At the ends of their rope  
And the ends of their life  
And the ends of their soul.

Naveed Akram

# Hat Of The Stars

The cape I don is like victory concealed,  
Inspiration is the reaction of this.  
My breath worked more and more every day,  
As the torture of the sun was above.  
I looked at the sky, worse were the stars  
At night, fierce was the brightness,  
Like supergiants.

The cape I don works as if by magic  
A cape has been donned, to adorn the head  
Somehow, somewhere in this country.  
The path to happiness is donned  
By the head, it is the cap I wear for safety.

Naveed Akram

# Hatch

Hatch the egg offered above the shelf,  
Inside, the foetus is maiming itself.  
Help it - one more will be orchestral,  
Like a person who is minstrel,  
As many as a group of heavenly children  
Who grasp their path to the age of eleven.

Naveed Akram

# Hated And Loved

Hated are the cruel of the ages,  
Their emotions are stronger than stone and pages.  
Hated are the young of the ages,  
Where are endeavours, the support and fences?  
Hated are the sportsmen of the ages  
Who cancel their dreams and farmhouses.  
Hated are the professions of the ages  
That send messages.  
Hated are men and women of the ages  
Who work with people in the madhouses.  
Hatred is a disease we conquered when love sustained us,  
When love was cherished in absoluteness.

Naveed Akram

## Hated Juices

To drive a drink is abolishing the practice of good nature,  
It is drinking of water and ice, some divine nomenclature.  
They jolt the brain and extinguish a fire in the mind,  
Dropping, dragging, but paddling it, always behind.  
This is hygiene, lovely, beauty and combined with numbers  
That sign an audacious move, movement of the blessed still encumbers.  
I love blessed dreams waking and nudging,  
Both of them hate it, in napping too deep of imaging.  
I love drinking hated juices so wild of oil,  
As oil drove me dumb as a darling can spoil.

Naveed Akram

# Hated Wounds

It occurs to small acts accordingly,  
Display some of these ways once you smile.  
The lead bullets smartly rip and roar  
Evolving into wounds so downright disasters.  
Misinformed by just judges the real evil  
Betrays your service, and the scum of the living  
Carry on to be cats of hatred.  
While we search and lose, bitterness is solved  
By these harmful jolts too hard and hated.

Naveed Akram

# Hatred

Hatred, mighty and best of the quantities  
That deliver praises to that that is non-excellent,  
That which majesty is against, aghast and anxious.

Hatred, menacing and futile, filling  
The bodies as much as sin itself,  
Guaranteeing nothing but disaster.

Hatred, a terror and festival of worry,  
Designing sadism as many times as possible,  
Killing any follower in its wake.

Hatred is better if love has no objective  
For the ones whose minds are their souls,  
For the populace draining you of love.

Naveed Akram

# Hats Are Heights

Hats are heights,  
What trouble is in the cap of danger?  
Hats must be worn like helmets,  
Torn to shreds by the bullets that animals roar,  
Like the lions of deadly nature, who fix their stare  
On the lonely travellers, their survival is to be sought.  
Lions are visions of the crown and kingdom,  
How does a hat called a crown be called a kingdom?  
Because the kings are great and ordinary with wisdom,  
Loathing them will wisely conduct a thought,  
Admiring them shall see you riches, this is more polite.  
Hats have heights too secretly huge,  
May I provoke sympathy?

Naveed Akram

# Have Heart

We have reason in hearts of hours and days,  
Pure fishes swim towards the brain's crimes.  
Our purity match the cattle, our powers are like foxes  
That bleed like the lambs of the night and day.  
We have reasons to implode and corrupt the forces  
Of nature, a pain is not an ability nor a plague  
But a nail in the coffin of primroses, of lavenders.  
We have never tired along the suffered voyage,  
Lulling the seas of fiery oaths, over flames of water.  
We have hearts bending towards the starlight,  
May the utterances of a pious man be contentment  
For the few who utter and bless like a beautiful angel.

Naveed Akram

# Have Joy

I have joy when loves are forsaken,  
They are likes now that make the enjoyment.  
The joys are numerous, to prefer a pleasure  
Is to abstain from wrong, the wrong of danger  
And the jeopardy existing in the vicinity.  
Pleasure transforms into ecstasy,  
Only when joys are eccentrically strong  
And have stimulation, stronger pushes after the floods  
That occupy our friendship.  
The joyous friends fed our minds  
And forsook the danger, the jeopardy, and the injury.

Naveed Akram

# Have Peace

I have peace in the air this day,  
The atoms of our bodies are in peace;  
We stagger with uneasiness as we say,  
The peaceful remains of ours are to cease.

May living carry news of peace,  
May we jointly condemn the war;  
Our dying contained disease to decrease,  
With our own warning we are afar.

The living quality must be resumed,  
By the moon we swear an allegiance  
To the one who lived and is presumed  
To be not dead yet, without absence.

May peace now thrive and seek new stories,  
Never let it hinder your school of thought,  
Never let it multiply like bacteria and abnormalities,  
Justice carried peace after too much was sought.

Naveed Akram

# Hazardous Anger

Tell me why hazards enter the life of anger:  
Openly, the danger of nastiness is a displeasure.

Naveed Akram

# He Created Me

You strive for the creation to exist  
Like your making and power to enlist.

You eat in huge amounts of peace,  
Yet is there trouble to cease?

He who creates peace in huge amounts  
Is in a slumber, is in an eternity to announce.

Naveed Akram

# He Did Not Budge

He budged not, he budged not,  
Emphatically the words denied the words  
As speech rallied forth due to conspiracies  
Attacking one's strength, into the madhouse.  
Something to remember was the sickness,  
Something of the sickness was to remember.  
Its declarations were vomiting,  
Best to pluck the feathers,  
And break away from glorious illness,  
Such was the sickness of the days that were dallied.

Days of the best boats read their mischief and calls,  
To write now was to stay smaller than everybody.  
Gathering me was like gaining bread and butter  
To be made anew after every avenue,  
Twitching to the side of us,  
Twisting the lying flowers to the right,  
And then to the left.  
The world was a killing feudalism,  
Raining down like the thunderstorms.

Naveed Akram

# He Died

Die as a man and woman did when they did.  
To die I just live and then seem to wander from life's pathway  
Into a loving way of day and night to come.  
To come my life feels energetic.  
I am loyal, my fancy is great on my Beloved,  
The one who did all his simplicities,  
The one of right and wrong,  
He is perfect, and his bravery is extra special.  
Before him is no other perfection, maybe no one.  
He died last day.

Naveed Akram

## He Drew The Portrait

He drew portraits becoming the second,  
Five years were like the servants of art.  
In his apartment a lying man was subdued  
And the art was subdued by the losers.  
Lighting the way of the wax, a candle  
Summed up the scene that entranced men.  
Women must remix the air with paints,  
Women damage the sense of applause.  
But he drew portraits of the incidents,  
Men and women were perfectly welcome in the dust  
Of the days we drank the wine of inner strength.

He damaged the picture according to the races  
Dwelt in, the race of an artist was called beauty  
For the battering of the paint was absolute,  
Like little pieces of wet health, wet wheels  
Too many in number, the artists were better  
Than the other artists now that you began a light.

Naveed Akram

# He Exists

I preferred the platform of misuse,  
Extensive sleep and three years of stability,  
For the crown was worn in shoulder-form,  
For then in this sense the jewels sparkled.

I preferred the ordeals of a manly man,  
Permanent were the motions of his  
Existence, and his essence was the same-  
A man grew to be with God as His God.

The friends united all the time in this world,  
Objects spoke across vast velocities,  
Then the virtual nightmare began in reality,  
Right were the solutions of this majesty.

I preferred the platform of royalty in grace,  
A man took off the shirts and crowns,  
He managed to hurl a mountain,  
And then he was destroyed forever in its chasm.

Naveed Akram

# He Forgave Me

He forgave, I revealed my path, then stigma  
Was attached, fines of hatred came and enjoyed.

The prayer was mine to be a diet, a fasting was born,  
The signs of God never deceived me, I was not deviant.

He forgave, and I objected again, my prayer rejoiced,  
My words enclosed the major populace with a boundary.

The barrier is a born barrier, a birth dissolves as a death,  
You must not argue with death and life as it passes your way.

No one should dispute, nobody forfeits the strange disorder,  
But an enchantment of enclosure is afoot with strangeness.

My strange man is a false post, a job of a winking nature,  
When ghosts are promoted to phantoms of the highest.

Naveed Akram

# He Haunts Me

He haunts me with his supreme art,  
Of tender kindness and agile legs;  
He walks to and fro like the tide,  
The best of the darkness has you.  
One mellow sound from the crypt  
Is offering me knowledge of you.  
To imagine how learned you are  
Is like an important task of great help.  
Plenty of knowledge stunts your growth  
Like the way people are dwarves.  
Liking knowledge is loving it  
In the dark and light, in the starry skies.

Naveed Akram

# He Is My Man

He has been master of the house,  
Whilst I maimed his body in this blouse.  
He is lank-limbed as a man,  
I am short and stubby as a can.  
My can is like a cup which pours by itself,  
With hands in the pockets of the elf  
Who practices magic once again -  
My father spanked me as a child at ten.

Naveed Akram

# He Is The Culprit!

The culprits culminate in the position of registry,  
An aimless forfeit complains in the way of the end.  
The baboon munches, he flaps his arms and toes,  
With a banal complaint, like the battles he fights.  
The ordinance delivered by this dangerous dummy  
Is an ingoing instinct, a leader's river of life and rights.  
He is an ayatollah of wheels, a man with an axle  
To save his sort, the culprit is himself, although a priesthood.

Naveed Akram

# He Is Wise

The anxiety suffered by the wise is wisdom,  
Their ownership is like the knowledge of Adam.

Naveed Akram

# He Killed Me

I benefit him, who killed me,  
Yet the puzzle is so complicated  
That I benefit him.  
My name concentrates on him,  
He killed me, and designed my thought.  
I may inhibit his behavior by talking,  
By recommending and teaching,  
Also to rely on his children  
And call me what I am supposed to be called.  
I need no mood better than him,  
But next he killed my children  
And left the city, for another reward  
With the teaching and teachers.

Naveed Akram

# He Lost A Young Devil

He was lost with a railroad in a river of situations,  
In the direction better influences were miles away;  
Driven by the villages of both chiefs, a clear mark  
Happened to be parked in some collision of the rivers.

The maps certainly outshone the railroad,  
He had missed the remarkable rams  
That decided to bellow with existence.  
With a walking stick, a bite from strangers  
Was a short man of resistance.

They wore fur-coloured coats, conceiving the  
Sentences of the mad monkeys,  
In the bridges of healthy germs.

He had missed the wreck, a wreck consolidated  
The project of young devilry,  
Worshipped devils marked the spot of turning to  
Help the women of lesser denominations.

He was lost in the real reach,  
She was a wife of silver rings, exotic.

Naveed Akram

# He Mastered Nothing

He mastered nothing of irony,  
Not even words on a page running  
Away like careful notes of the pen.  
He followed the leaders and readers  
Into the library of horrors and marvels,  
Where whirring red books lined the icicles,  
Deep in their own conversation,  
Like cabinet-ministers or prime ministers,  
Or even the presidents of delay, accusations.

He must not step on politics,  
Carry it forth into unknown regions,  
And destroy the evidence.  
He must do some of the magical tricks  
And aromas escaping from perfumes  
Of words, and the clauses tied around.  
He fell on paving stones, he stepped on them,  
To mildly accuse a child of weaponry  
And disorder, the folly of man and his weapon.

He set a resonance over the cracks,  
Noise and bustle was around their ears,  
But the readers questioned a holy dispute,  
And then professors turned their pages still,  
To find new logic under the bone  
So loved by the beauticians.  
He must consider the old habits,  
And abandon a reality of the highest wishes.

Naveed Akram

# He Moved So Straight

He moved among them with tasks,  
Those tasks embodied the pleasant nature  
Of icy ground, this felony emptied its task.  
Then the elbows were entrenched in mud,  
And he squinted at smart green localities,  
Windows shook with the straight vision  
Coming through as if a foot had stepped on another.  
The affairs of the young grew into possessed spirits,  
With mighty steps they undertook their guile  
To face a worse act with the better table and chair.  
Pulling back, we mattered with mattresses that spoke  
To us with the whiles and wont and desires.  
To see the fireplace act like a house was perfect  
Where two glasses shook until they spun in directions.

Naveed Akram

# He Never Died

He never died on a month that stank  
Of silver and gold,  
An attachment to great works,  
The matter of working in a place of beauty,  
And acquiring care on the left and right.  
The entire year has felt awkward  
Since you disappeared, felt the collision  
Of years as if they meshed into each other.  
Of all the rotten days, this day was the worst;  
For it forgave nothing whatsoever,  
Dividing the anguish from the grief  
And subsisting always like a bear  
That drags its weight over vast areas  
In front of Nature.

Naveed Akram

# He Remembered

He remembered twice the language  
Of the line and the advertisement.  
A glide of muscles and you get to your feet,  
He followed his feet, his feet were dabbled.  
He remembered the dropp and drag,  
He stepped out to the explosion,  
Steps withdrew breath, a new hairstyle.  
Watching was his scream, and television  
Crept to your life as an existence.  
The instruction book coldly bled blood  
So black and angry, like feet and connections.  
Seaweed saw a new you,  
Seas were on, oceans were new.

Naveed Akram

# He Satisfies Me

He knows more than Me,  
When you obey the obedience matters,  
When guidance arrives you agree,  
Keeping Him satisfies your soul.

I am never deceived by my prayer,  
I spend out of what is given;  
Since the beliefs of the soul  
Have entered, I have entered His House.

My success depends on Him,  
Their failure is due to themselves,  
For He has sealed their hearts  
And covered their eyes.

Naveed Akram

# He Sees

He is sightless, he is significant,  
I can sort the waves of sound,  
He enjoys them, but I destroy them with my sight,  
Yet his eyes are like diamonds that are so pure  
And so clean, that he sees everything he hears.  
He is so intelligent with disease,  
The illnesses of this Earth are upon us,  
But he connects,  
He improved his sight eventually  
When the day finally arrived.  
His test is to see,  
And the doctor could see that he saw.

Naveed Akram

# He Sees Us

He sees us, we are in lines of hearts,  
The sharing few combine to permeate the cosmos;  
One of us is bolder than most, a faint  
Man is against the flow of society.

He sees us when the dreams are over,  
Twisting the eyes aglow, with fierce moves.  
The instruction booklet for seeing is profound,  
Duty will abide in the heart of his heaven.

Distracted, the man sees us with fierce glare,  
So the lights are white and solid to the heat;  
Many are fully men, many have pages of gold,  
But the examination of this life is complete.

I threw a hard boulder at the monsters on the night,  
On this night a hurting bone was learnt;  
One of us sees him in the boredom black,  
Crafting the very movements of ferocity.

This was around, this was around, to conquer  
The might of a new operation, the five heads.  
One feels the sight of him, connecting hearts,  
Lulling the air with forgotten strokes of love.

Naveed Akram

# He Sent His Letter

He sent his letter through the box,  
It grew larger as it progressed,  
Fulfilling the only pleasure of paper,  
For paper warns paper, paper is pious.

He sent the overwhelming secret,  
His screen was cast like a spell,  
And on it appeared a worthy attack,  
Of chivalrous objects worthy of post.

The secrets of the warmth in the house  
Displayed an arena of sound and warm trial,  
The letters were keeping a sound in their ears,  
The post had arrived and approached all.

He sent his life to another land,  
Letters and words began the quest  
Of the next erasure, of the next trial,  
And the last ordeal and lost hope.

Naveed Akram

# He Shall Reply

If you ask the gender of a person he will reply  
That the sky observes yourself as well as him or her.

Lift the face into the cosmos, with personal conjugations,  
The conjunctiva is alight like the stars at our own night.

We are all men, of the night and of the day, the palaces  
Are better than your slums, the freedom is a precious item.

We are all women, of the council and the court, the mansions  
Seem best when obscure and vague, never vulgar, not at all.

The contracts bespeak in their own stanzas, their own wisdoms,  
So then the fragrance of a god passes like the wand of success.

If you ask him why he is a man, he shall respond and internally  
Interject, repose fully, and interrogate the wines in his parlour.

If you ask the women of the world what is explanatory,  
They shall reply, and they shall comply, and they shall pray.

The questions are set in a book, in a tomb, in a palace of gold,  
Where the hearkened priest, the besieged man fights for words.

His sermon is cloudy, misty, and mysterious in the ways of men,  
You must argue with his counsel, he must complain to a soul.

Naveed Akram

# He Spoke Wisdom

He spoke of the manufacture of sudden summers,  
Hot and trimmed with kindness, a shade was welcomed;  
Then houses bowed with facades and sun was clear  
Without the clouds of fortunate wool, the sheep had made.  
This sort of interrogation by the unfortunate weather  
Was a raining sort, questions ranged from hot to warm.  
The rain had then arrived atrociously as the spartans  
In a modern world, fixed to the rainclouds,  
They just would not fit in, since their city is greek.  
The gaping holes in the skies wallowed and swallowed  
With water droplets to ban the rest of hives and nests.  
Sudden summers revolve around the sun like an elliptical orbit,  
Switching the skies like a sudden season of unrelenting force  
So like the reason, so like the infinite wisdom and the finite learning.

Naveed Akram

# He Stood With Dogs

He stood in front of you made up of sweat and tears,  
Shaking heavily, shaking with tears that tore you,  
His weeping face swore to a goal that desisted,  
Subduing with love this gallon of oil.  
Oil was the boiling one, oil was the goal of eternity,  
Its feeding was a dog of cannons,  
Firing its bark like a long roar of a lion  
Rather than a dog,  
Dogs after dogs falter as they sing tonight.

He stood with his dog in front of the making of death,  
This was death in the making for the dog, which licked  
The stale bread from the beret and beer,  
Feeling like the open doors that closed before.  
The dogs had to march into the light of the souls  
Of zoological entities, offering some of those gifts.

Naveed Akram

# He Wages War On Them

More than eternity shrouds the mist,  
Europe bestowed its murky list,  
Venturing into contents of the Europe -  
A European war from the buildup.

How seconds wage war on delicious weather,  
Thought the general had, thinking was easier  
For himself the real captain, the soldier,  
A man whose pride was with creator.

His words are like trench warfare,  
He straightforwardly reads our affair.

Naveed Akram

# He Walks In Midlife

He walks in the light of truth, this is the light of true height,  
My misers are few, my adjustments are cool and blue like the sea  
Shining in the morning breeze, a horizon answers to the goats.

Their sleep is slumber of highest truth, he walks along the path  
Of good, like a man who adjusts to the felonies and vices;  
For he damns the insane and keeps strife as a mighty facet.

Then he runs towards his goal in midlife, carrying the white tower  
With his feet bound to the mantle of the earth, deeper than gravity,  
Deeper than all that pervades, all that signifies a mighty goal.

My waking is my adapting to his milk and honey and juice,  
His sleep is treated as a trusted meaning to the night after day,  
But my walking is my waking-up, my goal of a goat and human.

Naveed Akram

# He Was Moody

He was moody as the fast of the spring,  
A whole look was the lonely life in us,  
Some of the time was a shy remainder,  
In this well of happiness we call life that lives.  
He tried to be the best feature of this galaxy  
That murders other life, fire lingers and lurks.  
He acted the secretary of the island,  
Country after country investigated tonight.  
The moods of this disaster quelled the air,  
Forcing us deeper into the factories and schools.

Naveed Akram

# He Was My Flesh

He was my flesh when he died, sinking to the seabed,  
Ablaze like flames of the entire globe, always in distress;  
Wings were flying the soul with wool and cotton in sight,  
Clothing had to be tired of the body at employment.  
He was my soul of the day, happiness swung to the fellowship,  
This wounded bat of the highest praise connected to the bay,  
Then rays deceived its prey, with golden ways and obsolete ways.  
He was my flesh of the days that yawned fiercely in stay,  
Opening the sense of a singing party, a house of noise,  
The one mansion called the soul of some plain light.  
His flesh won the trophy glittering in some ancient sky,  
Affording to interrupt the screen of bought bags  
And data so ossified that retrieval was a must of a bag.  
His flowing flesh endangered black clouds of speed,  
Raining heavily with darts and supreme arrows of the innocent.

Naveed Akram

# He Was Teaching Philosophy

He was two decades old, teaching philosophy,  
Towards the regular shape of victory;  
A second-class lecture turned into crews of laughter,  
Receiving boredom and responding by saying some sailing.

A student of movement, I met the vast auditorium in so many years,  
For special tuition, finding the attention of a city.  
Striking attraction astounded the effective mind,  
And observation was an experiment, of worth.

Then both of us searched the topics of army,  
Philosophy and scholarship changed our life;  
We married to the welcome of mobility,  
Nobility exhilarated proudly myself and him.

Naveed Akram

# He Was Young

He was young and handsome in degrees,  
He cried at length, persevered with childishness;  
These ladders struck me dimmer than dusk,  
Without him I stood and restored my youth,  
Like a fountain on the mountain called life and ruin.

He was yesterday a builder of whining pleasure,  
Fancying the secret stress, the pains of normality;  
He wanted more taste than food from France,  
Underneath a goal of the higher men and women,  
Like youth he betrayed the old men of the western sides.

Naveed Akram

# Head Of State

Never does the head be strong,  
As bravery comes against the belief  
Of a Head of State who has a head  
And a mind for belief, yet does not act.

His praises are for the population,  
With so many gestures of the heart,  
And so much justice for the learned,  
Yet no living proof of success.

The leader is supposed to be the strongest man,  
Yet those under him are like sheep,  
Not are the sheep people.

Naveed Akram

# Headaches Of A Dungeon

Headaches of an aged man are thick and thin,  
They live together with sound appetite,  
Abhorring the stage that sets in after the rests,  
A jolly memory sinks into place with reposes  
Like roses and stoves of bread in innocent belonging.

Heads roll forward with wights and weights,  
Tedious golems walk and march tonight  
In the rivers of paths crossing like zigzags  
And diagonal commotion.  
These dungeons drown the dealers  
As much as disease and madness  
Of such monstrous men and minions.

Headaches happen to a man of ill health,  
They abhor and loathe those with aching,  
Diagonal streets reappear and cross like  
The straw on a thatched roof of such raw health.

Naveed Akram

# Headdress

The headdress of a person is shown,  
Maniac is he, the helmet worn shall concern;  
A hated element of his mind is confirmed,  
Jolliness is not his spirit, nor his face.  
He hates those in authority, in weakness is he,  
The analysis shall prove him to be a wrong hat  
And a wrong hat is called a wrong profession.  
There is no humour in his voice,  
Their job is more important, but why?  
I love the achievement of some men,  
Voices from the past engage.

Naveed Akram

## Headed The Other Way

They were nowhere to be seen,  
But now the sight defied analysis;  
Picking up the story, we wrote this narrative,  
Curling my writing utensil, defying the senses.  
It was not overabundant but laughable  
To see men in pictured form,  
The form of animals and crossbreeds,  
Looking at the walls, the facilities  
And howling too largely for their size.  
Behind them was a bloody walkway,  
And then they pounced in that way  
To avoid me, as if dogs too frightened  
By their masters, picturing me as a planet.  
The door showed itself open,  
And I headed the other direction.

Naveed Akram

# Heads

Heads of government reside in prison,  
Yesterday it mattered why their decision.  
Heads of clubs in general do allow  
One heart to be forsaken and anyhow.  
I bow in front of the heads of our country  
When they watch me on television finally.  
A leader is again in his role as a speaker  
Fitting in words that sound to deliver.  
A speech like this sounds cruel  
Yet my speech has been claimed abysmal.  
Thanks to the heads and autocrats as well  
For being so completely in love with hell.

Naveed Akram

# Headstrong

Your head is strong like mine,  
Fading brains are here and there.  
Hands wash themselves like hands,  
The heart comported like a brain in harmony,  
You absorb the strokes of the arms  
In exercise or grooming, fully aware.  
Dejected and resolved afterwards,  
The heat of the heart gains until boiling,  
Simmering like water over a stove,  
Heartiness infuriated me similarly.□

Naveed Akram

# Heady

The heady heart dives with delivery,  
And, floating softly and with confusion,  
A passion overtakes the being of wonderment,  
A heart heckles other hearts.

Amazed by anger, a ritual readies itself,  
To obstruct an already great object  
And to interfere with this dalliance brought on,  
A war has guaranteed its delivery.

Hours of this Past have been dissolved,  
Catching sight of a life in ruins,  
Causing sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
This is only a woe so ever-lasting.

Naveed Akram

# Healing

I hope he comforts him and her,  
Understand my praise, and be a healer.

Naveed Akram

# Healing The Sick

The brightness of the sun is like that of the moon,  
Your innocence married with your soul:  
You spiritually healed the sick, helped a poor man,  
Collected taxes, spent danger, and kept safety.  
You worked hard, like a rich man of steel,  
Bending the bars of authority like a man of entry.  
The sun is a shining weapon of gold,  
Marrying me to life outside,  
My gain of splendour, like the innocent ones.  
The stars reuse their light every night,  
And when the nearest star arrives  
Our innocence has concerned society  
To the very end of life on this planet.

Naveed Akram

# Health In Danger

The danger of health is such a lie,  
In this side of my heart I cry and delve  
Into higher modes of learning,  
The worship of this I adore more than others  
Who are people of deep concern.

The range of deserters in this world  
Concern our judges as men of distrust,  
Men of whole disgust, men of germs  
And what is their health right now?  
They are buried under the stars forcibly.

Naveed Akram

# Heaps Of Gravel

One belonged to heaps of gravel,  
The late arts were suspended in tragedy  
Of wonderment and betrayal.  
His small body was wrongly hanged,  
Responding to accusations of right.  
One retreated and sinned for too long,  
Down the other side of the river.

Writhing in oaths, we wrote strange messages  
So that we howled our ways to victory.  
One heaped oneself to misery,  
Tragic kindness helped us along the way.  
I was a champion cold, a devastation direct,  
With valiant roar and cutting technology.  
One responded to the hilt of swords,  
The return of the season of hope.

Naveed Akram

# Hear The Fortune

Hear him on the road while he sleeps,  
On a street of simplicity, and a beggar weeps.

Hear his tears as they fall, like a manager of money,  
He had it, the money, the food, and the honey.

He heard the bees and the bears when they judge,  
Where you lie and wait as much as a nudge.

You fear the men of gold and silver,  
Of a golden boy and a silver girl in a river.

They wait for fortune,  
And their days are a boon.

Naveed Akram

# Hear The Words Of Love

Hear the words of love that sits in its parlour,  
Hungry shadows reside and confess to the parlour's secrets.  
My words are of finding out, surrendering to the sunset,  
Feeding the silence of an august day, feeding so much.  
The natural harmony appears from the mirrors of this world  
That cascade and converse like mountains with tails.  
Listen to us who remain silent, listen to the praise of the  
Walls. My progress is in the records.

Hear the words of love and reenter the sacred home,  
Love follows behind you like a warrior or another house.  
See if love trains the children, the child who loves  
Shall succeed, for they converse with the marble statue,  
So much entranced and enjoying the spectacle.  
My lovely words are held in the air as a timely gesture  
Called fright and destruction, but love will save the highness  
Of this day, this day of children and men and women.

Naveed Akram

# Hearing Ears

These hearing ears. My teeth shine forcibly for you,  
My fingers are there soon to outshine and out endure.  
I am a drowning sailor of higher wisdom,  
Waking up is difficult but we manage to.  
My eyes blur from the acts committed by the souls  
So darker, crying occurs, works of life are forsaken;  
I pray to be church now, I pray to slip away  
And derive overall benefit, waking up again.  
They lick at my body, fulfilling me as I speak,  
For I write wonder for the ears so hearing me.

Naveed Akram

# Hearing Fairy Stories

Hoops are flown through by the godly entertainer,  
To provide the enemy with enough amusement.  
We can solve all world problems, all the fair stories  
Are advertised herein, all those who hear these stories  
Are advantageous, and honour is possessed by the rich.

Hearing the stories leads to Paradise, and we  
Must climb the fire and smoke to reach it.  
Above the earth is air, and below is fire;  
Water is in this world of flowers and trees  
But animals abide also with risk in this watered creation.

Hear all fairness and cheerfulness, as hatred may follow,  
To drown the followers in massive oceans;  
These oceans are grand and admirable  
Abducting us and the animals.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Attack

Enmity struck his heart,  
Inside his body the part  
Was heard to crack and make  
A little blood of ache.  
Houses of silver contained  
Me with fright and maintained  
A stable condition in hospital  
Where I dissolved my juices to belittle.  
Struck by the inward attack,  
The heart blasted and was black.  
The death of a jobbed manager  
Was continuously a danger.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Of A Beggar

Beggarliness contrives hearts to ponder on poverty-  
A barrenness of attitude is wavering on the sick and property.  
Births are to be controlled according to blindness,  
Puberty is a stage once called unkindness.  
To extravagance my religion strays, and joins  
Like multiple births, innocent as coins.  
Why do you beg so crookedly in the face of jeopardy?  
Where are your deeds in the ocean so wordy?  
I cast doubt on the philosophy so narrow and dull;  
We actually exhibit changes of blood when external.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Of Man

Enter the hearts of the men-in-charge,  
Cosy feelings defy the oblique shapes;  
My opposition wants my death and life,  
May we enter the beliefs that endanger.  
Willing to surrender, this woe inside  
Sticks in the throat, stale and mostly stale.  
Then dangers of a dragon are at best in the air,  
Mighty winds cross the heads and hearts.  
Many weep tonight on the sea-edges,  
The coast has changed now, just changed.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Of Strength

I am intellect beyond achievement,  
For the forms of my health are vast;  
The heart is a place for intelligent being,  
The healing is performed by blood-flow.  
This heart of mine beats for the space around it,  
Watching so mightily and with so much speed  
That its velocity is of the circulatory system.  
I am intellectual beyond belief,  
For the enemies gather to extinguish my soul,  
Yet some do not witness the sayings in my heart  
That protect me.

I see each form and all within,  
Then the loves and likes of a day  
Are united with the night,  
For meaning has shone its lesson.  
Life becomes special in every degree,  
Living attains health that is  
Never forsaken.  
The blood never runs out or finishes,  
Just speak to the heart as an item of strength,  
Not a house of evil, but a compass of good.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Of The Book

Hearts roll into eyes and their ability to speak is high,  
We carry and refer to books of ancient hearts in this sigh.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Retires

When the heart tires and the throbs are recalled,  
Thinkers pass their souls in instants that retire;  
When the arrow falls and destroys the broken body  
Hands are clasped, yet for ever are parted,

To the lives sundered can Time bring rejoining,  
Adoration is a throb of rejoicing, in rejection  
When rejecting is the opposite of our lives,  
But the spirit remembers, to the sense of losing.

Naveed Akram

# Heart Wonders

Still wondering why the earth shows us promise,  
We break waters and the winter leaves  
Attest to supremacy from Up Above.  
The trees left the place where we were pondering,  
Near a silver move, the golden blessing,  
That was the one main argument of violence.  
Opening the door was when ten stones were hurled,  
At the public of ten thousand men,  
Knowing everything seemed a pleasant news.

Some people were like some children,  
Still wondering why the seas of burden  
Returned to the inner lake so fortuitous.  
I left the place of the gates, and outside  
Them were felons and villains  
Too speedy and smooth in their sin.

I am still wondering why the heavenly  
Bliss stands like the wonderment of the firmament,  
This malicious disease enters the intellect  
And the blood of our veins is pumped  
So this day the food of our heart is maintained.

Naveed Akram

# Heart's Chambers

The chamber of your heart resides in the skull as well,  
The brain continues initially then stops after some time.  
Of a lamp the heart shines, of a light the soul trains,  
One single mosque feels the sunlight to shine onwards.  
Between heaven and earth, the men and women of this city  
Gather their praise to salute the Lord as far as the naked eye.  
Lift the face from desires and salt will be bitter tonight,  
This day shudders from the night that catches it like a ball.  
The heart has some chambers needed filling by your energy,  
Let the blood of your soul be the blood of your being and triumph.

Naveed Akram

# Heartache

Some say hearts are like religions of the mind,  
Naughty people glide on the backs of your throat.  
Hearts can falter and find a discovery for all times,  
Internal conversations abide in the very stems of human thought.

A mind is cherished, as well as that heart  
Speaking in the forethought of majesties and high nesses.  
My character is only small, yet larger than most,  
But my heart avidly seeks atonement.

Naveed Akram

# Hearts

Hearts have a success on their thieving selves,  
Like an egg of my soul, and infinite slaves,  
Their two ghosts are mere echoes on the youth,  
On the weirdness I say it is foul.

Hearts have a centre of slavery,  
Around them stands a throat  
As far as the eyes of the heart.

Bring your hearts to this place of honour,  
When or where I can not tell.

Naveed Akram

# Hearts Of Drums

Hearts evolve as bent sticks,  
The sticks wend their ways around us.  
Instead of insisting, the sticks become  
My loneliness, as they track the criminals  
With their glare and fighting strategy.  
This ground quakes for the offered circles,  
The masculine circle, aware of a gathering storm,  
Wide gaps produce wide storms.

Let this misery pass, like the bread  
And the eggs have parted with an arbitrary rule.  
The regime of fountains continuously celebrates,  
Moving aside and keeping cash  
Like the very ill fountains,  
Strong in wealth,  
Yet again money is gold  
As we strive to the gate of trumpets and drums.

Naveed Akram

# Hearts Of Men

The saintly person next to me is as good as silk and shadows,  
He risks no darkness, but light he fed into the hearts of men.

My bedroom houses the knight of supreme cleverness,  
His shrewdness is the highest form bred in the hearts of men.

Loathing the master of travel will guarantee no travel of right,  
So then in this journey of life the work lead, from the hearts of men.

Misters and madames suggest instead the love to flow and fold  
Into many garments, ready for the Lord to be the Head, verily from the hearts of  
men.

The heart shall speak so lovingly to the sword and inquire  
What will investigate the whole ritual ahead of the hearts of men.

One fool is not two, or two be three, justice speaks wonders  
When served, for the wrong judgements misled, not in the hearts of men.

My own leader is full of thanks for the Lord On His Throne,  
Let him support us and our very bodies, to embed in the hearts of men.

Naveed Akram

# Heart's Secrets

If your heart desires secrets this time,  
Must we all surprise you from our heart.  
Do not halt in your process, do not inquire  
Into false gods, flashing lights and tears.

If the heart bleeds from the centre we are glad,  
If it keeps clot after clot, we must stare at others.  
This time, the heart of all is a proposed joy, a new  
Gift to the all-strong brotherhood, or fellowship.

I pour from the trees a liquor that entices us,  
I send a message to the heavenly abode so as  
To instruct a danger, one of hellish content;  
But the gardens of joy are younger than any.

The heart speaks from the folk's hearts,  
Inside the management of an area so enticing,  
Internally destroyed but everliving, internal blessings  
Are bound to the centre of the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Hearts Within Sight

The heart is like unfinished poetry,  
Beating with worlds and features of flesh,  
Stinging our minds without messages,  
Like the horizon as it blooms and trees  
Are seen in the distance for the sun to shine.  
My heart is yours, and your heart is mine,  
Little are the pious sights, little golden objects  
Portray a sculpture, but the nearer sight  
Encapsulates the whole of time and thought  
Throughout all being.

The heart shall go on bloating like a godly relic,  
Feeding a frenzy of blood and bones,  
Deceiving never never, and stimulating others  
Into a gap which is without pure justice  
But with ranks of stone and elegance,  
The stones of right are within sight.  
The penmanship has started and waited,  
For the worker of writing has spoken in his way  
Through the tongue of the heart -  
A most zealous object of the inferno.

Naveed Akram

# Heating The Cells

The heating of layers of the soul  
Is so precious for the upkeep of life;  
Scorching the cells, we define  
A real-time tragedy too scorching.

We are cold and dismayed with me,  
Burning boats of dreams are with us,  
Little do they rest with mightiness,  
And less is the empowerment of you.

My uttermost has been served,  
My heating is a scalding trait:  
The opposite of weaponry,  
But the same devastation.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven Cannot

Heaven cannot use its arms to partly undo  
My maiden, or comprise loyal subjects.  
Heaven shall hope to praise me with decisions,  
Mocking a fluid moment with solidity that encased pride.  
Honey warred down valleys, flowers reached  
For the pillars, as walking uttered words like the snow.  
A teasing moment became my afternoon,  
Cut by the outrageous witches of the east and west.  
Sparkling and glittering in the sunrise,  
I laughed to my maiden, I lost my limbs,  
And entrance was banned due to colossal queues.  
A gate beamed on the manned bridges,  
Galactic avenues pierced the crossing.  
The incredulous words bespoke and believed  
From historians, the occupations of degrees  
And laughter, of merriment and disease.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven Forever

Heaven does stay forever in the place,  
Opening doors to passageways of rightness,  
Jaws can split, faces twist, and eyes crumble.  
Heavenly splendours abide in this soiled realm,  
A maniac is about with leadership who reacts,  
Acting like him is being the straight way of his.  
Water is justified by the elemental ones,  
A food is student, a food denies the spirit,  
But drinking the realistic ways commits a truth.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven On Earth

And murder wept its tears of regret,  
Folly had a price for all its morbidity.

Finding gold was enough, enough for me,  
Yet the silver in this train of thought asks.

My crimes are of the religious variety,  
Walls are built for me to abstain from injury.

But the rich men weep further than the poor,  
Lulling the noises of a day in deadly stupor.

My death is at the realm called Science,  
It pours forth mysterious facts more than fiction.

I have no bleeding or remorse, just heaven knows,  
And so I compare the world to this region in space.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven Seems

Heaven seems a place of music,  
Looking everywhere is like watching a world  
Within a world, but the hearing is always  
A result.

Heavenly men adjust towards the plains,  
Their women stare into the depths of pleasure  
Belittling us in our wearing of our shoes.  
Forming a place of sounds bears fruit,  
Huddling accusations frothing to degrees  
Internally young, returning the thorax likewise.

A heaven envelops the young masters  
Ogling at the heavenly mountain range,  
Lessening the legions of spirits entangling us.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven Shall Crawl

Heaven shall crawl forward and backward  
On this line and bridge of dread.  
Hell brought danger to the men who forsook their soul,  
Gently the devil has spoken of an independent activity.  
Inside we see him in the lurking way, one of resentment  
And this I mind and utter for forms of happiness.  
They, the satanic people, shed blood for the heaven and hell,  
Yet devils will speak differently from demons,  
One spoke of godliness and the other not.  
We do not believe in this, we did refuse them.  
I think the heavenly feeling captured my heart  
To bring your heart also.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven With A Car

When the carboy became the same we stared at him,  
Whenever you share your heaven with a car, be the light.

Light is a weapon of weirdness, I am an alloy of metals,  
I feed on cowboys and indians as well, my worth is big.

To annoy me carries weight, it creates my rainbow and ice,  
To be cold is to be warm, to disintegrate we are forgotten.

The decaying methods will define the modern world of today,  
Tomorrow a sacred run has been established on the slope.

My boys are bad, any worms eat the worlds of witnesses,  
But my eye witness is special, he is far too destitute.

Wells of thought drive my soul into the ground of hurt and soil,  
The slope is established when the gradient of heaven is right.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven's Bed

Heaven does rest with a peaceful air,  
If you care then care will always declare.

Naveed Akram

# Heaven's Nature

It is a part of human nature to be  
A measure of awesomeness,  
An image of yourself convinces us  
It shall be momentous before you die.  
You are silver, and I am golden,  
For which no blood shall be shed.  
Contemplate the awesomeness  
Of that day when we are judged;  
The heavens, the stars and planets  
Would have vanished, leaving us awake  
In a resurrected state, in total isolation  
From others who we enjoyed.  
It is the nature of Man to be convinced  
By His Maker, that Heaven shall arrive.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly

A remark so dear to my heart has echoed  
To every soul that begins its stay in the world.

A thought has passed away and resided  
Instead in the life of our dreams, on the other side.

An action is being recorded by the angelic men  
Who voice this act or acts in the form of writing.

A frivolous idea is embedded and requires talking  
And discussion to enlighten and educate mankind.

Those are the human beings that were no hell,  
And they were intent on religion and thoughts  
Of heaven. Heaven is all on the other side.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Abode

Heavenly abode, I call on you to flirt with me,  
Realise my dream, inwardly and outwardly  
In the stroke of genius and the intelligence it provides.  
Heavens are only being houses of pearls  
Meant for the rivers of milk, the honey is everywhere  
If you travel far enough and downward  
In the aching avenues of grass and no weeds.  
There is a garden there of blessings,  
Weeds are conquered by flowers of appeal.  
The fruit I call upon mutters into my mouth,  
This will explode and render me indefensible.  
The sheer glory is about of a wonderful time  
In the succulent corner of all-existence.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Affairs

Heaven is the house of love and majesty,  
Inside its domain is the archery of deeds,  
Lifting arrows of justice as they roam into view.  
Heavenly men and women shall deter  
The devils and demons of this celebration,  
A reality of the illness is a deed of deeds.  
Surely, the disease of the Satan is apology  
After apology, leaving the blossoming trees  
In terror as the fruit falls downwards forever.  
My heavenly bridge is a lonely affair,  
The fair maidens must be a strategic element  
Of the periodic tables that reside in the heavens.  
Heaven is the hostile planet for all evil,  
That is the goodness of all tongues and fires  
That hover inwardly to reduce the affairs.  
Men and women are heavenly if souls  
Destroy the other souls who portray madness.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Flight

To fly is to need a flight of controversy,  
To be is to see the whole calamity so well;  
A flightpath is chosen by expert hands and wings,  
Felonies are seen down where calmness stirs.  
My burning eyes spot fortunes and disasters,  
Illegalities stride forbidding wrong to those  
Who commit wrong that stirs like sinning of stars.  
My flight is a controversy, of higher delights,  
Paradise has approached the false land  
And dark sky illuminates the scene with black  
Violent thunder, so blank that dread has blown  
The barrels of oil on the ground of guns.  
To fly must approach wonder from heaven,  
Where hell creates the obvious disdain.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Mood

A mood has played my mind for the last year. It struggles, the mind has struggled, due to concerns over mood. I obsessed the mind and gifted my soul. It is intelligent soul, and intellectual might, that consists of thoughts and learning. Wisdom is so so superior, and that is a secret. My worship is all I worship for the betterment of my long life, and my menacing enemy shall retract and die. Dying is an act of knowing when to live, and in which heaven you shall be placed. Today is the ready day, the way to meet your maker.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Pain

How do you separate joy from pain?  
Inside the heavenly skin is what is main.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Thoughts

In the meaning of heavenly thoughts is a blessing,  
You learn from the green and white, the blue and black.  
Any colour is on this sheet of paper,  
You mix heaven with heavenly and dance.  
The real objective is to attain pleasures of the top,  
Your heavens are various, but well constructed.  
In the heavenliest manner is your existence,  
Your living and being is for the dying,  
You sweat and burrow in order to attain,  
In due course the pain of pleasure has disappeared  
And has left nobody in pain at all.  
Heaven has been achieved, and we are now in heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Valley

In this valley we find gold and more jewellery for the eyes,  
In the middle of this valley is a treasure so voluminous  
That it is called Paradise, the home of the heavenly servants,  
The place where we meet Our Lord after so many prayers.

We must survive the tasks of our years, eternal years,  
That will never leave us until we are in the grave;  
The real pact with the God is keeping the spiritual path  
That leads to the heavenly valleys, and the gardens of beauty.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenly Winter

Hastened by the cold is winter dealing swiftly with denial,  
Hatred forces mildly, hinting at mortuaries, and graves.  
Heaving in tatters, filling the ambition, having awkward goals,  
When does heaven display a folding and sorting of goals?  
The forces of carelessness and neglect are upon us,  
Yet the letters of financial matters are lovely.  
Cold the winter, heavenly the bursting of activity,  
Memory is beautiful, of mountain like size.

Naveed Akram

# Heavens And Earth

The starry heavens come out of their shell  
And explode in the universe for fear;  
Deadliest praise is subjected to the void,  
Underneath the splendour or blanket  
Oppresses a united country of grace  
But also warmth and generosity.  
The stars are in a journey of force,  
Violent quakes collect to form bubbles  
And then water so runny that the stars  
Force the believers on this world to fear.  
A life has emerged to be dear and caressed  
Like the embraced ones then in the race.  
Stars must replace the space around unfilled,  
For they concentrate the heavens and earth.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenward

Going to God is like the straight path, so heavenward,  
I feel like a pious man who is so much answered.

Naveed Akram

# Heavenwards

Heavenwards we bespeak the natural tongue,  
The Islands of the Blessed marry the jubilant air.  
An escape is made to the thrilled hoops,  
The vault of heaven eluded us with hilly regions.  
I see him in this month after the life we lead,  
Like a child or new toy, of the cites of cities,  
Offering remembrance to the Lord.  
I must repair the odd faculty of a lifetime,  
Praising the firmament, like a happy mussel  
Or rodent of the sea, a blessed sea.

I am elated now that you're gone,  
The skies speak out to the warred regions.  
Ones in this stratosphere are apologetic,  
My transported ones uglify the warred regions.  
Why do we care about the vicinity and its virginity?  
Heavenwards the glare has arisen,  
The descending on the bridge is complete.  
My heaven is your heaven complete,  
Compare with the tortured souls offering me heat.

Naveed Akram

# Heavy Mountain

Heavy and winking, a travelled humanoid  
Disfigures the flowering body of burning effects.  
A mind is settling down in a vault too tiny,  
By the stars it seems the wastes of the heavens  
Are too late, along the abysses of unseen nature.

My sharp, productive sounds are receding too early,  
Fixing what is highly conducive to pride from above,  
A glittering jewel sits atop a mountain summit,  
With lightning thirsty, or surprising nobody,  
So sharp are the bright lights stinging the stains  
On one's belly, bettering once the butter melts.

I see you drive your eyes in my direction,  
Sounds are alive like white menacing caves  
Inside the very caves.

Naveed Akram

# Heavy Tree

So I am heavy and solid like a tree,  
The weight of my being is also high.  
Being me looks like a higher stance,  
Within my world a higher nature conflicts.  
My natural moods are never anyone else's,  
Their religion is constant, and I am patient.  
The tree I look at and observe like a scientist  
Is inside my eye, my ears do loathe it,  
But I am fond of it as a face of tears.  
I weep when my being is within the tree,  
It is far too heavy for my comfort.

Naveed Akram

# Height Of Sin

Height of sin let there men grin,  
Faster than the soul which is in;  
May my head be glad of all good,  
Mine is the wealth so much stood,  
Of all time to win.

Naveed Akram

# Heights

Harrowing heights besiege the misty mind,  
A towering life is upon me and my lines of desire.  
The fuel of this helicopter is my own, it is my own,  
Then finally my performance is older than him.  
To have been the boast to boost my soul to the next one is  
Selling the mighty weapon just about to explode  
Into smartly sized particles.  
My ashes enable me to conduct a future of destruction,  
That tower succumbed to me afterwards  
Just like the mountain of trust and caves,  
This cave is my grave of wonderful meaning.  
This is rest for some, lawful for most  
And acquired by everyone in the career of living.

Naveed Akram

# Hell And Half-Hell

Hell became a game in mid-winter,  
Where are we now?  
Hell exhaled last summer and first summer,  
Why are we allowed?  
Hell was told not to be Heaven in spring,  
When would that be?  
Hell is half of all Pain in the year through,  
And since when?

Naveed Akram

# Hell Here

Tonight they understand us well,  
Some person fades into Hell.

Naveed Akram

# Hell Or Heaven

Heaven is a palace of a place,  
Gorgeous highness is located there,  
With soft springs gushing forth,  
Simple peace and looks of beauty,  
Opening the doors to Paradise.

Inert gases revolve around it,  
Hell's glare is fixed on the wheel  
Of Doom, the bringer of movement  
Of pain, the last stretch and haul;  
Where is the light of the fire?

Naveed Akram

# Hell's Angels

Hell was furnished with cowards and criminals,  
Stones are pelted at them, they are stones from angels.

Naveed Akram

## Hell's State

Translate my sentence please in the middle of this hour,  
Hours are ruder, for the clock has shuddered at times;  
The clock is longer than most, more have striven than before,  
Those in joyous occasions shall profit and prosper like milk.  
The odd predicament enrages us, savage is the heinous beast  
That devours time by the hours, like a grandfather clock of names.  
My horrific life carries no charge of electricity but only fire  
Of the reasons that smoke, smoke like fiery ash twisting and turning.  
May God condemn the infirm beasts so solemnly swaying in time  
With the music of death, the odd occasion of defeat that is Hell.

Naveed Akram

## Helmets Donned

May helmets be donned for the best,  
A battle rages on, a battle fits itself.  
Your wars are in possession for long,  
Options existed for the skirmishes.  
Hatred was actually drunk for safety,  
Leaving us the drink of anger.  
May the irritations exist for long,  
May words be done, may actions collide.

Naveed Akram

# Help My Soul

I am my life when I am dead,  
Death overpowers the love of laws,  
Dead men are like living women,  
And those who died as women will  
Be what?

I am my blood and heart and kidneys,  
With brain and spine, the liver  
Helps my soul as well,  
Like the minds of people else.

I am an unique human being,  
Like all of them that stammer  
In their speech - living words  
Seemed to be removed  
From their husks.

I possess the spirit of a loving heart,  
Hearing the progress of this mountain,  
Above it is speech from unique human  
Beings, the brainy and kind.

Naveed Akram

# Helping

He returned an hour too late,  
This was with the manager;  
He returned so late to agitate,  
But the manager was sloppier.

To help him we do not help,  
The help from the manager was great  
As the fellow began to yelp,  
These men discovered how to compensate.

Helping is the winning, like sport,  
That this aid is greater than an escort;  
We help only in times of trouble  
For they need our dangers governable.

Naveed Akram

# Helping Hand

From four helping hands a man is made  
To love the beasts of brotherly breath;  
Their legs are their hands, for the moments  
In their moments are exactly to drive them.

From some viewpoints of the other mothers,  
A fatherly figure arises to instigate the laws,  
These handsome men of beautiful crowds  
Combine and fulfil the paper of the times.

These hands must contribute their wisdom  
That shines from the heart and head;  
A lingering thought is all of the news tonight,  
A thinker's thought successfully is engineered.

Naveed Akram

# Her Concentration

She holds her concentration for a second,  
The seconds unwind, then bursting occurs  
Due to respect and energy of the highest.  
The praying fond manager feels emotion,  
The invocation submits to creation.  
Then the canopy of this realm and world,  
Is underneath another canopy of voices.

Many sounds uttered from sources of salt  
Are bitter and bright, as feeling as force.  
My sound is subjugated by inner strength,  
He waits above his table, that table of help.  
Many sounds are uttered by judges of bone,  
Electrifying the brain and heart, with voices,  
Help their weight as the bridge is at dawn!

She holds her concentration for a second,  
It is a realistic sound of the jungle in the night.  
The voice of a great man is upon the shoulders,  
His weight in gold is too stranger than silver,  
So strange we talk, so damning is pain.  
Suffering splits our weight on this planning planet,  
One subtly renews the joy of the medicine.

Naveed Akram

# Her Family Is The Best

Her family is the best in the world,  
One factory is a fact of learning,  
And one family shall entwine with industry  
To negate the illness of concepts.

A call to the three most advanced cultures  
Amounts to unity, that first culture from birth  
Onwards, then the generation of the fittest,  
To be followed by reunions and decisions.

This is the call to united healing,  
When family after family resides in the heart  
Of the house called hurt and shirt,  
The clothing of the hard kind.

We are the best family on Earth, a favoured  
Class with others on the role of death,  
The last season of worry has elapsed  
To further decay and lose in the midsts of fury.

I have positions of stinging and extinguishing,  
The fire is out and I am first bound to rules,  
I am timing the strokes of genius as they roll,  
Internal decisions of the heart astound me.

Naveed Akram

# Her Name

He called her name from aching mouth,  
Calling her dreams as if they slept from the spine.  
His moment of motion began from the bed  
Towards the innocent tower of strength.  
Lifting the body had never been attempted  
For the human body required a sense of loss.  
She was dead for generations, alive for the time,  
The crystal cover of her diary shined with disbelief.  
Wondered over, captained and bought,  
The books of life are the whole meaning of time and dreams.  
It was her emptiness and his emptiness  
This time.

Naveed Akram

# Her Voice For Life

The voice was her life and the outer cover,  
But that's hardly entertaining,  
Silver wings were her wishes,  
The operator was sucking teeth  
To know what women were,  
Shaking the head slowly from the front.

She nodded and went to the telephone,  
A little research was in knowledge,  
Neatly dressing the whole heritage,  
Very familiar bedrooms conferred with us.

The silvery wings came alive, and sang  
Due to the godly possessions siding with  
Beliefs that madly enthused us with revelry,  
Like the return of the queens and kings.

Naveed Akram

# Here

Wool is stiched and knitted with all the raising doubts,  
Grey is the way I lay and where I had such feel the boom.  
The creator is against us and on a planet called Earth,  
Mad they are for the red compartments of this world,  
When there are many, many and more than ever.

Naveed Akram

# Here And Thereabouts

But I find one doubting on a blouse and hat  
That I wear like that on my own body  
From there where I find a body  
Of here and where the police find the new one  
The big one and the real one which is in a hospital bed.

Naveed Akram

# Here Is Management

Here is the beginning of management:

The most we strive for is oblong and linear

Inside our damaged days and nights of splendor.

Do not crash into another car then erase another

Man when he is too bright and clever for your sight.

The romance of clearing claws and raising a child

Fetches a bundle of tears that never become your shadow.

This going from one place to another resides

In the tubes of thought.

Here we have become a selfless struggle

To eliminate the wrong of an easy road.

Naveed Akram

# Heresy

Here and there you are to be spectacular,  
Only to forfeit the ridicule and pain,  
To blame a person on his skill and precision,  
To craft a lie so awkward the men would die,  
And learning has worked again.

Naveed Akram

# Heroes In My Life

I could never see the rains diminish,  
The raindrops seal our souls, depicting  
The legacy of humans, as they crawl and hug.  
My song of songs appeared too little,  
It is parade, it fights the Caesar, it excites  
The duodenum, and chastises my life.

I could never see the snow on the top  
Of imagination, that glorious episode  
Of intelligence, the side to souls that differs.  
I must reappear after storms of hate,  
Love enjoys you, love forms out of nowhere,  
Like the scenery and fighting, like duels.

I could reign in the event of disaster,  
My throne is different, a golden object,  
A refuted being, a situation of riches.  
I could bleed at the final time of this creation,  
My blood would fill the cups of glorious action  
As the acts are told to the followers of the heroes.

Naveed Akram

# Hidden Lamp

I find a lamp so hidden  
That burning sensations command.  
Through the window of mere delight  
I thwart the watcher of my nature.  
Thin, small and tiny particles beyond grow  
Into creatures of huge delight.  
I possess the second and first options,  
But the third is too far for my heart.  
My first option is to hide myself  
In this house, so that no one can see me again.  
My second is to ask imperatively  
For the supper, and pass this night.  
My third can not be regarded as anything,  
But I choose to pass the night with supper.  
I find that my lamp is so hidden  
That I burn no more when thwarted.

Naveed Akram

# Hide Your Face

If you are hungry hide your face,  
Until the hurt of the pain attunes  
To the antiseptic from praising,  
And then coin the phrase  
Till loot is hidden and buried  
By cemeteries affording you rest.

This part of the message learns from you  
As well, litter is dispelled minutely  
From pens needed to be staying-pits.  
Then write from them lithely,  
Stay supported by reason as Rasputin  
Shall knock and resolve your  
Differences, one by one.

His foolery shall be your mockery,  
Only Rasputin differs to me.  
Only his treachery dissolves the face  
From incendiary bombs,  
Those explosions of dissimilarity,  
That walk and talk like people in sweet shoes.

Naveed Akram

# Hide Your Fortune

Fortune hides a fortune of gold and silver,  
The very same silver commanding, friendlier;  
Frost demands of the gold some ancient health  
And power, the very commands have wealth.  
Ice is an unique trumpet of gold,  
Golden men are carriers of the old.  
May God fold in the ingredients of a soup,  
One made of pennies of fluid and in a group.

Naveed Akram

# Hiding From The Family

He is hiding from me when I see him loving our family,  
This hiding results in laughing, to find me, and the family.

It is busy in this hour of dreams, full of sleep I become,  
When the lover of my dreams comes to bury the family.

The burial of a man is hidden from me, the chieftain,  
Burying him is against all odds, a mere calamity, but the family?

You are hiding from me, laughing at me as lover hates,  
Butter shall creep from my limbs attracting calligraphy of the family.

The whole episode is a farce of impossibility, my love  
Has been extinguished now that you have been cavalry on the family.

This Lord I trust is not hidden from me, who sees everything,  
He is omnipresent, and you are an absent being of the gentry, no longer of the family.

Naveed Akram

# Higher And Brighter

The mornings were brighter than the sun and the stars,  
Like some safari that imagines, that stays awake;  
Then in this sahara the face explodes to be the sleep  
Of a deep sleep so like dying that death has overcome;  
The minute hare is an animal of mild health,  
He marries the newts for the religion  
Just as we eat chickens and pies of vegetables.  
Chairs are sorry, saris are taken up as closets,  
But the images of youth pervade all the harmony  
Of untruth, so evening awakens the mind  
Just like the evenings of a brighter night.

Naveed Akram

# Higher Nature

It will stay and exit the minute you left,  
To guidance you stood and complained,  
To heaven you argued on and delivered,  
A result came so the fullest wisdom.  
I say it is so for it was to be the whole one.

Naveed Akram

# Higher Than Love

Higher than love is the burden of death,  
Huge is the price of this Morse Code.  
My death is like a horse running to its home  
With hay at the end of its journey.  
I speak with a man who loathes the knowledge  
Of ancients, and I speak of illness  
That never strikes others, never strikes its leg.

The human body is marvellous like the pen,  
It writes a story of wonder and denial.  
The earthquakes within its tissues and organs  
Burden the heart with love and joules.  
Energy will become a response, a joint  
Or favour, a jest or joust, the very favourable,  
What is more favourable than energy?

The highest love enters its lovely mansion,  
Of bricks and cement, redness and blackness.  
Only the reality is here, I am in the rooms of  
Hard aches and lovely seismic waves,  
Their jaundice is my weakness, the ailments  
Murder us with their switches and strains,  
Why do you blacken the sway of the crimes?

The munched apple is a burden to the lovers  
Who want a nice fellow and a blind dame.  
One of the realities undergoes surgery,  
It complains bitterly of the highest forms of  
Love that you can find, in the middle of wells.  
One apple is followed by pleasure in the tubes  
Of living eternity, the collider of death.

Naveed Akram

# Highest Cities

The city of the highest rank places  
Its centre to link other zones of sight;  
Are you American? Is your wife a soul  
Of light who imagines strongly the country.  
The city is of the higher supply, where are  
The cities of light and calendars, the houses  
Of perfection and lights of bright yellow?

The star is out, forming troubles of light,  
Turbulent times have evolved from scratch.  
Let the city be your salvation,  
Let it grow and aspire to tall tables,  
To infinite worshippers of the higher delight.

No longer do enemies collect among trees  
Of smiles and care, their offensives collect like  
Russia in the times of revolution,  
Like crystal shattering in effective  
Computers; some taste you morbidly,  
Eating the flesh of a dead man who cries.  
The cities are a pattern of calculations,  
Maths has imagined a real design.

Naveed Akram

# Highest Kings

To sing on highness of kings  
I merely become a singer of halls  
And mirrors, a reflector has become me,  
The rigour of life has been claimed from up above,  
I cannot stand it longer and my words do sing, louder with concern.

Naveed Akram

# Highlights Of An Obedient Soldier

The highlighted hierarchy enlightens  
The environment like the space of centuries;  
Consequences have debates of the detected  
Spirits, likeable assets of the tracts and traits.

Funds are more in the partition, funding carries  
A burden of the concepts, the poems of an age  
Are established like ethics so wavering and complete,  
Innocent words fill the pages of a day in ruins.

Mice can command a soldier, a soldier can obey it,  
But the sense of the partition commands nobody,  
Depress then the average mind into a submissive act,  
Expanding on your frontiers as they disgorge the remains.

Naveed Akram

# Highly Valued Objects

The highness of an object resides in its lustre,  
Demanding traits are discarded, like silk.  
Interiors of the organs of a body are of the corpse,  
Relishing nothing for nobody, and nobody else.  
Then the disease of the heart enters the calm,  
Fostering new teachings for everybody, and unique too.  
Let the praise of heaven be our neighbour,  
Insert the eye of sheep in the dishes.  
A dish is a dish, a body is a corpse  
But a cadaver in secret, an excellency.

Naveed Akram

# Highway

Where was the highway of cold and hot?  
The burning stars roared with piercing fright,  
With swords in the chirping and daggers  
In the hopping, without fury or ferocity.  
Then instantly, the ground swam to the river's  
End, swimming and quickening in the middle of time.  
Gaining ground, the soldiers of the woods created  
A sensible holiness for all those in endeavour;  
Caught by the whole fiery woods, the sounds of humans,  
Although too many delivered, were far too far  
In noise and volume that mires fainted and waited  
With the fraught natures and facets.

Where was the decision of highways?  
No sky thunder veered towards the heavens  
And changed hell, for the highway was a sound  
Of the highest constitution.

Naveed Akram

# Hills Of The Planet

May hills form from illness of the planet,  
Erosion of landforms make them of the planet.

Exposure to the elements will kill your substance,  
May hills find fault with you and condemn the planet.

May winter know the rock of the Earth,  
Whilst roundness of the hill is like a diadem of the planet.

Expose the hills to torture of the weather  
By constructing mountains with a gem called the planet.

My hill is grand and openly small as well,  
I live it and my house and my family and my poem that is the planet.

Naveed Akram

# Hilltops

Never did pain be a solution to the troubles ahead,  
Pleasant news remained in existence for those with bread.  
The bicycle was a decent invention, so bold and clever,  
Not ever did the right of entry be attached to an achiever.  
An abode was strict with lessons of excellence,  
The same as goodness, the same as school and allegiance.  
Then pride was to matter, even when it rained drops,  
As this house of lords and ladies never meant hilltops.

Naveed Akram

# His Brother

The man of his brother connected  
And buried the other weapons to this date.  
Reconnecting this path to that pathway  
Conferred with difference, as well as the  
Similarities abiding in the island of despair.

Inside the intermittent light, there housed  
A layer of brighter light, convincing the soldier,  
As there was no mean innocent man  
Quite like the alternative man,  
These days are longer than the earlier days.  
Open the jaws of a dog, keeping him aware,  
Destroying the invincible men who  
Cast their shadows  
On the small feelings  
Pouring through the whole  
Crevice.

Naveed Akram

## His Charismatic Words

What, then, shall be his lot,  
His lot and his lot of games?  
For in truth we are overwhelmed  
By his words, passing by him,  
Leaving grief on the pages of  
Conspiracy, the books of yearning.

To this torment is added constitution  
And deceit, the strength of his charisma;  
No snakes are present, now and forever,  
The bite's pain surpasses our mood  
That we choose, the very oddity of loudness.

Say grief over bliss, say this moment of eternity,  
That is absolute of man, the very oddity  
So well achieved.

Naveed Akram

# His Face

Call a man what he  
Decides to affect her when  
His face is splendid.

Naveed Akram

# His Face Falling

Maybe the face, maybe the face,  
It subsides and loathes never itself,  
Liking its licking contortions like a leaf,  
Falling cheeks and falling branches.  
Sudden air fills the room of a sanctuary,  
God has blessed the deathly sleepers,  
Fumed by the prospect of the Hereafter.  
You desire HIS Face, but find a solution  
To the puzzle that Satan has not accomplished.  
Treasure awaits and looms beyond the shrunken path,  
A straight path pierces the sight,  
A straight road leads to adventure  
So bright and divine that lights come forward.

Naveed Akram

# His Fortune Taken

His fortune on the turf was elaborate,  
On the sight of you and your bravery;  
This time a rather surprising event took  
Shape and eliminated the men of auctions.  
I fairly earned the present regret,  
Those with returning concerts were rejected.  
I see all the way to the future,  
This fortune is never cancelled in future.  
My rest was ordained by the whole hierarchy,  
It took shape by the night and the day.  
Still, fortune resented a warning from you  
As high values rest in the soul of all us.  
His fortune came where it reasserted itself,  
In the deeper recesses of the youthful mind.

Naveed Akram

# His Fury

More than any character  
To be discovered by the men.

A demon to toil with alarms  
From the major districts.

A countryman of sheer delight,  
To be forsaken by his powers.

A reality has submerged  
And kept us dithering.

The seas of destruction have  
Subtracted the colossal wonders.

One man shall abide in  
His fury of the highest.

Its enemy confides in mercy  
From what is above.

But nowhere is the friend of evil  
Mastering a whole people.

Many have died objecting  
As far as the eye has been to stars.

More than any character  
To be discovered by the devils.

Naveed Akram

# His Head

They'll carry his head  
His head will shine  
On ravaging horses  
Like a centaur of myths

He made us encase himself  
Sculptors manage this  
In flowering and planting

His head will shine  
His skull is flowering with laughter  
The eye-sockets weirdly stare

Naveed Akram

# His Highness

Too eloquent, too more than you!  
In this presence of his we chant  
A really good sweet song on us,  
Then presents appease him more.  
How will he react to masses and love?  
Go to a sanctuary to please him,  
After so many years in poverty.  
This results in the greatest number  
Of offspring, for all of those in love.  
How elegant is his language!  
He is your very King.

Naveed Akram

# His Prison

His mouth grabbed his wrists,  
Without warning the boy enclosed  
The area and spun a web of silence,  
You warned him not to obey himself.  
Staring at his sleeves the wind took  
Control and the boy's blood failed  
To foresee the future risks.  
The man twitched and switched,  
The blade ran to the ground after turmoil  
Had erupted, ribs were broken.  
He sent the boy sprawling  
And one eye was swollen,  
This fight had lasted, everlasting light  
Occurred to the boy's laughter.  
Mighty prison was the grave in thought,  
Prisons were never worse in the end.

Naveed Akram

# His Room

His room was bitterly cold,  
Coupled with the conversation,  
Often through deep snow,  
Often through the refugees  
That showed too many shows.

His room began too simply like a temple,  
On the grapes was a light  
Of funny, funny sight that lit  
Me in my eyes, feeling  
Of the order that days are brighter  
Than sunshine and moonshine  
Put together.

Their rooms shouted avid  
Memories of those dreamers  
Too beautiful and calm,  
Their rooms dissolved into liquid.

The ice had formed due to breakages  
Of those in fun-play,  
A little player has aroused a wrong  
Message.

Naveed Akram

# His Shoes

Carrying off his shoes is like days and roads  
Being the unities of a people who move and learn.  
This that diverges carries a proof of existence,  
That which converges means a beauty.  
I see shoes in shows learning by methods the dress,  
Laces tied are like the noodles in a soup so hot.  
My suits are top standard like the doors that swing  
At hotels so conquering and dimmer than most awe.  
My shoes are lit by fires that serve a master the law,  
And this law belongs to majestic beings of great health.

Naveed Akram

# His Stomach

His stomach was moved from the pan of trouble,  
He had no sense of workmanship and joy,  
So that protests detested the horizon,  
And work had been a sheathed affair of brilliance.

He was very hungry due to the scattered pieces  
Of food that clung to the arteries, especially  
With archery, and the swollen flesh.

He shuffled with crystal and states of jewels,  
Freshly cut with a chiselled nature,  
Offering a long, white neck the approval.  
Curious eyebrows met in the middle ways.

Naveed Akram

# His Way

In His way you must strive, to undo the changes  
Of your life, that mingle with flames and abundance.  
I have an ear that constructs war and carnage,  
For my lesson is achieved and my pressure is less.  
To see an eye and another eye commends the thought  
Of a bigger age, of increases and demonstrations.  
I discover pugnacious attitudes in the souls,  
They fought for longevity, but where is display?  
I have to matter to the wholeness,  
I mattered and you did hurt over matters  
That may utter praises for the Lord.

Naveed Akram

## Historic Event

A scarcely historic event this was,  
A professional war this was,  
This was the famous incident  
Of love and drama and right.

I loved the right street  
And the loving images of the past,  
Flowers encircled the epitaphs,  
In this graveyard from God,  
Feeding a frenzy that inspired  
Me as I wrote this down with dust

In these lines of worth,  
The real mockery has yet to come,  
Home with the trifle and lunch,  
Home with the balls so fierce  
And exact in their compensation.

Naveed Akram

# History

History strives with history to embark on pleasant news,  
Events change the times, as if history is to lose.

Naveed Akram

# Hit

Throats are dead when throats are said enough then,  
Theirs is that ferocious one, and when?  
Too much farce is gaining much distrust now,  
This fight managed my own light, just bow!

Naveed Akram

# Hitmen

Hitmen are so good at the killing,  
Our swords are no use to us,  
Compared to the guns of hardship  
Expressed by the opposing party.

Juices lie in the secret stomach,  
A place in which we hide the murder,  
Where devils and demons lurk  
Forever, and ever.  
There is no gun or dagger to tire life  
In total!

Naveed Akram

# Hoisting

Hoist the rod to strike the bell on the ground,  
Red lightning issues forth to construct death.  
My love is not wrong for the enemy to love  
For now the presents and gifts outweigh us.  
This attack, beautiful and grand, is over,  
Always in action from the leaders of war  
Who love the enemy due to aggressive nature.  
Morale is heightened due to awareness of love,  
From this love there is steadiness and streams of thought.

Naveed Akram

# Hold Death

Hold the cold arm with letters  
Written on the hanging blood,  
I sang this line once in my time,  
Opening doors to the day of rest,  
A day this time for all eternity,  
Fire must expire as the rest is long.

Sleep entertains us all with slumber itself,  
Slumber rewards those with fighting needs,  
Sleep with death now the death has arrived,  
Strong and long are centuries of many men.

Hold the danger in death,  
Causing us to enter the fraternity  
Of souls.

Naveed Akram

# Hold Me In Light

Heaven holds my light my soul my life,  
Hinder me if Hell arouses the anger of my knife.

Naveed Akram

# Hold Onto The Words

I hold on to words that quickly fire at your mind,  
Your mind occupies the whole room like a sign,  
This sign was vast like the stars of the universe,  
Your signal represents us after another round.

I sickly follow the ailments of lepers and the like,  
Seeing is following the populace and all,  
Seeing does cave in, hearing must be grand  
Like the bells that chime in the safety of your soul.

I hold on to values of democracy and I am  
Then called a democrat through the words  
Spoken by this nation's song and deed,  
Beauty is the inhabitant of this beautiful place.

Naveed Akram

# Holding

Holding like a rod in thieves' blood,  
In step you heat those blood vessels  
I call him to they who walk the eastern times  
And reflect over virtual waters sold forever to God.

Against anguish my beneficent being is surprisingly harsher,  
For perhaps the worst ill-treatment of human accomplishment is in the pen of  
writers.  
They specially live a lie to entertain others, and so they help one another from  
wrong doing.

Lift the pen or pencil you are in,  
Traverse a logical thought pattern,  
Forever in my sleep I reside.  
I wrote the line of my sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Holiday

It was to be the holiday of a lifetime,  
No doubt about it.  
He parked the car when he arrived,  
No doubt about it, according to his map.  
To blend into the holiday was to spend too much  
Money, asking away and blending today.  
The shops were three miles and lies away,  
Lost over the years that were redeemed.  
This was a holiday of a mighty life,  
Many cars marched with tyres too grim,  
But it was a car to be driven away at heat.  
He said, "It's a terribly hard silence.  
The biggest working sadness  
On the globe."  
That's when Johnny soaked his mind in the sun,  
That faithful star for the holy ways.  
This meaningful day was a holiday,  
And he was to never strike a heart with it.

Naveed Akram

# Holy Men

Holy men have length in talk and fruitful conversation,  
Their character stings majesty, the heart is an actualization.

Naveed Akram

# Holy Pathway

Holy words are goodness from epitome,  
Holy men walk along the steel pathway;  
I have some of the religions in me  
But one of the regions are called golden.

Words are above worthless objections,  
They are opening the sides of a rectangle in half,  
Like the holiness of circles and squares  
That adjust in size and fold to resent us.

We are materialist in our outings of finery,  
Joust then me in matters concerning regions,  
Joust me in the concerned religions,  
So I partake in them without breathing lastly.

Naveed Akram

# Holy Sparks

In the name of a god one forgets a riddle,  
The sparks fly with fury and heat  
Inside the damaged centers of life.  
One king is conning another king,  
With central authority and force.  
One canes the other with flight at the air  
That rumbles and shakes like a monument.  
Let this be the holy emperors  
And the holy priests that state their  
Affiliations with respect.  
One commands a bastion of learning  
As the roaming clouds fetch us water.

One ball is caught in mid-flight,  
One physicist remarks on the power of light  
Inside the names that we hear,  
Internal remedies of the nature of all.

Naveed Akram

# Homage

Young soldiers and troops behave incredibly well,  
After the dinner my liege has brought to show-and-tell.

Naveed Akram

# Home Is

The home is a kiss from hope,  
Happy identical people live in poverty,  
They fill the heart with strange ironies,  
Lost with the money, lost with the thoughts.  
One night is a powerful daylight,  
For this day is so larger than the rest.  
The respect is fully eventful,  
Scrambling from the venue is full action.  
Love is the laughter of a race  
Won by the enigmatic light,  
A sister and brother is apt to see the abbey  
We keep with life and marriage.  
The passions do not exit our tastes,  
Sleep is the star repelling all others.  
Home is the kiss of some motherly right,  
One feels for the home to arrive.

Naveed Akram

# Home Of Bliss

The home of the kiss is in shallow water,  
One beach and one wand travels far,  
Like heavenly wasteland and eternal pace,  
Far away in the lonely planet, little has been lived.

One memorises the fate of dozing lovers,  
Opening their hats to the solemn dew of winter,  
One beach and their division has arrived,  
For loving creates nights so happier and rich.

The lost honey is abandoned once again,  
Honey and sweet ashes are strewn from the bridge,  
Little wastes itself after the spring, that devolves  
And spreads its wings for the future to sing.

Naveed Akram

# Homes

I am not blushing due to my home,  
In this structure I do live.  
This home is a scent and sense,  
A link to the outside.  
My blushing is of others, of rude strangers,  
Who keep my home's façade with dignity.  
Home has a heavenly scent, suspense is in the ceiling,  
The narrow corridors rely on spiders to clean the aura,  
As cobwebs are so wonderful.  
My faith is in the homes we build  
For the rich and the poor,  
The rich are in agony, and the poor savour  
The air of the rooms they live in.

Naveed Akram

# Honestly

Describe to me the honesty some show,  
They are some of us, sometimes we know.

Naveed Akram

# Honey

Honey has a frame of mind,  
It entices the young tongue,  
Keeping away mortuaries and anyone blind,  
Weeks and months are among.

Honey, honey always sings a tune  
In the mind and heart of a fine  
Imposed by the law and moon,  
Suns must be honey and mine.

Let honey run for the sun,  
This star objects to a season  
Of only honey, of rivers done,  
Once become a riddle and reason.

Naveed Akram

# Honey, Not Pain

Your disappearance wins trust,  
For the Lord puts your soul to rest;  
Your disappearance was a reality,  
All due to rationality and opening the sacred book.

Passions stay after the two gates are opened,  
One gate to Heaven and the other to Hell.  
Totally lovely, the one who wins his sun and pool  
Is also loveable, and he carries more greatness.

Hell owns his opponents, patience remains,  
Thoughts fall down in Paradise, keeping complaints;  
But passion in Heaven stays and confines the reposed,  
For honey is a suitable substitute for pain.

Naveed Akram

# Honour In Speech

Your honour is such that words condemn your speech,  
Your children will support your calls, they can teach.

Naveed Akram

# Hooligans And Thugs

One is hooked as a hooligan, differing the diet,  
Coveting the possessions of the other crowd.  
They have their innocence in righteous acts,  
One is hooked to the whole winning lines.

A family is a perfume for the defender,  
The circus of buttons objects to familiar topics,  
Leaving the family behind internally and  
Externally, with flowers offered by the policies.

A hooligan or thug is a manager of the rights,  
These flowers unite in peace and splendour.  
My computer is the circus, my joining inspires,  
So then the company is secure, in the middle.

Naveed Akram

# Hope For Him

O friend! Hope for Him whilst you live!

If your bonds are but an emptiness  
Understand the prose of your Maker;  
If you break the bonds of slavery  
This day shall be mankind's slaughter;  
For in life we know this loves me  
As I am a friend who bellows forth  
Echoes in the valley of your desire.

It is but an empty dream, that the soul shall  
Have union with Him  
Because it has passed from the body.

Naveed Akram

# Horizons

Destinations over the horizon are keeping us away,  
Yet agony angered best the lone warrior who lay.  
Detect him, and see him, engaged in conversation,  
With a lady who keeps witchery even then: no action!  
Deserve him, and herself who lived far away, just away,  
Near those accidents having an existence anyway.  
Too many friendships are cast down, rejected all the time,  
For the horizon has expense, has mirror and climb.

Naveed Akram

# Horrible Snap

A grunt had replied the accusation,  
It span around a flash overridden with torture  
That stagnated the soul and leapt into scenes  
Of disgrace, annoyance and displeasure.  
A horrible snap flashed past the imbecile  
Who smashed somebody's skull,  
Disgusting us with almighty sin.  
Raising sins submerged us in delight  
As grunts closed the hole of highest doubt.

Naveed Akram

# Horses Galloping

The horses broke into a gallop, swearing,  
Shuffling like cards in a puzzle, swearing loudly;  
Being like-minded fellows, a word was drawn  
In dwarf's rungs, feeding the frenzy of youth,  
Licking the wounds so founded by those richer.

Blushing with embarrassment, a foal embraced  
The religion of Christianity, with meat and ears  
Of a good heathen, a good old wizard of old ears;  
Magic entered the network of double standards,  
Fences erected themselves by their contaminants.

A man was found swearing at the animals,  
Undressing by the seconds and hours.  
They started up again, the animals could be heard,  
Neighing and watching their bees founded by lost arts.

Naveed Akram

# Horses Of Light

The horses of light are the beds of humanity,  
They shine and record the ideas of men who bleed,  
Like the hissing of snakes and the prancing of ponies.  
Widows have been collapsed by the trains  
Rushing past to ambush directly the brothers.  
The horses win shunning tonsils,  
Winners of the cohorts of men who ride  
Like bones and swamps of them.

The caverns of light are full of nails,  
Dead souls travel inside the caverns of death;  
The light of the horses is polite returning to the end,  
It entices the asking people to proudly natter,  
The light of the horses spills and rises forwardly.

Naveed Akram

# Hospitable

How generous the body when afflicted with generosity!  
This generous stretch is of the carpet, of the mat  
And the slave of the heart is the man with hospitality.  
Mathematics complained over the food entertained,  
Endowed with certain moral qualities, a carton of strength.  
Then condiments contained the stomach  
And next the heart busied in the relics of gifts,  
The fulfilled ones afterwards remarked on the gifted ones,  
Or rather those who received them.  
Slaves of the palace of heaven are made!  
He is indeed hospitable for his acts and deeds.

Naveed Akram

# Hospital Discharge

Stay where you are! For you are fearful of me,  
As sudden nature foresees mankind as sight.  
My godly work will never be complete,  
Heaven has a place for me, and nobody else.  
Let avid listeners stay and please the audience,  
Once the reasons are told we are free.  
The place of certain diseases created a hospital,  
Letting medicine conquer, and long poems create.  
Where are the doctors so bold and motherly?  
Open the doors to society, and love nobody.

Naveed Akram

# Hospitals

The hospitals celebrate their works  
On the sucking of the blood for the summary.  
The sentences they devise are affairs  
Of words told from a distance,  
Showing a stage of superficial colours.

The house they approach resides in itself,  
See the men of worth and their endeavours;  
Rattling is a sin with solids and liquids,  
For the force within carries the certainty,  
Like a certain course of action or one act.

Naveed Akram

# Hot Pan

The pan is hotter than heat,  
Filling the eyes with musical hurt;  
Pain is of a difference in this day,  
In this day is a subtraction.  
One felt before a sense of calm,  
So go and find me in this stupor,  
Scorched by the pan of troubles,  
Slipping from the palm,  
Like I begged for mercy in this year.

Far off lands are a fine disgrace,  
Pans are hotter in the land far away,  
But then the dish of life is cooked  
As it turns its face to one man at last.  
This pain has ailments, full of us,  
The poor are worse off with their suffering  
Flinching in the sun, shaking their heads.

Naveed Akram

# Hot Rain

boiling water sprays verily,  
rocking the hand with heat.

taken earlier is the body  
next the face, then the fingertips.

diamonds sparkle, she may be  
me mourning, frightened.

the road kicks and crackles;  
whirlpools end the time with death.

Naveed Akram

# Hot Toys

I see you with toys of heat,  
Playing, jumping, running with three  
Times the heat of the rider.  
One comes at little to be opulent,  
Playing with memories,  
Crashing into lips of turning images.  
Pausing and sustaining a little light  
We dived and you dived too much  
Dinner.

I am not going to be green,  
Redness is in the blood  
Of wine and arteries having art.  
Funny certainty lies at the sounds  
Of heaven, springs burst out  
With replenishing fervour.

One must act now, with jumping mania  
That came five times a day,  
Brown bears enter the system of man  
Who is a human being,  
Many times the importance of animals.

Naveed Akram

# House And Palace

Enter the domain of the kings and haunted houses,  
For the ghosts are awake in my house of a palace.

Naveed Akram

# House Of Space

My space is occupied by the brilliant,  
Heaven holds a place for the rich.  
May we surrender, the peace is ours  
As we speak, so much in contrast is this bliss.  
Then speak, wondering why we are present  
In the masses, looking like protesters  
Of the very kind that injure themselves.  
The sling is attached to the arm,  
Yet peace believes the right wonders  
And the sling shall come off  
When this tragedy is absent.  
My space is brilliant, as I have said,  
And this person I am resides in a family  
With a house.

Naveed Akram

# House Or My House

An earning housed me with cleverness,  
This reason was inside me to clasp  
New roots streaming in like brooks of wine.  
This house, my mansion, created me  
As my pet was against my liking inwardly.  
Saying words of clever bones, licking the bones,  
Was far sweaty and far wetter than ice.  
My mansion, my house, was desired  
In this world of words and figures.  
A range of values inhibited me from cooking  
The best food in the best way.  
Once they revealed the secrets of mansions  
We could convince the judges to prescribe.

Naveed Akram

# How Fast Is The Enemy?

But bites of gorgeous work  
Are stupendous as flight and duty.  
How can service be kept for the brave?  
Armies relax to fight one more day,  
Fast relief arrives once more.  
I am a beleaguered warlord of height,  
How fast does my enemy travel  
To pick me up, to show me its strength?  
Sentences concern me in this war  
Of attrition, the war of oblivion.

Naveed Akram

# Howls

Howling is an act of religion,  
Beneath it is the urge to cry and be in a fog,  
When flowers burst with fruit  
And actions desire each other  
To make a few mountains and mounts.  
The future rings doorbells,  
Feeling inside the prison cells  
Like balloons rising,  
Being blown across the waters  
Of the Atlantic Ocean,  
When suddenly or at once a land  
Beams on us from nowhere.  
It is the real authority to nevertheless  
Be certain about.

Naveed Akram

# Huge Clocks

A huge gun fires its load of lead  
Internationally, yet on this nation  
It has pitfalls to burn and rub.  
One clock is a place for change,  
The huge gun manages its stare,  
The time slims down with forces.

I want to find a mathematical treatise  
Binding the truth with spacious items,  
It needs a place called seawater or such.  
The ocean can be on fire with itself,  
Boiling fluids smother us within,  
Liking the huge pistols and rifles of late.

A huger big man has importance of steering,  
He has walls of the huge diet,  
He combines me with himself.  
I like to feed the ocean with the ocean,  
Has it got walls to be bored with?  
Has it been an ocean or a sea?

Naveed Akram

# Huge Heart

My heart and soul seeks for splendor,  
The beautiful ones try their poetry and words  
For riches to come in the Hereafter.  
I see unity as a bridge, a sign will tell,  
The beloved sleeps and awakes once,  
When the huger tasks are complete.  
This perfectly undoes the ruin of illness,  
Pure liquids are ingested to refrain from  
The hissing of the Serpent, which whispers  
Into the ear and wants your eyes to deceive  
The parent and the boy, the son and daughter,  
The family of the Heaven.

My heart has taken this soul as a medicine,  
A remedy or vial that rests your dust  
And happiness.  
My companion in Heaven spells her name,  
Understanding the thoughts in the experience,  
One has been looking at other gazers,  
One feels like a man or a woman.

My joys are numberless in the Garden,  
With maidens that cause delight,  
And milk has been with honey,  
And rivers blow with the heavenly breezes  
Liking the sweeping of animals  
And happiness of flowers.

Naveed Akram

# Hulking Wedges

Hulking wedges create mischief among others,  
Peevish thoughts are taken from them  
As they collide within the bodies and corpses,  
Radiating within the customs of zealots.  
Negotiated battles regard us with victory,  
Commandants praise the strategies of your  
Highness, higher than the ideals of nature.  
Predicted from eatables, they spoke a terrorism,  
Once the sudden nature of their requests came.  
Snappy, like tartlets, entangled by neglect,  
The worst monsters arrive on the scene  
To battle and eat the apples off the shore.  
The ether wisely manifests, and the extent  
Of this worrying essence is proclaimed.  
Nests of neurosurgical waste are given wedges  
Driven into the souls of cadavers.

Naveed Akram

# Human Calibre

The calibre of a human exceeds all acts,  
They subjugate me after the knowledge,  
Their ambulances surpass us in wisdom,  
We create the learning to excesses.

Let the mountain of pride be our subject,  
Open the food-doors and the drinking hours  
Maybe the wisdom of indoor activity  
Shall express an inner desire?

Naveed Akram

# Humane And Happy, And War

We follow the golden rule when it comes to governing,  
A state is led by civilized sisters and brothers of good origin.  
To urge a fight escapes all honesty, the crusade is close,  
So do not escape the war, nor repeat after me the fight.

The greatest happiness is peoples, a population  
Of the world in the biggest number of followers of  
Various faiths and doctrines, the exact pilgrims of old.  
We are shopping, in the fall of civilisation.

Naveed Akram

# Humans Can Help

Humans are not us,  
Our moods do not suit,  
Birth is desirable,  
Death is absolute.

Humanity can keep us and we keep,  
Lots of them are unhappy but we are,  
As much as solitude, and all we care  
Is the happiness to use our life.

Human help is against the rule of ours,  
Good deeds must permeate our souls,  
But happiness is utilised, again I go.  
Humanity did not suit us when we cared.

Humans will speak more today,  
The next day is like each for us  
For we design the joke of eternity like humans  
But no.

Naveed Akram

# Humour In Life

Humour in life is loving to you when the smile has arrived,  
Dancing and listening to dancing is a star-like quality;  
You are like a star that shines in the heavens, in bliss,  
Love is watching you as friendship looms and touches you.  
The life of a man is singly propelling, compelling, concerning,  
Due to the old age of a brain that houses the intelligent being.  
In these words are the religion of our forefathers, where a  
Caravan of men illiterately worship and reiterate the words.  
You only become a superhuman if drives are complete,  
Honesty shall point the finger towards a reasoning being.  
He shakes hands with you in peril over his life and death,  
So that finding is an art of the intelligent and bursting is in us.  
Humour spreads like a madman, selfishly impatient, foolish  
And tired, conscious of the selfishness and obliterating.

Naveed Akram

# Hunching

I hunched over the book of thoughts,  
Contemplating the photograph,  
Promising the exact inches of my thoughts,  
Pumping the knees ever vigorously,  
Strained by the conversation,  
Then letting dozens of ants go by.

I read the mystery of a day that conspired,  
In elegant italics it was written of menace,  
Straightening the records,  
Keeping comfort on the retreat,  
Imagining myself with so many eyes and ears  
That faltered and dismayed the senses.

Rebellious moments condemn us further,  
Chickens have yoghurt to love,  
The idea of milk has passed,  
With fruit of the stalks to be contained,  
And then the marches are on,  
By the soldiers of relish and muddy waters.

Naveed Akram

# Hundred

Hundreds of joking hatred gathered together for everlasting stay,  
Two hundred were solidly in love with themselves,  
Three thousand voices were heard.  
A crowd must be heated in straight affairs  
Of their laughter, and joking is unheard of.  
A joy destroyed us, destiny will give us a new look.

Naveed Akram

# Hundred Marchers

In a minute the hundred men march and stray,  
Then they become suddenly scared,  
Annoyed at the gathering before them,  
Open them then, open their fellowship.  
Do not stare in space and apologize,  
Do not kill just now, but be a cooking  
Man, with sudden surprises of oil.  
Against the forces the hundred stare,  
Scared and bloodied, like blood of the river  
As far as the eye can see and watch.  
In one hour the business ends  
With a truce, as war ends this way.

Naveed Akram

# Hunted One

You are supposed to hunt the right fellow,  
As of now mister!  
You can live morals suited to the kingly few,  
And the pious ones, master!  
Your habits are cleaner than several,  
Bad are those that are dirty, but you are not my master  
If you are dirty!  
Righteous work cleans the soul, the friendship,  
And the unions that hurt in special ways.

Naveed Akram

# Hunting

Hunting a person after the rain  
Carries a joy to the skull.  
Hurting is surprising like the snow,  
A man in action enjoys his heart.  
May this farm be excellent for breeding,  
May some want more than this hunt.  
The whole heaven awaits us,  
The most pleasant news remains.  
Mighty jewels construct a joke  
For the kings of hunting, the royalty.

Naveed Akram

# Hunting For Jaguars

The old charts are in the world,  
Laughter gropes and gapes at the moist  
Ones, who see five kilometers,  
In the fog and mist when they die.  
In a few days, promises felt like ordinariness,  
To poke at the replies of the innocent  
Is like rain and fortune,  
Of the moonless nights.

I hunt for jaguars and they burn me,  
Then geography stays at the building  
To be obscure in readings of writings,  
My laid ones are the words.

I had no wish to keep saying,  
The verses from fortunate people  
Kept on ringing towards the end.  
Cunning failures terribly swore at the mirror  
In the deserts of the higher folk.

My analytic mind saw pieces hide  
The whole puzzle of deceit,  
A strange strategy developed  
Opening the way to the tunnels  
Of joy.

Naveed Akram

# Hurling Rocks

The checked rock hurtled to the floor of caves,  
Thick darkly smoke puffed in adders of hate,  
Such a gift for prime machines and talents  
Of numerous dates; those people stare utterly.

To be a quack we listen and glisten as trusted  
Companions of the deserted spring,  
Trustworthy subjects so loyal to the king;  
We listen and glisten all over, finishing the strings.

This martyr of emblems is an enigmatic father,  
Yesterday the folly was murder, then suicide  
The very next day, to wrap his anointed cloth  
Around the mouth so lovely and careful.

Naveed Akram

# Hurtling Souls

As they hurtled past ice walls  
They conspired and considered;  
Who gains the considerer's thought?  
The ice walls spoke a wheel of thought,  
Infinitely long and full of old days  
Inhibiting them and hindering them.  
Their afterglow was from a chase,  
Excited, rushed, losing, and defiant.  
They hurt the half of their souls,  
Gathering souls with boasts of joy,  
Curiously, arrogantly and loyally.

It was companionship and memory  
Climbing into the hearts of geared men,  
Launching into the abyss of sudden hurt,  
From thin walls, ice walls inside a reading.  
The warmth of dry cake was a ready  
Accompaniment after the real, real chase.

Naveed Akram

# Hysteria

I love walking on the railing,  
This greyness fetches my brain sailing.  
The illness of a man is in the head,  
Hearing and sight can be bled.

I understand the abhorrent issues of our times,  
My fear is met with anger and primes;  
Miming is a source of pleasure, leisure,  
So acting collides with force and departure.

I love walking for the better health,  
Details destroy a toxic commonwealth  
Of ideas and common ideas,  
They form people's hysterias.

Naveed Akram

# Hysterical

The hysteria that joins us to the present day  
Is like the award of a hard day's work.  
My solution to the problem is the same  
As all good knowledge, all sacred talk.  
A fully able man is given a machine  
To entice a ball into rolling and bursting.  
My balloon is a similar object, but not rich  
Like the rest of us, like old wealth.  
One joins a madness to such goals  
But inside there is a gun and a dagger.

Naveed Akram

# I Ache

Lots of them are sadder and madder,  
Too much can bestow a supreme achiever.

Addressed by supremity and lost by madness,  
The reality accuses the loser and the achiness.

Naveed Akram

# I Act According To Light

I have drunk from the cup of young light,  
Inner peace reaches my heart like the ones  
With life and existence, love and distinction.  
I saw a godly emblem and was told what to say  
To my loving heart, the one heart that begot a right.

I see acts of the high messengers, I love their  
Work like a man who hears of sublime actions.  
I have slept during the night when the message is nigh,  
Working with my prayers, willing my senses to wake,  
With offerings of peace, glad tidings indeed.

My cup is exhausted like a golden habit or habitat,  
It describes my soul, nearer than the words of a poet.  
My soul is not naughty like the open enemy,  
It destroys the followers of the most satanic one,  
And love enters the heart so fondly and rightly.

Naveed Akram

# I Admire The Sight

I admire the hated beings of our sight,  
The sailors met the beginnings of our sight.

The sea of hate is a grass of the greatness,  
It glides and soars on the belongings of our sight.

One calms as the horizon appears from the ship,  
This vehicle of heaven has borrowings of our sight.

Milk is overflowing like standing satanic people,  
Cars and chariots are briefings of our sight.

The bricks of mould and mildewy rocks  
Bind a story to the century of buildings in our sight.

They are my soul in the night of this contact,  
A frightened one abhors me as he brings in my sight.

Naveed Akram

# I Alone

I that am I alone,  
Crafty and unique;  
Skilful, excellent.

I that am fire  
Without the form of angels, a hundred things in one,  
And always fraudulent.

I that am I alone,  
A liar when I thieved the Daltons,  
A reaction when I found a niche  
A blue-eyed man with strong lashes  
A man of evil strength for the clashes with the enemy  
Who sentences to death for the conviction

What stupidity lies in foolish weather  
That the soul has wept from the peeping?  
My lone heart pulsates beneath the storms  
And the mountains split from my crimes.

My thefts spell danger for the whole community,  
My laughter says much magic,  
With bonds of poison,  
Without a single weapon.

Naveed Akram

# I Am

A rock I delivered and commanded a running stream;  
A flower I sustained and became a human;  
My rules are the same as a primary being.  
Where are my religious attributes? What are the losses?

Naveed Akram

# I Am A Peasant

I was a peasant like the world of old nature,  
Wood and bone made me a beggar for life.  
The real value of a village produced animal  
Feelings in my head and soul, the very drink of blood.

I was a peasant from a neighbouring village  
That constructed the time of bouts and bites,  
The begging became as useful as pride,  
Asking me to be kinder to the world of new nature.

Carefully I resented pleasant news but good names  
Were my fellows, their owners were strange, they were all  
Old in the world, old on the planet I adore so well.

Naveed Akram

# I Am A Pilgrim

I am a pilgrim searching for a ride,  
To journeys that master the achievement.  
I learn of deeds dangerous and dry,  
Wet like the rain, easy like the spring.  
The pilgrimage is a blessed act beautiful,  
A warm covering, a daunting charity.  
The roof reveres the floor, when danger dusts  
The ground of earth, and shelter is home.  
One is pilgrimage, one is life, of odds and ends,  
Dissolved in life so vivid and in size and volume.  
The real journey ends tired, foolishly the time  
Creates another sign, too rigid with rust,  
Like the iron of dangerous metallic offspring.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Alone

I am alone in the association of humans,  
I am the only one with the soul to be distressed.  
Heavy illness mingles with the waters,  
The sea-life and the home-life shall never differ.  
They say the bridge to eternal places  
Knot their ways to the universe.  
Horror and more horror is managed  
By the sick and gory, the sicker enemy.  
The human's body wrecks itself when sick  
As the disease is spreading faster than before.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Brave In Heaven

At the beginning my stones reflected  
The town in the middle of heaven;  
Half an acre was blessed by bravery,  
One other half reflected the pillars of duty.  
The natural imagination stemmed from countries,  
A convulsive heart gained much to reduce.  
The grass greenly admired the sky of heaven,  
The sea of a world it contained.  
The rivers of milk and honey seemed splendid,  
As the initial speciality reduced  
To form crystals unshakeable,  
Towards the horizon so dazzling and boastful.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Dead

I am death, and the right hand spells well this left hand;  
I sadden the soul of mine, innocence does correct it  
When the hands will replicate the blood of ages  
And the green and blue grass shall witness a shower from up above.

I am life, the harbinger of life and all of forgotten life;  
Like a tree that blossoms for its head and legs to carry more energy.  
And then all of the wonder has been remembered  
losing a request from soldiers of the tree,  
do think this polite, please.  
I live with guesses and estimates giving us joy  
As much as the death of people  
As much as the living spectrum of vision  
As much as dead men and women who learn from each other.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Dreaming

I am dreaming of a cure,  
Middle way, in the very middle.  
My ailment is recognised by some,  
Before abolition of the laws.

My path ends with excellence,  
Its jaws encapsulate the skull,  
And learned men earn flaws  
From their device and searching.

The doctors are the masters,  
Overflowing love conquers the  
Gesture of a thousand years,  
That many spill into stomachs of glue.

I am defeated by you, my sins are small,  
Yet letters abide in the heavens,  
Calling my illness a disease of righteous  
Men who love the lives of others.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Feathered

I thought one day the feathers of mine had collapsed,  
The innocent wings which fly for me, the innocent wings.  
These flap due to surges in the wind, and to the tail  
Worth my action, worthy of fruit and sugar.  
The thinkers all night think to pick the sweets up,  
Their thoughts answer the questions set in heaven.  
The righteous work continues with the wings,  
Flies and birds wander to and fro like waves of the sea.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Filled With Emotions

I am filled of emotions taking more thoughts,  
The crowd hears them, cool and calming;  
My anger besets, my oration is here,  
The words that seem to be loved are heard.  
My thoughts are now words that are loved,  
Love is a very wise thing, I look at some of the emotions  
With a precise understanding, filling the mind.  
Hear love enfold you, with faster actions  
Create stations of thought and save the time.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Fixed

I am in your company,  
Any longer will be the end of me.  
I came up to say something,  
To dispute about a deed and its relaxation.  
I opened my eyes to you with sincerity  
And spoke another phrase for you to learn.  
The arguments took place in this position,  
Your actions were definitely being tested.  
I have accosted you to fight you,  
And the words of the pen you used  
Are fixed forming wonderful meaning  
In the very air.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Fluttering With Rage

I am bursting when I am disappearing,  
Powerful is the pulse of my hand and arm,  
Pulling me in the chosen direction,  
The lane of my troubles, the road of my ache,  
That is boredom of the weak and dreary.  
I am forceful as I speak, also very powerful,  
For the crests of this avenue of endeavour  
Protrude as my witnesses can testify.  
Guilt and fluttering rage are relaxing my  
War-like mind, tense is the guilty mind.  
We glide as the mind does, swelling bones  
Are the shooting success, an exploding rule.

The burden is stronger than the mind,  
I am weak and you must surrender, frozen  
By the icy manner of the weather.  
It is anger that drives the mad madder,  
Worse hearts abhor the weather as a tool  
For sin, the tools of the telling, the tools  
So fixed by rage and felony.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Food

I am right about your food,  
So wrong about the moods of sure  
Circumstances.

I see the return of the queens  
And the princesses,  
Giving their forgiveness.

I write a tall story about love,  
And receive from a letter  
The system of clumsiness.

In a sense, passing the test of life  
Made me think about the thinkers,  
Living me inside.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Form

I ride wrongly and accuse the believer,  
He has sacked me and called me godly,  
For my twitches are sacred and the art  
Of the soul is finished in the forms of death.  
My medical men are fixing me in the end,  
Living like the dogs of the soldiery, offering me  
Life more than is possible, more than the life.  
Death shall proclaim itself, before the fixers keep  
Me father, before the illegality of the moment has  
Arrived on the conditions of youth and sacred arts.  
My riding is positively thought over, in the essences  
And the existence of the soul that drives an elder  
To the city of God, the city where one doubts the  
The thief's property, a proper look at fires.

Naveed Akram

# I Am God

Fetch him a wind and weather, god. Find somewhere in the world some jolliness, to work for a book that shows him, the man, a way. A way is produced for the extermination of tough trouble. What does he or she desire, or have lusts for? We shall hasten to add: angelic might does not! Theft and murder just doesn't like! We are seeing the Hell, and it is Hot. We are seeing the Heaven, and it is of the lovely, lovely kind. You, man, is going to it. Woman must go to it. Live forever.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Golden

I shall be golden in admiration for the boastful,  
I shall chop the competitors in town once they speak  
And sprint to their likenesses, little has been clapped.

The bow of the coughing men and women  
Is a brake to the overall history of moments.  
I want to choke with blind borrowing.

This bounce in the boring air blots out boxes,  
For the causes of the war are uncertain,  
Little answers stay in the report that ensues.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Graced

I am graced and I greet you with open arms,  
Hands are stretched out to keep your heart.  
My heart has good wishes for you,  
I want to complain, I need some time to explain.  
The neighbour is to be loved,  
That neighbour is you and my heart.  
I want to marry the dream of my choice,  
That next-door person is you, my choice.  
I read the complaint I make, and I have warmth,  
For warm feelings deliver a peace.  
You are to be loved like the one next-door,  
The neighbour of decisions, no lies.

Naveed Akram

# I Am In Wealth

I am so many years in wealth,  
I was placed in the white dress of youth,  
My station of importance was a shawl of health,  
The sailing shoulders represented real riches.

Wide open eyes were the cornerstone of faith,  
I was gone to church every Sunday, for life;  
As after-life was a thick golden hair I wore,  
To fit the ends of the earth, the very cool sun.

Teasing me was no dream for some,  
The family of enlightened ones saw my tomorrows,  
Yet the yesterdays were annulled by the wicked,  
For fairness was a scum to those with real sin.

My wealth was my power and privilege,  
But burden sent me the message of youth  
In my old age, in my encumbered self,  
Letting the wicked be stained by speech of theirs.

Naveed Akram

# I Am In Your House

I am in your house that belongs to the head and heart,  
I am in your finishing phase of life that is retiring from the heart.  
But this I concoct, a concept from the head, of innocence  
And dread, but the same information connects to the other side.

I am inventing a foreign man, counselling and cancelling is his might,  
But bustling bushes strike the heat, as we lay him to rest  
In the midst of elegies, parcels strike the heart, striking is painful;  
And so the thieves acquire the vegetables and meat to sell a wight.

The wight invades us with bristles and thistles along the thorns and spines,  
Spinning towards the fallacious belly of cooked motion, very thin movement.  
A cooked human awaits the foreigner who belongs to his house,  
I am man enough to admit pencils and pens of luxury to write the moment.

So chuckling is compiled, a call in the air is heard by children, so as to find  
The man who did movement and lace, disfigurement and disgrace;  
So the man is a suspect of inner strength, but outer infirmity,  
A man who reveals a false speech, one that patriotically sings disaster.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Like A Bridge

I may not suspend like a bridge  
Of southern aspects, slivers of gold  
Await me as they anoint me from the inner  
Virtues that I beheld so vehemently.  
I know, I know the wisdom contained in jars  
To be special material made by Martians,  
Motley crew of simpletons.

I am like a bridge in the space called  
A Universe that pleads for sin to be absent.  
I may not surpass the ones who shoot into  
The heavens,  
But the rockets of salt and water are upon us  
And you,  
To see them we are days and nights in ruin.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Lost At Sea

I am lost at sea, swimming,  
Miracles come to the heart  
That is sinking far too quick.  
I am a man of the water,  
Feeding the fish with fish,  
Licking the seawater with expertise.

At the micro-level a wonder dances,  
To glide into it feeds a frenzy.  
I am in the air of the air,  
Fed by the wind that hurts,  
This windy day and night stares  
Back at you through life-skills.

I am lost towards the end of the play,  
A sage and a stage is set up,  
Fixing the legs of the piano,  
As the ice swings towards the north pole,  
Factually winning like the sun  
And the moon and the stars.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Magic

I am magic, I am a singer of great grade,  
One borrows from time the immense music  
That is played all-through and connects it  
With the life of eternal happiness.  
This is the peace of the universe, it sings  
And it blasts sound and light, making me live.  
The sounds that ache collect,  
Pains of the limbs collect,  
Pain is everywhere, it is pinpointed,  
So that we gain knowledge of God.  
Hopefully my magical being shall be sung as well.

Naveed Akram

# I Am My Hand

I am my hands that uplift  
Their twenty fingers so hard and fast,  
Those I am that function  
Due to my wits,  
Eyes have the region of doubt.

Then ear after ear hears the call  
Of my human beings inside  
One another,  
These faults are never always present,  
Yet those letters I wrote have them.

I am my hands of the relished sort,  
Their boiling and melting  
Accomplish a real religion,  
So reformative that seals  
Of the oblivion are concurrent.

Let those with fright be burden,  
Be a burden to those in doubt,  
Be then this burden that branches  
Of faith connive,  
Conspire in their hearts.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Pouring Laws

I am not a poet who rules out laws  
Mysteriously lurking in the dark;  
To make this male being swerve  
In speech while serving is like no pararrhyme.  
One feeds the frenzied youth  
With pouring vessels spaced out,  
Little pauses are so spread out;  
My young heart transports the air  
And defends you and me with severances.

Falling deeper into the earth,  
A world must apologise,  
The trust of the century eludes us,  
Male heroes await for complete  
Favours too knightly and truthful.

I am not an apologetic poet  
Who stems from the hay,  
Or the wrong leaders  
Who feature their knowing facts  
Behind us and in front of us.  
Reaching is for them knowledge,  
Centres of mysteries seem  
Righteous in action.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Rich

Good God, my fortune has been foretold,  
It is a disappointing fact and religious dreams are dead.  
Distinguished people will lack practice when given wealth,  
But I am enough to say, I a rich man is today in health.  
Money is the objective, and your purpose is mine,  
The same has burnt in the mandibles of men  
Who shiver and release a hand for those in service,  
Who is the service, and who is the blame?  
My money, my money! I ask for nothing other than it.  
Good God, my design is like yours, I love itself and no scene shall end it,  
Only crying has been laughter, and living been gaze,  
When the richer habits are kept, too much collection,  
And to tightly hold the gold has been a collection.  
O God I am rich!

Naveed Akram

# I Am Sick Of Sight

I am sick of foes in the dust at my feet,  
My weeping is due to them at my feet;  
Let my heart weep also, and my eyes  
Are leaping the shadows with despair.  
The day is wearing a frown upon us,  
Weeping with me like a bulging star.  
The days pass into solitude one time,  
The tears are of woes of the night.

I have sickness in my heart dearly spent,  
The foes and friends seek justice for them.  
I cannot bargain, fuss and see, for their  
Wrongs are a calibre of height that sighs.  
The night must be trained to fight and create  
Light soon enough for my agitation.  
The eyes and ears are agitated by night,  
And in the day we listen to the strife.

Naveed Akram

# I Am So Clean

Harshly I am dealt by the heraldry  
Of my family  
For the roads inherit the selfish

Hard is the orange of the sun  
As it glows forming juice  
In our living organs, lately

Hollow hearts engage in worship  
As far as life's end  
In the way of skies and lands so fair

My nice oddities remind us of duty  
Springing from the earth, for I am clean

Naveed Akram

# I Am So Small

I am small as can be, swift as a dagger,  
Like birds my weight is carried, a sorted  
Affair, of percussion instruments, and lore.  
The study of the people of the drums  
Keeps a life with the people of the horses.

My design is your authority as it blesses you  
More than me, like herds a shine has been built.  
I am swift-footed, installing the visitations;  
My bursting heart is as small as can be,  
Many a tablet has it written a true message.

Ever since the masters of rules interrogated us,  
We were being hurt by the rules of the laws.  
I took the swift adder, killing its length from paws  
Shedding skin, skirting along with authors of brine,  
The same writers were alive, the living were the living.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Stone And He Is Dust

I see someone built like stone,  
Cities of stone have amassed into globes,  
Globes have returned to the dear dust.  
An esoteric knowledge is read by a sage  
To enlighten the attractive forces of homes  
And children, those wonders of the earth.

I am fair and interesting to stalwart men,  
So behind them is a saying of old snakes,  
Behind their backs is a sale that beleaguers,  
One is bought by the traders of such strength.

I am adept to the world of virile wonder,  
Robust and angry are the rotund men,  
Robbing the artfully majestic men,  
And being cosy in palaces.

Naveed Akram

# I Am The Doctor

Go in a road rehearsing,  
Love another soul  
So deeply, so wildly  
As to specialize with care  
The eternal suffering  
As real doctors.  
The nurse is great  
And my moon religion  
Or my sun philosophy  
Is greater. The sun is to be thought wild,  
And my moon is certainly good  
For the thought of luck.  
He is feeling lucky  
And my jobs are numerous  
But he must live  
With care I add.  
To specialize into life  
Is spending money onto money  
Forming feelings with other patients  
As well.  
I am the doctor,  
You are the patient.

Naveed Akram

# I Am The Parent Of Poetry

Noon knows your mood,  
Shall I replay the movie?  
Nothing blames the friend  
Who connives behind the back.  
Nobody looks at you,  
Nothing can demonstrate the love  
Of a parent for his or her child  
Who is bedevilled, shaken,  
Licked, and dined, so that  
Duty is a contaminant.

Not one idea leaves the page,  
It punches for a moment,  
It shakes me towards a gesture  
So blessed and divine.  
This is the poetry of a traveller,  
My soul lies within the walls of these  
Lines.

I know my mood better than rainbows,  
It sells a large swath of heaven  
To my soul that lingers in danger of dying.  
I leave this art of green landscapes,  
I leave the feet of the poem so near.

Naveed Akram

# I Am True

Exactly, I am true, as the wise man said,  
Returning to the bedroom when I was sleepy.  
So true I was that I had lived a thousand facts,  
Turning them over in my reality, like the Sun burns everyday.  
The truth of my life is in my bedroom,  
Why do cold people seek energy in the night?  
Because only the Sun has made you walk in the light,  
And gain energy for the upkeep of your family.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Very Pleased

I am pleased to say  
This argument lets forever,  
Letters are displayed too far,  
And far is the message of  
The legs and mind,  
A solution passed.

To talk academic here  
Is to find new message.  
This argument is an idea  
Of the nights and days  
Forcing limbs to renew  
And be amazed.

Some of the women shouted  
In the chapels that swore their  
Oaths, and the real message  
Happened to them in the far  
Resort called the Hereafter.

Once this world restored old health,  
A new healing process was marked.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Very Tearful

Oh, I am very tearful,  
Although the heart cries and dines  
On her like the bell, and tongs  
Become sick of heat on the hearth.

My fits are compelling,  
My living is easier when I die  
And her success is stronger  
Than mine.

Oh, I am very longing  
For the hurt spectacles  
That come from heavy breath  
So that sight begets them.

The belongings of people  
Are loving to their masters,  
Strong treachery has taken effect  
When the heart laments and stays.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Wearied

Return to me like a ghost, a wearied creature like a man  
Who was so appalled by youth that he died and became as I can.  
Return to me as if you know me from somewhere else,  
The place is no secret from where you came, someone else.  
Return now, return and frighten me as a good ghost  
Frying bacon, working magic on a basis easternmost.  
I seek refuge from you, for the returning is so secret,  
I can not find a more evil man than you, a man to interpret.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Wine

I am wine for you to drink and extract pleasure, just slowly,  
So that alcohol is consumed to deter, just slowly.

When the substance floats away and crumbles beneath the skin of the Earth,  
A plant has been contained in our hands, the hand is the detector, just slowly.

Living is loved for its juices, the very amount is not worth knowing,  
Like the speed of the Earth's orbit, the detester, just slowly.

May life begin again for the best outcome and this love,  
The world is cooked with it, and living is a detailer, just slowly.

Loneliness is the solution to the problems of Love,  
May the alcohol burn to exist in a flood, Love is a member, just slowly.

May life enchant the believer and the careless water,  
May Loving Men and Women see my wine, and me as mediator, just slowly.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Wise

When I was ten I knew about God,  
With the news I lifted from the fold;  
A page concerned me, a page of bliss,  
This proved the innocence of a man of dreams.

I took my father's place, wrong deeds  
Escalated with art, enemies of the state,  
The art of a thousand deceivers,  
And the art of an ardour that bore haste.

My mother's pride was in my artists,  
Left behind on a desert road,  
The main tile was placed on the duty  
Of a thousand honest men.

I knew about God, the way of knowing,  
And the way of the fists in acts of despair.  
I wisely interpreted the scriptures of men,  
And then applied my thoughts to the enemies.

Naveed Akram

# I Am With Earthquakes

I am alone in this life  
Quaking with earthquakes,  
My purpose lubricates existence,  
So many die whether frozen or heated.

I live according to the times,  
My life dies with me, crawling bodily,  
Defending the wrath of others,  
While justice dons its cast-iron shield.

I force others to joke on clouds,  
Find their rivers acting like causes,  
My cloud is my offering, and the meat  
Consumes us while we consume it.

I have been living in secrecy due  
To the life of mighty swords,  
Offering someone the fight of rights,  
Opening their wounds with haste.

My life boldly undoes its soul,  
My soul shall wear the tears of knives  
Driving through flesh of hot trades,  
This knife slices more than the pen.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Wondering

I am wondering

I am thinking about age and the might of death

As the gates of heaven have opened today. Crawling

On the floor of the heavens, babies once adults

On this world, share spaces with heavenly people,

Heavenly people, heavenly people;

How is the bravery shown?

Due to bravery and courage

The Goliath fell with the slingshot,

And David is found in the heavens

With gigantic angels of gleaming purity.

Naveed Akram

# I Am Working

Just I am working for you in a side,  
My love for you is a chance to fold.  
Inner delight reflects a danger to the mind,  
Outer delight shines like the sun tomorrow.  
My work journeys through time,  
Pointing out the tensions and satisfaction.  
It is adequate to have food to eat  
When love has been smooth with work.

Naveed Akram

# I Backed Away

"Who brought you home? "

I backed away slightly,  
Forming a smile upon my face.  
The liars and criminals outside,  
I introduced myself as a partner,  
An accomplice and bothersome critic.

Looking back, my mind took a strange  
Idea, and began to bark and cry  
For the fear generated in my mother,  
The fear of answers and questions,  
The fear of lies and hard-suffering,  
And the fears behind the fears.

My mind has transgressed with my soul,  
And I am weak now as ever before.

Naveed Akram

# I Became Silent

I became silent when he intruded  
And asked me repeated questions,  
With the consolatory words to say.  
Locking the door behind him,  
I had been so lonely and obedient  
To the din of his voices and shadows  
But all in a flash of excitement.  
In view of my sad condition,  
He came responding after a few hours  
Of lunch and breakfast.

The return was discomfoting in the whole  
Idea and standard of thinking.  
At thought of approach,  
He muddled with the damp, hard floor  
Of my dungeon cell,  
With formidable whips appearing,  
Insight was a terrific helper and person  
But his questions were demanding,  
And I had to keep his name  
In living memory.

I was a face pockmarked,  
But with kind expression  
For I had to love my enemy.

Naveed Akram

# I Build

I laugh on buildings that creep,  
They creep up on hills that weep.  
I fail to see sights that are so wild,  
For the houses are not mansions nor child.  
They boil in an afterlife, forced to cry,  
So that children feed on electricity to amplify.  
The amplification of hills is strange,  
Their huger size is for us to arrange.  
Down the street is a criminal,  
Beautiful life is the one abnormal.

Naveed Akram

# I Call And Discover

I call the man on the other side of the world,  
His name means peace is for my pleasure.

I direct the profession of some other world,  
Like a spaceman has made his treasure.

I make pacts with giants on other worlds,  
Deceiving the birds of the entire measure.

I concentrate and study diligently the next world,  
So that I find in the Hereafter a displeasure.

May the mind work like a volcano and exert  
The triumph of my manhood you discover.

Naveed Akram

# I Call It Hell

They fell into the place called Hell,  
Its height fell into an abyss and drowned in disbelief;  
Its width collapsed from the barrage of fireballs,  
As its flame grew in betrayal and colour.  
This tiny planet has warmth compared to the dance  
Inside this Hell that we earn for the bitter tasks we take.  
They fell as we did inside a minute,  
Hours sped by to congratulate fire and warmth,  
Our maidens or humanoids connected to falling,  
International calls inflamed their being.

My height touched the television of hope,  
Offering my praise for the heavenly swings  
And the music forbidden to the artistic few,  
Those from the downward struggles feared  
A little evil that swindled the space of mates  
And advanced husbands.

Women can complete the deal that consumed the sums  
Of corpses collected with their secure minds,  
Heaven convinced them, while our Hell had worlds  
Of such sweet promise that fire turned into sugar  
Swinging in the ardent forests of apes and monsters  
From the deepest skins and ailments.

I had not fallen in love and hate to besiege  
The minority and their majority,  
So I fell into the abyss I call myself to witness  
In this vast space called the Universe.

Naveed Akram

# I Came

I come  
To be wandering and wondering,  
In a heart of gold  
I come.

Flowers have come!  
And your heart and song.  
You know the meaning  
Of your song.

I came to be strength  
In war of those in love  
Of their enemy,  
And their enemy hated and loved.  
Now we are convinced.

Naveed Akram

# I Came Through

I came through the destructive valley,  
Forming rituals and other despicable acts,  
And then my situation turned sour from beliefs  
That mattered because they were muttered.  
My numbers are complete, my numbers are happy,  
As my family is complete, like the whole system  
Of consideration and talk of conversation.

I came through with peace when people wanted me  
In the ways of speaking sins and whole clauses,  
I came about from the reactions of the decade,  
I forced a will and I made it worse than the years  
Inside the years, those holy periods of time.

Naveed Akram

# I Can Light My Cigar

I can light my cigar with frozen fingers,  
Steel is bigger disgrace after waste;  
But the buttons of this night and day  
Are pressed by loving features of life.  
I can see further than light of the heights,  
Opening the council to convene and state  
The terms of life given to the whole melee.  
We see the divine living standards in some,  
Those with fingers of the night are steady.  
Business of the night is a forsaken night,  
Living the fight of a day in delights of right.  
I can light my cigar with extra special fright,  
Licking the contours of the hills as I deliver  
My death to the whole unity of life and all.

Naveed Akram

# I Cannot Hide From Your Eyes

I cannot hide from your eyes  
Glimmering in the dramatic dark;  
Guidance is from up above,  
Like the stupefying sunlight.  
I cannot hide from the flocks of  
Your sheep, or kiss the stone of  
Concussion and youth, a display.

I cannot see the ultimate goal  
Without glimpsing on the past.  
I was born in brevity, in sinless  
Occupation, like a small child.  
So then interfere in my arousals,  
To defeat the prince in me,  
A savage partner of the times.

I do bleed and garnish my dish,  
Feeding on young, hapless lads  
Turning the right avenue nowadays.  
My birth and death are the longevity  
So defined by our leaders and saints,  
And all who are sane and blessed,  
Like the people of the crowd.

Naveed Akram

# I Clash With Books

I clash with books, with words of enormous depth,  
The meaning on the page is that of beauty.  
I see fire in the whole of literature, the whole poison,  
When information has a path, forming beauty.  
My books are written with zeal, full of fervour,  
Entirely exact, full of splendour, and rich.  
This sea of bringing in has many problems  
I need to crash into, into a lovely pudding.  
The pudding is perfect as a sight or image,  
The picture on the wall of my house.

Naveed Akram

# I Cook

I eat more than I cook, little eyes are on me,  
As I weep and shudder furiously, full of bad habit.  
The reality of a life beyond encases me still,  
To stop this, tragedy appears to mock and arrive  
At our doorstep. The door is a forceful entrance  
Into the brilliance of the universe, the gates remind.  
I have eaten all this while, food to mock,  
As the lipids stretch my body, with proteins and salts.  
These minerals are what cooks are made of,  
Cooks remind me of worlds and foods.

Naveed Akram

# I Cringed Beyond Belief

I cringed beyond the changing stream,  
Hinging on designs of an exchange of words;  
Binges seemed the conversations of words  
In flight, a binge of words was sacred.  
Then I arranged a shallow lake to cross,  
Seeking a safety net and food to take of in haste.

The barge was an enemy of the night next,  
Badges were adorned in direct competition,  
Bandages had to stay on, wounds needed healing.  
The advantage of an arrangement was strong,  
Average men of the glorious age were coming,  
This much is truer and glorious.

I cringed beyond belief of brightness,  
Then cuteness caused the tragic ending,  
With blunt instruments and directness.  
One was alert to certain words of astuteness,  
The red signal was to disappear soon,  
But this truth in the heart was to reappear.

Naveed Akram

# I Cry As I Describe

I cannot discriminate and cry,  
I ache from these joys of bags,  
But my eyes are moments of fighting,  
Innards shall prevail, in these days  
And nights revolving around the world.  
Open the door to my face,  
Often the moments are spatial,  
Palatial, and devoted, but eyes  
Can hear more than the ears.

I cannot describe the lies offered to me  
When times transform the settings,  
The bedroom of our design is our garden  
Or brain.  
The kind of mind is a vehicle for the time,  
Opening the garden gates  
Sees us through with pain and ache.

This bedroom is my only hope,  
To be high is to be small,  
And my knives are my forks.

Naveed Akram

# I Cry Due To Mathematics

Listen to my tears,  
I have to live habits that force  
My tears.  
The torn wars create disharmony,  
To turn me around in my sides,  
And angles.

The best chapter creates crests  
And troughs of the oceans.  
A better man is only holding the worms  
Of regret,  
The worlds of grateful men and women.

To see each triangle we must force  
The tears of others,  
So mathematical we are.  
This side of the square is the same,  
But you are mathematical.

This is the book of irony,  
Standing in front of tombs and ruins,  
Tones and accents enter the sight,  
Then tears intrude and form  
Dutifully.

Naveed Akram

# I Deserve Ink And Sight

My pen deserves to imply certain sounds,  
An ink is fortuitous, an ink is replayed,  
But the sounds, the sounds are unique.  
For it was the spirit of the height,  
The weight of the book and logic,  
A frightful disease was a calamity too  
Eventual, and suddenly my mentor forsakes  
Me; I am forsaken beyond a delivery.

My pen needs to deliver speech,  
It says a studious speech of diligence,  
And fighters argue about the weight,  
As boxing can be like letters and sounds,  
And sport is cheerful and proud.  
But this pen is short of the silence,  
And applause is not for a pen of silent  
Habits, entering the way of life.

My pen is supposing a unity of sight,  
Its realm and joy is in delightful prosody,  
The reality of a realer day, forced onto  
Resurrected beings and sinful jokers  
Of the day; My days and nights are velvet  
When rich art is forsaken, my days become  
The nights, and the rings of gold will go to  
Their final resting place, above us and them.

Naveed Akram

# I Did It

Destroy a fence over the matter,  
To disasterous meaning later,  
Only to wash up and live,  
To force the exact give,  
And rest all times to mutter!

Naveed Akram

# I Discovered

I discovered a half-crown in my waistcoat,  
And rods of light entered the front of the ear,  
And cork happened to sprint, run and act.  
Returning to the heavenly straits, a woman  
Of vigour hailed me and stalked the treasure.  
My minor acts are some and few,  
Next to facilities; and the return is here.  
Following the hedge, we came to a stile,  
Then the detour mastered us  
From the roads of the masters.  
I discovered muttering and uttering  
From stiles and still-life,  
Gorgeous eyes followed me in the events  
Offered by the deity of cities,  
Fetching their further work  
Became the idea behind the stiles.

Naveed Akram

# I Do And I Speak

I do what is beautiful with my lips and heart in a friendship  
That lasts for the everlasting life, the life of the paradise.  
A boy sees a hundred voices appear rather than be just sounds,  
My man utters the same song for all of his eternity.  
I do what matters for the public and the judged, the criminals  
Are farcical and rash, theirs is the punishment severe and just.

I do many communities, I fix the banner of good and bad,  
According to my tongue and heart, acting along fearlessness.  
A fiery band of alternatives exact themselves from an oyster shell,  
It swings open and you find many communities, many distresses.  
My man will do a speaking act, my woman will answer to the medic  
If he or she arrives in the heavens of time, the heavens of this life.

Naveed Akram

# I Do Know

I have a season going forward not backward,  
I have the stunt of centuries not mere decades,  
I have all fists in the world for me as I hope more,  
And I have every single peace for every world.  
Every world is then every place on Earth  
That I own in sincerity. For everything is free  
And I dream of Me, forever.  
Yet seasons are to be fearsome and learned  
Just as I learn of Me, forever.  
Eternity knocks at my door, unfortunately.

Naveed Akram

# I Drove In

I drove in bee hives like the wasps,  
My acts were supplicated by the people  
Who burdened a little tarnished gold.  
This science and money was a radiation,  
For you the desired drug, the designer one.

In this sense a part of me wavered like harm,  
For the moment a spread bullet made no excuse.  
Holed up, brows already, we were even viruses,  
There was no excuse for the personalised surgery.

For ugliness these days was a happy same time,  
I drove in bee hives, with the chariots,  
As the sun delivered its shine on the road.  
We have got the science and the money,  
Little pockets were better out of the way.

Naveed Akram

# I Encountered A Dragon

If a monster occupies the clump of eyes on our face  
We hate the return of senses to the tears and face.  
One monster is commotion, two creates tragedy  
As well farce, fodder and feminine curiosity.  
For these she-devils do not undermine the soul  
As much as dragons, talons from the talent, creative sort.  
We needed the strength and the spirit, the afflatus;  
What is the amperage they create from the breath?  
Which impulse afflicts him, the dragon?  
He needs me to answer him, yet I do too,  
And to aerially combat him is grand with amperage  
As I do be grand, the eyes can tell and demonstrate  
And commence for all the time.  
My sword is my soldier, an affray has emerged forever,  
Between dragon and human-beast, what is the final result?  
Only a monster like me can win, can win;  
Killing the scales of yellow, I discover it is not golden but bronze  
And yet I want death for it, for him, for him,  
Upper class dragon!  
I am upper class, and fatigued by the whole battle  
Inside which is death for the dragon,  
I see its heart, and I see its belly  
But I strike the heart, and no brain of a dragon interferes.  
Instead I interfere, and this heart of its will shudder and fall  
To be the death of the dragon, bronze dragon.  
All of death occurred, wild dragon has been defeated  
As the weapon I choose is good for poking hearts.

Naveed Akram

# I Endure The Cold

I endure the mountains of snow when they call out cold,  
My weddings of the snow outshine me once more;  
The marriage with the ice and cold is of the ultimate blessing,  
Like the road that meanders like a river of gold and silver.

My strength is an odd facility of boldness, audacity and joy,  
Much has passed due to the past, a different woe begets  
A woe of the ultimate strength, a witness is among the many,  
A wild man is angry once more, in the cold and frost.

The beasts of the snow bellow and echo their praises and  
Curses, falling down, avalanching like the whole dice,  
Fixing their stare on our very tall spines, offering us salt  
Or snow, ice or bones, blood or sauce, gold or chicken.

Naveed Akram

# I Enter The Shadows

I enter interesting stretches of the imagination,  
Graceful waves obey the sinister waves of crimes;  
My entrance into futile wars is of the satanic causes,  
Opening the findings, and the closing has begun.  
I enter the tread of the path of life that masters me  
As I serenely glow with tints of heat.  
The heat shadows me with its tongue,  
Tongues enter the mansion of quiet  
Like the lettered man of our former age.  
Imagine him with wading arms and legs  
That evade the elevated men of arts and sciences.

I enter the spring of the eyes so solid and sacred,  
In the face contains a secret of the righteous martyr.  
One has blown into the heart for the secrets of swords,  
Tails of their own metals are like tales.

Naveed Akram

## I Exist From Him

I exist due to God, and my life revolves around Him,  
Stop then for a moment and reflect on His Greatness;  
To pause is innocent fun, specialists of religion call you  
By the ear and ascertain your weakness due to heraldry.  
My life resounds in the heavens due to the one who climbs  
Against the current of the watery stream, a brook of deaths.  
My life dissolves like an elected element that solves my  
Reality, the more I fix it to the righteousness of man.  
I existed from the causes of the world, I thought over my mind,  
And the puzzle of the soul was ensorcelled like magic  
Of the calibre that defends you, escapes a hundred lashes.  
My fruit is coming from a leaf beginning to grow,  
I ought to go beyond the realistic jargon and have ardour  
Enough to work alongside saintly crew, the righteous ones.

Naveed Akram

# I Fall In My Purse

I fall in, already in something of a wise call,  
Seeds of the mind develop like decades,  
Then flowering disputes empty the call,  
I watch and listen to the waking of the doors.  
I have scent enough to witness the call,  
I see starlight with reasons, coppers in my purse.

Then rolling the dice, we watch the astral gate,  
It feeds and hears us with the unique talk,  
Unique words are exchanged, with bitter glory.  
One is fainting if he sees a bloating man,  
In the view of the seas and oceans.

To one of those who have been busted,  
I did not have much gouging of eyes,  
Nor the tepid water, nor the tense muscle.

Naveed Akram

# I Fall Into The River

I want to fall into a river,  
Fall into the deep end of its arm,  
Grasp it before it grasps and sits  
On my head that swirls into it.  
I wish to spell out the language  
Of my mother and father and tell this  
River rapturously, and limitlessly.  
To fall into the waking stream is a goodness,  
To fall is a tragic event, but the river tries.

I want to be the chief of all worry,  
For the river shall beg and beg  
Like bothers of the night,  
Broth has been kindled by the streams,  
Communicating like the stars,  
Collapsing like accents of a word  
That fetches a stream again.

Naveed Akram

# I Feed On Prison

I feed on banana after prison,  
Its awesome like ten minutes of the day.  
My bite is your bite, a staggered journey  
As one fortress fights, justly so much.

It is prison in tight circles, decode the drama,  
It decides itself when gases are vaporised.  
The slow, putting voices sway and surge,  
Like the waves of the sea and sky.

I defend the realm wanting to decide,  
For leader is me and my window.  
My return is solidifying as I gather like a  
Crowd from foreign territory.

Prison pauses, sacred issues reside in calm,  
Water overflows when deers are born.  
My prison is my shrine not my shine,  
I herald the onlookers for their acute vision.

Naveed Akram

# I Find Rest In Numbers

I find a time when numbers rest,  
We will walk afterwards in words  
In fear of them, in a scare of utter darkness.  
The self-destruction has arrived,  
The time has become ripe for the step.  
Numbers and words are my language,  
So I refrain from the talk of sleep,  
Leaping forward like a jaguar,  
And suggesting a happiness called Life.  
My rest has a brick or two  
In the walls of a house too comforting.  
The most I call you is in words  
That deliver praises full of righteousness.

Naveed Akram

# I Flow Down

I flew down to the world of trouble,  
A myth waved me when I observed the rights.  
Grave innards react with the reduced mountain,  
The fire for the rock ignited to loosen the crags.  
Fantastic rocks bombard the self, the reality has spoken.  
Obtained by the polices, a rock is tampered by the judge  
That suggests and rocks, rocks and supplies.  
A cosmos surrenders to the crags of death,  
The flight has happened forming abhorrent nature.

Naveed Akram

# I Fought Monsters

I fought a monster in my youth the same way  
I fight a bull in adulthood, I get to be heroic and proud.  
The sea is an expanse of the heart for the slayers,  
The ocean is spread like the holiest form of water.  
In it the diving is carried into bliss, so deeper than sin,  
So vaster than the air you breathe.  
Like this combating, like this monster gazing at you,  
Water is hundreds of times more powerful than sin,  
That holiest water fills the stomach, quenching the thirst  
And eliminating the enemy in one whole stroke of medicine.  
I fought loving words with the spinning action of my sword,  
Then the monsters died, the monster surrendered on all fours.

Naveed Akram

# I Gave A Lesson

I gave a lesson to the young at heart,  
Reading eyes amassed wealth of remarkable thoughts,  
The lesson was a substance of the excitement.  
My readings were correct according to taste,  
Her pupils laughed at me,  
Kicking me after the days,  
Keeping me in a wary disposition.

I gave my lesson to the weakness,  
The heart carries on without you,  
A bird is enough to retry the weather.  
I have her pupils to restore the rowing  
Acts of a day in rain,  
The realities are exactly great.  
Eyes and ears gather their talents  
During the dry seasons.

Naveed Akram

# I Had Been

Gazing dreamily at the huger clock,  
An article of the paper wounded me;  
Doubling my eyesight, kneeling before the king  
Was more precious, since they were goats.  
This inanimate word bleated at my heart,  
Petals won their splendour.  
But not now that it wounded me!

For they started to cry on the safe side,  
And they became men when women were around,  
The force of the hunt deceived everyone,  
My murders were four hundred,  
My dining happened tomorrow,  
And the words spoke bouncing to the knowledge.

I had been one convict,  
And I had been in love with prison  
For a time.

But then I started to cry,  
And they saw that words were never mine,  
And I was wounded,  
Due to joy and the realities of the day,  
Words were wrecking me no longer,  
I saw the reading and bled.  
I had been murdered!

Naveed Akram

# I Have A Beast

I am capturing this image of a beaming beast,  
For so many years have I tried forcefully,  
For too much knowledge is the outcome,  
And fortune strikes the edge of an entrance.

Why do you devolve like itself? It has shameful  
Features of this area in united spirits.  
Where is the broad-shouldered beast you call  
From the talons of the hosts and most brotherly?

I have a ghost to give my age and unions of blasts,  
The power is static and commanding a profile.  
The beast will outdo the traveller, and then all the flames  
Will burst united, like the hungry volcano in Iceland.

Naveed Akram

# I Have A Dream Of Forces

I have a dream of forces that frolic internally,  
Beating the rages backwards and the wages are heard;  
My innocent self complains too much from toys  
That do not exist, as the deities ideally exist.

My rage is behind the relaxed men and women,  
Do not be mean to my benevolent self,  
A little help goes to peaceful conditions,  
Of these there are in the masses one.

Naveed Akram

# I Have A House

I have created a doctor in my apartment,  
His house lies here too late when the snow  
Surprises and errs, lazily the snow snatches.  
I have been the doctor of the reality in rises,  
Rashes have emitted their innocence,  
When the rude rights are spoken silently.  
Why have the spots on you died?  
My doctor has been earlier in surprise,  
His sun is above the water of the earl,  
This man of steel and earth, the eerie soul.  
My earth is your debt to the humans who  
Unearth the underground streets, the sizes  
Of them differ according to destiny.  
The doctor and nurse seem neurotic,  
Nastier than spice on the mind, the melting  
Men have been asking the illness.

I have a doctoring menace, a munching mother  
Of thoughts that oust the wounds of necessity.  
His slight attitude hurts as the hellish home,  
Offering the statements of science, like sentences  
That are spoken from judges, the laws are decimal  
Numbers, and the righteous walk with them.

Naveed Akram

# I Have A Peace

I have a peace for the nights ahead,  
The stars are dismayed by the routes  
Of many planets always in the game of life.  
Deathly planets form their different sizes,  
For the whole question of right was a sodden  
Affair, feeling the heard people, feeling their ways.

The stars were out at night to attack  
A foe that hid behind a curtain of stars.  
My foe relished me in the stage of certain games,  
The play of the century happened,  
The prose of a cruelty was a peaceful dying,  
Like the stages of the dramatic line of action.

Naveed Akram

# I Have A Time

I have a time too straightforward,  
My opinions materialise afterwards  
And shake the heads of people altogether  
Like burning hay in the wind.  
I have a burning way, I have a heavenly sanity  
Reaching us from within, like the brandishing  
Of blame, inside the rectified whole.  
A wily man restores my health, his doctor hood  
Is the medusa of ugliness,  
Straightening the ranks of gold  
Little by little.

I have to be against your surprise,  
My forms are golden in some sense.  
These satisfactory psalms obey me,  
Those wretched auctions are contemplated  
Inside the brain of tomorrow.

A burn has left a stain,  
Much derision awaits the leader,  
Feeding freedom that fits  
Like a crown on a king's head.  
So that he is appointed and mastered  
By the court of distinctions,  
Lesser men watch and listen  
To the straight laws passed  
After the charity is asked.

Naveed Akram

# I Have A World

I have an eye too strained by the tale spun on wheels,  
His story compels me to say the slogan so studied,  
Our strife is ruined by the explosions and implosions,  
By the very scruffy joys, by the inner qualms of life itself.

A tale is a tale of many, a religion of guardians in honest help,  
The guidance and the understanding belongs to a chief  
Of words who spins his tale by the brain of a hundred men,  
The wordy summation of a worldly prominent feudal man.

They have underestimated the slotted gold, of every man,  
These lands are the swords of their holds, off the coasts,  
In the citadels of a summary, in the blessings of monastery,  
So why do nations stir in the cauldron called the world?

Naveed Akram

# I Have Cried

I have anger and a dozen times I cried from it,  
The angry men of this world go hungry from knowledge.  
They have to know why questions are asked  
And that when little men laugh they are ordered to.  
Then the knowing strength has been displayed  
Like the dozen animals of the year, the highly regarded.  
Then anger is a fellowship with hate, forming formulae  
Of the way we work and behave along the way.  
The paths we tread are meandering as we mature,  
But young music astounds the night as it nears.  
Vanish, match the music and astound with laughter  
So that the whole ballroom starts to clap, and to clap.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Disbelieved

I have disbelieved in the disappearance,  
A truthful man obviously stares and moans.  
I have belief in you when piety is collapsing,  
I order the day's bread up on the table.

Then I eat and drink according to tastes,  
Fetching a melon, orange and apple,  
With mango added, to penalties we trust;  
The food has been sunk under the sea.

I have believed in the disappearance,  
This boat craves for more water and more water;  
Its delight is fixed upon the stars,  
And they reply to the philosopher of new.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Feelings Too

My feelings are like poisonous rods,  
Feeding a chair and table to my room.  
Why do emotions shatter the mind?  
The distress is of emotional disaster.

I have commentary about ghosts slithering,  
I stay unfocussed begging for more knowledge  
And common sense, these phantoms carry  
Electric discharges snatching like tentacles of terror.

My soldiering is quiet, commoners gather and betray,  
Like the pattering and pestering rain, the ideal  
Heroic beat of sacred water; so find the well gifting  
Agony on years of your time that hurls fiction.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Heaven

I have heavens in my garden of bags,  
These house the palaces of your design,  
Openly the maidens have worn their candor.

Some lucky frown has fallen down,  
Bags of ability and worry swear to it,  
But fortune wails and wonders from the heart.

I have parcels of assertion in these gates,  
Earth shall be the straightforward home  
Of a world of worlds, calling their sirens.

I have the charm,  
I saw obvious enchantments in the path,  
Towards the bag of pride was an escape.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Loved The Cosmos

I have hated those who hate, and I adore one  
Of the crusaders that fought against my foe;  
My heart, aflame and on fire, is redder than any red,  
Its quarters are exact and plentiful of beauty.  
I entered heaven with love at my toes,  
Gates will spring from nowhere as the death is pale.  
My stammering is achieved by the universe,  
My shutting of the senses is for the sayings of youth,  
My applause comes from the one who loves the world.

I have made whole the perching stone or bird or spirit,  
Illuminating the cosmos from where the desire is;  
I have hated the hole and heaven, but they give me respite,  
Respond then to the call of the beloved,  
A thousand months will die before the years have ended.  
I entered the heaven as I saw the love it engineered,  
In the blank space filling the cosmos, the universe of traits.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Many Spells

I have eaten insects big enough to master  
With compass and drawings of rights.  
I have been huts to abide in like glorious  
Monuments or caves of the enlightened kind.  
I have been inside the hated world  
For a momentous shaking design,  
Enough to shatter the glass of a mansion.

Vagabonds will reunite after the rights are drawn  
In this little tome of magic spells, informing me  
In a hurry, almost too fast and too slow.  
The beams overhead are burnt away by gloom,  
Painting the names of my forefathers in some way.  
Little has been connived behind the screen of holes,  
For my lifetime is numbered beyond recall.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Money

I have money from some grief  
Yet forces work when I am awake  
I sleep gorgeously as I am a chief  
Let flowers grow with some ache

Yet forces work when I am awake  
The growth of the body does relate  
Let flowers grow with some ache  
How do single cells just abate?

The growth of the body does relate  
I am an aging man who does wait  
How do single cells just abate?  
My ruination is then to demonstrate

I am an aging man who does wait  
I sleep gorgeously as I am a chief  
My ruination is then to demonstrate  
I have money from some grief

Naveed Akram

# I Have No Fault

I am alone with no fault like my own,  
Themes belong sweetly to poking men,  
Their faces derelict, weather effectual,  
A cosy aroma uplifts sleepless nights,  
Only belongings confidently endure.

I am alone as a man in fight, lights decode  
Disastrous payments, poisoned by laziness.  
Thieves of the night break in, devaluing my soul  
Dicing with death, so prolonged by mania  
Like spasms, rectitude and sinning.

It is in the face, it is in the haste of deciding  
What frankness exists dulling the landscape  
So feathered by peacocks in the distance.  
It is beautiful when the world calls your soul  
To backgrounds kept in the scenery of the heart.

Naveed Akram

# I Have No Fear

I have no fear on the language I complain,  
Nor will choices dissolve from my skin,  
Offerings of the soul range from the infinity.  
I wish my soul a benefit that souls would,  
The will is mine to discuss as a man of unity.

Each petal is beautiful as life, ugly as death,  
But leaves bloom like hard shells, flowers glow  
Further than stars, and souls dissolve after  
Life, only to replenish the souls, to reply to a deity;  
The wounds will heal like the emissary of healing.

For centuries a band of bards complain about you,  
Then stride and try to fly above them with wings;  
I have no fear to unravel a preserved body,  
Bloating flesh is foolish weight for the grave one,  
But our bodies exhibit the soul, as it contrives to escape.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Painted Dragons

I have painted dragons of material wastes,  
A man has a dream of contours and disgrace,  
Mothers afford the insults that sons cast  
To be only collected by the Nazi warriors of haste,  
These surgeons of the body and soul who  
Evilly cast solitude on the soul that rests.

Stalin will die tonight with graves of vampiric  
Evil, machines of evil sprout the dust to be joined  
By the hesitant bacteria soiling the crazy soil.  
Himmler tastes the ambitions of distaste,  
His evil and disgrace is bound to suffer the wastes.

I have painted dragons of material ends and tails,  
Works of art have been displaced, like the lovers  
Of wine and satan, that are always in decline  
Once power specialises with hearts of silver.  
Stalin knows his henchmen in the light of all hate,  
I love my work that defends the infirm  
So that materials of selfless composition are  
Delivered to the pitiful ends.

Mighty findings are disasters, mighty tastes spell  
Words of hate, for wars are blending to disagree,  
To wars they drive the peace and weapon.  
I have painted the dragon of charcoal that foresees  
The raging atoms cooling down in the centre of the  
Universe.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Reasoning Powers

I have a joy with reasoning,  
As reasoning is my toy;  
Fun objects poise and stammer,  
Defeating the edges of the knife.

My adult gift is one wonder after  
One pain or agony, distressed minds  
Pick soles and souls from the height,  
To run and endanger the mighty crowd.

I have to distill the learning of a hundred  
Years, my weapon is the greatest fright;  
To spell this side of the tragedy is to put  
Pen to paper of white enigma, devastation.

I have a joy, with godliness,  
To pray is to know, and to see is to go;  
Pilgrims flock dutifully as weirdness sets in,  
As fast as birds of prey, and animals of dust.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Seen The Caverns

I have seen too deeply,  
From jaundice and headache,  
Into inner realms called caverns  
That coldly lie awake.

By those who wear clarity,  
I have seen too deeply,  
And the reality bespeaks on  
The occasion you speak.

Many lose their lines of compassion,  
I have been an egg too flat,  
But you are the guardians,  
You are the joyous spring for lullabies.

I wonder and tell those managed facts,  
Mighty words curl around the heart,  
To keep a tail on the shoulder of words,  
To keep what I will to defeat the laws.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Stares

I have my comment on spaces such as this,  
I argue, fight and fuss over water and ice.  
I have my delivered mates and friends,  
Walking the foolhardy stride and all the effects.

This is my comment, on all the lines you perfect,  
You consider me a challenge and waking heart;  
This heart feels brother after brother with stares,  
My friends are with chivalry of the highest height.

This shimmering gladness is like a portrait of sight,  
The nights of the days are married to my brain,  
For it sees through the eyes and meets another  
Friend in this world of dynamic activity and crime.

Naveed Akram

# I Have To Love

To love a beleaguered soul as my own love,  
Means a soul to be, being has music for the mind.  
Forming inner peace is called beautiful for me,  
So as to love the finery of appearance.

I have to brood and deceive, in order to despise  
Those souls within me, and without me.  
My comely habits tend to taste right in front of you,  
Never conciliatory, never disturbing to this time.

May the dalliance of swift lovers never conflict  
With burdens shared and considered sweetened by us;  
This love carried all the hopes of a bright future,  
These lovers who cause others to love must die honorably.

Naveed Akram

# I Have To Possess This Stone And Gold

I have possessions of stone and gold, changing my soul,  
Poems of the orientations, of the postures, of the ruins.  
A gun is shown to headless men, shooting them is ruinous,  
For I possess them, their souls are in my grasp like sand and  
Ice, feeling a joint to everyone, feeling a sentence of disgrace.

To see overpowering forces focuses brilliant chaos,  
It is the friend of the friend, the chaos of the chaos.  
So praise the one who observes everyone, he is goal  
And goat, sheep and lamb, horse and steed, like war  
On the equal footing, it is fondly held in the arms.

The stone heart is beautiful like the iris of an eye,  
It swings like a pendulum, feeding the hungry beggar,  
Trying chess, fixing the nature of the nation, and  
Fastening string to see a grave happening, only to be  
Intimidated, like a romantic man and woman.

Naveed Akram

# I Have Truth In Me

I have truth inside my sleepy soul,  
Satiated and satisfied by my telling;  
This soul of mine reacts to my friend,  
His fierce force drums my heart  
With everlasting grace like the gun,  
Or will it be a machine gun?  
I have true friends in this waking prison,  
The imprisoned fellows are like ash  
Scattered into the sea of vengeance.  
My sea, my friends, they are all one to me,  
A dying enemy is my calendar,  
It forsakes my majesty as a clown.  
I have truth in me, like a pencil engaged,  
Feeding the forces of a purse,  
The money is a game of gauntlets,  
The money stays on the pages of our  
Whole holy book, the one we adore.  
This has truth that is trusted beyond  
Mention and statements of haste.  
I am a satisfied sentence of the whole  
Ethos, a single entity of the horizon of hope.

Naveed Akram

# I Hear Caesar

I hear you speak to me with news of goodness,  
I hear you say the respites and relics of good,  
My hearing stays tomorrow even, like the ghosts  
Of a hundred men, the men who storm the basilica.

I must see this theory at work by the godliest prince,  
Opening the doors to the realised work and deed;  
The balls of leather and fighting are rolling like luxury,  
Luxurious men are like the liars of this daytime.

I heard the obnoxious sound of a strutting public,  
Crowds disfigured the Caesar, a man of the senate  
And imperial grace, a fighter of sorting and delegating,  
Little is the imagination of the godly men who dine.

Must I see you engulf a proud goat with steel teeth?  
The armies of the centurions are too many today;  
The legions will be led by legates of pride and stupor,  
Caesar himself shall hear me speak to the carts of life.

Naveed Akram

# I Hear The Very Sounds

I hear the sounds of the watery stream,  
Far and below the masters of fish are abiding,  
Their stare is a straw like the drinking of the shore,  
I hear the very sounds that reside in the watery bay.

I see winds of the eternal storm,  
Matrimony is visible in this perfect tempest,  
Temples erect, tightrope walkers abound  
In this circus of life called the air.

I hear the sounds of a watch that manipulates  
Our lives like the fire and storm, a little like  
The water of the pond we called life in those days,  
A little like food of the air that bounces and suddenly falls.

Naveed Akram

# I Heard Him

I heard the thunder in the forest,  
All the way from my chamber,  
Close enough I was from the matter and target,  
What mattered was the ledge I showed.

Then they hauled him off,  
After lightening struck on a stairwell;  
I faced him as I kept my movements,  
There was no more voice of manners.

Still I said my virtues, living out in the woods,  
Hearing the circles of freakiness,  
In a well my mind was a verbose philosophy,  
A hacking strength of charismatic values.

Naveed Akram

# I Hope For Improvement

I have a point to improve,  
And to improve presence;  
Releasing the mark is correct,  
Played upon and imaginative.  
My point is that I hope  
To exclude the promises,  
And so form the invitations  
Of some preparations.  
Introduce me sometimes,  
And replace me with others.  
To represent my party of people  
Is using the points perfectly.  
I follow and be followed  
Like the jumping of athletes.  
To save me seems to run  
Into difficulties.

Naveed Akram

# I Just Teach

The soup of my voice frees the one  
Who consumes tastes of a reality that truly  
Begets tremendous stories,  
Visions are published by the rumours  
As they are uncovered by explosive questions.

The conversation must continue,  
Yes, the conversation must continue  
To enlighten and aerobically respire  
So that transport is no problem of the body  
With other bodies.

Those who speak to just remarks are likely  
To stagger and preach all for the name  
Of what is pious and righteous,  
Yet conversations delve deeper than this  
After so many have eaten their lives.

The pleasing words of the voice are like gravy  
For the soul, a pleasing variety of chosen blends  
So extravagant and delicious for those around  
That wordy men and women collect and connect  
To be at one with the circle of learning.

Naveed Akram

# I Know My Name

I know my name more than gold,  
Its lustre is the same as training,  
My fall is a slumber of the side,  
My fainting is for the cumbersome,  
And I do not want to fall too deeply.

I ask you for the direction of change,  
Falling into hard hearts is a calamity,  
Atrocities have enhanced my display,  
But their lustre is of gold and its purpose,  
The golden master of the golden bravery.

My names are echoed due to swords,  
The spears of the windy east are strong,  
My names appear due to godly men,  
The men of understanding who see nights;  
The night is a perfect entity for the brave.

Naveed Akram

# I Know Too Much

I know too much about sensibilities of the square,  
So no, the making of choirs is uneasy,  
And singing is my hobby,  
That launches into quiet corn and quiet bread.  
The poor food wretchedly fiddles and fuddles,  
And inside I feel hurt for the doings of others  
That blindly beat with fortunate blood that boils.

I know that much is everything,  
Too much of one matter relegates a topic,  
And this discussion does it:  
Today there is a new beginning  
For the long words inside us.

Naveed Akram

# I Lack It

I lack compulsions of the acts that lean on others,  
They act like dozens of people who are adders.  
Some subtract due to murders, and these are some,  
I have to keep in mind solid thoughts, adventures of my album.  
The adders do not damage me but lean on my toes with toes,  
I have never come to the point of deathblows.  
Combine these blows of the body with mind-weapons,  
Both are deathblows so close to accusations.  
I must enrage no lenient combatant,  
And they lean on me for they are adamant.

Naveed Akram

# I Lay There

I lay on a road that was back to favours,  
In the reading department, in the job;  
The harness was secured as three of us fell,  
And arguments erupted to be stumbled.

I returned an evil spirit, stumbling as the frost,  
I was disturbed in the mind, too overspread;  
Then rattling and seeking was the main activity,  
The leader of the nation was against me.

Naveed Akram

# I Left The Conspirators

I left my body, I left my soul,  
To be empty and free in the rooms  
Of my living, into the heart was  
The goal of the offered words,  
This was a serious castle of phrases.

I imagined the bedroom to be real,  
But we woke and married from the  
Sons and daughters, the silence  
Won the titles, the silent man spent  
The words of a man of honour.

Just in this household was the word,  
Words really pushed, worlds managed  
In their sense, and certainly we heard  
The conspirators, the agitated men  
Who decided to lead the way.

Naveed Akram

# I Like

I like a similarity between you and me,  
Functions of pride and love and how to see.

I like a little misery, fancy that, just think,  
That the majority spaces itself for a link.

I like a small cost for my drawing,  
Offering a good reading and knowing.

I like it in here,  
Where the cats can be clever  
And where the similitudes are a lever  
Of understanding and comprehension.

Naveed Akram

# I Like Animals

I like the animals that fight and die,  
Their offspring come from all quarters and lie  
On the ground.  
Like animals and questions they, the humans, prove  
That godly decisions are made in exact move.  
The movement I approve of is that of human and male  
And female, of those quizzes, of that innocent help to be sale.  
The exact huts to be housing us are to be housing them,  
The animals,  
And the actual acts of the like no one adores.  
This looks like a breach of the treaty like no other,  
It reminds me of oil and fuel to question a mother.

Naveed Akram

# I Like This

Inside a better man is a guest who resides in his head,  
Who swallows for himself, and lives among others.

This I relate and confess in the light of love, as if fellows  
Of Love are drawn in pictures of grandeur,  
And they swallow the shelter of conspiracy.

Naveed Akram

# I Live For You

My death has been spared by the alacrity  
Of the movement that swears to some faults;  
My goose is over in its graveness,  
My goose is winging its way to my soul.  
With this pet the deathly one is near me,  
Enticing me with wonders that astound  
All beings that invoke the pities and strengths,  
Those prayers we must bare with alacrity.

My life columned the springs of my harvest,  
A sensation is out there to be felt but  
Some people bespoke the alacrities  
Of youth far enough to emit a light of divinity.  
My life returns to the beginning of the mind  
At work, this studies belief of the coastal regime.  
Let the swan connect to the connector,  
As it swings its swimming realm towards the  
Overall book that astounds those with wings and beaks.

Naveed Akram

# I Loom

I loom in senses above the balance,  
My mastery exacts its toil in all innocence,  
What is the electric love of damnation?  
Origins of the loveliness of creatures  
Remind one of what always transpires.  
The imagining of words paints a happy soul,  
Investing in these words knows no bounds.

I am like an investigator and you are  
Of the mermaids in bright union,  
Forever the seas condemn their own waves  
When nights succumb to wives of the sea.  
This ocean of worry concerns our letters  
Internally requesting the opposition.  
I loom in ways of men who see mermaids  
Upfront, and they worship nothing right,  
Nothing is their politeness and nothing  
Can be so demanding.

Naveed Akram

# I Love Faces

I love the faces of people in triumph,  
Trumpets blow to ride the falcons  
Into skies of gold, golden skies are us.

I live along the periods of doubt  
To suppress my dreams of taste,  
Food concentrates its liquor in my puzzled  
Mind. I do not know the tests of these  
People.

Justice, despair,  
Are worries of the soul  
As the men of understanding concern  
Themselves with desires and lusts  
Of learning.

The courts are against the customs  
And traditional desserts,  
Foolish puddings blow apart  
As just men preserve the jam  
Inside the fellowship.

Naveed Akram

# I Love My Hospital

You are like a line of windows,  
All of a design, smelt by the nose;  
It is an abode of medical care  
Of a remedy and an endless affair.

Your adventures are anywhere and beware  
Of the obstacles that mean misery, an armchair;  
The arms are sound and the legs may crave  
For more room and air, the very brave.

Yolks of eggs are gulped by the nurses,  
Think the innocent minds of mad men, he loses;  
Who? The doctor. The consultant deserves life  
And beyond us he stands, in liquid air, maybe with a knife.

Naveed Akram

# I Love Tranquillity

I love tranquillity as it began staring at me,  
Soon light from the mice seems to scream.  
This moonlight escapes me and my hundred souls,  
This tranquillity is strong for the rats have died.

My folly and feeding creates disorder,  
Mice and mediums of the religious orders  
Happen today and happen with events unknown,  
These events are unknown, far too well understood.

Let peace strike the hearts of men and their hearts  
Are strong for the stone they consist of with a strength.

Naveed Akram

# I Make Deserts

I make adjustments offering the nations a reward  
This time we meet, this time is complete,  
Like the licking of doughnuts from the jam we eat.  
I make a spoken term respected by the nations,  
Writing the deeds of a people in triumph  
Like the deeds that resolve the other deeds.  
He spoke the learned terms too faster than me,  
And next day his term froze within the day  
Like a icicle of the embezzled men.

I make a laughter from the islands of despair,  
The deeds of deeds are committed by the hairs of heads  
That are cut like the wastes of the deserts,  
This time a laughter resounds like the echoes of the wind.  
Deed after deed becomes a worshipping ship of  
Reading and writing, the realer deeds perspire.

Naveed Akram

# I Marry My Mind

I marry the same thoughts to the vine  
My jaundice is more than your complex  
Let bars of my starfish be my stated time  
I marry the thoughts to the serial killer  
I marry my whining pleasures

To see a mirror is found to lame lepers  
For yesterday the rounds fermented  
Then wine seems to erupt from frocks and crimes  
The legacy of the knighthood was chief of spy

My steps are yours and yours are my steps or places  
The country is against my illness as sacred  
The country of criminality is arguing for release  
It is the mirror of wine and champagne argumentative  
It shapes into circles, triangles, and parabolas  
I am having knights see palatial grounds with fierce walking hounds

I marry the thoughts to the time  
My serial killers erupt like Mount Vesuvius in low light  
This is sentence of the right spirit and auction  
I have won the tournament

Naveed Akram

# I Meet Him In Books

I meet his light in certain books,  
The one who taught me how to think,  
Underneath the reasonable orchard,  
Facing a dignified approach to the road.

One is straight about matters concerning  
The late evening, forcing a laughter until  
A dawn shakes the soul that is eloquent,  
That it speaks to the wild nature and truly reflects.

The effort of the sun and moon is stronger than  
Real life, for death resounds in the heavens,  
For death brings life to the everliving, the souls  
Who wait and stay behind for a while that tempts them.

I meet his light in books, that think and wink,  
Creating a chemical so burning in my eyes,  
So much is the intensity of the secret light,  
Too much is the weight on the just mind.

Naveed Akram

# I Must Be In Your Hands

I must be in your hands,  
For my heart does contain a lot of misery;  
And love lasts a lot if you  
Tread in the shoes of a lover who cares.  
I must be in your hands  
As long as my feet can carry  
The encumbered self  
That shadows the former self.  
I must own the very body that  
Time has endowed for the late years  
And the early years.  
For those whose lives are sacred  
I must be content with sadness  
As much as the sorrow itself.  
For when I have a shade too glorious  
My soul is in congratulations  
Due to the size of my happiness  
In the realm of this heaven.  
O what heaven! O what glory is  
This existence!

Naveed Akram

# I Must Be Tamed

I must be tamed and run by lice that hurt,  
Completing the guesswork is my chieftain,  
That hurt is those hurts of a struggle,  
This sentence overcomes the mere seizure.  
I see a little spelling in this arguing way,  
Taming the beasts of brotherhood,  
And living the bent riddles that overcome me.

Those lives are rich that make a letter,  
The letters of the light are full of hurt,  
Hurt comes my way when I pray  
Like the blessings of a rainy day.

Naveed Akram

# I Must Confess

But I must confess that  
At the bottom of the crater  
They run no chance of sin;  
Freeing the world carries signs  
Forming a height of strangeness.  
They were prosecuted for heresy,  
As the play of the winds was alight,  
Licking contortions and playing  
With controversy, the way they were  
So they would like to persuade  
And engineer what the season spells.

I must confess the secrets of lunacy,  
Yesterday, and today.  
I am the crater of some kind help,  
Answering the river and its waterfall.  
It plunges and suffers the pool,  
Like the strange sins of our fathers  
Bending to the desires of mothers.

Naveed Akram

# I Must Fight For The Now

No play endows the soul quite like gaming,  
No matter where you live and swear to life  
The life of a gaming soul is smitten with luckiness.

There is no lord who sees a pencil and does not ignite  
With laughter, does not see the page enlighten, and boldly  
Derive mad sorts that madly deliver the praise.

Hell is playing with somebody right now, due  
To maintenance, due to sad regret and revelry,  
He laughs and sounds like exhalations rightly.

Good fights avoid the evictions of this mere life,  
The Hereafter destroys you with its flair,  
But the present world endows the body with a look.

Naveed Akram

# I Must Flow On Air

I must flow on air like the magic carpet,  
This the afterglow of my troubles so sweet;  
I can fly according to rules of grave gravity,  
My stage is set to improve my velocity.

The growth of the relaxed spirits is exceeding  
The best of interests, my flight is forward  
In this cosmic calamity, a flight to the never land  
Of my wildest dreams so dreary and dim.

I must flow on this oxygen of the magic world,  
I have seen trees far below, with trunks of magical  
Bark, and wood of the lowest esteem, like the magic  
Of the wizard that dissolves in the water of a stream.

In that stream I see the requests of arch-sorcerers,  
Worlds inhabit the worlds, like the steam of our mist.  
To be a magic flight with the magic carpet is straying  
Far too distant from the normal mundane realm.

Naveed Akram

# I Must Have This

On a good-boy Saturday evening  
Walking with my father in the Park,  
Linking heads and hands like players  
In a tournament we have attended, we are sensible  
In speech over a confused matter.

On this evening the sun made the day into dusk,  
Our names became forgotten, strange as strange,  
Offered to only some; the heated debate turned  
Into an argument of considerable temperature.

I saw oak trees and flowers in the dark.  
Each bed was perfect. We stopped to  
Listen to each other, forming agreements  
And new roses grew in our minds.  
The maker of the conversations was me.

Naveed Akram

# I Name It

I despair with naming the few causes,  
Are they the causes of your despair?  
Where is the answer to all your wishes?  
When it is sound, the names get fonder  
And fonder, to reflect the astonished ones  
Who despair and overly relent so as to be hit.

I am speaking form the heart,  
Like a fond person of a ridiculous position,  
The same author of the same book,  
Reflecting the sums and differences  
Of a reality that embarks on life's adventure,  
Inside the science, outside the walls of cities?

Naveed Akram

# I Need The Abbot

The men of old are rated bold with food,  
Their beauty stays, like roses from the clued,  
Then find his look among the rich who brood.

I see an abbey once for some who lie,  
They concentrate to mix with butterfly,  
Since yesterday, my work can certify.

I see the counsel of a man who tries,  
And then they act to be and analyze,  
Might that flesh be, may that flesh seek allies.

Naveed Akram

# I Never Knew

I never knew a word of thought,  
About half an hour elapsed before God,  
And my instincts showed the colour red,  
The colours of the rainbow had come up.  
You are rough on the cowards  
That desert the field of battle,  
But my punishments are like numbers,  
And your penalties are like words.  
Thoughts come from too many lashes,  
To see the bedrooms of angry men  
Is far too exact a science.  
I was almost with death as the scientists  
Mocked my upbringing once again.  
This thought became growing in my thigh  
To say that expiation had observed me intently.

Naveed Akram

# I Often Wish

I often wish the upper reaches of the mind  
Would recognise the foolishness in me and you.  
To chase these thoughts I stare at amusements,  
Clinging to the bread and butter of a working day.  
This thinking needs stopping, crashing and breaking,  
Like a mind of habitats unknown, false and untrue.  
These ribs need shattering and killing for the money,  
The ribbon of truth is attached to my suitcase  
As I saunter down the escalator, winning a smile.

Naveed Akram

# I Open The Door

I open the door and find  
A key to open others.  
My pen is used to write  
The majestic lines of the past.  
If stationary objects betray  
The fixtures of time,  
Then my work is nothing.  
So write me a poetic aroma  
Where the brilliance shines  
Like clusters and galaxies,  
Surmounting the pierced knife.  
I offer my heart to those with  
Doors to open and shut,  
Finding these people is a concern  
From the soul that unites  
Dreams and more scenes,  
The twists of the pen are afire.

Naveed Akram

# I Oppose My Sleep

I oppose beaming eyes in straws,  
Surprised by hands on the coat,  
Seeming to smile in warm cotton,  
Little will I weep and be wept,  
For fixtures of the heart abound.

I approach nooks and crannies  
While I sleep, the dream has smiled  
And surprised the souls with a sally,  
Handing in a flourished garment  
This stronger than the sleeves.

This bed has opened its eyes,  
To harangue patrons who deceive,  
Long enough to slowly rouse  
A finger and a sleeping touch,  
They are unmatched in their comfort.

The eyes in the mirror study a complaint,  
My now-ruined water running as I look  
Shudders like shadows of the deep,  
In the corner of sleep is a turn of rolling  
And seats of learned beauty too cruel.

Naveed Akram

# I Paint The Picture

I paint the picture of certain elements,  
The simplicity is astounding, it is indescribable,  
More than a product of the imagination,  
More like steel and rope, due to the factory,  
Loathing me, and creating a beautiful appeal  
For we see workers and labour accidentally.  
The labourers are featured with too many industries,  
A little knowledge goes far and remote,  
One day we created a stage for acting  
To keep us in knowledge, and to see the art  
Of a person who wears the same dress,  
Preferring the exact treatment of a king,  
And taking too many instances.  
I paint pictures and watch, further than you know,  
But what is it in man and woman to deny the art?

Naveed Akram

# I Persist To Overlook

I persist in the evasive world,  
Paying and pausing my proclamations,  
The prunes are sweet, this vicious  
Purification persuades me to sacrifice  
The lie that persists.

And so I overlook one detail delicious,  
And that is to pass by the refusal  
So mattering to the overwhelmed proof.  
My saddening is my abomination,  
My misery enlightens the prepared press.

This proof provokes me further,  
Being strong it brings down the wariness  
Of a persistent sweetness;  
Bristling wands are like the cool cottage,  
Bringing down the offensive paths.

Naveed Akram

# I Play

I play some card to hand over  
So that the game finishes always.  
The cards are fully proper  
And nobody lies too much.  
I lose a game when it is absurd,  
I love the game that I have consulted  
With open arms, the arms are long.  
I play some cards to finish the game,  
It is gaming always on the world,  
It is rich how we obey the world.

Naveed Akram

# I Read The Business Of Mine

I shook my blood, the reading light turned off,  
I swore to the earth that bespoke what my suffering was  
On this world as I appeared before a friend, who  
Delivered a light to bestow mercy and blessings.

I must write and bestow mercy through the written slides,  
Opening war after war, word after word, with jaundice  
And headache, station and state, weariness and flexibility.  
I murder the weaker men who stride before the stronger wine.

A busy man is a bantering mage, a woman of pride is a crook,  
Why does blood run to the oceans from here when I write?  
Is it a southern gale, or a northern pearl or peril? My master is  
Glad to see my facial facts, martyrs of the right hand side.

Let the writer tell the reader all of creation, with all destruction is  
A created spirit, enough to relieve a man's word and phrase.  
The reading is rule of the house, dark, gloomy; read the horse  
And the shepherd comes near to keep warm with the penn.

Naveed Akram

# I Read The Paper

I read you in the paper  
As a polite man of great reading,  
Wondering, exposing, confronting  
And being a solid entity  
That refutes.

The good name exists in the elixir,  
One of the formations in this field  
Of battle called life is in this elixir,  
And you seem to be reading  
And pursuing, parrying your thrusts.

This trigger in the brain has happened,  
Always the stage of development  
Has been attained,  
To exercise the polite man of this  
Century.

A little pain goes to a man of heavy  
Features on the way to heaven,  
Reading the paper is fun due  
To the speed of the words  
Expressed by majesties and higher  
Men.

Naveed Akram

# I Really Appreciate

I really appreciate the courageous part of my character,  
Decision making is not beautiful,  
But I really consider the causes of the war ahead,  
I somewhat am persuaded by the core staff.

Me and my character knows too much,  
I know too much.  
This is not a discussion where we hand out  
Good designs and innovations,  
It really concentrates in the brain.

I did it. Make no error. Sentences are not tastes,  
That waste and tear at the flesh,  
Wearing the eyes with those that did it;  
Merriment and marriage are not on the agenda,  
Fearful as the reformers can say.

Naveed Akram

# I Replied To Chalk

I replied to the chalk of clouds and space,  
For the board needed a clean place;  
Open these doors to the common taste,  
I am like chastity in the fullest cast, disgraced  
After the food of a body in some sort of size,  
This does need some sort of exercise.

I rely on the goings of a seeker who despises,  
He does swear his other oath and agonises,  
Then advice lingers towards the truth,  
One sees a little face and the tooth.  
One must be a sleuth that travels far and wide,  
To see active members of the consulate aside.

Naveed Akram

# I Rest This Day

See me when I am red in the face,  
Politeness is the iron fist  
Returning to me when times are thick  
With incredulous rage.

My witness is many  
For the manuscript is huge  
And the wishes are great  
As the soles of the feet  
Wear the execution so tame.

See me in my covers and comforts,  
With overburdening awe,  
The cloak of brilliance  
Is my shadowy clue to  
A greater future and I rest this day.

Naveed Akram

# I Sat

I sat a drawing of art to accomplish,  
One strange behaviour predominated:  
I forsook all hope of engineering my youth,  
My youth was adopted for all this purpose.

I set this picture in my mind,  
To act and curse, to weakly admire  
The real blessing that divinity brings,  
All the time, all the time.

May the painter of distinction be aghast  
And worship no other deity than me,  
For I am this manhood and concern,  
I am the enlightened spirit within.

Naveed Akram

# I Sat Down

If suns and stars sat nearby,  
I'd run away and starve my head;  
For heat is a mild feeling  
Now that ice has melted away.  
This called the day an awakening  
As yesterday would've concealed Time.  
My doubts are in my bed,  
Never to be me with sleep,  
For I dream forever this way.  
You style the pencil to meet aside,  
Between you and me is sanctity,  
And sacred chambers heighten me  
For I hold my pen in ways of gold.  
The real gold, not fool's gold,  
Is carried in my hand.  
My rings especially conserve the eyes,  
For sparkles are fonder.  
My heaven lies under soil  
That came from home,  
I escape the theft of my age.

Naveed Akram

# I Sat Perplexed

I sat perplexed on the candle at the stable table,  
To sit beside this was to push me through the door.  
I ran tip-toe in the doorway with such meddling  
And pushed him also through the door.  
I took each possession of his, staying on the stone steps,  
Flinging the flying one, flipping the flight of wings.

A bird had little it could do, the flight of wings  
Mastered me, as they rose with harbouring  
And slight actions.

This bird raised me higher than the rest of humanity.  
On this path of strong winding ways my humans  
Were for the doings of the doers who exactly kept  
Their possessions.

Naveed Akram

# I Saw Her

I saw her eyelids revealing my secrets  
For she forgot the idea and the door  
Was an ostrich for the pens of the sages,  
For the portal closed and we commended  
The professors with eyes and eyes.  
This lying partnership extended  
Into the very heart of man's offspring.  
Men call the bridges  
As we also are people with intelligence  
Which hurts the passion of the potential man.

I understood with crimson light  
The fight for a liar to win,  
And to parade the innocence I have kept  
Forming within my prism and sign.  
This day, this day shall mask a crowd  
Fulfilling me once I am over,  
Their rage is secret and my pen tastes no  
Death on the night we answer.

Eyes of an elf are too strange as the depths  
And the demons stir wild forming my  
Froth in the brain,  
This pours into my mind any time now.

Naveed Akram

# I Saw Him When I Was Old

I see him in power, awe has impressed my mind;  
The buildings are erect, those stars are brighter than me.  
As men bulldoze the economy there comes an arrival  
That shakes the sheikh's hand and declares Unity.

I saw his power when I was old, when I was told,  
Like a pet of innocence or sacred plotter of young items;  
The plot was superior to the story, only a lion bit at his mail,  
His mane spanned the decade, and all it contains.

I will see him freed from Designer's alacrity, the power is  
Foretold by those in love with words, words to unite  
And spurn free the innocent spores of a day in the mire;  
What is the mural of our sentence and joy?

I powerfully recommend the authority to escape the spying  
Men of this dutiful direction, this century with wits,  
This century that coincides with health, and disease,  
The century that enjoys the jeers of a crowd of calls.

Naveed Akram

# I Saw His Prison

He saw my prison and laughed,  
In it I gazed and grazed like lunacy  
Within the walls of water and vice.  
Food was seen, I had meaning behind the  
House in which I was shamed.  
But wind entered the mansion of chains,  
Obliterating them, stroking my heart  
And releasing me again, angrily.

I saw my prison of the worst thinkers,  
Wasted by logic and whims of the clever brains,  
Philosophy spurred my actions,  
Excelling in them was my duty,  
And why does duty differ when done?  
It is due to hard oppressors  
That dutiful actions take their blend,  
Forming a picture of heraldry  
And active diplomatic skill.

Naveed Akram

# I Saw Planets

I saw planets all this night, every time I closed my eyes,  
After all the efforts of my death, and every favour came to me.  
I manned the stadium with my electric eels, fixing their stare  
On the audience with their boots and funny horns of steel.  
Finding this match was a treasure of the treasures,  
Yesterday, the same happened to me like a football team.  
The foot rests, the legs budge, and the hands clinch the rests  
That proceed, and succeed once solvents are in the air  
Like sirs of the wonderful nightmare, a joy to read and study.

I saw all my planets in this wedding-banquet,  
Which knowledge has portrayed in the least calm.  
This is the solution to my worries that land,  
Its force is on the horizon, three hands leap out  
To touch you!

Naveed Akram

# I Saw Relief

I saw the relief of an age in work,  
Releasing the brides of liberty in a second;  
Then the words of the spirit were entailing  
A loss, of the proud beginnings and mutterings.  
I saw a danger of the past in some triumph,  
It won and lost like the wars of a strength,  
Living according to the whims and tastes.  
I saw a gun people pointed with their clever minds,  
Feeding a frenzy that sustained a joy.  
My freezing is for them, my summoning is for them,  
As the seas depart from us with quickness,  
And as the lands burden the lonely people.

Naveed Akram

# I Saw You

The days I saw you my life was concluded,  
You bedazzled me afterwards with your leering look;  
It reminded me of an individual who was bolstered by excellence,  
He was with this likeness, and he was with this appearance.  
The glove fits, the hands are squashed by it,  
As your appearance is sufficient, and I am forever in love.  
That man is not here, but there,  
He is not positive of his life as much as you,  
He is gaining my admiration, but you are more.  
Fortune bombards me now, more than bullets and stones,  
The distractions are upon me now, just now.  
The memory of you glistens like a simple stone of excellence,  
I am dreary now, just sleepy, and my dreams are alive,  
There is a morning in which I have met you,  
And tomorrow will be an excellent day for us.

Naveed Akram

# I Say My Prayers

When I say my prayers, the heart speaks to me  
And enlightens me as to what to deliver.  
Peace gushes through to my soul that is housed,  
And success is the outcome of our strife.  
The rate of loving is the rate of life and eternity,  
But do not speculate or conjecture.  
Houses of love and peace are kept in the cherished  
Gardens lying beneath the feet of beauty.  
When I say my prayers the world unites and beings  
Bring a slave into the world of freedom.  
Free is the slave of the Maker  
Who decides as Judge and Adjudicator,  
Free is the mind for peace to enter  
And the heart has spoken its truth.

Naveed Akram

# I Say Thanks

To the return I say thanks,  
To some of the stains is peace,  
And a language begins to melt,  
To bend in worse categories.  
We felt importance on the day we met,  
Yesterday, was there importance?  
It yearly changes, the love changes annually,  
For the nights are years, against my years,  
Against my look and appearance.

Naveed Akram

# I Say To Decimate

I say goodness is to be sent away  
So that we collect raindrops forty times.  
This deep ocean is made with the spheres,  
As the container collides and mixes with us.  
My head has won the thinkers,  
My heads are battered to the teeth,  
My many, many heads are dead!

If death enters the scene,  
I shall wave a hammer at it,  
So that death collapses from me  
To massacre or decimate.  
Ten times the folly is spun and wheeled  
At the innovators who lie  
Beyond the horizon of love and doubt.

Let essence be won, let danger be done,  
If soldiers must strike their habits are swung  
Around to envelop the bare men  
Who speak and utter warlike phrases  
So beautifully.

Naveed Akram

# I See A Man

I see a man innocent and far-fetched,  
Offering me the deaths of thousands;  
I apologise for the inconvenience of my laugh,  
Seeing that this great saint is beautiful.

My sights are so glorious for more,  
The abnormal request turns into more folly  
As he raises his hand to a wall to erase society's  
Beauty, much too bold a great beauty.

May this man be trusted and tolerated  
After he swings a fist in the direction of the Sun  
And instead hits the boy utterly in the head,  
Wearing shoulders and dress of a great day.

My community thinks twice of this old man,  
I see him during my life, and I watch the spectacles,  
Wondering why? O God! ! Why does he then die?  
Let Humanity be successful due to him.

His reason for living is too strong and great,  
He prevents the wrong turn of events;  
Part of his wise nature is correct,  
The rest is proper and distinct.

Naveed Akram

# I See A Star

I see the rivers under the silvery moon,  
Golden star shall sail into the sky;  
Fussy teachers will rely on knowing  
To teach a lesson to fiery students  
About the sun and moon and all else.  
Forsaking them is an idea of thought,  
But never is the pride of a ghost so long.  
For the silver of the moon is far too grand,  
And the gold within a star glows like heaven.  
Heat is so strong that interference  
Makes the transgressor a lesson,  
Fulfilling a song from above about the toil  
Of this earth, leaving us in sin.  
The moon is a companion to the soul  
On this world that glitters as much as stars.

Naveed Akram

# I See An Angel

I see an angel in the sky from afar,  
Wittily arranging the wings of the high;  
So their business suspends and never flies,  
Like the impassable creatures and fliers.

I see an arch-angel of the highest kind,  
In this blue night they career and crave  
For new knitting, supreme joy has entered us  
For the highness of the Lord has been spoken.

My angels of the night ornately travel  
And dive to substances of the careers  
Of men, and the chemicals of women,  
And the actions of our children.

Naveed Akram

# I See Angels

I see an angel in full divine light,  
It withers never, it lunges into peace;  
Everlasting light has arisen,  
From frail activities of men who adhere.  
The angels of death shall implore you  
To arise from the flames of your love,  
That love attached to the bonds of the soul.  
It is fashioned from a lovely building  
Called the house of love, parts dither  
And dabble with heights of a spare angel,  
Little angels blindly prostrate but  
Bother never to discourage the men  
From lunatic terms, or the fresh sermons.

I see an island in the door of youth,  
I cross both and enter the irony of heaven.  
Posing the questions of youth,  
My soul is with angels of the lasting  
Times, the gracious sermons and  
Longer recitations, for sightly people  
Who look wherever they wish, and count  
The gardens at their worship.

I see so many angels in so many angles,  
My mind has been liberated by my soul,  
For it intelligently displays the godly world  
All the time, every day of this existence.

Naveed Akram

# I See Everything

I see and hear all sounds  
In the space of an hour.  
These small letters forbade us from energy,  
The energy is used by senses,  
The sounds and rounds of sleep are better.  
May we hear all the wonders of this strange world,  
Seeing them carries a burden bigger and better.  
Hearing of the energy is of the facts  
To crunch the food and be happy  
Everywhere you go and stay.

Naveed Akram

# I See My Heart

I see my heart illuminate itself due to the heat of strangeness,  
Knowledge so brief has passed the throat for all of the lessons;  
I see my soul being carried by the masters of death and life,  
Conflict and such slumber has been at my door of worry.  
I cause the brief episodes to subside and force me into jaws  
That open and close according to the programme inside us.  
I see the kind dreams of a different sort,  
Sitting by, listening to the music for some slight recompense.  
My disorders are uniquely arrayed before my mind's eyes,  
Saying my sundry details and unique attempts at activity.  
The days are numbered by the very hundreds that ask  
For waiting and patience and perseverance.  
I see my heart thrown to the world in this life,  
It submerges and cancels the whole existence.

Naveed Akram

# I See Stars

I see stars in the new ground called the night,  
Yawn offering amazement as the sky falls!  
Lids of the eyes retry their seat and soil,  
Forming illegality from the royalty of theirs.  
One eye boldly states evidence, and the other  
One seeks knowledge even if in your home,  
Looking on the beds of wonderment, liking.

I see the stars smoking and piling wastes  
As they steer their way to the bed and display  
The men of the day and night, living a special tune,  
Lighting the way forward with frowns of delight,  
Fuels will commence and detonate the arrival.

Naveed Akram

# I See That Love

I see that loving you brings changes to my youth,  
The fires of interior virtues burden our medallions.  
Blind-following rips the heart apart, like loathing the doing,  
Oh, where is the deed to be done?

I saw that praise ought to be mobile like chariots,  
Stealing my magic loved the full panoramic view;  
Then because you stationed the blessing,  
I did not blow a cushion in your swing.

In this part of the house, a room badged itself,  
Windows after windows illuminated the one who  
Bore longevity, the one who wore true happiness  
And calmness, fulfilling the gates of this ride.

Naveed Akram

# I See The Dying

I see the dying once I cavort in the desert,  
My riding-beast speaks to me like a dune  
Or a sand-worm, or a wonderful donkey.  
I see the deaths of thousands of beasts,  
Humans have become beasts from fervour  
And arid conditions, the ultimate sinning.

I see the dying and the deaths, I watch  
A book unfold with words of worry,  
Weird work, denigrated themes, of time.  
I match the spanning centuries with mine,  
This need in deeds is greater than knowledge,  
These are the bestial teases, the extraordinary dreams.

My winter was without the desert, it was ice-age  
Where mammoths roam relished, on roads of grit,  
Their paths of pathology, the metabolic ways of theirs.  
I see the dying in every sphere of the galaxy,  
For the wretched have children, and children die,  
When do they receive their death when life expires always?

Naveed Akram

# I See The Ground

I see the ground open without shutting down,  
Houses of spectacular hope have been absorbed,  
And their graves unite to gather a reward,  
Like the offenders of the whole of thought.  
I see a man speak and release his anger  
On the blind beggar of the century,  
Who whines with the windy sigh.

I see his mouth open like a shadow in the night,  
Following the tragedies of the very season,  
The lifting of the pen is in sin, the lift is consistency  
And if a woman has endeavoured to speak a sin,  
Pinching is the action of a decimated day.  
I witness an abjection in the mild time of this swinging  
Day and night, lifting the pen with sides of the square,  
Forcing a border to let a given tremor.

Naveed Akram

# I See The Heart

I see a star to the opening corridor,  
I see stars in the void that I avoid;  
My stare is upon you, my stare is uplifting,  
For these stars embark on their journey.  
My liver and heart train the brain,  
It roils and coils towards the monumental  
Planets, orbiting longer than the rest.

I safely arrest a boundary of neglect,  
Changing is changing, and neglect is  
Neglect, fighting these concepts is solid.  
My coiling and boiling is on our side,  
It is there in a nucleus of a dream  
Finding a new nation to destroy.

Naveed Akram

# I See Them Take Flight

I see their wings take flight,  
My names are written on the feathers,  
So be invisible with such effort,  
And let the tear drop into the ocean  
To quench the thirst of the waves  
So splendid on their messages.  
One man can live among the lovers,  
They have seals and zeals,  
Their joy has brought cosy feelings,  
Comfort in the chair of a chairman.

I see their wings after the wings have hatched  
From firm positions never quavering little but much.  
Delving into the past is looking at the ocean's mess,  
With waves, with waves, without them and without farewells.

One man can be among the lovers,  
Relentless beasts of grinning happiness.

Naveed Akram

# I See With Wisdom

Wherever my eyes wander I see Him,  
I wonder and search, beautify and describe;  
When does knowledge end after the end of all?  
My naked eye observes the words coming from  
My heart, I cannot complain to Him if I am alive,  
And I am alive, forming beliefs in my head that hurts.

My saviour ends the sight of my soul, destitute I am,  
For He wants to deliver me from the evil of entrances;  
The messages of a faraway man is of the dunes,  
But my widest wisdom will amply scream into ears  
Like thunder and lightning. My saviour is a concert  
Of music in building and pounding, like the drum!

Naveed Akram

# I See Words

I see my poetry in collision with particles,  
They differ and wonder as to their neighbours,  
These words drink from a massive vacuum,  
So behaviour is then limited in these groups.

I see, I think, I feel, that certainty smells of proof,  
The hurt inside swallows the food so welling,  
This proof internally inspires and decides the wrapping  
Of ogreish dreams, transforming like solutions.

These poems of the past denigrate the overall master,  
Foolishness is a door through the zone of menace;  
Cursing and bursting, we stare and gasp at breathing,  
Once the ill words connect with healthy phrases.

Naveed Akram

# I See You Are Equal

I see your body in shadows,  
Entering the burning heat attached.  
Well enough, the body is burning  
So it causes distress to those  
Watching.

Must we furnish our eyes?  
Must the history of the sides  
Be the sides of a square,  
When the equality is clear  
And sufficient?

My seeing is clinging to hearts,  
Exiting and easing the pain.  
I saw a madness from monkeys,  
I witnessed the climbing man  
Of mania.

Well enough, the returning cosmic  
Light was enough to enlighten.  
The fire within the stranded eyes  
Glowed in the turns of the pages  
As we read.

Naveed Akram

# I See Your Faith

I see a moon, and I see the stars  
I live along wars as if they die  
But never will they make me believe  
Because your faith is certain  
Because the fever of a day is upon us  
I will choose my gift  
And hold it high

Naveed Akram

# I Served

I served the man with pocket-money,  
Out of a slender fund - the accumulated savings.  
My parts and wholes of volumes of work  
Ganged up on me, and I fed others with facts.  
I had an intention, and a law, for the saying  
That was mine, flowing forwards with height.  
The tsunami of blessings smothered me  
With heartache, as the books so read were beneficial.  
I served the profession well, of reading I was first,  
In this well of knowing was my prize,  
For I became a knowledge in fairness.

Naveed Akram

# I Set Off

I set off for another land luxurious,  
Hoping to find a hidden monster,  
The virtuous of the hilarious,  
Coping and keeping the artful ancestor.

Open the doors to the bars and hats,  
Let the public be asked about the monster,  
Who makes you rich and famous,  
Fighting its back and fighting back.

An asteroid then arrives and approaches us,  
Blasting, banning, and blaming the monster;  
Blisters turn on the feet and toes,  
Mindful of the monster's huge gaze and throat.

My idea has died, my forgotten song  
Launches into words of the world,  
So the lord is a barring minister,  
One of the asteroids has burdened him.

The asteroid shall arrive and approach  
The forgotten dragon of gold,  
A mad poet or a madder position,  
The dragon has died from too much burst.

Naveed Akram

# I Shriek

I shriek with sound that matters,  
Falling is to entice a devil into my arms,  
My body hoped for anything averse to hell,  
And my hold drank the blood of another;  
One vampire, two humans they equal,  
For my nothingness is terrible to humans  
And I entice the demons of unholy greatness,  
To dreaming the throbs of terror  
And dazzling painful feeling, which is without emotion.  
It vexes me to search the body, that innocent game  
Is of kissing for blood, the blood of evil.  
I suck often as a prize, whispers may destroy my life.  
It is a ghastly occupation being a vampire,  
But blood seizes us and we deliver.

Naveed Akram

# I Smelt Dragons

Ghosts smell of kittens as they are dragons,  
Industrial fiends that taste to the public;  
Inexcusable crimes are spoken and written  
From the jarring of the supreme justice.  
Lets be judged, lets affirm their pride of gold  
And freaky substances making roil in humans.  
Oatmeal is industry, owning us and making us breakfast,  
But they supply quicksand and the notebooks.  
Many pails of water lock teens in water,  
Quiet rainstorms hope further and let pancakes.

Naveed Akram

# I Smile Warmly

I smile warmly at the beast who withers  
And waits for the storm to subside,  
Like charity and honesty and justice.  
Let my soul be happier when this happens,  
My eyes are curved towards safety,  
My ears are trimmed like the weather.  
I am hot on the scale we call bold,  
Inside the person of hate is a bold soul,  
Audacious free men are of the therapeutic.

I smile according to tastes, innards match,  
Mastering the tests, asking questions teetering  
On happiness, so that words are universal.  
My smile is designed to file the accents  
In the folders of the mind,  
The smiles of a decade are in the delicious  
Century, the straight lines join with curved  
Graphs, and the typical crow is awaiting  
Its wings and just fare.

Naveed Akram

# I Sold My Soul

I sold my soul to the wind  
When it blew too loud and narrow,  
Like the innocent howling of an infinite  
Day that coincided with its night-time.

The wars concentrate on you,  
As they are waged on the image of your country,  
Feeling like an accusation too late.  
Fierce winds retaliate,  
As they purge the corners of the globe  
With terror that exterminates.

Soldiers die and wait with their crying,  
Forcing the weapons to conquer the ill  
And weak who corrupt their own souls.  
The selling is too costing, the buying is  
Too forced, to be any sort of dignity.

And nations crept to the edge of their seats,  
When the throne of the leader could not make  
Death too comfortable.  
This deadly encounter was a gaseous  
Urge from the sky,  
That held all lamentations  
Of older eras, this time the war  
Was a fight of the blood and water.

Naveed Akram

# I Spoke To Soldiers

I spoke to too many soldiers,  
You'd never know the exact record;  
We still had lunch and then the enemy,  
Forced into slavery of the army,  
Been war-prison, been godliness of speech,  
Never been superior officer or general.  
My reward was in the favour of heaven,  
And the language I possessed connived the house to live in.  
To be a civilian was wrongful then good,  
As deities shall mind afterwards,  
Gods bespoke their dread, and dealt with cards  
To be defeated by my hands and feet.  
I see the comrade of zeal in a jail  
And wanted him out, just out.  
We face squalor in the system of a world in war,  
Never do soldiers become heroes when in action.

Naveed Akram

# I Stood Now

The little window was against me now that I stood,  
It transferred heat and cold so clammy, now that I stood.

My unique blessing created cream and solids,  
Doing this plain truth made me dreamy, now that I stood.

Crumbs connected with bread that was stale and crumbs,  
This enjoyed the arguments so crummy, now that I stood.

So as to understand we saw a united spirit of dumbness,  
Then the liquids of a day and night spread infamy, now that I stood.

Soils halved the rate of exposure, inside the country and county,  
For liquids entranced major elements so grimy, now that I stood.

What does a man offer a maiden in heaven who sighs?  
The ability is my name I call to the Paradise so yummy, now that I stood.

Naveed Akram

# I Struck Him And Her

I struck him on the left shoulder,  
By the ships of the night and day  
He left, entertaining the misers  
So that gold was a dream of dining.  
I struck the lords of the sandy beaches,  
With frustration that lasted like gold.  
In this wisdom of the world that schools  
Men in justice and politics,  
I have a right to the splendour of the wits.  
I struck her on the left eye,  
Gashing the cheeks with boasts  
Of luck and harm and charm.  
This fool was a minor duel,  
During the times of a sentence.  
Lists of bad hearts abandoned the front,  
Their toil was a waste of goals.  
Butchery happened on the horizon.

Naveed Akram

# I Surgeon

I surgeon the mistress with airforce,  
This flight of the ordinary air, ten banks  
Cannot contain, bees have more money  
Than the computers of such credits.  
My button pressed, a flower ejects,  
Kinsmen come regularly to buttress  
My mistress, in her ill ways.  
My family is around my hammer of skill,  
The knife submerges like air,  
The scalpel masters perfume,  
With a floodlight to maniacally inspire.  
Where is the hive? When do they blitz  
The wild entrails and viscera?  
A flower concerns and corrects my familiar  
Bridge of a country called Gibraltar.

Naveed Akram

# I Take Shape

I number my creations as a financial man,  
Of the great pleasure-boats I have curtains;  
They fold and retract to believe in their height,  
Once the worshippers are elated by the call.

I seize upon infants and denigrate the regard,  
My freezing is my undoing, for I am swollen;  
Inside the sense is a stronger than common sense,  
Which barks like a dog of natural born strength.

I see the creators and their creatures in high regard,  
You must defend the one deity before the party  
Begins to take shape in the form of triangles,  
These mastering shapes that collide and obstruct.

Naveed Akram

# I Thank You

I say I thank you  
For the gifts of the planet and soul,  
These beings of health make me hunt  
The spirit of simplicity,  
The jumping and leaping of walls.  
I say I thank you  
For these aches and afflictions,  
Ruining the blood of whoever opposes me  
And you,  
Eating of the patient ones, the perseverance  
Surprises me after I am ruined and captured.  
I say I thank yourself,  
When the stars will shine more for you.

Naveed Akram

# I Thought

Tense is the arm and the head I thought,  
Together the chest is august and like lead, I thought.

Too many collisions are made at once,  
'By the body', says a man dead, I thought.

To see a ghost appear from nowhere  
Is controversial, never said, I thought.

Find the banshee and stride in front of it,  
So that the banshee is read, I thought.

Place him on a plate, the ghost I mean,  
So I can eat it like I said, I thought.

Please, I'm haunted, and by a stranger,  
A stranger that doesn't know it is He, I thought.

Naveed Akram

# I Thought The Spirit

I thought, and I thought the moves ahead,  
Spoiling surprises for my mind in turmoil,  
Then my face winced like the cool energy  
Of a winter day in union with the role of the soul.

The dream of fish was a stream of fish,  
I thought and I saw the many likings for the soul:  
The kings I had to meet, and the queens much admired,  
Through the breakfast of the body as it appeared.

His jagged reaction was a mathematical apology,  
His newspaper occurred with alarm on the clock,  
So on the wall was an illness of such thrown menace,  
The real mood was a transformation to gain.

This instant my time was at an end of the spirit,  
I had turned into the refracted light of my message,  
But where were causes of the cups and saucers  
That followed the parties of our life, our dream, our strife.

Naveed Akram

# I Told Dread

I told him dreadful lives on the move,  
Squandering peace and living crimes,  
Far-reaching lusts that disfigured the world.  
I told him to shoot the agony of a man,  
Always in conflict that resides in the heart.  
The homes of a thought have been founded,  
Due to the races and the sessions of play,  
The mansion of a muddled minute community  
Is at work due to goodness and sunny times.

The sun is afloat dying in its bottomless chasm,  
I told it to reach into him, tell him to dissolve,  
Then the mansion was a sent affair,  
Then the senses of a floating city were gifts,  
Like the awe of a century and decade.

Naveed Akram

# I Want

I want to deliver a shape across the room,  
It will rebound and bounce and bump without  
Your provision, whenever you halt your progress.

I want to destroy the heart of my old company,  
It will submerge and burn the seas from exhaustion,  
The waves will crash, smother and engulf the lands.

I want to seize the animals and plants as a righteous  
Act, forgive my soul when the time will come,  
Forget the repentance of a devilish man who cascades.

I want to wish and work for the years of your rights,  
It will be a century of hate, and intelligence, surviving  
And clashing, walking across the floor of certain value.

I want to wield a fortune of gold and honey, fun and energy,  
Like the accusers of a stray light, the darkness enters when  
We try to command the soul and fail after much trial.

Naveed Akram

# I Want Oneness

I want your person to evolve from oneness  
Like little gnomes who strut liking the true alley,  
These small children evade the young men  
Who see the heaven's gates open in front of the wall.  
I encountered the right monster in the hallway,  
Sword was clenched with yourself  
As you fought with the hard medicine.  
Such dealing opened envelopes of red blood,  
Dripping from the fountain of hate.  
The day seemed different in the wake of the moment,  
Wanting Socrates, for his intellect should  
Enter and people should shudder  
Watching his thoughts inside the soul  
Of calamity.

Naveed Akram

# I Want The Universe

Depressed and taken by stress,  
The woes of infinite space are understood;  
This space continues to guide the heart  
And all those hearts of a blessed variety.  
Chiefs shall consider chemicals for their bodies,  
Astronauts keep biological experiments.  
The defeated reign over the victorious,  
And clear universes stand alongside ours.  
Then be cautious if you consider woes  
To be the confusion in the midst of alien attack.  
Absurd and breakable, the space-man  
Connects us with living-space,  
The ever-living cosmos,  
The significant place  
For entrances  
And exits.

Naveed Akram

# I Want To Rule

I want my heart to rule the world,  
I wish that doors open us to the graves,  
I will want them to close in two goes,  
My vanishing master is at odds with me.

Inner peace is a vision of the realer folk,  
Souls have a burden of the same time,  
This soul is of the brethren that decay,  
This soul is of the enlightened souls.

My books are like the farms of the old world,  
In their cattle is the grass all chewed,  
In the mighty barns are the weird tiles,  
Offering me unity and being peace of word.

The heart is good in the authority of the real,  
The realer men endure us with our teachings,  
They thrust their ears in the fingers,  
This time of the reality, this fortunate desire.

Naveed Akram

# I Want Wisdom

I want wisdom to burn the pages,  
I wish he destroyed me lately;  
For my homework was unfinished  
And slept for pigeons to secondly pass.  
The mystery of a night cancels rhyme,  
For the poetry of a life so extravagant  
Is full of decisions from a sacred place.  
The wisdom is seeing, the wise men stare  
At the bridges that are crossed so well by the travellers  
And adventurers.

Naveed Akram

# I Wanted A Rock

But I wanted a rock to lie about my hat,  
The very job of the start and stop,  
A need awakens to prove your worth,  
One wished for better help, and pride must arrive.

These straightforward gestures transfer  
The hate to love, for want of a better conversation.  
I desire a strict gem to outweigh my work,  
This works like a treat, able to be worshiped.

My sweet sons and family reign in purity,  
Their tasks are around the road of bread  
And butter has appeared for their lick,  
Like the amply divided cushion of love.

Naveed Akram

# I Wanted To Know

I wanted to know, I wished to believe,  
(Like a man of words too well done) ,  
What did I do when I met them?  
They were not inquiring into my life,  
But I greeted them with similar distaste.  
Marriage became a last resort, a joke for everyone,  
However, the rags of riches were given to someone.  
My fault destroyed the quality of living I enjoyed,  
With torture near, the reality of arguments denied me the life  
As I slept in death the very next day and night.

Naveed Akram

# I Was Alive

I was dead, then alive.  
Wept tears smothered the ground.  
I went wild and had to be confined,  
Breaking the bread of the floor.

My death said enough to the horizon,  
After many times of joyfulness.  
He asked the lords of their dignity,  
The power was too much,

That worse deeds stayed,  
For the powers of love stained.  
It is insanity when you are bored  
By the dead and deadly, the worst alive.

Naveed Akram

# I Was Dressed In Doing

I was dressed in a pale yellow robe that wondered  
At my being so blessed by those who survey,  
And a condition was noticed on my chin, that burned.  
She shuddered as she applied the thin-lipped mouth  
Blending with the innocence of some great gate.  
A sardonic smile was twisted after so many times of great  
Gates, opening into a darkened mind of a face.  
She glanced up at me, with proper distinction in the fires,  
Eyes seemed to pierce the light, escaping was scurvy  
And all the cancers concealed by the pen and pencil.  
A moment later, the sardonic faces that remarked were erased,  
As a man from new plagues cleared a whole time of deeds.  
Being in this space, we owned our own thoughts to find  
A work of the greatest purity, fulfilling some doer of good.

Naveed Akram

# I Was Eager

I eagerly drank dusty air, glancing to answer  
The hurt of the person in the dusty night air;  
He was playing billiards all his life and career,  
Leading him to the market-place of thought.  
His wife was a lover of the opposite kind,  
And forgive him for trying to sound like a burden  
To the brother and a sentence to the sister.  
I drank his blood on the third night, like the windy  
Perversion of the truth, a lonely fact, or a destructive  
Effect, longer-lasting as a fact of the ultimate.

This air of the district had pain inside for misery's  
End, that high tower they call mister, and the higher  
Height it is named by the chief of the city looming.  
I saw the blood on the street, as grace could disembark,  
As grace could conquer the wretched rights.  
At that point, there was a building of finite height,  
Loving him in entirety, then the fall undergone for the blood  
Of the city in ruins, a little town never abstained from  
Graces and disgraces, a little lover was about to disembark.

Naveed Akram

# I Was Formed

I was formed myself, I am a form,  
Very wise and elegant like my making,  
But the effort of the soul is igniting life  
Evermore, with reason to dictate it.  
I see above others with learning,  
I am watched entirely, secretly.

Offered to the death is a prize,  
I am wiser than him, I am a form of brilliance  
And brightness of a star.  
For folding with pages of light  
Is a page of late kneeling, to read  
Resonating words, elegant like my soul.

I was a joiner to the heart,  
Enjoining goodness so even lettered souls  
Feel grateful, as their load is dropped.  
My simple doing confounds the thoughts,  
I am a promise from the reality of being,  
I frustrate the demons and declarers.

Naveed Akram

# I Was Running

I was running with my friend yelling behind me,  
Running behind me was my friend.  
Fierce white columns of dancers thrusting towards our hearts,  
We trudged and murdered the soils so swiftly  
That there were broken bits,  
And these bits they used with their souls and soils.

The great way to sprain the ankle,  
We countered their gestures,  
Yelling behind me a smoky statement  
Hopefully to drift across and burden.

I was running rapidly, hastily forward  
With my friend who felt his dream  
With mine.  
Chunks of asphalt clouded in my face,  
Concrete happened to be the haste,  
As this dream became badly aware  
Of the warriors behind my kitchen door  
In this waking world.

Naveed Akram

# I Will Speak With The Goddess

Together the Aphrodite will speak with the exorcist,  
Denying rights of fuss, denigrating their lusts;  
Inside this country of fairies an occult being  
Bounces like a ball of terror internally.  
Then the goddess recaptures oddities,  
Internal reflection happens to the seas of paths  
Floating like roads of the wild weather so windy.

Occurrences affect my soul, due to the beautiful mermaid,  
It wishes me to abstain from food and drink  
Of mainly seafood so degraded.

Then the seas vomit their water into a mouth of a cave,  
This card of experiences studies a blend of sages;  
A flower fluently occupies the tongue,  
Wild wet weather questions the sailing crew,  
And mild Aphrodite obscures the pathway dutifully.

Naveed Akram

# I Wish For Happiness

Wish for happiness and zeal is a friend,  
Wish for a grand audience to muscle the fiend,  
Who asks for advice and not show,  
To state is the ideal happiness which grows and concocts  
Itself.

Naveed Akram

# I Wish Him Age

I wish him a being of age that strings along the time,  
Temptations enter to bend the aroma of food;  
A chief sentiment is explored, followed by food,  
And more eating rituals - stunts of the period.  
Cry and stop, wish and drop, the dinner and lunch  
Shall manage you with health, and as the wealth is adorable  
We clasp the food with talons and fit inside the shell.  
This shell breaks and causes me to be dust,  
Flying like a human is being an age that conquers time,  
For time is a great provider of wealth and the full exploration.

Naveed Akram

# I Wish The World

I wish the world carried a heart of gold,  
Infer from this world a really exact formula;  
This health, this bridge of quite absolute odour,  
Is furiously awaiting a change and variation.  
But your head and your heart has changed  
For the best result, anything is of value.  
A career has been waking up every morning  
And evening, to awaken the soul is expensive.  
I wanted a destructive path of action,  
But the tongue was swollen from bleeding  
So I could not speak and listen,  
So my career was stolen - great larceny!

Naveed Akram

# I Wish Words

I wish that my words were to touch God  
As mountains leap to strange places with their wisdom.

The insects are alive like the butterfly,  
It counts not years like us, but moments, not words.

I wanted my love to shine like the moonlight,  
It will envelop you praising your soul.

Life is a secret even when it exhibits kindness,  
Those in life have freedom shining today and tomorrow.

Only a fighter of atoms truly loves the time passing,  
My endless debt to you shall be paid by time and honour.

I shall meet my destiny when the clouds in the sky shudder,  
All from the anger in my shattered soul.

I fight dozens of strangers, indifferent to them after and before,  
Those who I side with, I do not adore or love.

My nation is a country of well-educated men and women,  
My country is the monumental flag in my dreams.

Naveed Akram

# I Wonder And Ponder

I wonder on, I wonder on, like a pondering  
That never ceases from the lake and trees;  
I saw a terror of the woods in final company,  
This distance I broke in many measures  
Like the cantering of the warhorse, and the dancing  
Of devils that sigh with wolves that whimper in nights.

I have tossed aside the letters of the crown,  
His kingliness is above that of the natural walk,  
Along the pathway so suited to never-ending lines.  
I have gifts from the supreme ruler and philosopher,  
Finding the gold of the rains and snows, internal  
Landscapes are always like the heart of growth.

Naveed Akram

# I Wonder On A Letter

I do some wonder in that I sign a paper  
And erase a letter to instrumentally design  
A folded envelope that presents itself too early.  
I go to the lovers of the rhapsodes,  
Those with poetry I must recount and master  
With words that wonder at godliness,  
My key to the other world is called eternity.

The true calamity is above the heavens and  
Earth, fixing a lantern to the edge of health  
And then strong seats of good fortune are out.  
The story of this new binding is afoot,  
Fire and ice seem proud of the apologies  
That nature casts on the whole of humankind.  
This is the only strong solution to the guests.

Naveed Akram

# I Wondered About Tears

I wondered why the rain fell like ghosts,  
Where were they uttered, which district?  
Pain dissolved the night, night of cowardice  
Happened to fight and deliver the self.

What is warning and what is shame?  
The natural one is the shame of the heralds,  
The warning has been espoused to beauty,  
Fine wonder of the year-like period.

I wondered why they feel tears in a row,  
Why are they crying in so deep tremors?  
Internal fear is the guarantee of a season  
In ruins, of the black bent brain that wins.

Naveed Akram

# I Wore The Fox

I wore some Lion's skin, like a hunter grown tall,  
It was in the solar moments, when the lunar spells  
Were absent, and sun had to pierce the creatures.  
I proudly remarked on some misadventure,  
Causing events to be like fine clothes,  
Like weapons of the deliberate acts,  
But comfy like your everlasting light.

I saw a fox swimming in the rapid river,  
Molesting a new animal from the hot water,  
A rapid shining light emanated from the distant  
Prayer, performed by some scholar of the deep.  
This was a proud moment in history of adventure.

Naveed Akram

# Icarus Fell

Icarus tried to feel wonderful,  
He could try at least to fly,  
But instigators of happiness were beautiful.

Instead of flight, the tragic became  
A comical effect as he flew  
And wings were aflutter and warm.

Near the ocean, his Sun was against him,  
For dripping was the oil into ocean,  
And diving was the maniac, all numb.

Icarus is still aiming for life,  
But he sighs and he drowns,  
With water as his foe and wife.

Naveed Akram

# Ice

Pound the ice with your layers of skin,  
At the edge of screaming agony,  
Forcing the convictions,  
Going fuzzy in mind,  
Making the blankets,  
Bleeding with strictness,  
And being better memory.

I try to pause for a moment,  
Keeping numbers and letters  
In my secrets and concepts.  
I always test those ice-breakers  
As they are machine-guns of anger.  
My lead is my fire, my iron accuses  
As the thrift of the pen has occurred.

Already, the small mirror shatters  
Along the fiery plane,  
Asking us a sanctuary  
That bleeds like the heart.  
A solver is in dispute,  
One-digit numbers bring on  
Harmony.

Naveed Akram

# Ice Cream

The ice cream is a factory while it rains,  
It is the catastrophe of the century,  
The sweetness of this lie.

We munch the ice with cream, we start  
To abandon its glare, while we touch  
The balm of this land of dreams.

The church will conspire with the foes,  
The beauty of the magic is at woes,  
We are the coach of this hundred percent.

My ice melts with growing unease,  
Like the falling debris so blank,  
Like an authority of the century and decade.

Naveed Akram

# Icebergs

Good is the basis for this island,  
A joking commands this iceberg.  
My ice is cold and the air is hot  
For we hear all the atmosphere.  
Why do cold tears arise for existence?  
My hot air gives me oxygen  
For the end of this island is near.  
This raises us in sleep,  
The sleep of all sleeps arises,  
For the death of an iceberg is accidental  
Like that event.  
Where is this good of an iceberg?  
Why do you joke about my toga  
That I wear when I sleep?  
It was an Eskimo who entertained me,  
Not a Roman.

Naveed Akram

# Icy Mountains

Special ice glints, dazzling wonder;  
One has been a disciple for years,  
The mountains are fellows of blood  
And ice.

The battle is nowhere, a still image rests,  
The towering ice and snow is like red blood.  
What is the success or failure?

The failed climb is the successful one,  
And one fails only when the test is hard.  
Strength fails whenever someone sobs  
And the relief endangers us once rotten fruit  
Is plucked and our organs and tissues are distressing.

Naveed Akram

# Ideal Realm

My ideal realm exists in the country,  
Where the insects are at play, and by day and night.  
The whole authority lies with me,  
Piercing the shields, existing where others do not.  
Asking questions is my business to reach an idyllic setting,  
Fixing new thoughts that are swallowed.  
My knowing powers are not to be underestimated,  
I can claim a care for the rich as well as poor.  
For knowledge grows from the grass,  
Farms are designed to conquer and recuperate,  
Finding a new skin and clothing.

Naveed Akram

# Ideal World

The greatest and best island of this world  
Creates a sense of peace for the world.  
The people desire its importance to shine,  
Your own wickedness is then launched  
And the island uses its waves to keep you at bay;  
This may be the story of the stray cats and dogs  
That want to be fetched, that want to be loved.

The inner sins committed by such islands  
Are only minor in quantity, the quality of the nation  
Is mostly achieved by the best of the islands.  
Let confined people be held for their time,  
And let the island of greatest and best nature resolve  
The differences so apparent in this ideal world.

Naveed Akram

# If I Should Die

If you should die before my illness ends,  
I shall partake in pilgrimages of love to the only one  
Who lost my light, tonight the news of the good news  
Shall enter the hearts of the purified ones,  
Who live with death as a simplification of tragedies.  
My comic design creates and recreates  
Accordingly, in this sense a part has entered my  
Lightning that bars others from action.  
The thunder of the earth and soil is according  
To designs of the lords and ladies of the earth and  
Soil, shuddering under the overwhelming  
Heat of the sun and stars,  
A little moon appears this century  
To function a deep word too forgiven.

My map of the soul is aghast by the living  
Souls, my martyrdom shall be amassing  
Wealth for the ready soldiers who live  
And die,  
Little are their acts of apostasy, little acts  
Are only to forgive if repentance is enjoyed.  
My mapping of the soul is like the global  
Dilemma, a right of the life is also upon the hill  
Onlooking the valleys of the golden hearts.

Naveed Akram

# If I Think Of You

If I think of you, I fall into tears,  
When the memories fade, I remember you  
After much thought that fades away.  
If you think of me, I surrender and listen  
To your moments of fear and abstinence.

When the loveliness betters the condition,  
A frail flower opens and encompasses the heart,  
This heart is a crying heart, this head hurts,  
All from the heat of the love learnt by me,  
This love is an eternal treasure, so begin with me.

My mighty hands are a canopy for the height you  
Manage; in fear of me, in felicity, due to my heart.  
Many minds stray from the path so steady and true,  
My mighty mind bends and weaves its thoughts  
According to the lovely actions and experiences.

Naveed Akram

## If Love Entered The Heart

If love is in the heart for the Ultimate Being,  
Then eternal happiness is found beyond the mountain,  
Eluding the majesty of a king shall shine down,  
Due to death in the whole life of surrendering.

If love enters the heart once we destroy the living,  
Death has become an entrance to the Sublime,  
And eluding the majesty of a king is easy,  
So that loves and likes disintegrate for the eternity.

Naveed Akram

## If Poetry

If poems are the truth we are the truth,  
For poetry is a stag and I am a pony.  
My march is rapid and frivolous and pony-like,  
But the dispersal of poetry is captured.

My camera is of delight as I wage my war on  
The regarded men, the still landscape of war.  
The scene is of a poet's dream and war, dream  
And draw, a song sung with alarm, as the pony.

My peace is of the paper, of the march of time,  
As secrets disperse and aspirate, munching the  
Worms of my delight; like innocence of daisies,  
And ponies, and delightful little mammals.

Naveed Akram

## If You Know

If you know nothing in your heart  
This day madness enters the fray,  
Inculcating an oath of work and despair,  
Feeding a frenzy of fanaticism.

Wealth has been forsaken, poor blood  
Enters the veins, with ruby arteries  
Disappearing, like a message of disunity,  
As fast as the solar rays of disintegration.

The rays of hope have visited someone else,  
His heart renders perfect the family,  
The family is the family of families,  
It contains bricks of rigid structure, souls of right.

If you know nothing, this heart bleeds,  
Knowledge is the ocean, wisdom is the land;  
When you learn, a shivering spine becomes,  
The philosophers turn their heads in humility.

Naveed Akram

## If You Will Hear Right Now

Will you believe in my sins if you heard them right now?

Sins are fourfold, sins destroy the soul as it wins, if you heard them right now.

Will damage be given to the ear when you pray?

The remains of the dying prayer begins, if you heard them right now.

I have to speak to God, and now is the time of soldiery,

I sold their ailments with vials of goblins, if you heard them right now.

Some gasp at ghosts walking above the ceiling, walking,

Tiptoeing in the mists of the house that grins, if you heard them right now.

I have to finish the clamours and rumours of a bygone age,

The sinning is wondering when there are inns, if you heard them right now.

My kingdoms are stolen from me, my princes are primroses,

But the sinning continues without my soul in pins, if you will hear right now.

Naveed Akram

# Ignition

Fire speaks such cowardice, always in ringing torture,  
The lesser speech enters one igniting the fuel for anger;  
This instrument strays and displays forty times,  
Like expertise of a beggar, the whole question arises.

Does fire have its habit on me or does it carry an enemy?  
Let it take a hold on you, submit to its flames and heat,  
So that by doing this you have attained a deed far stronger  
And greater than the next person in your life.

Naveed Akram

# Ignore Them

Ignore idiots who remark on some people  
As odd and stale, without them being so.  
Their idiocy remains to this day a triumph  
To the senses, as we neglect them until we smile.  
Understood by some, the individual laughs  
From these small boys retained a soul.  
The ignorance is huge, far too quiet are smiles,  
Let the bread be spread with butter and jam.  
The bread contains a problem of oversweetness,  
They shall sicken of this retarding their young selves,  
And leaving the damage of the year to the parents.

Naveed Akram

## Ill Humour

Your ill humour defines me in entirety,  
Exotic are exercises of the mind, so apt  
To take away your concern of the world.  
Then that to disperse is given like bombs  
Offering me blunt reverberations,  
Cracking in pencils, concentrating on the page  
Of general books, humid is the air, higher in burden.  
Humours abide in heaven, erratic fun shall ensue,  
We need an errand for heaven, not one to it.  
The definition is straightforward,  
Understand and undergo more for the life ahead.  
It snapped, whistled and promised our ways of good  
Like a man has passed his test and loneliness entered him.

Naveed Akram

## Ill Mothers

Mother of ill fortune wets the sky with tears,  
Munching air offered against status laws;  
Moral certainty depicts decisions from air,  
Air speaks tonight with breathing from us.  
Let suns deplore the sentences of intelligence,  
The moped of disbelief is around forming me.  
Morale sends home the house, the wholly abusing  
Family of light, offering us as Mankind the reality.  
Moors disunite more so that rivers tell teeth,  
Little men argue agreeably from the watered lakes.

Naveed Akram

# Illustrious Device

The device for the illustrious followers  
Is like a time-travelling machine that resides  
In the galaxies over the moons and suns.  
One habit of the legs is like two hands,  
People with sentences reduce the older thoughts,  
Their aspects are wild and vivid in their monstrosity.  
Some of us fade into non-being, like the rain  
On a sunny day, that transfixes the authorities  
Or the authors into submission, a cost of health.  
But the device resounds in the galaxies,  
Ostentatious aspects are outlined by Time,  
The worry over it is phenomenal like the rain.

Naveed Akram

# I'M Different

You think I'm different, but relative to you  
My arrears are similar, and I come through happier.  
Here and there, we still have a way to spray the paint  
Of our lives, here and there the thinkers abide  
To train their whipping fashions,  
You think I'm different.

I'm on a spacecraft that is ahead of its life,  
To have purpose in objectives so sudden,  
Intimate design is an exact command  
For the lives that dangerously swiftly move.  
We've come through antagonising the rest of respites,  
Space is the purpose of our stay.

You're nattering like the expensive dairies,  
Probable proximities abide like thin thinkers  
Of soil and trouble.

Relative to you, a singing worship is final  
In the spaces of the vacuumed men.  
One dies forcing the others to live,  
Like the middle of ending juice  
Inside the meals of our life.

Naveed Akram

# I'm Glad To See You

I'm glad to see you if you're mine,  
About noon the thinking was ever,  
One day it rained roles of gods,  
One night the walk up to avenues  
Folded in peace, like a blessing from space.

I found a minute and second to see it,  
A curl of the voice, a room for comments,  
Butlers wept on this joy, silver and gold  
Surrounded me, I found the nationality,  
I found a man in slumber on a dream.

For the dessert a man seemed perplexed,  
Like a swan in mid-flight, thinking to and fro,  
Like the rushing waves of the sea, oceans  
Are aghast to see me act like a surmounting  
Angel, a cadaver of living and death.

Naveed Akram

# Imitation

It is an imitation, a statue of your parent,  
The father of my brother, the father of punishment.

Naveed Akram

# Immortal Suffering

Gods panic over the necessities of living immortally,  
A human life causes them to suffer the full facility.

Naveed Akram

# Immunised

The toads I have heard on this wintry sun,  
Making their pains go and so goodheartedly grin.  
My word shall outgrip their intercourse with fruits,  
An embayment preoccupies their indented souls.  
My spherical friends no longer lend their might  
To the toads of the sea and earth,  
Immunised by bad weather, for they know  
What is sealing the zealots of bravery.  
Thus the staying power of mottoes cries  
As if triers mark the execution spots.

Naveed Akram

# Important Birds

Important findings have been made,  
Disorders are realised for the people.  
Geese shall sound in the skies  
To enlighten a few who listen.  
Many times a day, the sounds of birds  
Arrive and shake the disorder.  
An albatross hurts me further,  
An eagle has no home here, but further.  
Let importance be the guide not the wind,  
For wind is reluctant in the eyes of us.  
The sky has abandoned the birds at night,  
Or have the birds abandoned the night-sky?  
Geese and swans are beautiful birds,  
But where are all the seagulls?

Naveed Akram

# Important Elf

The speech importantly despised itself,  
My order was to exchange my life with an elf.

Naveed Akram

# Impossible Men Wear Masks

The impossible men wear masks and parade their ownership,  
Tightly they embrace and wield the swords so begotten.  
One skirt tightens and then frocks are bitten to pieces  
By the wind that stirs, rocking the innocent beasts of the city.  
The men of sheer elegance notice why we shudder,  
For the tasks are grey and solid, like the scholars of the attitude,  
Existing like they do with strokes of their pens wielding themselves.  
One sword is darkness, one sword spoils the tracts of the lame,  
Fearing the quake of legs and arms, these limbs retrace an object.  
I have men who hate, I have men who love, yet some have both,  
What are the pleasures of this city? What do men speak within?  
I see their tasks and their city, with glances of the eyes and ears;  
Worshippers of the stars are of the sons of the regions that adhere.  
The men who confront shall wear the masks of their forefathers,  
Let them be their victims of the strongest health and wire.

Naveed Akram

# Imprisoned

Here comes my message of light, the enlightenment,  
It contains the future which is now in imprisonment.

Naveed Akram

## In A City

In a city, callous and brave, is greatness,  
Of inner triumph, offered by the community  
And its whole partnership.  
Godly blessings carry morbid telling  
To defenceless creatures, geese are these  
Disappointments.  
To the city is a drift of wildlife  
That makes us weep, it confined our  
Thoughts as we worked our way to the top.  
A tree masters a treat of great cuteness  
To the aerial creatures of myth and legend-  
Birds.  
The community confesses its pollution, actions  
And treatment.  
I have no qualms, and I have no injustice in this season of ours.

Naveed Akram

# In A Dark Underworld

A king had dined this impatient morning  
When stars allied and planets bespoke,  
To be auditory and visionary in the bliss.  
A right leg and arm was apt to discover,  
Brought on the coasts of the famous ways,  
Keeping something stiff and denatured.  
I have interfered as the whole of the mild path,  
Yes! My names are numberless as I am a lively  
Man too different and with habitation too sacred.  
To shoot me in this society is devastating,  
Mild pathways collide with the residences of a shore.  
I have too little where islands decide  
And those who part with the senses  
Are in a dark underworld.

Naveed Akram

# In A Different Plane Of Existence

Consider that we might be existing  
in a different plane of existence.

What would we have to do  
To stay spirited and alive?

And when heat is mounting,  
and we are agonized

stepping-up our strength  
requires an ability and determination.

Our mission can be complete  
If we just come back home.

Naveed Akram

# In A Man

To see the wildness in a man is sacred,  
Offering him news confounds the truth,  
But an anatomical picture of a destiny is unique  
So that we are physicians of our destinies.  
To see and watch the skies of eternity creates  
My picture and scene that forsakes the music.

One has apples growing on the treeless land  
By the skies of showering fruit,  
You wish for better yet you deny a sacred man  
His pleasure if the rocks and stones  
Disintegrate, fully imagining a sword  
That tears at the flesh, offering the words towards me.

I am disinterested in eyes that wish a sigh,  
Oafs have reason now that the eyes are in dire  
Partnership, fully immersed in the sights.  
My apples that descend to the grounds  
Are amounting to flowers of the poetry,  
Poets swallow their ripened fruit endlessly.

Naveed Akram

## In A Place

In a place that I remember someone,  
A coffin resides, and it houses the death.  
One life made me ill like a reality,  
Frenetic circumstances outweighed,  
And bliss entered with fervour,  
Like the billowing winds, forcing a death.

The deity of the night is a shallow beast,  
Feeding philosophers with divinity,  
Due to the colour of the sky and the beauty  
Of the one who commands a slave,  
Little is in the way, more than days  
Are the simple substance, feeding us forever.

And so the place for death has been met,  
Frenetic hours await us on the deathbed,  
For dreams are elapsing slowly, like slithering  
Snakes that unwind and glisten with tongues;  
Nastier bites are patient tokens of the evil  
That must answer to the Lord.

Naveed Akram

## In A Room

In a room of a hotel I weep having my dusty room,  
I've long been fascinated by the long and short corridors;  
And tomorrow the voiceless air shall sting the parenthood,  
This parent is my father, and that one my mother.  
A woman in the hotel tells a different tale for thinking more on,  
I think perhaps that homes are voiced by the rationale.  
The feverish night spaced itself by the moonlight,  
A superstition is many superstitions.

The background of the day has arrived for the backlash,  
And backsides master the seat with their heaviness,  
One sad day an unlucky mother has parked the joyous way.

I think perhaps one crouches low to build the boat with sons,  
We assembled cities of them, with harbors, and got the news.  
The ladies bow while the men outrageously apologize for their news  
Told the next day, I have longed to move away  
And lie stretched flat like a cat in midwinter.

Naveed Akram

# In A Twist

Caught in a twist the tale has ended,  
With a smile, with laughter and kisses.  
This new religion has moved the price,  
One price and two princes are worth it.

Catch my drift and sell the company  
In love with your rich health;  
Somebody is experiencing a twist  
Of the kidneys and heart.

Naveed Akram

## In Awe And Fire

He looked very fine in his attire,  
Enough to gape at in awe and fire;  
He was angry as well, at us for being,  
The staring and the pushing resumed fancying.

We were highly sensitive, fully alarmed,  
By the rows and arguments rearmed;  
We fought in the skies like kids,  
Closing the statements with eyelids.

Naveed Akram

# In Battle

Caught in the leader's battle  
My effects are the same, and that is.  
Underneath the real commotion is a side,  
One dish too many to concoct.  
The real values of a difficult man  
Are too many to name, and they defy.  
Different lives have different values  
To forage the mushrooms of a wild sort.  
The wildness is encouraging but absurd,  
Nobody is creeping up to me now.  
The battle is won after the armistice,  
The stalemate is not genuine.

Naveed Akram

# In Black

Are you not dressed in black?  
To mourn or to derive is your purpose,  
Your purpose and your purpose.  
Wonder at all this!  
In this sense, one parts with life  
As the living expands, mourning  
Completes the circle of circles.

My life is in your hands,  
Hands are tall fingers, your feet  
Have reasoning, the words flow  
Effortlessly as the foot is abased.  
In white is dressing, in beauty is  
A past, what does live?

If you separate the legs from the  
Feet, you approach gates of hard  
And brittle graphite always of a  
Material of materials.  
The circle within the circle slides  
So that life becomes a life itself.

Naveed Akram

# In Black And White

Black and white were the realizations,  
Offering me importance with my age;  
The collars were realer than the collars  
Of ordinary folk, and much dearer for now.  
All these things merely were imagined,  
Turning to a reality of the lesser kind.

I see other shades of grey in the sky of the dusk,  
The day has dawned on me, truly treacherous  
For the mistakes it earns on the reality,  
Centrally the speakers on the stage  
Are damnable.

I was truly present, evidence of the feet  
Was a white and black behavior,  
Defending the papers of the sinners,  
Liking the lads that defended,  
And loathing those lads in the security.

I am facing the concentrated beings  
Of the minds that object,  
Often feeling a white head  
And a black picker of fruits  
That need to be eaten straightaway.

Naveed Akram

# In Character

In character the female is in charred remains,  
In blessings the male will suffer in wails;  
When do the children love with reflection?  
Why do freighters mark their passage on the sea?  
A sea of depth and insolence, a deeper dye,  
One of the seas is bleeding like a natural moment.

In characters of the comics we see a strange  
Man, a strange land, and pain of the sun;  
When do we seize the plumber and carpenter?  
Ordinary men must come at work to stay forever,  
In characters is a labour too honest and modest;  
So be humble in the eyes of the law.

Naveed Akram

# In Days Of Blood

Buried by the wind, a yellow house  
Gains acceptance in the eyes of God;  
Underneath the realms of fantasy,  
Lies a world of tragic blood and torture,  
We speak of crafts they conceive,  
We see rivers of fire in our house,  
The destroyed ones are buried by those winds.  
Very crude animals taste the fortune of colours  
That entwine the engines of sound.  
A broken twig mutters its anger  
As you wake up in a hundred days.

Naveed Akram

# In Dreams

To wake in dreams does cost my pocket still,  
My silly job does train a thought from me,  
A yellow man has come to make me ill,  
This enemy is one academy.

To ask is too demanding of my soul,  
I see a man in one of those kennels,  
Just sentence my demand in some control!  
I still do find the clumsy arrivals.

Let dreams be gone! Let days be done for us!  
The aches shall vanish forming one demand,  
Adeptness carries out accurateness,  
Those apt to steal the race are acting bland.

My mighty hand still makes me shudder out,  
The face of this demand is without doubt.

Naveed Akram

# In Duty

Then in duty they fall and praise,  
Optional deeds surpass the multitudes;  
These crowds are the masses,  
Their voices surrender to the hatter.  
Hoist the sins as if you transgress,  
Cities of roundness are circular.  
Let these voices spring and deliver  
The knowledge of a forgotten past.  
Love has enveloped the majority  
Of thinkers and philosophers.  
Loves unite to desperately find  
The families of virtue, the virtues  
Of divinity, and the virtues blessed.

Naveed Akram

## In Essence

Rapid essence is secret weapon for the rich and famous,  
Yet their doing is definite in the eyes of most,  
In the rising of guilt and gunnery.

For when bullets are fired in one rapid answer  
To the fallen man who resents the very essence,  
Then the falling is reason for discontent.

I said the seeing is again done with the futility,  
And the man or woman shall evade all utility,  
Will they not destroy their benefits, in essence?

Naveed Akram

## In Grief

When death came to a woman who leapt from a bridge,  
Her husband leapt into grief, and was surprised by her act;  
"Help me sleep! " he cried, "Help me overcome this grief! "

The death of a woman was a tragic affair, a surprise for all of us;  
Death occurred for a reason, death managed a grasp,  
Sleep was the ultimate action to make so as to overcome her death.

She had lapses of strength, no one can deny this,  
But strong women should be better than the acts of cruelty  
On the soul possessed, on the body possessed.

Sleep arrived as if crossing a bridge, the bridge of unconsciousness,  
In this period of dreams, he dreamt of a woman so powerful,  
Not an angel but a polite female, a profound wife so alive in heaven.

Naveed Akram

# In Happiness

Some day one sees and watches  
A woman and man in happiness,  
They never break up nor spend their riches  
On wasteful pursuits, it never itches.  
The days spoke magnificent words  
For the rest of a year, before the blizzards  
Set in their life, and the rich palace  
Was no more a life, only fiendishness.  
The divorce had been announced  
Before the rest of society; they pounced  
On the world with all their might  
Trying to find a single light  
To their madness, their loving  
Had emerged to be shoving  
Into another world of time,  
The same time with a different slime.

Naveed Akram

# In Health

In my health is a shield involved with spitting oil,  
To see me underneath the shield is like being gargoyle.

To toil and fumble, bakes a thick healthy shape into tension,  
My added strength is to understand the very accordion.

Naveed Akram

# In Hell

You live by the book of wonders,  
The book has hell on it when opened.  
The inferno carries pits too grilling,  
The grills are offered by devils,  
Contagious diseases are handed over  
To the body and bones, full of hatred.  
A hell of books is opened by the librarian,  
You choose a simple verb to read,  
Then this verb is read, the verb that signals death.  
Your death must never come by reading books,  
Long scrolls so wonderful,  
Of books the world is made  
And the reason for books is reading,  
Not living in Hell.

Naveed Akram

## In Ideas You Are Angry

In black ideas the riding and walking is angry,  
In the questions are answers of the innards;  
Offered by some of us is a promise to uphold justice,  
Yet surely in the head of man is a woman's touch.  
A single pursuit messes the mind and magic has no part,  
The thief shall evade a tax as well as rights.  
But the ideas are spurious after consultation,  
After the sure ones are resolved.  
Let questions be with the interrogator,  
He demands them as he is an inquisitive man  
With a reputation to astound you.

Naveed Akram

# In Ignorance

I was in ignorance over you,  
It was possible for him and her,  
But what is the fight that is better?  
There are two mouths to feed with jewels  
And golden objects so delirious and right.  
Why are you rich all your life?  
My nation eats according to music,  
Carrying the people away with glare,  
Causing the accusations to be their saying.  
I was ignorant and now I am glad to define  
One statement overbearing and sightly.  
This is richer than the pains of so river-like  
Mazes? My accosting is for you,  
My enjoyment partakes in your aura,  
Like the wet paint of a day and night  
In controllership, so that once a night would  
Ignite.

Naveed Akram

# In Jolly Fashion

In an orderly fashion the splinters contain us,  
In order to get through a weakling or one of ink.  
He left life, fraternity and produce to become a monk,  
In his early twenties and his unique collection.  
Very much certain was he, to transfer a nail  
To the imperative mode, a nail driven into the cross.

With great patience, one collector wrote too many words,  
And the inside were lines thrown away, broken and plain,  
To be the transport of the day and night, feelings of the rose.  
It was a purple colour winning painted roofs and ceilings,  
In an orderly fashion his monastery beamed on the village  
With lights, and he rose to heavenly glory after much jolliness.

Naveed Akram

## In Joyous Spirits

Wallow in joy for the rest of your life,  
Open this sentence with absolute joy.  
A life has immense value with the living art,  
An artistic quality attached to the very heart of affairs  
Is a new indulgence of a man always in spirits so high.  
Highness is His importance of a joyful kind,  
Kindness will match this name of a sound nature.  
Those in search of character are not blind,  
Interesting perhaps is their short form of patience.  
Character shall mend us when visited upon,  
It houses itself in caves, the caves of too much brightness.

Naveed Akram

## In Love

You were in love with praise as fear is gone,  
The dedication prizes me as one,  
Instead, my faith considers some saffron,  
In this lies beauty like the amazon.  
I buy this food from the excellent dawn,  
The day has commented on elation;  
For when did saffron mingle in kitchen  
As that collapsed like masters and the drawn.  
Of course, use this advice once you die,  
Less trouble happens mightily and fine,  
The desk contains a paper of us all.  
Once laughter brings us happiness then sigh,  
For when this sigh has killed our soul and wine,  
Our science brought us kisses to appal.

Naveed Akram

# In Love Is Beauty

In love, in deep beautiful time, one delight  
Can blend and mix, blend and migrate  
To a deeper love of threatening mice, so light,  
So bright in white, so very dumb and late.

In this walking sleep comes a time so to mumble,  
Too wet, too beautiful like a main message  
In wait for heaven, in entirety the sleeping humble,  
Exact and correct for all time, your afterimage.

I am stuck where nobody cares, and loses,  
For success lies ahead, and life will be lame,  
In order to achieve a pin and finger of flushes,  
This ends with spilt blood from the same.

Offered to love is reward, incased in reward is beauty,  
We felt harder with vegetable and meat, without crime;  
Design the flux of life to influence life that it is discovery,  
Return to the woods of distinction, a little climb.

Naveed Akram

## In My City

In my little wit the forces desire a reading  
Of a London time, and another city to find.  
Dispose those rates we steal and disgrace,  
Let go of London nowadays and ride.  
These roads to other towns master some of us,  
As roads of the philosophical avenues  
Carry on rapidly, too later than notes.

Wonder must perform, with cities of grace,  
Let their lady keep a sacred reason for living,  
As character is the town of delight,  
Or do we suppose a readiness to act?  
In my larger intelligence, is a command from above,  
The solving of thoughts is my profession,  
As cities and towns deprive us with grace.

Naveed Akram

# In My Confused Spirit

In this confusion my moments are thoughts,  
Ringing and wrongs complain from the heart  
When my blood runs deep into the bones.

You are like my inner straight path, a follower  
Finds the fanatic in himself, a disciple deals  
With his master with a bone to the heart.

It is love that is the clothing of a frightful being,  
Love entrances my beliefs as they progress into  
A loving ritual, forever in jeers and praises.

In my confused being I contemplate, I dissipate,  
And worries for the sense in the sight are abating  
Dutifully, with draining of the heart's knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# In My Dream

In a dream, I saw myself with a beneficial knowledge,  
The knowledge typifying the knowledge,  
As if a candle had illuminated my heart and ileum;  
Sombre praise had begun to respect me,  
That referred to the wisdom contained in my habits.

Because of the lamp hidden in my breast,  
A landscape lay before me, displaying mankind  
As a spiritual substance;  
Blood of the heart concerned the flowing,  
And knowledge of Allah's attributes and essence reached me.

Naveed Akram

# In My Eloquence

Do believe in my eloquence,  
This embrocation is vaster than life;  
The glamour of this weapon of words  
Defeats the beauty so grand and bold.  
My pretty word is my simpler taste,  
Have I not sentenced the fatal gesture?  
I discovered, too, that a good work  
Was a bright serene month,  
That was the world of the worlds.

My favourite confirmation became belief,  
But I, and the rest, enjoyed fully the faith  
Given to the swearing of oaths.  
Its fruit was a scattering of worth,  
The nature of the merriment adding together.

Naveed Akram

# In My Hand

I have them in my hand, defining words,  
For the forces at work are deceitful,  
Kings are mainly the real manners of society,  
Queens instigate their authority on us.

The arms are flying towards the mast  
Of a ship in comprehension,  
Escaping the wordy invaders  
Threatening the sloop and its crew.

The arms are frightening me, afterwards,  
Legs shivered and jostled with people and things.  
The beds are rolling like silver marbles,  
And balls are following their talking philosophy.

Naveed Akram

# In My Heart

I have a disease in my heart,  
Lots of illness resides in it,  
Good reflections will disobey  
My miracle, my special love.  
Inside the heart is a lovely weather,  
Haunting the space of a fright,  
The downward struggle is immense.  
The struggle awaits and remains when good flavour  
Has entertained the fear of the heart.  
My heart delays itself with love,  
Love is a swarm of bees waiting to erupt,  
Like also a volcano, like a mountain of trust.

Naveed Akram

# In My Heart Of Hearts

I was bothering your throne of business,  
In the name of heaven the routine,  
In this much disputed heaven of zeal.  
I was badly suffering, so terrible a man  
Introduced his ilk when bad ideas  
Were promulgated in the vein of kings.

My hands were in my heart,  
I don't know how it swirls,  
Letting my prayer turn to so much  
More than littleness,  
I saw my handsome eyes and ears  
Warn the believers of their repentance  
To be carried out in triumph,  
So events moved despite the impeding  
Matters of the flesh.

A shiny thing was so terrible,  
All over the world my prison,  
Always a telephone had begun,  
In this night of fortune and fortunate men.

Naveed Akram

# In My Imagination

In imagination the rights are few and famous,  
Inside the triangle of many disorders lies a weapon  
To make our message shine with love and minor actions.

In this season of joy we aptly remind ourselves  
To keep a revolver on the further bench  
So as to shoot the men of mighty age and skill.

In this reality, a goal has been achieved out of  
The lingering fear, one felt a sensation of cool  
Air, the very being has established a ruin and relish.

I have ascertained my age according to deeds,  
Those doers in runny waters are watching,  
Theirs is the food of the youth and innocence.

Sometimes a young sweetheart reigns on the obvious  
And the mundane, to fulfill my sweet sounds  
And the courage will fight for another night of fountains.

My image has relied on substances of the mice  
Creeping in their holes, and they are ready to pry into life  
Outside. Their relaxed being causes me to stir.

Naveed Akram

## In My Mind

In my mind the inner light is blessed,  
Acts fly past for all to the breast,  
Letting colours work for the better,  
Finding strangeness as a begetter,  
Wanting more from delivery addressed.

The real answer to the question is the blood test,  
A complete work has appeared to arrest,  
The wonderful meaning of the debtor,  
A meaning so primitive yet like a letter,  
In my mind.

Something has been speaking the best,  
The books so ancient are being to detest,  
A new meaning came about like a sweater,  
The cloth is new and certain as a getter,  
In my mind.

Naveed Akram

# In My Pocket

A pocket of pepper  
Entices me after.  
Potatoes mightily  
Oppose the minor ones  
Who are people of us.  
Then printing is made for  
The bewitched, bewildered.  
May prison happen some,  
Most of us learn of days,  
The rest of the days mask  
Themselves afterwards then.  
Around the skeletons  
We prize our rituals.  
This shower attends rain  
From a thousand places.  
A pocket replaces me.

Naveed Akram

# In My Sleeping Hours

In my sleep the hours are longer than me,  
In this waking fortunate deal called the day  
I speak to the loved storm so bright and charming.

It speaks to me torrentially, like a tropical forest  
Which worsens in dainty help, into the premises  
Of the promises, onto sacred crests and troughs.

In this side of ceremony, my waking life adores  
Fountains of the highest men, who walk  
Such superb banquets after their money vanishes.

This sleeping life morbidly spins around sons,  
Then daughters fold their papers, these demonstrations  
Forsake the oldest dreams, of longer measures.

The life is to sleep afterwards, like it did inwardly,  
Praising seconds of living in fine embroidery,  
Celebrating the eyes so feminine in solutions.

Naveed Akram

# In My Soul Is Justice

In the window of my soul  
I see the feathers of a bird  
Hatched from the egg of a phoenix.  
This egg is large, global and polite  
But then there is a noise  
Of huger dereliction, offering few  
Their speaking partners,  
Or their just judges.

In the police of the ages,  
My scenes of great hearts  
Discard the seeing men,  
Who demand and forsake,  
Demand and forsake,  
For their grand justice is a scheme  
Following other models of thought.

Why do the just bring justice to the  
Ranks we float on, and why do we  
See flight of the birds in the way of  
Dreamers, whose dreamworlds  
We have visited? Where does the wisdom  
Spring from?  
I have a huge heart of the trials,  
My trial is a shedding of the skin  
We call human nature.

Naveed Akram

# In My Soul Is Life

No transgressing is in my soul,  
My arms are like peace,  
But they fear God within my neck.  
The Deity is omnipotent,  
The Deity bespoke the word 'Be! '  
And it was creation in six days.  
No terrors tremble in this heart of mine,  
For glories shine and pure faith  
Has shimmered,  
On this earth there is no room for Death -  
Life undying causes other life  
Here and in the Hereafter.

The day is done,  
The dim heart sets into the sky  
To surely die in this setting.  
Celestial clamours roar into ears,  
Fate roars the displeasure,  
Death can happen without a tear.  
Happiness still appears. I don't know  
The dreary course of human activity.  
Rumour of the heavens holds that the days  
Are done, once they have dozed off.

Naveed Akram

# In My Tomb

In my tomb I relax and enjoy  
The delights of an evening too long.  
It is my veritable and venerable grave,  
The land of engraved words,  
Marring the whole existence.

In my entrusted sight is a loading,  
The weight is of gravity, a saintly  
Joiner, who follows me rightly.  
I only enjoy the righteous men  
Who leave behind their love.

In my love of the air, there is oxygen  
That I breath in the dead layers of the  
Heart, a secret boundary is tried,  
A white never-land is about to become  
My only love and like of death.

Naveed Akram

## In Objects And Place

In every day, night, and all place,  
My quest is the question of still life.  
My face is beaming brighter than light,  
Love lurks, love hurts, with all-embracing  
Sight, those faces will see my vitality.

It is the resurrection, it is the sole thought,  
When whole faults omit their details,  
The dangers of the eternal joke are sudden,  
Hatred encounters the backpack  
As we journey forwards, with love on hearts.

As rising and diving is the water of the waters,  
We seek the innocent self with sailing sides,  
The wings of the chieftain are against the man  
Who hurts like love, and questions the heart  
Of a man who contains the objects of the past.

Naveed Akram

# In Operation

Soldiers are in operation, all-through,  
Like a war so bound to disbelieve in wars.  
Unmistakable are the immaculate generals  
To thinkers and to philosophers and guests.  
Agree to them whilst your stay on this world  
Is conquering the animals and workmen.  
The figure is an impressive poison for the purpose  
Of war and battles raging in History.  
Bless the serenity, the absolute creation of will-power,  
Blessing us as well, forming collisions  
And afterwards there are mountains to climb.  
Drifting is a soldier, drifting is a war  
So conquering you, and the whole light of the world.

Naveed Akram

## In Our Blood

With some people burning and some concerning,  
The fires of humankind are far out at sea;  
For the water rushes through the seas,  
Littler fishes swim towards their waves of contentment.  
The churning and the governing is far,  
For to earn me a river is easy,  
And solidly surviving shall be hard,  
And spurning the fish is like rejecting  
Their tastes, of the iron in our blood.

Naveed Akram

# In Peace

I cry forever in peace, forming attractions,  
The price to pay for tranquillity and no questions.

Naveed Akram

# In Plight

We see each other in plight,  
In towns our scare is a clamour of distress,  
They have to stay awake to avoid the city  
Of shards and pikes, of bricks and mortar.

Fire is seen where a ghost has travelled by the Sun,  
Their overtaking us is like that of a star in the cosmos -  
It lives too punished and hot, so hard and fast with speed.  
Fire is seen in the cosmos.

Ghosts are like ghouls in the lair of our Hell,  
Where the Sun is no longer a star to judge,  
When effort has been arranged of late,  
To strike the heads of the fuel, the fuel of the town of distress.

Naveed Akram

# In Riches

Abounding in riches, the inquisitive man  
Is at ease with ample, as destruction looms,  
Adding construction, asking a never-ending plan  
To cause an epidemic, that fed the world with booms.

This sound came from illness, the disease confronting  
Expulsion never ended due to the liars,  
They spoke the truth at first, abducting  
Us at night, with their illness as hunters.

The rich do not suffer from the bugs,  
The blight is bigger than milling bacteria  
That richly convey disease like drugs,  
Not knowing how to be the academia.

Naveed Akram

# In Search Of Purity

Purity encompasses our past like fury,  
It comprises the victory signs of the jury.  
A maid of heaven shall be purer than you,  
Instead your place in heaven is sealed like barbecue.  
Purity is more than an act, rather a statement  
So pure itself, so much like goodness with reinstatement.  
Great work and works are committed with zeal,  
So passion and lusts are alien; and so the deal.  
Let purity remark on itself as the longevity  
And the afterlife suddenly, this is the brevity.

Naveed Akram

# In Stars

The star has passed its test and examination,  
While the planets walk their fill as they fly  
In the playwright's path, the writers and poets  
Also swim in the heavens, like jokers and charlatans.

The heavens overwhelm a minority, the false upstarts  
Of this century that delivers a promise of gooseberries  
And strawberries in the universe of fruit,  
When the wish to be strong has come true.

Each man who rides a camel shall share the desert,  
Without a horse the soldiers of the cavalry-charge expel  
The warriors anyway, for the riding has finished  
And heavenly death outrages the majority of thinkers.

Battles on the ground astound the wars in the heavens,  
These places see a light of dusts and extinguished fire,  
A rotting paradise of delights, a region of fateful war,  
That turns into discouraging appearances for apparitions.

The stars of this sky are diverse and special to the place and event,  
People scattered on the suns and stars shall smile further,  
Only to collide with the nebulous faces of the extraterrestrials,  
Once smitten and bitten, like solvable pencils in play.

Naveed Akram

# In The Book Of Sleep

Did what you write include the book of sleep,  
Or were you arranging for a marriage with words?  
The writing is angry of itself.  
Its difference can carry a fair work,  
Belief will conquer him who slept in the book of your sleep.  
I am ready of the masters in this daily life  
To question nothing of the opinion and waste,  
Of the deadly steadiness of our doctors.  
Hats wearing the heads of the soldiers  
Are called helmets and uniforms are selected of the books.  
Masters of our living existence are mighty  
As plains and oceans,  
With children to discover from exploration.

Naveed Akram

# In The Cold

My hazard is a parcel for us to collect in the cold,  
When wizards bite the skin of their own, in the cold.

My innocence resides in the head of my trustworthy soul,  
Please be obedient to me when obeying to enthrone, in this cold.

My thought is your thinker's achievement, for you saw,  
And I as a seer am a fountain all alone, in the cold.

To strive is goodness, to think for the soul works well,  
Let religious views be the issues of concern the wind has blown in the cold.

To be strong the backbone needs strengthening so well,  
Once the effort of the high spirits becomes a cyclone in the cold.

Justice needed my deity to prescribe separate laws for all conditions,  
Hot or cold, warm or cool, the effort of a man or a clone, in the cold.

Let us be never weak with danger, so high, so mighty as a goal,  
And this test must be achieved when flown, in the cold.

I have danger and with this belief in my heart to not shake,  
The name I am called is the noun I have grown, even in the cold.

Naveed Akram

# In The Dead Of Night

In the dead of night my reflection is genius with the moon,  
And in the temple of love and happiness my daylight begins.  
We are shut for a very long time, in this vase called Time,  
Closed in, suffocated like a soul dithering purposely,  
Feeling the heatwaves of deserts that expand, belying the  
Changes of the night, the changes of the season.

I began to weep when Men could hear my salvation and breath,  
Tears solidified, rest was assured as peacefully as roses are sweet  
To touch, towards the icicles of youth and towards eternity.  
We developed wings so flat and free, that pain mingled with pleasure,  
Oats and barley were the diet before my flight of fire and freedom,  
I must establish prayer in my household due to rights of a human.

Naveed Akram

## In The Deluge

The rate of the opinions was great so then  
There was peace, along the borders and shires,  
Speaking non-usable jargon, feeding worthless foods.  
This food opened into the world with dairy milk  
On the list, seeing the worlds of milk and cream,  
Eating was for the leader of rich living,  
He ate and ate to fill the world with noises  
But his health deteriorated too swiftly,  
And so the sense of a word had appalled  
The majority, when politics toppled  
Like an avalanche, maiming some few who  
Watched and screamed, fulfilling oaths  
In a few seconds, little was the delay for this  
Prize that enveloped the thousands caught up  
In the deluge of a million strengths.

Naveed Akram

# In The Doorway

I stand in the doorway for the turning gates,  
Trying to be helpful, trying to be sad,  
Coming forward as tapping is essential.  
Just wander and stand in the room,  
Don't decide to be a star and say two  
Of the days are like worlds of disaster.  
It is crucial for good eye lubrication,  
The lachrymal glands in action.  
During the night a young man shall weep  
For the forehead is strong with age.  
Life has lines and solutions for all,  
Pouring out are the words of disaster.

Naveed Akram

## In The Form Of Music

Tens of people find hard questions,  
Understanding them entails thoughts  
As their complexities unravel the beauty  
Of time as it enters and exits  
The space around us,  
As it does end and finish with grace.  
Singers find decimals and other numbers  
In the form of sound,  
This metre of space has sounds  
In the rest of the evening  
And the coming dawn.

Tens of people musically overcome  
Their time in life, their living signals  
Are emitted from the strength of tallness,  
How are they strong in their height?  
How do strong minstrels force their noise?  
Why do they sweat and see the real song?

Naveed Akram

# In The Grave

My boat is a grave,  
Seas of blood form in my ghostlike mind,  
Forces of deadly power inhabit the spirit of my life  
As I crawl inwardly into a stupor of beauty,  
As my moving is sitting, and movement is a comedy  
Of movement, inside I laugh, never outrageously,  
Just my brain is calm,  
In proud spirits, offering me chiming of bells  
And musical instruments from the minstrels  
We use to adore, fading away now,  
Just now, just now; when finally  
I die.  
Like a boat that belongs to the drowning.

Naveed Akram

# In The Ground We Lie

To roll in the sky died, for offence,  
Ghosts of rigid kind define our alacrity.  
This ghost charms my menacing instants,  
Exemplifying the power of time, as it is space.  
Internal terms boil on the mind,  
Willing injuries of neglect as forerunners,  
Winning hearts and minds of a forgotten past.  
My, my joining to the ground carries a mortal  
Wound, to see and hear, to watch and feel.  
This rolling carries me further than crevices,  
Towards the city of light and darkness,  
Both aspects spend their wealth.

Naveed Akram

# In The Hemisphere

In this hemisphere of formations  
There is a burden of the global kind.  
Fossil fuels are depleted dangerously,  
With blazing minds the people worry.  
Their images in their minds are dreams  
Devastatingly simple, like the energy of thoughts  
That burst into this life and existence all-knowing.  
Our blazing minds are an illumination  
Of the heart, feeding on, feeding like  
Dieting and fiercely approaching death.  
You must keep the ellipse, that wonder  
Of the universe so designed by God,  
Who chose it for our world's orbit.

Naveed Akram

## In The Hope

In the hopes that the sound was the name,  
You have a parting sense when looked through  
The window of your benign house,  
A straightforward facade is staring at your face.  
The milk flows runny with cream  
Underdeveloped and resolute to the touch.  
You would look away from me,  
Treading in the righteous fashion  
When you seal your victory and look away.  
This man who overflows with honey  
Is an explainer, like me, and he is crazy  
For he sounds familiar to men who hear  
The music of sweet tongues of the natural  
Substances, the way to look and hide.

Naveed Akram

# In The House

I meander through my house in safety,  
Ever in comfort as before, like an abbey.  
In this prayer my questions are answered  
From practice and patience, and afterward.

The stairs beam on my mind when confronted,  
Escalating into joys or jumps to be aborted.  
I stare into space like the room itself,  
Feeling the stars in my home, still and oneself.

Music has meant some of the family,  
It resonated along the walls - yippee!  
I have art and I have quality of life,  
The splendid walk of the hall is from a housewife.

Naveed Akram

# In The King's Company

Your hopes may never fry and die,  
But those that do shall write,  
For dreams can sink and rectify,  
All sudden happy sight.

May losing be the highest right,  
For those who must come down,  
As losers have a guest tonight,  
He is a king with crown.

The happy over that mistake  
Shall wind up in the yard,  
The king does eat a nice beefsteak,  
With much delicious lard.

Naveed Akram

# In The Machine

In his chamber the answering and questioning machine  
Was blinking, blazing, grinning and escorting like a robot.  
This remaking of the hazards concurrent, expected more  
Than just dramatics, hundred percent was the motto.  
A bearing of the wooden leg boarded on the shuttle  
That listened too usually like the spacecrafts of ancient nature.  
A lot of lights! A lot of death! So that was a book  
Instead of the volumes always in existence,  
The robotic camaraderie inflicted the totality  
So inherent, that cultures forsook each other.

Naveed Akram

## In The Manor

In the manor of such thieves,  
My loner stays awake and steals  
From unfortunate men who suffer  
And pray for more each day.  
This manager of the affairs of sin  
Resides in a palace to exert  
Power after the spell of disaster.

Then wicks of candles are extinguished  
To let the light away,  
Feeding frenzy and nightmare,  
For nobody can see the old memory.  
The sinners can not bear this,  
The owners are afraid of this,  
So why are you sad in this world of life  
And enchantment?  
This world created you after the manor  
Was destroyed,  
And the fire was put out.

Naveed Akram

# In The Middle Of Crime

Caught in the middle of heaven,  
We launch ourselves into the snow.  
We are in some sort of disguise,  
The rest of us are in a crime.  
A felony has been committed,  
Played by the criminals in the snow.  
In this heavenly snow we seek the right solution,  
Of course the relaxation comes afterwards.  
Crime is spelt like a child,  
Playing above the rest.

Naveed Akram

## In The Mind

In my mind is a thought, that betrays  
Nobody, that portrays a background  
To the soul, that pierces and shouts  
With blurred vision.

In my soul, there is a tragic event,  
And there is a deathly command,  
For my wishes are met by the God,  
And He is All-Seeing.

In this universe, I shoot the stars  
With my hosts and guests that litter  
The unfortunate sky like a melody  
Fit for the kings.

My mind is scarred and my vision is  
Lost to the orders of the cosmos,  
Like a felony has been muttered,  
Dying is the reality around me.

Naveed Akram

## In The Mirror

I saw his gaze in the mirror,  
My gaze was superior for miles.  
The innocent way of smiling became real,  
His gaze fell from grace to a level  
Of importance too known by some.  
The mirror's atmosphere nears function,  
Too little are the buttons to press.  
May superior art beam on us from afar,  
And let windows be mirrors for their art.  
A bedazzled crew of workers labour  
Night and day, for the cleaning is in order.

Naveed Akram

# In The Night You Wander

In the night you wander around  
Alone in your house.  
Everyone has described you,  
You recall your childhood as one baby,  
Dancing around, by yourself, being twenty.  
You amble up and down the stairs,  
In undying love for your life story.

Now it has reached mealtime,  
Lose the food of the poor,  
Keep beans, artichokes and wine,  
Beautifying the taste of mealtimes.

What else can you say?  
I'm thinking of the times you sat beside me  
Making delusions, the usual delusions.  
This time was small in confusion,  
The thoughts kept moving and prodding,  
And the delusions kept coming.  
You lost them at the end of the day.

A mirage appears after seconds,  
We found the life story,  
A journey to the other side.  
I'm thinking of you, with undying love,  
You're my friend of course.

Naveed Akram

## In The Planes

So go ahead, and change the laughs,  
There are only probabilities;  
It is much happier to laugh and be merry,  
This relative of mine wants a peace.

Some tough timing adopts me as I glance,  
Longer and deeper are the clouds of thought,  
In this minute plane I consider the plan,  
With commercial planes there is no pilot.

So go ahead, and make me dine on your dinner,  
There are only probabilities;  
It is more than eternal to be happy  
So that understanding excels in the being.

Naveed Akram

# In The Process Of Existence

In the mirror I saw a cup of colours,  
Dying and living in the light of its neighbours.  
A nameless darkness struck the gloaming,  
One wondered and waited, forfeiting the lightness.  
It is difficult to converse,  
There is to know a certain majesty behind the  
Gloaming, that differs like a diverse blessing  
With divinity to meet the worlds in this life.

In the mirror is an ideal too religious,  
A cloud of incense has been enraged  
By the smells of a rose,  
Wavering in the breezes of laughter.  
Unwilling to move and respond,  
The roses uplift us all with  
Their stagnant beauty.

Divinity has entered the mirror of virtues,  
One lifts the universal message to find.  
The perfect being uplifts itself  
With the similitude of living,  
Twins and separate men must  
Commandeer the battles to be fought  
On the plane of existence.  
Processes have to be in existence,  
As well as in pure existence.

Naveed Akram

# In The Sky

Doctors are in the sky,  
The sky is in the long lane we catch;  
A thrust in the street of heaven  
Calls the medically trained individual.  
In the sky is a blind man called the constellation  
Young and happy, feeling and brave,  
On the promises of the future.  
Brave and lovely is the gargantuan skull  
Of the river, a ray of hope,  
The lover of water, the living of lanterns,  
Thus, it picked up more tears and felt grand  
As the ocean it came from.

Naveed Akram

# In The Time Of Homer

I can be abducted by superstitions lurking in the dark,  
Their feverish impulses are working at my heart;  
This voiceless air connects with the dead and semi-living,  
For they abjure the sight of mortals who abstain from sorrows.  
The bloody panic gasps, the panic manages a spectacle of sin,  
For they too are voiceless as the grim bearers of rotten flesh.  
It's rational to consider wines and other udders as spoilers,  
Of course they spoil and spill, the life is spoiled with a backlash.

In the time of Homer there were sins of the pen for he became blind  
From the worrying about of sins that did not concern him,  
Here physics and solutions combined with experiments  
To let your gold earrings in, fearing their breath was sin.  
From long and short battles a word was won to complete  
The war of the ages that bled from bloody panic.  
These were the padding called the cushion of the helmet  
Once worn to be in the time of ancients.  
There was an overwhelming sadness  
From the hissing gas fires of this late century  
That cooked our meats in the privacy of our homes.

Naveed Akram

## In The Way

Gastric liquids are only gel,  
The castles of foam and trouble;  
With the fuel of philandering  
Cast your shadows on the mirror.  
Then the mirrors wake us up,  
Jostling with fine fibres and waking up.  
These metallic weapons suffered,  
We have stomachs of prayer,  
Fasting is a ritual, one of the many.  
Let the choice of your books  
Be holy, in the way of the God.

Naveed Akram

# In The Whole Mood

The letter was still in the hand,  
So natural a letter had been sensed  
By those in command,  
Those captives hurt nobody  
Who touched the earth of shirts,  
These clothes were worn by the godlike  
Gods, the fortunate ones, then the instant  
Ones, whose leverage constantly embroidered  
The ones who stalled and sank from the heart  
Offering thanks to thinkers.

The letter of hatred confessed a little lie,  
Forcing the eyes of the ears  
To ignite and forge a lead and iron rod  
To swing and surround yelling sounds  
Of noise,  
The same asking of the same day.

Yet, the letters pronounced from geniuses,  
Then the godlike companion won a lie,  
One deity was enough to ask the conundrum  
Of the numbers existing in the whole mood.

Naveed Akram

# In The Wind

Up in the wind of a country too bland  
I speak an Earth, too wondrous a land.  
I am in the sky so forward, so backward  
With the winds of the countrymen angered.  
I fly for the nights we dodge, the very scales  
Of award that rendered us the ability of tales.  
I abjure your sentences too filthy  
And so fond of gods that are healthy.

Naveed Akram

## In The Years

In the years of light and darkness,  
I love depths of heaven and hell.  
Rehabilitation and a loving manner  
Create both beauty and love.  
They are cross and angry due to life,  
Lights sell their picture from the mind,  
This mind creates inside a painting.  
The years of trust are a wonder  
For they are demanding the wonder.  
I love the energy of the afterlife,  
Over all this time I have to fight and fight.

Naveed Akram

## In This City

In this city of old men I cry for infinite goodness,  
Inside I discover the pride of a man in weeping;  
He has old age and wants to attain new phases,  
The very beautiful houses are in the construction,  
Yet who will they house if the inhabitant is not him?

In this healthy hospital I leave the walls of the place,  
And charge my body with the weapon called the mind;  
A palace is fought, and not a castle is fought,  
For the king and queen are present and waiting.  
You need to experience the amount of time on offer.

Naveed Akram

## In This Deed

In this deed another deed ties,  
By the clear ones who see into  
Introductions, and interactions,  
By the piercing stars lightly bestowing.

I see a wide angle, a weird light,  
From a well that never ends in its  
Depths, a foolish winning has been  
Achieved by the losing lights.

My sacred men are like folding garments,  
My servants are not slaves, and  
Many enjoy the relaxation, medicine  
Revolves around the brain.

I must relax you before the uprising,  
A warning shot is sounded aright,  
Then boulders are thrown to acts  
That swear to the allegiance of the night.

Naveed Akram

# In This Dungeon

And in the passage we charted our ways tossing aside paper and stones,  
What pull that is central shall strike at us now that we wonder?  
This dungeon became something of a recluse,  
It wished for disaster as a master of deception.  
Falling back behind as a result of half-made gestures  
Concretely martyred the entire crew of cruelty,  
Lessons swayed and mangled the children of adventure.

This labyrinth that glows in the thoughts  
Masters my prose as I write the words of pages  
That detail my absence so that I win.

And in the passage as a result,  
My words and deeds are now in imagination.  
For we are witnessing the greatest pleasure  
Man shall ever recognise,  
One showing thinker has relayed his message  
For all to glimpse and judge.

Naveed Akram

# In This House We Pray

In the house of God I see Him far and near, omnipresent  
So much that I can die before the life does end righteously.

In this garden of the brave, we hear of valiant knights and saracens  
Fighting over tulips and roses like the prophets in war and culture.

My action is a teaching, my state is the best of happenings,  
Going to the swaying seas, with dogs to love as they lap up the water.

This is the golden tragedy of my unified existence, this is my friendship,  
This is my reward and punishment, offering some their prize.

I see him when in the lesser resurrection, then I see him one time to be,  
In the greater resurrection when earth shakes and I shake too.

It is the beauty of the holiness and purity, it is the actual fighting of swords,  
Clashes occur and concentrate their energies on the lame and desolate.

I am a desolate soul, a middle way person, to be in deserts always,  
Already the gun is too old to employ in the rigours of highway robbery.

My action is to abstain from harming and learning and teaching,  
It would suffice to build riots and harm hearts, rather than fall lower.

I have to act, I am him and he is me, I must see him in the hereafter,  
For I want the strengthened limbs to forgo loss and almighty stature.

Naveed Akram

## In This Literature

In the profuse literature a sloth has appeared  
To dazzle the brilliant minds with laziness;  
Inside this island of reception is a doubtful language,  
Many minds barge and charge towards the ships  
Housing the sailors of a new generation.  
In this profuse argument resides a house so beautiful,  
One house belongs to you, as well as your family  
Of desires, that Adam will bless with the ground  
And all the clay so kept by this help.

In the reader's mind a menace will profit  
From properties and hearts stealing the minds.  
The literature of today brings me mayhem,  
Its lusts freeze our heads with our hearts  
Suddenly and wilfully, like the self of tomorrow.

Naveed Akram

# In This Room I Shine

In this room of cold air I stand,  
Living a life that others condone,  
But some revolve around like an orbit  
Of strong help, bonds are not to be broken.  
The atoms of my body are like  
The grains of sand in a desert of hotness,  
A wind may change it, a sun may scent it,  
And it is in a very livid way.  
Are we to be trees of the forest?  
We must be their height, we must be  
Their weight in doing, and our highness  
Is not to be matched by animals  
On the ground of plantations.

In this room I have stood the tests,  
In this way my way is livid and high,  
Like the honest horizon, and the sunny  
Stay of a star shining brightly in the rain.  
In this room we conquer the love and hate  
Raging in our forests, for we live under anything  
That reigns like a king or queen  
On their thrones of brightness, piercing the heart  
With feelings of doors going to God.

Naveed Akram

# In This Spherical World

In this sphere above, the parts of myths persuade us to flow  
Along the time that dictates our tastes, so this is an argument below.  
The better parts of a meal are hidden on the plate,  
Mythic tastes are roasted and a wheel is this state.

I see the bellowing masses on this future food of late,  
I hope to dispel some of these reasons for death to rate;  
Let me treat the occasion as a day of sad health and recessions,  
The health of the nation is an antique with mixed obsessions.

The class of the future proceeds to be a short lesson,  
My lords distance themselves from those who are assassin.  
I have a sphere in my hand that collects too many morsels,  
The professions have gathered together the latest parcels.

Naveed Akram

## In This State

In this state are a thousand grades of eloquence,  
Round rooms are like bedrooms of sequence,  
But, let the reasoning of the philosophers grow  
And sow the seeds of this flightpath of victorious birds.

The able men of this superb planet can pursue  
Bulls and cows and all types of cattle,  
Leaking with milk and spilling their houses  
On the poverty of this entire global network.

In this state are the ends of the coming revolution,  
So lie in your bedroom and connect to the network  
Globally running its discourse and trumpets  
Of trombones and other musical instruments.

In these states we address the collisions of plaster  
And the walls within reach are gathering their brethren;  
He is the great man whose energy is in trousers  
And shirt, fixed to the teeth with shinier emblems.

Naveed Akram

## In This Story

The deadly notion underneath the story is complete,  
For the learning of offerings defiantly admits distaste;  
One single fever is about in the mind of the storyteller,  
Searching for rigors and vigor, a vulgar duo.  
One story leads to tales of holdings and righteous acts,  
Very imaginary, very patient and dangerous indeed.  
Let anyone even be clocks and weather understood,  
Liking the reading of a thousand letters that shine.  
My encouraging remarks should attract  
And retell the actions of the older folk in this fairyland.

Naveed Akram

## In This Whole Life

When you have finished this scarce show  
I will scare you into a closure of sins;  
Bring me another action of your selling,  
Law and scans of the varieties are solidly  
Made to the tune of some start.  
Where or when do we try to stay believably  
Quiet?  
Underneath the tree of stones and labor?  
No, this lance of the starry sky is dawn  
And the horizon. Halt to the name of his frame.  
The horizon. The glory of your name.

Inside this tyrant called our very star  
Is a sandwich to consume from fierce  
Parties of endeavor, the lunch completes  
The show.

Why did we try a little trunk of a tree  
To bathe our library?  
This building is nature's calm,  
And it strikes according to charm,  
Making you bidder of the art  
Of climbing.

The scarcity of the horizon in full view  
Instigates our pleasures,  
As the wading of trees staggers us,  
As we lie on the grass of an orchard  
In this whole life.

Naveed Akram

## In This Youth

An arrangement does pretend in this youth,  
Under this array of tricks there is truth.  
May we join the hands and feet with kisses  
And leave our surrender to what dismisses.  
I gather the fodder for the plants and animals  
Together with the morning and angels.  
I love these creatures of the farm,  
As much as geese and my arm.

Naveed Akram

# In Visions

I fold my eyes in visions,  
Unfurling the spread called jam,  
Capes are aflutter with meaningful love,  
With joy the death is far away like a  
Mountain so furious when far.

By day and by night my loves are crawling  
Into a cave for better accomplishments,  
Rays of light enter the eyes of such visions  
That the dark happening is fighting,  
Eyes are like eels that strike at the night waters.

We feel terror in places, finding the wishes  
Of an oracle is wrong,  
But eyes matter more in entire holes of purity,  
The whole shadow is forsaken,  
The picture of accomplishment strays far.

Naveed Akram

# In War

In war we think to ourselves the tragic hues,  
But then the innocent men strive to a goal,  
For it is a soul of collections, of abandonment,  
That swerves according to tastes, feelings stop.

In war we have lightning, the storms of different colours,  
Striving is achieving according to the rank,  
Feelings abruptly falter, feelings stare at you,  
But where is the stronger body of light and dark?

An evil, abnormal one is lurking in the shadows of right,  
Writing the poem that endangers the enemy,  
A real enemy appears with a thorny crown of despair,  
A ready art dismantles the armies of ancient happiness.

Naveed Akram

# Inaudible Words

He is inaudible from you and kindness,  
His words muttered are gladdening me.  
Why do the strokes of the pen be wise?  
From him they reiterate a mean life  
But I see in those words the written nature.  
My condemned men and women  
Of this church we call godly,  
Evoke pity in the hearts of men whose stale  
Bread remakes a cherished belief,  
These pizzas remould into happy tricks  
Of the pen and page.

He does not murmur a vent of air,  
His words from speaking are not visible,  
Since the lips are parched  
From the gluttony of the bread-eating.  
Butter is revolving around the Earth,  
And yeast is the killing crop.  
My oven is not his own,  
He has stolen the bread of God,  
And made his own from looking at  
The godly bread.  
Then the words flow from the pen  
That he shadows with signs  
Of the great collapse.

Since he went away,  
The reality has been changing  
And he seeks to pencil in  
A few words for my demand.

The old words are bitterer  
Than the new recent apologies,  
Yet matter and energy still  
Lives down here in the heart,  
Where blood flows to the points  
Of a century.

We see his words, and we mutter to him

Our apologies, that have so many  
Instruments,  
That we have also.

The old words obey him and the new words  
Fill him with more honey  
So sweet in taste.

Naveed Akram

# Incapacitated Soul

It signifies incapacitation, it makes you sweat from your soul,  
And it needed learning and readjustment - it is called death.  
It was enjoyed as a tale so twisted, igniting hazards afterwards,  
Many fooled themselves by it, working a party of ignorance.  
The need for such an adjacent and accompanying event  
Is only there mysteriously, but what is the mystery?  
Death has an aroma of eloquence, fitting to be called a scent  
That is fed to the young and old, no matter what age.  
May your legs and arms carry all that burden,  
But let the end of our lives swear to modify the eternity.

Naveed Akram

# Independence

Your life gains destruction once,  
Hugh was destroying some abhorrence.  
He, Hugh, crept on his legs when a child,  
Working on the walker, working it compiled.  
We, not him, create joyous moments  
Too special, and gallantry has enthrallments.  
The life is special due to God,  
Finding is relic-hunting to the awed.  
Encroachment of the eagle is only flight,  
A claw may change the reasonable sight.  
We gain destruction once,  
Only when the innocent help is called independence.

Naveed Akram

# Inept Assassins

Inept miniatures of talented troops moved and were swept,  
Reverberate a quarter of the music and the quaver will accept.

A debatable exception was invented by the lord of the house,  
Perplexity shall defame and vilify the importance of the mouse.

Impious as a rock, rational assassins as their work meant today,  
Days rocked and swayed to the archway on a ship so away.

The sanitary conditions I must bless, forerunners of the race,  
Drive away and expel the ranks so frivolous an attack on the chase.

Reminisce on the hurt and the work so beloved for the height,  
My birth was elevated so brightly, so much was the curse of a bite.

Naveed Akram

# Inept Man

An inept man is a man who really swears,  
The horde of men who really swear carry flags;  
This age is vast to deliver a thought of wishfulness,  
May the ages of a finicky man be sworn to him,  
So that years and more years appear on him.  
This inefficient man or woman is ready,  
Fulfilling demands and fretting, filling.  
The worries of an era of disorder are against us,  
But the finicky people have lately been against us,  
Like the worries of a prior age that destroyed us.  
This fussy man is a fussy man of strength,  
Lulling the road ahead like a given way so strong,  
This fussiness is ineffective and never alive.

Naveed Akram

# Inferiority

An inferior relic of the past has just emerged,  
Harmony has just slipped past, full artifacts are near.  
To restate the sentence he displayed is normal,  
But inferiority has a notion so abnormal.  
Perplex the normal men and women of the wilderness  
We see in their eyes, and see in the shoulders.  
Blades currently ride on horses forced by the stewards,  
And knives are from the land of blood and gore.  
Horror is a notion too intricate, a masterful notion  
Too sweet for the naked eyes but terrible for the ears.  
A relic is crafted from the eyes of the man who is woman,  
And women are men now, for the relics are inferior.

Naveed Akram

# Inferno

Swiftly launch the body into destruction,  
Fires are beneath us, before us, and beyond.  
Infernos rage unpleasingly due to old age,  
The rain of embers keeps on raging like a wind  
So callous and evil, so wicked and worked.  
The once needed water arrives to shake off heat,  
Plunging the whole world into darkness.  
The whole pit undulates with lava,  
Through the hours and days of our lives.

Naveed Akram

# Infinite And Finite

Infinity circles my side from afar.  
Cool goons are finite in the extreme,  
Instead of the circles of amazement.  
Let them sink into mud that gleams,  
Fixing our soups and potions  
That deter someone too much.

Circular objects are relaxed by them,  
Loops readily obey themselves,  
Instead of the spherical geniuses.  
Anybody with a heart can raise a  
Choir that sings to the touch of music.  
Choirs are fully able to pen their words.

Naveed Akram

# Infinite Cooking

Let masters reign, infinite space  
Describes us with a reasonable life.  
The master of simpler nature  
Forgives me for my own complication,  
Kicking and peeling, is like cooking.  
May the prayers of the ones above  
Help give food to the masters.  
A space is needed for polite effort  
Turning into physical effects, blind.

Naveed Akram

# Infinite Nightmares

The nightmare to commence is like no manly figure,  
Of greetings we speak and entice on the entrance to infinity.  
The gates of treason shall shut on the non-sinners,  
Theirs is sin of nothing on this faithful Earth.  
For they abstain from sinning by remoulding their souls,  
By forgiving under a roof made for them, in the house of God.  
Free will is guaranteeing our boasting of non-evil or goodness,  
The devils or backbiters triumph over the Satan,  
Answering him negatively as well, with certain impoliteness.  
This we inflict on you, the audience of hurt,  
They hurt me and the children, the devils hurt.

Naveed Akram

# Ink

To see an inked paper with ink  
You write also, you keep it tidy.  
The request of the teacher must be met,  
With all the paper in this planet.  
To watch may leave us suddenly with more work,  
But evil writing carries progress to astonish,  
And the reporting of sins leaves us.  
You need pencils but not pride of strength  
To gain acceptance, to acquire safety.  
I write along my nights with nature  
Outside.

Naveed Akram

# Inner Garden

Inside the house is an inner garden of delight,  
Might I add, this lawn of verity is the very insight.

Naveed Akram

# Inner Intent

Observe us with inner intent,  
Let prayers fasten onto the soul,  
Seeing faster light called divine lamps.

The wisdom of a day after a night  
Is that of the night after the day,  
Straightening the road ahead.

Eyes and ears need public praise,  
But the Lord would need more  
For His own talent in sensing Us.

He is everywhere, and all of the living  
Plants bow to the kings of this valley,  
The King of Kings shall be prostrated to.

Some pray and some fast in this hour,  
Little life is around for the believer,  
Who asks for more immortality everyday.

This king next to me thinks all of the day  
Why I am in his presence, due to supposed  
Actions maybe? Or some peace of the heart?

Naveed Akram

# Inner Life

Life hangs on life inner,  
It corroded the life we have told,  
Just death brings all time a shove,  
Then shovels and buckets are of colours,  
The life has gained me a prize of streams of life.  
It was geometric progression on a massive scale,  
It was beautiful breaking an oath now.  
Life has bent its head on the body of joy,  
An exact opposite of the heavenly bodies in space,  
In space you read a sign.  
In space you have life, life is away,  
Like the living ones who discuss their nightmares.  
Of this life then the living know meaningful dreams,  
Dreams of life have sung joyously like a statue and sculptor.  
Life has inner quality,  
And we agree to the quality that brings joy.

Naveed Akram

# Inner Turmoil

They fell from heavenly shoulders,  
Turning into rocks that spun and sprang  
Like offerings of Satan, offered by him,  
No one felt so reckless as the soldiers too special.  
Falling into arms of alarm, these limbs that brake,  
Shattered into grains and ash, which ache also,  
Opening into an inner cavern too close for imagination.  
This hurt was from Satan, an evil beast so splendid,  
One remarks on it being wiser as much as denizens of the ocean,  
Under these are mountains where lava flows.  
Beauty does not defeat in time!

Naveed Akram

# Innocence Is Demanding

Thanks to the everlasting light the innocent man is alive,  
And kicking the books and journals for all demand,  
All layers of effect can be engaged into the storm of clevery,  
Enacted by silly lies and follisome jokes of wonder.  
Innocent people do not see why they love one and one.

Naveed Akram

# Innocence Is Trusted

A gain my trust pursues is obvious,  
Forming effects and subjects.

Destiny shines from the heart of gain,  
The demise of a man is too much.

Let gains matter, let them never wrong the wicked  
But dissolve their crimes as if in exile.

The end is special for the innocent ones,  
Their glory causes us to cry when there is justice.

Naveed Akram

# Innocence Of Fellows

Dead are the innocent fellows  
Carrying a gesture of unrest -  
A miscarriage of justice, the ultimate sin.  
They would decide a life if warned,  
Crime is indifferent of them,  
Judgement has ceased.  
Release him, and her, and all.  
They are not to be punished.

Naveed Akram

# Innocent Help

Innocent helper, mock me not,  
For your force is finer and bought.  
Just pray on the other side  
Why results happen and commence.  
Their future is slim in action  
Who force by the pen an act.  
Let frying of food be never it,  
Rather, cooking another way shall taste  
Like the help of an innocent helper,  
Marching towards us soon.

Naveed Akram

# Innocent Sleep

I am admired due to lack of sleep, this innocent sleep,  
That swims along the boardroom, in an innocent sleep.

I fix the chairman with eyes so bedazzled by him,  
I am assured of the one boom in an innocent sleep.

One sees a dome in front of the one who lies asleep,  
Its flame is injured, in ruins due to doom and its sleep.

My act is sacred due to the folly of the dome above,  
See then this praise from the depressed costume and the sleep.

May an alliance of the dead call a favour to be slept,  
In my sleep feel an irony in the bloom, O the sleep!

My actions are according to the waste of the books,  
My names are like attributes I assume, in the very sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Innocent Tasks

There he lay, answering the junior fag,  
Hoisted in his mouth, open and violent;  
Its lying that the business runs,  
To keep truth or to die in absolute solitude.  
One fag is apt to the task of prepositions,  
My Saturday lecture taught me that.  
It was particular because of ions and electrons,  
They faultily behave in ways of men  
And drag old tasks to shame,  
Feeding on the establishment in honesty,  
And telling the truth sometimes.

The fag was like a revolver to him,  
Beaches of sand were kicked in the corner,  
And an angry world due to signals began  
To enlist the corps and all the remains.  
My Saturday lecture became my honest guest  
To the troubles of this man who apologises,  
Inside the rhythm of time, so that behaviour  
Is slight and timid, with fags in mouths being  
Similar to the questions posed by innocent folk.

Naveed Akram

# Insane World

In the world of insanity clearly the pains  
Number into the thousands, nothing  
Escapes the mind, nothing can.  
One word delves into another with gusto,  
The gates of treason are burned, smothered  
Next, feeling the reality of a day in judgements.  
The safe and terrible collide with sprints  
Coursing through the veins,  
Like the venom so disgusting and sane.  
One world wanted such a terrific age  
Of consequences, that insane men  
And women delved and dived to corrode  
The sea, and then the land differed due  
To erosion, the families still conferred.

A house of hospitals has broad august words  
To finger and neglect, according to the level  
Of insane jokes; a humour can be relentless  
For some.

I think on men who dive and survive  
Due to their batteries of so much voltage.  
Many are surrounded by crowds  
Different to their cause, as far as the distinction  
Strives.

Naveed Akram

# Inscriptions

Inscriptions read as characters, like the stars,  
Tracks of large amount show these pupils.  
It is laden with gold and temples, swamps  
So solid with gum and baubles, the loose mud.  
They should earn a road and a road, like us,  
Who drive on the roads with ponies and swarm.  
It is a well-known secret in the marsh,  
One carries a tongue so one desires the life.  
Search for the tracks, weaponry is explicit,  
Into the wood we prowl and disobey.

Naveed Akram

# Inside

Just inside the house  
Is a river so wet and runny;  
Just there stands feeling,  
After those feelings are more  
Emotions.  
For each brick there exists thought,  
Going to this mighty soup of cement  
Is like reaching a stronghold,  
Fortifying the brave who constructed it.  
Feel their extra talent  
And win their hearts  
If you deserve health  
And the wealth of your possessions,  
Your offspring exist also in the house.  
The brave shall visit frequently,  
Justice commands them to step far  
Into the rooms and far into alcoves,  
This house is splendid like a golden palace.

Naveed Akram

## Inside A Sentence

In this sentence our master replies  
With the same reply we think.  
To beleaguer him we trust him  
In his demesne, the reality of professions.  
Becoming moments arouse pity  
For the weak and helpless.  
I have comely facts about life,  
To spare the poor, and leave the sick.  
My exits vary in sweetness,  
To belong to species and kingdoms  
Of animals.

Naveed Akram

## Inside Bliss

Desire the soul of fright that turns tonight,  
One sound created an entry of the highest;  
The demons are sparse and secret, without thrust  
Or trust their ruination speaks.  
The eternal bliss stays forming unity,  
Until the demons of the devils  
Founded the strength of highness.  
Using the word of lengthy meaning  
Still causes wars inside the rocks.  
Those rocks are thrown too,  
Those who are some shall frighten  
The rocks themselves,  
Turning them into the horizon and hope.

Naveed Akram

## Inside Love

Inside love is another job,  
Emotional and dangerous is a session of love,  
For it is another job, and another love.  
Find its quantity, when you are near,  
Distant memories shall repair it,  
Whenever the occasion matters.  
Inner worry minds the belt of a dress,  
It is hiding me, and what I trust.  
I must love it, be a lover of haste  
And master the art of intelligence.  
Inside this is another job.

Naveed Akram

# Inside Me

The region of happiness inside me is burning,  
The patterns of food design me with learning.

Naveed Akram

# Inside The Books

It has been written of books,  
Inside them we singe our lips,  
Innards are displayed before the lap,  
Innocent layers must majestically and magnetically  
Collect like soap and water in a sink.

We are washed of the history and innocence,  
You are envy, pride and all;  
What is more is that you laugh of the books and you gain  
A living language to matter to the rest of society.  
This is the commencement of faith in books,  
And you shall notice noise and writing,  
You have not got writing for yourself.

Naveed Akram

# Inside The Circle

Inside the circle of morbidity lies a call,  
With it the unwinding occurs to master us;  
Then gods of the city shall be of towns  
As they too become a conscience,  
As they too speak for themselves.

Inside me is a watch of the ordinary color,  
Asking me questions of the time  
Inside my head that talks of talismans  
And amulets that detour and detach.

My islands are numerous and exact,  
Opening the doors to the realities,  
As they too are gates that crawl and are tall,  
Fitting the houses in which they are built.

Offer the helpers some help with the past,  
Only history can question you on the other-worldly.  
May pessimism mind us and optimists crawl over,  
To detach from the ones with shouts and alarm.

Naveed Akram

# Inside The Grave

The next morning comes last  
It is next  
The real mourning lasts forever

I have no present in the grave  
A gift resides in the heart  
For it beats in time with God

Leaning to the side  
I see wisdom too clearly  
With death accepted and called

My regrets are small  
I am dead  
And there is nothing to tell

Naveed Akram

# Inside The Love

Inside love is a deed, the possessor wails and agonises,  
He or she flies to a spot of distress, and finally settles.  
Inside this deed called love, a settlement has become an  
Edge of a shape called Lustre; called also lust and lost.  
We speak and seek a method like the one named love,  
All the barriers burst, a stranger is mystified, his forsaken  
Nature adapts to the present being of love and happiness.

Love is the river or bridge called Strength; it explains itself  
As word after word, feeding the lover with effervescent fluid.  
One is the explainer of love when doors are opened and shed  
By the whole of mankind, it is love that is an atomic kind.  
Your task is complete when you are lost in the throes of love,  
For it is a signal of burden so monumental, so pristine,  
That itself love is clearer than the waters of the rivers.

Naveed Akram

# Inside The Mountain

I looked inside the idols,  
Clapping their hands and legs  
With divine storms and triumph.  
It was a statue of the higher sort,  
Beautiful and complete but  
It was made of stone,  
In the entire mountain of gold.  
These old venues were put to us  
With ordinary results,  
Result then followed after result.  
I looked into a mountain of pleasure,  
Losing the height of the scrummage  
That happened with bloated birds.

Naveed Akram

# Inside The Whale

The poor gentry are ready,  
For punishment and prize,  
Reading and studying is their job,  
And I am mad to the duty of God.  
The smashing of stain-glassed windows  
Makes me mad like meadows of cruelty,  
Of the bishops I see secular activities.

The poor strong wine is at my brain,  
Both measures support me,  
I have sent my armies  
And rode the waves smiling at me.  
The archbishop is angry like waves  
Of the miraculous kind.

We have been corrupted  
And swallowed by a whale!

Naveed Akram

## Inside There Is A Glow

Inside the prison of woe glows a sculpture,  
Its only sounds are the chink-chink of keys,  
A glowing man is of the foundations and soul,  
The glowing man perishes inside the very hour.

I see a dead corpse from the barred windows,  
Fitting poorly into view, knowing more than me;  
Rotting, spitting, and being secret, the ape has  
Been barred from entering the world of normality.

I have to contemplate my dream of young desire,  
A cadaver is positioned in the past and pain;  
One poor part is to cast the wells of knowledge,  
Water from them is superior to the ageing process.

Naveed Akram

# Inside This Vessel

Inside my vessel called the mind  
I venture forth into many lands;  
They are reflected in the mirror  
As I stand and stare to fulfil myself.  
I drink the attributes of the Lord,  
And I drink the love of this creation,  
Bold strokes strike this world from me.

Words carry the message of might,  
The character of some words shake  
With celebrations and revelry.  
For me, the end of civilisation is near,  
The words are the masters of our eye.  
For you, they blinded the masses  
And achieve next to nothing.

Knock the slush from your wild, roving boots,  
Deceive nobody in the shop and store,  
Inside the vessel called the mind we offer  
A price to the onlookers, who shake and wear  
Garments of the men and women.  
Brown lively eyes meet my eyes in the open,  
They are not my enemies and woes.

You are rain, you are mire, you smile,  
In the fenland where martians lie,  
Like splitting egg-heads growing to crime,  
With which they shake and look at hard air.  
You define your own fashion,  
Inflict your own casualties,  
Lessening the objects of despair.

I must be thought as a bore in winter,  
Of my services the muscular face,  
Of my birth the ultimate disgrace.  
A little came into the destiny from afar,  
I wore a beard too skinny, that my  
Face was gaunt and tough around  
For the feelings of the face objected.

Inside the vessel called the mind  
Was the life of shops and counter-products,  
They illnesses, we penmanship and grace.  
The mind had to be opened like a heart  
In full understanding and disgrace.  
My burden is only attached to the moving  
Men who endanger the public race.

Naveed Akram

## Inside Us

Inside the flesh are parasites,  
Fully blessed for their bites.  
One invents the pleasure for the life,  
But bugs do not become your wife.  
Instead, the existence loves me more  
If I contract my muscles and then adore.  
This adoration benefits, masters my store  
Of facts and my store of knowledge to explore.

Naveed Akram

## Inside Words

Inside a letter housed in a word  
Is an inner ink, going on a second;  
Offering pink notice that turns red.  
We read a picture of knowledge  
And learn a new thought too vital  
And delicious that it is eaten.  
Inside one word, we heal a few phrases,  
More like a power that freezes  
And despises, forming clues of words.  
These are weird tales for the numerous  
Haters of words. Inside the letter is a word.

Naveed Akram

# Insignificance

Fading into insignificance is a trouble,  
We support the love of humans in some fuel;  
Yesterday, the lice of evil nature crept on the floor,  
With fading significance, without full beauty  
But with ugly spirit, a likeable life for some,  
A hazard some existence for others  
Who gain toil from this, and hard work.  
Hasn't the life of poverty been addressed by some?  
Their riches of the ground are like the mouse  
That makes sound on the building of noise.

Naveed Akram

# Inspiration

Ingenious inspiration quietens the nook of ideas so faithful,  
Assemblies of essays ceremoniously convene to provide the foreseeing;  
The roof fell down the next day to improve the landscape,  
Inspiring others in the field of work too extravagant, called building.  
A master at extreme sports, the owner of the house is himself a worker,  
He is a builder, an opinionated man of higher genius and hope.  
Remedies repair the veined person so much like a cure,  
Clemency is required, of the deeds right now, so that we can be brethren.  
A connection emerges of the brilliance one feels of the other,  
Inspiration is a nightmare, one of the tailors so clothed himself.

Naveed Akram

# Inspire The Tearful Man

Inspire an adept man of workability,  
Thank him pleasantly like the pleasure of  
Throes of illness, like the tears of some stranger,  
In tight panicky moments so bleeding in the heart.

Lovely life is efficient like the offering times,  
Help the life of periods thanking men who differ.  
These different dangers delve into manic  
Men who spray paint at nothing but the wall.

We are possibly grateful to men who worry,  
Bright are the paradises of the innocent,  
Simple are the layers of the brain,  
In this heavenly glory so welcoming to ears.

I have simplicity, that munches much sweat  
Off the belly of an animal that curses the next  
Authority, asses have submitted to people  
Who dive in waters of blood so sickening.

Naveed Akram

# Inspired Heart

I have inspired the tracts of belief  
With beef that swallows and swings  
Like the beams of overflowing wetness,  
Filling the stomach sumptuously,  
And then belief enters the heart once.  
I have a purpose to begin my existence  
Or life with sadness or happiest natures,  
My choice is a chance to chant or chime,  
My heaven is head of the heart.  
The beliefs of burden are a solution  
To tooth and nail, their cleaning is supreme.  
I must touch upon the tantrums,  
And train all with drums, beating faster  
Like the heart and head, after the bolus  
Contains the hurt.  
I have inspiration of internal burns,  
The heavenly respect must flow in my  
Direction, where the heart meets godly men.

Naveed Akram

# Intellect

Though the intellectual kind is a kind, we differ,  
For we differ, and detract from the distresses of war.  
This isle is beautiful like the eyes of the heavenly maidens,  
This mild illness will enter the winds of the faithful.

Thoughts of your excellent mind are inner memories,  
Remembered by the soul that differs from other souls.  
This windy war escalates into oblivion as water runs out,  
The rivers of the oils and fats will corrode the heaven.

Then be breezes and soft scents, be oils and dresses,  
Feeling faint pressures, forcing new hopes, and proper tests;  
My success is exceeding the heavens and earth tonight,  
For eyes and ears are pasted onto signs of the book.

Naveed Akram

# Intellectuality

An intellectual masters a work he owns,  
He is a very ardent man after death has occurred.  
With him is a vividness of talk,  
Entering nunneries and exiting monasteries  
With their messages, like riding a pony  
In the night and day.  
Deep terrors lurked where he stood,  
Understanding him was to master the heavens  
And all it consisted of as matter and energy.  
The flight to the edge of the world  
Made his task in life light,  
Different families emphasized their eyes.  
All he employed hated his nerves  
For he was a sincere intellectual.

Naveed Akram

# Intellectuals

I have never fancied the logic of a tomorrow,  
The future encompasses the reality in question.  
We are being endowed with experience of a life  
That creates shackles for its descendents.  
The children of the generations to come  
Shall endeavour to disembark and disagree.  
The greatest of minds discontinue with intellect,  
For it is far too challenging a human endeavour.

Naveed Akram

# Intense Hatred

Intense showers of creation,  
By the One who matters,  
Have been never evil to my soul,  
Granting me a hatred of speed,  
Of brotherhood and brilliant peace.

It cancelled me, that season called winter,  
In winter it snowed of flakes of silver  
But gold believes it now has a home  
In the shadows of the sky  
And the layers of the sea.

Naveed Akram

## Interested?

Interest made a fond memory,  
Inside it heaves as an enigma  
Of metallic seizures,  
Of worm and cellophane  
And murderous beasts.  
I have a wonder to proclaim:  
Thunk by many, thought by some,  
A word too hard a task to connive.  
It made me harsh in cruel features in the face  
And a wonderful man in the beginning.  
Murdered by the words I conjecture,  
The life is already abomination,  
All white in thought and number,  
And it suffices to remedy a disease at the cost of a cure.

Naveed Akram

# Interesting Magic

The interest was outwitting them by a long while,  
Drinking in a span of spells that corroded the shield,  
These spells hate you as far as the eyes can follow.  
Damned old spells! Snuff can be better than this,  
This day of offering inside me, is as the eyes of the sun.

I was too busy thinking of my reputation as a wizard  
Or was I a druid of the whole endeavors  
And misdemeanors, an edict passes more  
Than a good time, an edict passes me more.

I made the people laugh at my wizardry,  
Beautiful lights are sights!  
Some of the success ends with failure,  
As more lights are upon the wishful mind  
So that the man talking to your mind  
Meets the brainy matter.

The interest turns into disgust of a deranged man,  
Manly men wonder and ponder  
But without a receipt at first,  
Then with the whole possibilities.

Naveed Akram

# Interference

Out of their habit corrupt rebels will interfere,  
Inside a peace the wording was complete to her.

Naveed Akram

# Intermix

Intermix the polishing of a forgotten summer,  
The parson cools me after the furthest colour.  
Furtive numerals are held in the mind when furthest,  
Novelties of an oaf nurse on nothing.  
Numerous designs matter on the shelf,  
Gory oaths are honourable and gouging strength.  
Let colours intermix and let the parson mix with us,  
The length of numbers are called equations for us.  
Gormandize the food once you steal,  
The parson refuses to renovate your reality.

Naveed Akram

## Internally

Inside my body is a blood and gut,  
Just wonder why we learn so hard.  
Losing wins and winning loses,  
Pulling the threads of your clothing.  
Bulls and cows shall dwell for ever  
In this world, where cattle graze  
With peaceful surroundings, innocent.  
Justice and the minds mattering to us,  
Lull the fighting of the masses.  
Clothes are the internal ideas of a  
Man who has his essentials, forming  
Love and finding hearts to attract.  
This massive body learns so faster  
Than the smaller tower of life.  
Tribe after tribe allows a shop  
To feel a woman and man in harmony.

Naveed Akram

# Interrogate It!

Gods have interrogated you after so many crimes,  
The real door is to us the burden to be disallowed.  
A bridge must be crossed, and to alleviate this suffering  
The reality of a gate in the next life is supreme.  
Killing is an art to fight for the defence of this life,  
Loathing and despairing is an exact science.  
I have seen deities requestion and reiterate,  
But the gods are the better helpers for your life  
And your existence as criminals is rife.  
The godliness is to disburden the crime-rate,  
This in itself is luxury, for all your own disgust.

Naveed Akram

# Into Robots

Calculating men care less over pastimes,  
Classy people see defiant energy in us;  
Energy is transmitted afterwards,  
To see this link is greater than it.

May the foil of a machine matter to the origins,  
Energy is transferred for the alienation;  
Demonic classes need the foil to change,  
Then machines resent us, turning into robots.

Naveed Akram

## Into Secret Wishes

One sees death about to fall into secret wishes,  
Often a pass of an exam is in store for the sands,  
The sights of heavenly bridges come forward,  
The reality of a ghost has arisen for the deep.  
One sees a deadly man in full argument,  
Harrowing times follow and secretly manage  
A little ghost of sayings and mutterings.  
The picture of faint colours has arrived and seen  
Me with fortunes of the highest standard.  
A banner shall arrive to force our wet paint,  
The panting has been a picture of the land.

Naveed Akram

# Into Whining

Into whining, into guessing, a day was guessing,  
More important than mahogany, but upstairs;  
Forming study, the question forbade us  
As the apartment of knowledge entered our minds.

We were guessing and leading to answers,  
Questions survived the chances, the telegrams;  
There was lying more than us and everyone,  
Yet the guesses welcomed us, as they were true.

Naveed Akram

# Invading The Hills

The hill men shied from us,  
As natives they worked far too hard,  
Lax and unbearable, solid and concrete,  
The hills and mountains were their home.  
And their entrance was an exit,  
And the huts made passes at us.

Only one on the sloping ground caressed  
The joyous images of my own,  
The hills were sounding like war and carnage,  
A shrine had collapsed from the head,  
The chiefs swore their allegiance to us afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Invertebrates Are Not Us

The whole of the kingdom has surpassed,  
The experts align to the facts that emerge;  
And those indications are numberless  
That make themselves clear.

Sure facts are revealed to the majority,  
A making of leaders has begun;  
Their knowledge began today,  
One feels the invertebrates before seeing them.

Naveed Akram

# Inward Dreams

Knowing me is like knowing weather, inward dreams,  
And solutions of the poverty and wealth, of riches and rags.  
My case is a subtle case, it conquers the cases of cases,  
For this is difficult on the horizon of design, of philosophy.

To know the cylinder is to know the shape, it conquers the heart,  
But the heart is the case of case, it blends to the musical talent,  
A muscular talent is a joy of the body and pride, a happiness,  
For muscles are of blood and tissue so ghostly and sad.

I have knowledge of the anatomy, says my doctor who says,  
I have wisdom of my scripture, says my priest who prays,  
Fulfil then this learned fact that submerges under the red water,  
And emerges in blue water, after colour has been destroyed.

Naveed Akram

# Iron And Silk

Iron keeps dirty habits when united,  
Followers of the metal shall be rewarded;  
The contestant proves his worth,  
After the judges and the judgement,  
Before this nothing has a present.  
Anarchy is housed by the intellectuals,  
Intelligently the rules are spoken  
And their moods are represented  
By the organizations of the spiders.

Crawling about, sneaking towards  
Their goal, and lifting their webs,  
A reality has emerged of mounting  
Pressure, often the windows are open.  
Thoughts of the evening weave  
Their ways towards the horizon,  
But spiders wrongly imagine our  
Difficulties.

Their iron is their silk, and we have strong  
Iron, that wields not being spun,  
Forever the roses have been in our wreaths,  
And eternally the spots on the face  
Are ignited.

Naveed Akram

# Iron Lady

She is an iron lady of dropping metal,  
Inside the brain easy is the stain too vivid.  
It succeeded for the mind became solid and well,  
Mentality stood firm in abundant health.  
In entire loss, energy was transferred from the nutshell  
To the lower recesses,  
Inviting us to faith of minor importance,  
Of listening as much as God.  
Iron nature can override the badge of all uniforms,  
Believe in her frowning at you,  
Like a womanly leader,  
As perfect a lady of iron,  
Of many certainties,  
Over centuries the old reign  
Of her ancestors.  
Guide us, lady, for your superiority kept us.

Naveed Akram

# **Ironic Belief**

It is likely that irony collapses once  
Tremendous acts are unleashed to the public,  
Snowy Canada takes good effect,  
Snowy weather alleviates the moods of difference.  
One is ironic beyond beliefs of suddenness,  
Then ivory enters the fragile organs,  
Like the elephantine wings we bear fruit,  
To encase the endangered species.

One is likely to be a prompt discovery  
Of prime youth and relative peace,  
Fighting over the boundaries we match  
And maintain.

Naveed Akram

# Irreverent Conversations

Irreverent conversations connect to these people,  
Their value of talking itself is never phenomenal.  
Understand me when I speak, the posture also,  
May two hearts mix to the exclusion of others.  
My heart beats finally in time with music,  
Loathing this strange melody can cause abbreviations.  
Converse so strangely and connect,  
My paint is flung on the wall;  
Butchers are set forth, finally butchering their calves  
And the meat arrives for the blessings.  
Posture for a bird is immensely important  
Before it dies, and the beauty inside this ritual  
Is enormous and gigantic and fat.

Naveed Akram

# Irritation Of Gestures

A gesture of irritation came out of gesturing,  
My broken voice was a malady for the downcast;  
Pointing to the other voice we heartedly sought  
A fictional promise so like the Alexandria  
In Egypt, its library of great ancient nature.  
We felt a pencil on the wall so like eagles  
Wanting to be fed, internal intelligence masters us.  
Sensible memory is the real undertaker,  
Its a funeral in life that exerts and intellectually  
Keeps all.

A just war prolongs the mad men,  
Their sentences belong to beauty,  
A statue has been demolished,  
A station of importance resides in the mind.

Naveed Akram

# Is Like Water

Looking at a person is like water running,  
You please the senses by feeling peace,  
And when ice becomes itself you swear  
That men and women have dissolved into liquid.

Offer them some peace with greetings,  
Look like them in ways known to you,  
So that by making essentials a peace,  
Peace is essentially won, victory is complete.

Naveed Akram

## Is There?

There were too many teachers in school,  
That the students and classes were cool,  
So much study,  
Too many hours of worry,  
That the people could not keep tool.

Naveed Akram

# Island Of Pleasure

I forsake the pleasures inside this island,  
Catching foes and pigeons for my friends  
Who lurk in the caves for the rest of their lives,  
But why do they listen to the waters and streams?

The birds of the varieties we have on earth  
All fly like our souls to exist and breathe in ways  
Known to God, and the reality shall be never missed,  
But why do we hear their calls in this wilderness?

Going too strongly in the lane of flight,  
Readies the mind with afflictions, godly ones,  
Ones that pile and deter, to rectify the mistake,  
But where are all the flowers of the ancient men?

I forgot your lovely breath on this day I had entered,  
The island of the queens and kings  
Masters my long struggle, the strangled man  
I am.

Naveed Akram

# Island Of Vagabonds

Vagabonds are eruptive on this island  
Like its crater, the volcano wobbles uncontrolled!  
Bigeminal beasts take trips on this isle,  
Anatomy making an appearance.  
Lifelike objects or plants so outlandish  
Wave in the nose as wind-particles, absolutely prestigious!  
The footloose planets and plants are dissimilar  
In their loose nature, their losing orbital travel.  
May paladins exert oneself to combat them  
In the islands of volcanoes, the group of originals.

Naveed Akram

# Isolate

The moral to stories which define reality  
Can feel much realer when sanity is designed  
Into a reading and writing of stories,  
Eachother they feel.

Naveed Akram

# It Arrived

What an educated change we deliver?  
Certainly decisions change the desire  
In the sense that plans are concocted  
That mock me and you. Jaundice  
Arrives,

An ailment of distrusted history,  
What can mean the difference?  
Why do planets solve our lives from the stars?  
Illnesses melt into a pot for all those awake,  
Some happened to be gross and malignant.

Naveed Akram

## It Comes Secondhand

Hills are around for all the mind,  
Lull him the scarecrow so he flies,  
And whether he loved or hated,  
The hills are existing due to bad health  
As wealth became boring, and the  
Mountains are creeping in to subdue.  
Mountains are made of stone, just grey  
Foam, the very foam of the sea that has circuits  
On us at night or at the shore,  
This is where catching thieves of sudden nature  
Comes secondhand.

Naveed Akram

# It Happened In A Moment

It so happened in the moment,  
A weird old boy looked into pleasure  
And found a brief encounter with me,  
I held him with a rope in the eyes,  
I was wearing colourless eyes in contrast.

It so happened to be an extreme form of love  
And happiness, when a weird old boy sang  
Merry rhymes, that made no sense,  
But muttered a matter in the ear so welcoming,  
That everything that happened was a moment.

I have my will on this, pessimist though I am,  
And shaking my head is no sign of science,  
In your encounter from within,  
But I have this god-given department of the mind  
Mastering stranger and weirder old boys.

Naveed Akram

# It Has Transpired

I am covered in black grease  
Forever in a quick search for evolutions,  
This is my offering from eternity.

I peer inside the island of sanity,  
Apt to describe the volume of water  
When the waters subside.

I have been covered in lovely spirit  
Ignited by sparks of salvation anyhow,  
I rather would like to screen you from it.

I find nothing more than secret passageways,  
Covered in black soot, feeding the actualities  
Of a war within, peering outside due to love.

There is an open wooden door,  
I like the wars it describes with force,  
My lovely act has transpired from the depths.

Naveed Akram

# It Hurt Him

It hurt him when their hurt was big,  
The play of wining the food was to dig,  
As if dug were the drunkards,  
Face it the dragging creatures  
Came along with seasons  
That mustard was too strong for the reasons.  
It rehearsed the sinful looting of his life,  
The stand of ill-treatment was like a knife.

Naveed Akram

## It Is Called Love

Towards a house reigns a sight called love,  
Homes are burning with desire and from above.  
To this light there is a character to encourage,  
With discipline do this act, this is an advantage.  
My house weeps in strong weather, too flying  
With storms and burns of too much lying.  
Then the storms subside and return,  
Forever the lusts of the season are modern.  
May the blending of pain be an utmost suffering,  
For your house leaves us with pleasure and answering.

Naveed Akram

# It Is Called Time

The entity called Time is a gracious wonder,  
Or do we say of everything the same way;  
Because of the energy and the commodity  
A Christendom bespeaks and lungs inflate  
To occupy more religious conversation.  
I know the respect of a sudden generation,  
Seeds are of the fruit, memories align along  
The pews of moods, swift reasons adjust  
The highly expressive thoughts of a failing joy.  
The Time of this period in war is a time for peace,  
Feelings are pacts or fillings of the teeth in  
This snowy fasting, a little snow occupies the minds.  
One day snows in the night of goings that deplore,  
One night is an accusation to the beholders of Time.

Naveed Akram

# It Is Cruel

Cruel objectives spend their tactics  
On food and war, the splendour of amazement.  
The cruel work is continuous as lines in space  
When production of war is up to it.  
How do splendid people require a food?  
Their cruel answers may pervert the cures  
Of the modern man, but how do they feed?  
My work is over, the selling of knowledge,  
A brand new weapon of assault, for the unique  
Who defend the country.

Naveed Akram

# It Is Enough

It is enough, what I felt,  
When hope was conflict,  
And I designed my body into rhymes  
To include my hope as love.  
I wear not these heads of skill or lovely ability,  
But to mention the grace of numbers  
Over wonder is their toil.  
Feeling of wonder is not of this world,  
Yet a toss of food was an eating of the world  
And the cosmos.  
I grow warm with the change of the sun,  
As a heat-source or an object of ornamentation.  
I felt enough of this world, and then again  
I did.

Naveed Akram

# It Is My Heart

To long for me without yearning  
Lets me leave aside my job  
Of power and might, the same job.  
Your desire regulates the blood  
From the liver, and a heart fools  
The body with rushing music.  
My spirits contaminate the body  
Through the heart, yet I accomplish  
Naught, this day I am nothing.

To longing, I request a break;  
Sacred sanctuary, what milk is a price to pay?  
Flowers bloom in ways known,  
My breakthrough deserves better.

Naveed Akram

# It Is Simple

Xylophones keep the music simple,  
Whereas sound produced actual  
Music. Music is like dance,  
And dancing is so like the devils;  
We can find more demons in the joy  
Of the planet - the dying joy,  
It dies due to the devil, but the music  
Is kept by the xylophone -  
It is simple.

Naveed Akram

# It Is Space

Dim and indefinable is this place,  
It is hard to understand why it is Space.  
Of doubts is the black globe I am in,  
This is Space, the true odd reflection of life.  
How is this elusive?  
I can describe, for I occupy the vacuum,  
In ways different to man, and man is here,  
Where it is barren and strange.  
We have a desert on Earth,  
But why do we live in such a stupor  
Such as this.  
My universe caters for the blind,  
The stars are other than these,  
The planets reside in my head.

Naveed Akram

# It Is Strict

A saw a star fall on the half we call the West,  
And then a star rose, farther than the eye,  
Faster on the space it travelled, kissing us on the face,  
Opening its heat and radiation, just in reliance of us.

I saw you stare in the mirror called the Universe,  
And saw halves and quarters of bodies and planets;  
Up in the light, again in silence, a star roared when seen  
Again in the sights of people who bred, bled and believed.

I may see a unique actor, a single actress see another man  
Who watches, with faults and perfections.  
I can endure them with my emotions, bless them,  
As though they were my family, but never.

The universe is strict in its family, as the acts it contains  
Are only from a maker, a breeder by best standards;  
One who does more than beget, more in a furnace  
And a missile is discharged.  
He wants to disgrace the stars if they blink,  
But why do you cry when it is strict?

Naveed Akram

# It Is War

Dismount your horse when riding is no option,  
Create the gain to blame us of righteous action.  
Troops gather their steeds in heavenly waters,  
These sailors are the crew or staff with zeal.  
It is like the lips that speak and resonate a word,  
It is like the language of concealment, of words.  
These days my right is yours and only yours!  
In this prison my word betters the distinction,  
In this wizardry is the unlocking of human nature.  
To call this justice is as though the trees have  
Whistled in the wind and bestowed their grace  
By wilting their leaves and letting their stay on  
Grounds far too wilder than the landscape of here.  
Mount now your horse and whine like a proper horse,  
Since you ride a rare breed and it is war!

Naveed Akram

# It Was Chaotic

It was chaotic, disorderly and full of houses  
That swung and ran to the feet of their mad kindness.  
The treads were too narrow for them  
To place their whole bulk on them,  
Soaring above the skies of green and dark  
Blue, that the staying sea supplied  
To the depths of desire.

If I'd seen that scene I would have anticipated  
The next scene burrowing in nonexistence,  
This paradox we call the world of words.

For the building there was a ground level,  
Such bipeds and tripods erected their designing  
Air, with existence and non-existence.

It was so chaotic in the air,  
They would have brought more merchandise,  
More non-enterprise and more thought for the  
Thoughtful.

Naveed Akram

# It Was Delightfully Cold

It was delightfully cold, and I understood the man  
Who was part dog, he wanted to reply to the whole  
Yard, where ferocious venomous tigers taught  
Their strong looks, into ditches they spread.  
While the eyes sparkled, a beautiful beam of light  
Persuaded the tigers to withstand rage,  
Nothing was along the wall of trees glistening  
Brightly like stars of the cold wastes.

I don't understand how splendid trees are in the  
Weather we have worshipped,  
A change in wonder is a canine creature,  
A change in the beast is of trees and bushes.  
Wounds may then multiply to turn round four times,  
As the summer time exclaimed by the summer.

Naveed Akram

# It Was Eccentric

If it was eccentric, it was to her face,  
She was having one of our spells,  
Forcing the pulls and pushes of a flick,  
With bravery too grey and silver.  
This colour of the rainbow emerged  
Causing a span of fingers and arms  
To overflow, fixing the states  
And stations of a frugal day.  
Enter then the matter of goings-on,  
The faces of the oxen were behind  
The back, interest whistled,  
Intelligence bends now.

Picking up clods stored trouble,  
It was eccentricity itself to be trouble,  
Two stopped the crimes  
Offering such insanity to the lords,  
Two were needed to nurse  
Matters of big wheels.

Naveed Akram

# Its Glory

Its glory shall be greater than the former temple,  
For glory reigns and shines down on your sensibility.  
Though whips and chains dazzle a ground to think,  
One sold soul is another offering.

Its glory shall be in addition, opening the songs  
Of the dead once more, like ruins of the right  
And left paths, feelings came to the forefront.

Hyde, in his turn, took his brother's moment,  
In it he displayed the worst features of the forces.  
Jaws open wide, he ate the chain of steel and cones  
Of the eyes disengaged, feeding a foot to winnow.  
It has glory of the century, it reels in a fish,  
And so a delivery of a bought being is in veins.

Naveed Akram

# Jelly Of Hell

For gels and jellies a goodness pleases  
Bellies behaving badly, without the little  
Concentrating.

We took once an open chest of drawers  
Kindly kept by the growing many,  
Jumping with joy, suddenly old once.

We ask the looking vessels,  
With their vassals, whole ideas  
Of the unfolding sense,  
Letting the knowledge be small,  
Stopping the same memories  
When the heart sank deeper into  
Abysses, stinking low and high.

The gum invoking our bodies rounded  
The teeth with working forces,  
Army forces put the same thanks into  
Mayhem.

Naveed Akram

# Jenny And The Doctor

Jenny thought the doctor would die of fright. It was the day they arose from the sun and stars. He came from examined planets, and held high offices. Gazing up at stars of fright, he was frightened like a camelopard, so he ran the other way. The towering neck seemed like the sane camera of a day old. The doctor was very proud, very sound, very valid, and he came from the Sirius say some. Some say Neptune. Others would just laugh from his scalpel and stethoscope, like hyenas chasing the camelopard, like hunter has chased the food united. Jenny thought the doctor dies today. But nobody died today.

Naveed Akram

# Jewellery

Celebrated jewellery is a worthy sum of thought,  
It thinks and behaves with beauty as the skies;  
The shining sun enters the realer district like eyes,  
Feeding a frenzy as the alert victims stumble.

Fall then into the hurrah and bravado of a later time,  
With shy jewels, difficult to produce in their entirety;  
A solution to selling, a solution to stains of the hells,  
The jewellery bespeaks, wondering and pondering.

I will ascertain the strength of a day when the stars  
Fall from their grace, willing us to movements of ire;  
Feeling them is a chosen action, a chosen whim,  
For the wishes of a night in splendour sparkles away.

Naveed Akram

# Job Of Truth

My job has been to persuade the jolly fellow inside  
To match one enigma with total warmth and joy.  
The real real pity has been mastering the jolliness,  
One is merry tonight and today in the inner desires.  
Look to the inner self, for further safekeeping,  
In order to understand a straightforward strategy.  
Look towards the place that is adored,  
And leave behind the nonsense of some tongues.  
Your way is clear, as well as mine,  
But the reality of a situation mumbles for truth.

Naveed Akram

# Joking

Joking is not like lying, for you are not a liar,  
But your kindness exerts more from you as an achiever.

Naveed Akram

# Jolly Ending

The merry-making will have to end,  
Offered by the hearts of our lives.  
Your distinction collected from poverty,  
The parties of adventuring were absent.  
My revelry has a bed in the seas of dreams,  
Internal offences occur to kill the hanging old.  
My merriment has no occurrence,  
My reality is timed by the timeliest ones.  
An overall majority is needed,  
And my face fetches the peace.  
The offenders are loose, far too intimidating  
To consider themselves sane.  
O What Jollification!

Naveed Akram

# Journey For The Eyes

The journey for the beautiful eyes  
Cosily meanders through knowledge;  
It is knowledge to disintegrate and die,  
But costs are paid by the numerate among us.

We are never in working moods for minds,  
Devils and workers of the mind are upon  
The scene of this summer and winter,  
Like the rights of humans and ants.

Let the eyes climb into oaths of the night,  
Seeking tracks of the innocent sort,  
Walls are erected by the touch of right,  
But wrong might creep back for ways of light.

Naveed Akram

# Journey Into The Stars

Going to a day is like the very journey of Time,  
One sits and waits, adores the other person, and fidgets;  
A day may arise when that night with it is a flight,  
Into the heavens and the universe.

It is a journey, it is a journey, of gravity,  
When stars are seen, and planets are visited.  
The cosmos is blended with infamous substances,  
Full of canes and rods, delightful elements.

The flight to the infinite space is by night,  
A day has lengthened on this quest of brilliance.  
May this adventure never cease,  
Just as death is the beholder of the next life.

Naveed Akram

# Journeys Of Gold

Journeys to the stars revolve around the eyes,  
These galaxies form their arms around the body.  
The entire adventure begins,  
The entire adventure ends.

What is found on the walls of entrancing houses  
Covers our faces with chances, diseases and knowing facts.  
Journeys are eternal this day onwards,  
The seat of all happiness never ends or begins.

The sheer exhilaration is of levitation,  
Opening the stations in the sky like momentary angels,  
Their seeing is beyond the frame of human minds,  
So that the humanoid nature starts to wane.

Please let us win the adventure of a night-visit,  
One coin can accumulate into too many or too few,  
The golden pieces seem to ponder on their own values,  
The silver pieces are lesser due to a godly reason.

Naveed Akram

# Joy Is Not An Enemy

I've found no greater duty than sailing the shore,  
A lovely warlike state of tour,  
More of more I stay indoor now,  
From ever asking joy is pleasant;  
Joy is blatant, it soothed me for all of my life,  
According to merry, merry men.

Joy has enjoyment on four corners of the square,  
Bereaving is not my enemy on the evening of fear.  
Inside the burden fought solidity, concrete help,  
And still joyous activity enthralled me.  
It destroyed me not. O it jostled me into peace.

Naveed Akram

# Joy, It Means

Joy means such enjoyment it is exact,  
Your ride is forced by the wind to interact,  
Then the solution speaks too much,  
That fun has many twists of such.

Joy to behold is constant in eyes of the onlookers,  
That it distresses beyond belief the abusers  
Of wealth and power and all things sacred,  
All the wonderful remarks acted.

Naveed Akram

# Joyous And Exhilarated By Factories

I am keen, exhilarated by commanders so joyous,  
Transported by ecstasy, and honeymooned by success,  
The extreme weather carries a piquancy much desired  
For the human heart and lungs, the organs of ravishment.

Raw success is cunning, it is keen as I am,  
I am fortunate to reacquire it, so reactants are joyous,  
May the felicity and joy be cylinders of love,  
To construct and fuel the factories of real snugness.

Naveed Akram

# Joyous Wave

I must wave my hands and flagella like an animal,  
But theory coincides with theory and an animal cannot die.  
I wave my hands in the direction of a man who believes,  
His suddenness is an alacrity, a mobility, an agility.

I have a man in the mirror who sees what seems dying,  
His theorists are showing him and throwing him a lesson.  
Force is the necessary world, the world of medicine, a factual  
Sign of the worlds, the deterrence is stronger than a fact.

I must wave my hands in your direction and collect your peace,  
Dying is my light, death is a bringer of burden so ease comes.  
My man is my joking joy, a waiter of the hazardous life that exists,  
Many speak to the hearts of mindful men who instil joyous joy.

Naveed Akram

# Judge Distance

It was impossible to judge distance,  
They were professionals, but weird.  
But a beard banged on, careers were few,  
Never the angers, never the brains of fear.  
Volunteering a badge we judged,  
And we condemned the few who threw it.  
Spears found in the head were taken,  
And they abhorred the sheer slopes.  
Forcing a mountain and valley  
The judgement remained clear  
And the steep slopes caused the morning.  
The meandering path came to an abrupt hill  
And veered into general happiness  
After so much mistiness and longing.

Naveed Akram

# Judge Them

The generous make a threat,  
For a third of the people in love,  
For their knowledge and emotions,  
And for their good good works.  
I am the same, I am all the same.

They base their culture on the purity  
Of their faith, and over time  
And over the hot and cold of the seasons,  
The rebel army awaits the finality,  
It patiently intends to judge the food.

Naveed Akram

# Judging The Past

You must judge the distinctions living within,  
Simply they trigger more sins so that you die  
When you are accomplished,  
Like the ball that bounces and never stops.  
This mind is jollier than the sword,  
A word here, a word there resolves disputes,  
Little is the prisoner and his pleasure.  
To be right words we think along a tune  
Of happiness that defines who you are,  
When music shall stop to subjugate that  
Mentality that shines before all mentalities.  
It is the sound of simplicity inside our hearts  
That enfolds our living spectrum  
To the taste of gold that shines.  
You must judge the distinctions living within,  
Simply.

Naveed Akram

# Jumping In Time

You are new to my shoulders,  
Underneath the facilities of time;  
My time is at an end of some trouble,  
This end falls slowly to ruin.  
My jumping and jolting is finer  
Than the odd leap or lunge,  
Finer than the train of fastness,  
As I climb on the shoulders of a  
Wagon that perpetrates a crime.

My sentences are dim, they persuade me  
To enter the allegiance of my twin;  
He acts faster than the dim lights  
Crossing my dark mind,  
I gather the news of a fault in lines,  
I am a goat of brilliance following  
The orders of my chief.  
We all grunt and call for the superiors,  
Leaping is the hobby of even a giant.

Naveed Akram

# Jumping To Heaven

Your heaven is engaged in springing and jumping,  
Underneath the sky is pictured the spirit abounding.  
May God seal their hearts and so forever expel the ones,  
No matter the appearance of actions, whatever the admirations.  
Aliens, eggs of aliens, and friends of bad men are against us,  
Failures of speech accompany the laughter so much with accurateness.  
What is their absurd heart telling them? Why do they loathe?  
Justice screams hard on believers and makes them unclothe.  
The clothing of this code is so married to our souls,  
That heads are strung like their system and emotion and the holes.

Naveed Akram

# June And July

June and July are right in the middle  
Of a time that is a period to learn.  
The months of our summer in this land  
I call England,  
Are like these months.  
The other months work for these ones,  
And those ones that are not these two months  
Still believe in the sun and moon and planets.  
They trust the stars, walk in the mind  
And state our successes, in all our graveness.  
The grave has no month, but lives in years  
To manage the time in heaven.  
For some June is like July,  
But I think what they look is what they are.

Naveed Akram

# Just A Day

Just a day after the clear explosion,  
There was a seizure of land, stocks and  
Vehicles, belonging to sisters of fortune.  
They carried a new level of corruption,  
Controlling a land riven by violence, murder.  
They wanted to oust water, food and particles  
Of dust, darts and daggers.  
That sword asks me why explosions offer  
Their joy, as wide-ranging war has been wondered.  
New men of the careers walk to abase  
The new men of the careers.  
The sisters of fortune clearly signalled  
That it was a bitter war.  
Art and aliens pretended with comic address  
To keep careers like the ones,  
Fending for themselves inside the land,  
Flying slightly above.

Naveed Akram

# Just A Fluke

Silent fight, sudden delight over oil and fibre,  
We cherish new faith of wool, of all the doctor.

Round and straight, around my little finger  
Hangs much vision to be divorce, then linger.

My name terrifies none but the crude, the liars,  
Who fix messengers on their face to tell dealers.

Clouded in vision stayed a demon to rebuke,  
He is devil as often as satanic ghosts - just a fluke!

Naveed Akram

# Just A Rock

On its breast was another rock,  
Scattered and tumbled, tugging and watching,  
Telling itself a story of the upper region,  
At that moment a rock cared for another.

Suddenly the window walked further than  
This rock, that someone called a home.  
Rush of the water imagined a house  
To be built where it lay, and soothed us.

It was indecent inside for the remainder,  
Rising and falling according to the taste.  
Cheerfully the beautiful people instead  
Intended to make war on the rock of ours.

Naveed Akram

# Just Four Seasons

Four seasons rumble and fill the year,  
Gasping at the wings of delight and decision,  
Like apes that arise in midwinter,  
Lists of heavenly men and women.

My soul has been contented,  
By the nearest Paradise  
That filled the years of my decline,  
Had it been a winter of winters.

Four of them deny me access  
To the sins of the fellows that mind  
Me with the streams bustling  
But enjoying the streaming of music.

Four of them, and then the spring  
Shall defy summer that sings to the love  
Of its autumn, that swings to the tune  
Of winter, once winter augustly sings.

Naveed Akram

# Just Honoured

I have just been honoured like a bicycle,  
To find me capable like the accusations  
Given to some who keep some sickness.  
This present is my gift, and my gift is a present  
Too many times a day, far too many miles.

In the night we abstain from the air like waterlogged  
Men, hidden underneath the soil, these men  
Are the fellowship, the resignations of this day and night.  
The mansions for the absolute art  
Remain like the beautiful willing subjects.

In the daytime, a cartoon has emerged and immersed  
Like the seaside in full sway, little people delve  
And diminish, like sun and moon in unison.  
Where are the products of the chemical reaction  
Now that the reactants have disappeared?

Naveed Akram

# Just Innocent Children

My own thoughts reject a living man from his sleep,  
My death carries on while his sleep matters,  
Justice has now entered the vile villa,  
Just peace staggers our abhorrent souls.  
The courts of supremacy shut our mouths,  
With death carrying a badge of distaste,  
The food inside refuses permission for the state.

In this saying hides a reality of great moments,  
One heightened sight repels me after the moment,  
And then man has other mouths to feed and mother,  
To father the men and daughters requires this.

Let the solutions to problems ensue and matter  
Like the daughters of our society,  
And like the innocent children,  
That blessed the nation of villas.

Naveed Akram

# Just One Shot

He needs just one shot,  
Gunning from times that change,  
Smoke drifts looking down on us.  
We see his profession, tall manners  
Of a tall story, one accusation is all.

He was tired, sitting in the smoke,  
Reminders of sin had parted,  
On the housed parts, their harnessing.  
A tiring man was tired himself,  
Tiny voices strangely timed themselves,  
From the charity of the weird.

Guessing became the objective  
And truth was banned.  
The truthful man triumphs  
Where others are vanquished.

Naveed Akram

# Just Them

Just too special people regard one another  
As justice and roses, peace and brother.  
Just happiness stems from flowers that seek  
And dream for other powers that are the meek.

Naveed Akram

# Just To Be

Just to be a man I forsake all privilege,  
Different are the scared measures employed  
By the employer who seeks for contrasts,  
Shades of the night, shadows of the light,  
Being one with the other world that fights.

Just to be a drinking guy is full of ethanol,  
Ethers derive their stay in existence like this,  
Drinking is drinking the light, fully awakening,  
Like the beds of calamity, sleeping on them is  
Being afraid of the calamity, full of devastation.

Justice can keep realities for the main joys;  
The cities, in fact, derive their pleasures from  
Joys of the manhood, and clever men arrive  
To instil the city with lights of the desired wealth,  
Armies shall visit me in time honoured.

Naveed Akram

# Justice All-Around

All-around the views of justice convene,  
The answering of them carries reality.  
To be confinement I prevail as a commodity,  
Finding them when they found me.  
Conflicting confirmations take on the soul,  
Indictment after the fight has arrived.  
Direct your gaze on the fellow human,  
His breath has forgiven me, forgiven you.

Naveed Akram

# Justice Is One Place

Justice stayed tonight due to poor health,  
The classical weather bursted into view.  
A raindropp ceased delivering on this occasion,  
As fortunate times called for a good amount of gold.  
The occult displayed their work before the multitudes,  
Understanding us even more as if they wanted death,  
As if they needed a lunch and dinner on this frightful day.  
A new knowledge is a great find for those in serious evil,  
As evil is the place we call the end of day on this day.

Naveed Akram

# Justice Itself

Justice is a breaker of wounds, and price is paid  
On wounds more than the riches and wealth of men.  
Wounding a man is like harming an infantry,  
And keeping the pain is what is allowed.

Naveed Akram

# Keep Adoration

Keep adoration in the heart with stars above it,  
Without the flower of hatred there are no flowers,  
Yet love has started stemming from this bargain.

Love has been deeper than strength of losing,  
Friends aid the other sort of spirit,  
Friends have some class of character  
Like the brittle rods that break towards the ground.

My adorer has housed a secret in his lantern,  
That freedom is a kind of liberty, one of the blessings,  
One divine measure and condition that hearts have spoken.

Naveed Akram

# Keep Days

Days keep numbers and letters,  
Staying with literature and answers.  
The new evening and next the morning  
Constitute a daily progress of our Star.

Weeks and more weeks have a strain  
On us if we object to the Moon -  
A Bringer of Tides, non-foolish,  
And maker of the waves of our Seas.  
Lands cry out under the Skies.

Naveed Akram

# Keep Humour

Face the distress of modernity with humour,  
And describe it to your professor.  
He will help and his willing support  
Has let you face the world that exists  
With magnificence and beauty.  
A beauty is inside the world  
When it has been exercised by leaders  
Who remake it, fashion it and never molest it.  
Humour is the ability to stay where you are  
And not involve yourself in politics.  
Face the distress of modernity with humour,  
And describe it to your professor.

Naveed Akram

# Keep Moonlight

Keep moonlight when the night blooms,  
Keep your face like its face with the gravity.  
One sees a shadow in the sunshine,  
It grows from you wherever you are  
Except in violent palaces and brooks  
That are public and concrete.

Keep the moons from the sun as  
The planets adjust their aspirations,  
For moons are the satellites of heaven  
And ours is supreme for the richest men,  
Ours is the crescent of love and peace.

Keep each moon equally, as it turns  
You must turn like a mirror and its rays,  
Feeling the least importance in this cosmos,  
Further is the goal, further is the light  
So entrancing, and so enlightening.

Naveed Akram

# Keep The Word

Keep the word of life quickly,  
The quick life completes itself,  
For quiet lives remotely convey  
Their residences of the plain.  
The entrance of the day is a mighty  
Gap, quickly combine its arch  
With the floor of solid planks,  
Giving a forgiving attitude  
Lightly and completely.

Sins of the house seem rooms  
That simmer in the pot,  
Vegetables cook like guesswork,  
Meat has been stewed forever.  
My words are silent due to God,  
His are the actions of His words,  
Fulfilling everything due to clarity  
As far as the horizon and heavens,  
Far-seeming is the absence of his mighty  
Taste, food has been so sly.

The houses are like computers,  
These patriotic friends remind me of  
Wars, as the bombardment swells  
And the flight of a jet persuades  
Like a propeller of worth and delicious nature.  
Eat of the Lord's provisions  
As they lie there in front of you.

Naveed Akram

# Keeping Friendship

It may inquire as shown,  
Instead of believing we are toes and fingers;  
New friendship will accompany the blown,  
Better understood are those goalkeepers.  
How do shots get fired,  
At the goal post in water?  
A sea is taken when desired  
To be in loving nature.

Naveed Akram

# Keeping Miracles

Going to miraculous places is seldom accomplished,  
My shot is again made by the gun in my hand.  
I have an aim, I have pain making my claim;  
This boy in the mirror is me and I want to live forever.  
Nobody will send me away.  
Nobody speaks to me now that miracles occurred,  
I left the signals to God, He was the arbiter,  
He alone gave me support in this mirror of eternity.  
I saw a witty remark from someone wise,  
He quarrelled with the simplicity I owned over my gun,  
That leaders know there is salvation when thought about.  
This is the greatest miracle I have come across.

Naveed Akram

## Keeping Prizes

Prizes are for keeping and laughing,  
Tricks contrived for the expert people.  
The gears we gain involve life for strategy,  
Going to the top is wild, innocent.

The letting of acts is an abundance,  
Often we still complain of the back,  
The roof the head is upon us with peace,  
Let buildings like this body be a growth.

Naveed Akram

# Keeping The Tunnel

I live adorably aboveground,  
Acute clearance is promised from the upper stations.  
The building is ablaze, abiding in sin and hatred,  
Breathing with bread and butter can be lonely  
And hard, far too hard that bodies shall mash and briskly burn.  
The enemy is too harsh on our soul, as souls are in now poverty,  
And states of mind must be obeyed, force is a new compartment.  
My conscious mind is commemorating a day too distant from today,  
As cures are like the illnesses, currently in crisis, formally bound to heaven,  
Or hell, as the problem states.  
We fail and deliver bread and butter to our friends and foes,  
Living ashore is near the water, far too soft a planet.  
My dead friends must never die, they must be in hurt  
If they deserve it in heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Kept One

Blank goodness in place of ridicule and heartache,  
Thus the leader finds the guilt at question,  
Over and above the record of deceit,  
I have it once to keep and reap.

Naveed Akram

# Keys To The World

The key to this world is fighting a cause,  
Creating the elements of the Earth.  
They move and change with the whole globe,  
A lever connects it to the Universe.  
When the silver key is twisted, we combine our forces,  
Innocent lives are saved from explosion.  
Explode now, with vigour!  
This time we dine on existing and keeping the space  
According to our pleasure and whims.  
The keys to the world are blessed on us,  
Futures rely on us, to turn the key correctly.

Naveed Akram

# Kick Him

Kick a man before  
He kicks you in the head and  
When you do it now.

Naveed Akram

# Killer

Describe the defender who rids us of our soul;  
We fight for survival, and he is innocent. I am what?  
Display the proof of your strength, of your blade  
That pierces and slashes a man in many pieces.

You have rights over the killer of real sorts,  
The exact replica of a fatal storm; he is madder than most enemies.  
Your life is in the liquid stage. It is soon evaporating  
From what it solidly was. It was present and in action, but now gas.

He has smelt you anyway, just take care of your limbs  
And marvel at the longer life, the awesome stage.

Naveed Akram

# Killing And Leading

Killing, doing goodness and making commands,  
The leaders of our race are against the enemy;  
Forming friendships is not a desperate measure  
But the forces of nature are with us.

Killing will keep us away from friendship  
But did not the plain commitments arise?  
Leading us for the future our leaders will push,  
Our children avoid calamity for everyone.

Naveed Akram

# Killing Star In Vision

This star awakes for the kill, just about there, to stall  
And swear its strength of purpose, inside the hemisphere,  
Like a bud of a flower, like a sentence needed answering,  
Of awkward knowledge is this sun of ours in times of dread.

The night has occurred. We are stronger than fires of scoundrels and liars,  
The living tennis of our lives has just happened as an event of difference.  
A star-like adventure has just evaded us, when it could have happened,  
Once more, the real time-journey again strummed like music of the apes.

A star has been laid on the surface of our vision,  
The need it desires from us is the heavenly spring  
We shall perceive sometime in our lives  
Or whenever this spring has been achieved.

Naveed Akram

# Kindly Hurry

Hurry for me and my angelic kindness,  
Tomorrow the days are long, and the nights short.  
Sadly, the haste in use is of no use,  
For the names of people are recorded only by angels.  
Someday, the living will remember,  
And the dying will show respect for the living.  
For the living live with exploration,  
And they see more than those angels.  
Hurry now that the seeing is complete,  
For the heads and hearts there is no sight to possess.

Naveed Akram

# Kindness

The kindness one owes to the old  
Is only sorting out everything to behold.  
This kind man shelters our aged women  
With care and honesty, and also as a human.  
The generosity of this elixir commands,  
It animates and destroys the brands.  
We consider a public sale to be bought  
When kindness beautifies all the taught.  
This string is fine and dim, it is sale  
And whoever buys the work arouses the tale.  
To be bound justifies jail and creation  
Of the prints and pictures of grandchildren.

Naveed Akram

# King Of Humanity

I learn to find humanity with troubles of yours,  
I devour the seeds giving energy to the dead laughter;  
My simplicity sings to meet a new realm of fences and walls  
In which cosy spies accuse others of war-crimes and fight.  
This day my accusations start to unfold and deliver harm  
So as to bring news of a king in the land, called Rupert.  
King Rupert became a man of crowning glory  
Since his coronation meant the distinction of energetic men,  
Internal strife made his position a wreck  
As he soon ignored the fate of others,  
Riches stole his desert and land of trees and apes.  
I learn his regicide after all these years  
To make a martyr out of him, to justly serve his memory.

Naveed Akram

# Kingdom Of The Sea

The flower of the sea,  
How wonderful to be.  
This ancient rose why oceans cease,  
The majesty is supreme due to ease.

The seas ebb and flow  
Due to the moon below.  
My beauty is seen as god sees its own,  
And crowns of the queens shine and bemoan.

Each sea is resolute, mighty  
As seeds are blown across happily.

Naveed Akram

# Kingdom Over The Mountain

Courts are many in the kingdom over the mountain,  
Where kings have stammered over their speeches,  
Where the royal palaces must conserve their strength  
To fight us in the lands of many, the land of plenty.

Offered a ghostly help by his subjects,  
The king is expecting melodies to surprise his court,  
His is the evolution to tame a monster and a country,  
Too many troops have died in the end for this country.

Always some of us stage rebellion in trampling fashion,  
In work of worst strategy, and fame at last.  
Then a king and a queen have departed to the hereafter,  
To the land of Paradise, the bouncy one.

Plenty of people gather in strong heaps,  
To cling is the best strange action  
So then we learn of these royal families  
To cling on the hammer of their judgement.

Naveed Akram

# Kings Of Slavery

Return to the ancient time of pain and suffering,  
Slavery was the illness, so much accumulating.  
We aborted our endeavours forever in this way,  
Then our mornings and evenings seemed to say.  
That may quieten the many who joined the slaughter,  
The next day contained the war, from a daughter -  
A princess of worth, the very satellite of the palace,  
Making scares always like someone callous.  
This time of pain went by, and disappeared,  
It was the father, the king, who domineered.

Naveed Akram

# Kiss Of A Stone

The kiss of a stone is purity,  
Its illness has knowledge;  
One ant strives for its sake,  
Feeding its feelings for you.

The knowledge has become a man,  
A man is not a woman or animal,  
Nor an insect, nor a vegetable of green  
Status standing further than the rain.

The kiss of a stone is abrupt,  
Feeding a frantic mode to words,  
One of us is dissolved in pity  
As the purity commends itself.

Naveed Akram

# Knight Of Teaching

The knight of the moon walks freely among the dead  
In the forest that mutters a breeze of dust from the floor of vegetation.  
I see the insects crawl, modern technology gathers dust,  
Mortuaries are inhabiting the folly of a day in knowledge.  
The overall man sees and watches to be the path of mayhem,  
The path shall converge afterwards, this way a mind is a mind.

Fantastic professors operate the daring ways of dazzling proportions;  
With their forests of philosophy, and with their cities of wisdom,  
They have after a short pause been in errors of disbelief,  
Earning a life that suffered from too much illness and knowledge  
Kept in the head, keeping this was how professors operate.  
I like the way they dress their thoughts with their own.

Naveed Akram

# Knights Of Dark Desire

Dark knights and weird partners to the crime,  
Fallacy after fallacy let the music mime, and maime,  
And dissolve this awkward, tearsome mystery,  
A fellow faker and fellowshipped renouncer to bury.

What is more than this? A darkly person is like a lawful  
Might that lingers on oneself, yet does He not know  
What is more than this.

Naveed Akram

# Knights Of Romance

They are my hope, my young Knight of romance,  
Falling with truth on the battlefield, to be possessed;  
Then in this place a love of a man has passed  
With the woman of his choice,  
Marrying is the all-powerful event after wars.

Blazing tears overflow with the red brick,  
Destroying vermin in their tracks,  
A few steps towards their home are retouched,  
But the tears keep overflowing for the lasting effect;  
Pleasant news reign supreme in the heavens.

Then come to the end of the keys,  
My box brought alongside,  
The entrance is proceeding and fixed,  
In the place of sobriety a little has happened,  
More boring events have happened.

Naveed Akram

# Know Like Flowing Water

The intake of knowledge is like flowing water,  
Rivers unwind completely with their obedience  
As the oceans become their being inwardly.  
The seas of the wise men are like words of the fingers,  
The eternal knower is against my learned soul,  
Internal threats are a judge and jury, the ultimate.  
One must pray and understand fully a verse  
In the evening, and then mornings alleviate  
The wrongs done by those who claim to know  
What devastations are not.

Naveed Akram

# Know That

Know what that is,  
The style of swearing at the thrust  
Of conversation is met  
By the fluent style of writing,  
This elegant mustard on the plate  
Is good enough to consume  
With urns to be the wine,  
And the meat to be the same  
As the crops of the whole year.

I have knowledge from those wonderful  
Foodstuffs, the elegant and eloquent speech  
Exacts itself, feeding the public with noise;  
And the clamour rises, towards the city of cuisine.  
The noise deafens the globe, goblets  
Are drained and the frenzy is perfect  
For the dumber who enjoy the sounds  
At least.  
This is knowing as the reasoning  
Has spelt,  
Headlong the march traverses the dust  
Within the mesh of the meat-eating globe -  
A wondrous creation from the ideas  
That some of the most powerful possess,  
Like from their rucksack.

Naveed Akram

# Know The Wild

Know the tree openly due to the weather,  
Let us stay in the wild and be together.

May wise folk stay and bring more news,  
Inside their souls is a joy of the breakthroughs.

Wind shall beat their brain, and the wild is nought,  
For the wild season brought an onslaught.

Then they stayed for a while, little more than an hour,  
To see sights of heaven and spring, the wildflower.

Naveed Akram

# Knowing Nothing

Knowing nothing surrounds us  
We object to lotion and pain  
Whistling is the option

Beautiful couples marry late  
With knowledge all-secret  
Far poorer than usual

Appearances matter when they deafen  
The crowd of the striders  
Of faith

My late hours sting them  
For my marching is sound  
And the waves of the instrument fail

Naveed Akram

# Knowing One

The devil knows the rattling nightmare,  
He buzzes, stalls, and destroys systems  
Way beyond your control, those innocent men  
Rattle in their bones;  
The devils secure their hold as the chains  
Mock a livid man in suitable attire,  
His devils enrage his being, siding with  
Reasons and whispering of rights.

The devil shall write, the demons invite  
A man to command looters of the siblings,  
To detrimentally ignore, and define a state  
Of nature this one mind has entered.  
The destroyers of spirit enlighten a djinn,  
That strikes at the heart of men,  
The hearts of women and children.  
A clay man is not better than a divine rain,  
But is a clay man superior to water  
And is he superior to the wish of life,  
The throne of the highest height?

Naveed Akram

# Knowing Your House

I don't care what they say.  
Pain is not, will not be a black beauty.  
I stood at the edge of a living room  
Chair, thinking of all the teachers instead.  
Wedged in was the bar in the doorway,  
I had to raise my chin and hit it,  
But too late, my neck dripped with blood.  
Undone,  
I was not knowing the game instead,  
Houses were weird today.  
My mother of all people  
Knocked on the entrance-door,  
Dripping with raindrops and sweat,  
I was a lover of mothers that heal.

A storm was bursting with summer heat,  
Building since noon,  
The other children had raced in,  
Their shoes scratched across the plywood floor,  
Placed by the previous owner.

Kissing, beating and cool gloom occurred,  
The family mentioned their births,  
The family retired to the basement.

Naveed Akram

# Knowledge

To know I require scarelessness and no fear,  
Must I?

To have a wiser nature the justice kept on and changed me,  
But why?

To the real and not so real, facts and thoughts are still you,  
And I cannot disagree!

Your soul is knowing it all as knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# Knowledge From Heaven

Today I have knowledge from high heaven,  
It is like the rust of iron in need of ablution.

Naveed Akram

# Labyrinth

Just today a Minotaur was my friend  
In the middle of a maze.  
Just this day my friend died from my sword,  
This involvement with the destruction  
Of my friend and foe is unexplainable.  
I am certainly a thief of life itself,  
Dreaming into a world I do not belong to  
Nor do the stomachs digest,  
Never do meals mesh into me.  
My marvellous friend is my dead companion,  
A deathly opponent in this world  
Called the Labyrinth.

Naveed Akram

# Lad And Lass

Return to the winds O lad of grand beauty,  
Your lass awakens for the play of duty.

Naveed Akram

## Lads Of Highest Nature

Lads of highest nature can evolve one at a time,  
Each other they share on their only mightiness.  
A single feat has attained a finality in the argument,  
As a controversy is obsolete, all, all obsolete.  
My tailor is a dress-maker of higher repute than the next one,  
A workman is glad, proud and necessary because of his trade.  
My money has not arrived from my craft, just as craft,  
I do also look at the individual who connects as much as possible.

The money is entrancing and I am enthralled,  
Plato has never been so impressed by my imagination-  
It carried me through the generations and my old age.  
The old poem has written itself, and I am again in love with my word.  
Plato and Aristotle are blinking and I am in the way of their thoughts.  
Practical thinking is the most careful over the poem, of thought.

Naveed Akram

# Lady Lake

I have seen palaces, old ruins  
And their contrasts as a monotheist.  
They do not need their leaders  
Or their public enemies in this state.  
My statements outdo the living men  
Who devour the lake with strawberry.  
A sweet lady appeared to my senses,  
Seeing this lake or woman I pondered on  
My assessment as a communication.  
I breathed in the laughing brooks of the  
World in united springs, like the lake  
Of a feminine taint or hue so light.

I have seen their bold diadems,  
There are too many queens, but this  
Denied who was in front of me.  
The lady was a massive body of water,  
Maybe it was tears of a crying light,  
Maybe the sunlight had dried up the lake.  
The beauty of the lady of the lake was huge,  
Yet this glamour from nature was a mode.  
I devour the lake, it is life and all the death,  
I love this lady of the lake, as much as life.

Naveed Akram

# Lamentable Library

Lament, young man over the unique style,  
Your hair is fashioned by nobody, for you  
Are alone and sacred, like the twins  
Of humanity, the infinite realm so entwined.  
Your hairstyle is like a library of contours,  
Fixed with the help of souls and doctors.  
My queen is fond of your haircut,  
My king adores the way you dress,  
So inculcate the youth with your clothing  
And look according to reading,  
Look with accosted men and women.

And so lament, my young man, if so many days  
Have expired in this limited reluctant library.  
The hours of the night are numerous and exact.  
So many manuscripts from all kinds of authors  
Are etched in this buried mound of beauty.  
The words contract and expand like lungs  
Of the chest, inhaling is learning,  
Exhaling is to be the teaching.

Naveed Akram

# Land Called Ours

Inside the dozens of trees amassing in the wilderness  
There reigns a horse flying in the cosmos of thoughts,  
How do they spell their dangers to themselves?  
Occurring tonight, like the buzzing oceans, we  
Spend our money like the honey of Paradise.  
Geese flock, giraffes whack and somersaults  
Are composed with vigour, the rigid leaves spring.  
My innocent mouth manages a room of rains and showers,  
Inert chemicals flood the banks of the trees and mouth.  
The land called Earth is superior to managements  
Of the aliens, those founders of health for themselves.  
Open the doors to electrifying youth, a tree and mouth  
Occasions to remake the earth of the soil,  
Moderation is the key to their justice,  
Many characters abound in the living city  
Of surprise and condemnation.

Naveed Akram

## Land Of Hills

One has landforms extending above the acres,  
With accusations of horror my hills are like colours,  
Green is his colour offered over, his pride is through,  
And systems of pleasure do not do, for proud are men,  
Their living and dying is for themselves,  
Their courses of study never fail,  
And hills with summits shall arrive  
On the heavenly hour, on minute after minute  
The climb is heavy and worn with roots called boots of glory.  
Why do slopes overpower the meek, and the glory is why so big?

Naveed Akram

# Landmine

To redden the leg with a land-mine  
Creates confusion with the body;  
The entire landscape is already dead,  
And the shrapnel lands far down.  
It was beggarly, he was misleading,  
And the bomb was a staring dog  
Barking at me with its binoculars.  
The medley of colours was not too good  
To look at and observe with wit.  
To redden the blackness of the head  
Requires meditation and relaxation,  
In this fair earth and clay of botanists.

My nickname resounds in the heavens,  
With surroundings to simply care about  
When the requirements are fulfilled.  
Smoothness is reached, legends are staunch  
In their armour and sword.  
My successor needs to die one day,  
And I am the real man of this way.

Naveed Akram

# Lands Far Away

One eye is made for gathering juice from a peach,  
This peach called England, and not Italy.  
They roll these eyes, as if goers of lands far away  
Result in boredom for themselves, like Italy and Spain.  
They roll their arms and strut on their legs,  
Both of them caught inside tough weight of fruit and flesh.  
One other eye has contacted the Brain, as far as the lane,  
And what can inspire us into dreams  
As much as sleep?  
The English weather has a rainy day, an answer to question,  
Then given over a Sunday lunch.  
They go to Italy or Spain if tired, yet resent the art of going.  
Go all to the beaches of Spain, or all go away.

Naveed Akram

# Lands Unknown

I became a land of astonishment when I was young,  
Mocked at, jeered at, my lingering breath bent my back.  
Survival lacked enemies, bit by snakes I scaled my better life,  
My names heard for longer than the animals, I was fugitive.  
This wreckage from a lighter future went my way,  
Absent I remained in peaceful kingdoms, it was ideal.  
I sought for ruins my life recognised,  
Not my hands, not my legs,  
They had shackles of clay and rock,  
The earth became tremors of lethal effect.  
This lost world carried no future  
And I was causing loss to everyone.

Naveed Akram

## Lane Of Echoes

The lady of the lane is upon the region of rising echoes,  
One language is enough to labour on the echoing diet.  
One quatrain is enough to relay an image of distress,  
The code of priorities is to adopt and disenchant.

The lady of the life is upon our backs, fitting the cubic rates  
To guide the mastering matters formally and informally,  
The cube of each man is against the wall and it multiplies,  
So that shapes of innocence are the lawyers of the layers.

Lazy infants fight to merge with wings so as to fly and discard,  
My concerts are played by the relaters of trusted themes,  
My propagators are feeding the light of a man who decides,  
Lazy infants are like children of the night, children who are polite.

Naveed Akram

# Language

Languages are spoken by the masses,  
Sought by the fame and religion,  
Equal to noone but the classes,  
Abject are they who control the origin.

Sell the message I speak for a fiver,  
In the form of words excellent;  
I derive these solutions to the screwdriver,  
In face of fodder of the livestock over violent.

I am farmed but farmer who speaks only,  
Does not write but righteously speak,  
Only to damn the animals that are lonely,  
The lonely are the very dying cheek.

Language is the most dreaded monster,  
One of them is in the museum,  
Offer it a letter of a barrister  
So that laws are in the atom.

Lawful ingredients must be favoured  
Over the disgusting levers of taste,  
Lots of spinach in the letter of the unflavoured,  
Like a pie without trust.

Naveed Akram

# Languages

Add the numbers and letters to mix,  
Entombing this folly creates alcoholics.

Naveed Akram

# Lantern Glows

The lantern on the wall flows with heartburn,  
Loathing it is like the wands of the iron.

Must we stand behind the one who loves the light,  
Inside the head and heart, one feels bright.

Naveed Akram

# Larceny

The larceny is large for the dozen,  
Vilify a fellow for the times and names.  
Foretell from omens as the wind fingers,  
You surround the heavenly plague.  
Debar the fellowship, the frames of thought,  
A surplus has existed, for all time.  
The friends of a disorder work hard  
To strive and command, like dozens of workers.  
My chances numbered more for the thieves,  
As far as the eye could gauge.

Naveed Akram

# Large Doorway

The large doors are full of controversy,  
Hapless items of hardness fall in and out.  
They forbid the wrong attack, a full bite,  
The wood is of the wool, of the garment.

My door is ceaseless, my door is wonderful,  
Like the speed of the train, a little liar.  
Red blood flows in the head of the heart,  
Opening the wounds to this end in time.

My doors are smaller like snails, snapping,  
Inwardly, like the door so in life, and also death  
Drying its wings with weather and white,  
The only wooly sheep is upon the goat.

Naveed Akram

## Last Night Was A Struggle

Last night a struggle fogged the shrinking land,  
The trees bowed from the sense of the way;  
You squint, I watch, as the rights of civilians  
Are discussed by the fogs and mists of the land.  
Down the street we see Mr. Gulliver as he sprints,  
And missiles look over us, with a reading of fog,  
Special sites exist to consume the air rockets.  
A wonderful glow occurs every now and then,  
Toward the city a missile is sentenced,  
To innards the reply is made for the hats.  
My trees turn out to be windows  
As they are shelled and opened then.

Naveed Akram

# Lately

A mammoth is late for the prize,  
Lazy, light and peering into deeds,  
For the age created us with its tusks,  
And the tusks would disintegrate.  
A maniacal honour laboured for the times  
Of the senses we ingest like the unspeakable.

A horrible deed staggers us like goats,  
Goats and soldiers find us in the wind  
Installing the dread,  
As the dread shall not disappear.  
Form a prize with honour,  
This same size of honour is implied.

Naveed Akram

# Laughing Dwarves

Laughter and merriment was shaking heavily,  
Offering the apple of wisdom so he could fight.  
These thoughts unleashed would be a knowing right,  
Rights of a man would be a board of hope,  
They were bored of the long ramps this side of town.

Laugh then once they strike with their hats on,  
Open warriors are like arrows of the bending right,  
These walls of wars are worse than bleeding dwarves,  
They carry their rich loads, filling their pouches with  
Incredulous riches, perennial thoughts are in the pockets.

Naveed Akram

# Laughing Sight

A laughing star gathers ground in the sky,  
My sky of thoughts and shooting ones,  
My apology to God, the ever-beckoner!  
Well-versed sages reside in the sky with words  
To dash and amuse you, out of their mind.  
A laughable body of light is seen tonight  
In the heavens as a great widening sight,  
Ever-closer to the heap of tissue and blood  
We call the human body.  
My faith is clear:  
You must attain the fame of a god that realises us  
And not the aliens in space.

Naveed Akram

# Laughter

I felt as though I was in sight of laughing slaughter,  
The help to reserve for the weak and dying was overwhelming,  
But I felt I had seen the laughter of a hundred.

These dying people hungered my knowledge since the very day,  
Daylight is a sacred time for those living who have holiness and piety;  
The dying see death in their own time of the night that is holy.

I feel like someone who is a priest, with priesthood,  
And I learn quickly of research, and the dying infants  
In another country, but the older people are just not given.

Naveed Akram

# Laughter Of One Nation

That laughter in the face is absurd,  
My smiles are exactly matched.  
To hear a voice too dark and deep  
Left me with witchery and wizardry.  
This magical tone of speech  
Creates a whole country too late.  
The continent will begin to laugh  
With eyes too divine and blessed.  
My mothers and fathers are too far  
In their very year,  
Feeling them concerns the emotional  
Ideals,  
Feelings have to come across,  
Feelings undo what is across,  
Feelings wade through you  
Like the sand of the hurt.

May sand be dozing like sleep,  
Sleep is superior to madness,  
Sleep shall entwine with majesty  
To conquer the world,  
Like the kings of Egypt,  
And their lesser Pharaohs,  
Who shall dig their graves  
To please their souls too late.

Naveed Akram

# Laureate

A pillow rests under my head,  
The laureate is upon me now.  
He is not my latrine, nor my dealing,  
The work is supreme from him.  
Lateral thinkers decide his work,  
The laurels of today echo him.  
My sleeping nights are hard without him,  
Noisy nights need a little rest  
As books are read when not in shape.  
Fruity is the cake I ate in the middle of the night,  
The laureate wanted writings to be read.

Naveed Akram

# Law

Law is the actual good resulting from ill-health.  
Law has meaning on a master of the wealth.  
Law can collect a prize for those who have self.  
Law decides for the people who live with stealth.  
Law kept us with morality and rules to bath.  
Law is a nice appearance for the fearful ones.

Naveed Akram

# Law Of War

The law of war is to strike a man's innards  
Until he burgeons into another man.  
His trick will fool you, and reduce you,  
For smooth feelings are not to be retained by you.  
The wars construct a measure to win,  
The general wins his military campaign  
Depending on the thinkers and soldiers  
And their innards.  
God has made their bodies to construct guns  
And strike at the hearts and livers of the enemy  
So dangerous.

Naveed Akram

# Layers Of Money

I should discover my layers of country,  
As completely as my lord and company,  
To master the sins of my jealous foes,  
So I might think it proper to contain their woes.  
I got up in a tree to survey my district to the west,  
A little spring water landed on my chest  
And spoke of divinity, that was agreeable to eat  
And then chew, read and spit for the treat.

Very little was spent of money,  
As my cash had been like honey.

Naveed Akram

# Lead Us Into The Earth

Lead us into the depths of the earth from confusion,  
This confused being understands the abduction.

Naveed Akram

# Leader Of Revolt

Immense futility surrounds us  
With the battlefield of industry.  
Great efforts entail greater gains,  
But machines produce nothing.

The strikers work like the forces,  
Of these forces we gain insight into  
Inexpensive methods;  
The hollow well sucks us in.

Then honourable men become me,  
A horrible and gruesome affair  
Has broken into a frenzy,  
The frenzy of living in a world of hulks.

This turn of events congratulates me,  
Afterwards the eventual return is conspicuous,  
The return has appeared for us,  
Hilarious and happy is the outcome.

Naveed Akram

# Leader Of The City

A man in Bombay swept the roads,  
Each road spelt its name properly;  
The road was longer than the others,  
And he swung away at weeds growing.  
The cars overtook the cars of the chariots,  
And history wept and tears terrified the populace.  
The gods were angered by the impulses of the person,  
The person wanted more roads,  
And Bombay deserved no elevated ramps.

The streets of Bombay witnessed a spell  
Of hazards, the shrines maddened at the speed  
Of travellers since the months of too much festival.  
A little heart must be given to the obscure of the city,  
How do they request so many favours from the person?

Naveed Akram

# Leader's Crowd

The nutrition of a leader excels our estimates  
In the time it takes for resolution.  
One bulges and beats, frowns and dispels  
The virtues of a crowd that fights.  
The journey of a bent character is alone  
A tragic eventuality so despised.  
His walk to death compresses its heart  
To tip the heart in cold water.  
The pool of pond water is sublime,  
He is blessed from too many expressions.  
A nutritious meal shall be at the club,  
His clown is at the membership.  
One dies too fast when barbarous,  
But this leader has vanquished.  
He times his body to the balloons of strife,  
Victoriously embedding his ideals.  
Then he dies with bitterness,  
It is the family's right.

Naveed Akram

## Leader's Words

The letters of the words are expressions of audacity,  
Melting, boiling, collecting, and more than angry.  
The message comes from the leader who owns words,  
His conversation, his friendship are worthy of learning.  
May the messengers collide like natural men,  
Into submarines under the cities.  
Words are along me, the leader of masses,  
Their speech is part of the happiness.

Naveed Akram

# Leaders Are Triumphant

It is advisable that leaders are uneventful,  
Virtue of the indices keeps us apart;  
The events gave much anxiety inside,  
That leaders repair the knowledge and wise appeal.

For his sake know it and understand man,  
In our silence the underworld bespeaks,  
Fulfilling the forsaken men and the wise men,  
This self-contained life exerts blessedness.

Any new matter is encumbering the young  
If this young man is the leader of all,  
So choose your size and might without care,  
The righteous servant is to be the triumphant one.

Naveed Akram

# Leadership

Leaders off those gifts surprise someone most  
On the day of departure as soon as possible.  
The executioner lazily rests his laurels not to be messed,  
Not enacting playing of soccer or rugby.  
The command when all the decisions are being made  
Are followed by the restrictions and laziness.  
Ranks of soldiers align our behaviour,  
Beautiful electricity some of us,  
The separate natures in each area of folly  
Are corrected and adjusted.  
Leaders perform levels of work, work on the haze,  
The mist is connected to the gaze we adjust.

Naveed Akram

# Leading The Men

They praise the orders of a man who leads,  
Yes, a prize awaits the worthy deeds;  
Foraging for trustworthy components  
The community is working opponents,  
For the life and generation of men  
Commends women to be ten  
Fingers and  
Toes.

The feet of a man are like the children  
Who work for their spouses, and then  
We work for more, nevertheless,  
Striving adventurously in this mess.  
Who leads now?  
The adulthood of people shall conquer  
Any person who is child or with honour.

Naveed Akram

# Leading Us

Return to the hills and village and town  
Where we live also, where learning is shunned  
And admiration works a little, because of me.

Return fully to normal, like a giant with spades to dig  
And tools to kill, such as a sword of worry and anxiety,  
The fork may touch the relish of his tongue of speech.

He was then losing arguments of conversation  
Once inhabitants lost simple solutions to their problems  
And his leading was not so superior or talked.

The leader is beneficial on us, onwards he leaps  
To return the food we eat, selling merchandise  
For the mercy accomplished is gravely enormous.

Naveed Akram

# Leaf Of A Doctor

The emblem of a fruit takes on cures,  
Making me happy as a doctor of skill and precision.  
Learned and skilful, pressing on my shoulders,  
The other doctor vanishes then returns to diagnose  
And treat with goodness and delight.  
I am the man of the hospital, the man of right,  
Forgiving others like the old women and children.  
Deciding the treatment I laugh and loudly,  
The leaf of burden collapses tonight.

Naveed Akram

# Leaping Like Children

Leap and dance to mourn for the young and old,  
How hungry it is for children to play so preciously.  
Sleep then, sleep like children and their guardians,  
Laughing will increase the hatred, like the very air.  
I feel rude when they are near, the children are also near,  
I am in need of something to eat, for them to disappear.  
The unconscious help is always fearing us,  
We are leaping in the air like children, to act,  
And with laughing nature the dance is ahead.

Naveed Akram

# Learn My Farce

You must not learn ugliness,  
When it peeps, and you peep.  
The drug for my anatomy is plain,  
Show this character a disease.

Forming from the fountain of joy  
Is playing and craving for sin,  
Peeping through the eyes is a sanity  
Of the desperate drug inside me.

I have to face up to moments in play,  
Better the ways of a farce,  
Which is a fire of the frosty cross,  
A sacred place for the hearts of light.

Prosper then in a lightning strike,  
Life around is a playground for you,  
Sane men play the faces and fights,  
Forcing me into work and delight.

Naveed Akram

# Learn To Express

I may learn to express, to explain and state,  
But learning is superior when late.  
The love of knowledge is greater than love  
And all its intricacies, all of the above.  
But the glove fits on the hand we prefer,  
It carries wisdom for the glove to refer.  
A fantasy emerged due to age and height,  
To reason with change and design it tight.

Naveed Akram

# Learning

Think for yourself also win also lose,  
A recipe I make for you to cook,  
A learned cake from sweetest curds,  
Some friendly book which keeps look.

I am learning everything as the best book can,  
Which is all you need to know, for all to actually  
Learn.  
And learning is good.

Naveed Akram

# Learning From Words

I learn sometimes in my sleep when I wink,  
Or when I stand tall, suppressing only some of my thoughts.  
To sit is learned; affected by love the soul weeps,  
Fasting will occur as the soul weeps further.

My learning collapses when I am drunk  
From liqueurs so sweet;  
Or when I am drunk from the words I choose  
The sweet wine of heaven seems to cascade.

On my head is a spell of magic  
Taken from the arms of a priest so logical  
In the way of his denomination.  
I learn so well from him,  
Rather than from wine or words of plain speech.

Naveed Akram

# Learning Is Like Living

Learning is the joy of life and living, its pleasure excites the mind,  
Stimulating the heart as an intellectual exercise, an act of the mind.  
My learning is precious to my soul, its philosophical premises  
Compete with different thinkers of renown and difficulty and truth.

To be every minute is like passing time with a heart of great achievement,  
Learn then, these words of the absolute guile, the guy of whole thought.  
My boys and girls are trained to be doctors, my father and my mother  
Train me to fight with mind and virtue, to learn the wilderness and desert.

I must not commit treason, I must not learn those guys of injustice,  
Their humour is obsolete, their thinking is beyond the hell and the earthquake.  
Our souls are bought by only other souls, but souls are dismissed,  
Souls of learning can never be discarded, according to the rules of God.

Naveed Akram

# Learning The Alphabet

Alphabets bestow wisdom on a clean man,  
The air of flowing nature is an air of letters;  
My baby rides the moon and returns safely,  
The button functions loosely, and finitely.

This carrot I gnaw stains the chair I sit on,  
My language unbuttons, races are on;  
Let us be prison and laughter, like the merriest class  
Of people, the real people of the carpet.

This is my butterfly, my life and rights,  
This believes in the drug of brilliance  
That engages us with stupid ways, and the men  
Define their characteristics after the day.

Naveed Akram

# Learning Too Much

I have learned too much from the soul  
That I have seen the Creator,  
The Lord of all that exists:  
He shares my life as if nobody begets Him,  
He accuses you like a Judge,  
His beautiful names cause us to surrender,  
His friendliness surpasses everything  
That we too surpass everything  
According to his just measures.  
I have learned too much from the soul:  
That life is existent when souls enliven  
The spirit of the world, this separate world.

Naveed Akram

# Learnt Well

If your well of knowing the knowledge can,  
If you stumble and fall whilst inside the region,  
So revelry must climb against every ban.

A liquid is stale and frowned on if selfishness claims  
The learning that leans on leading less, such are you!  
If your well of wishes engifts the message, you are fine!

Naveed Akram

# Leave My Soul In The Clouds

Don't leave my soul to the cotton clouds,  
My empty sound is felt and heard fully outside,  
The pointers to some extraordinary class  
Are faulty and fond of nobody.  
Don't leave me if my first and initial request  
Is lofty, filling me with grief as grief is my sister.  
This daughter, sister, and mother is responding  
To the calls of Nature, like an ill omen  
And a polite command from the sky,  
Showering us with rain and snow and hail.  
Pellets go to intensity, pellets are peeled from  
The sky that has shadows of slight right.  
The sun has been the stars one day,  
Nights are the mazes of the eyes and ears,  
The drops of anxiety fill me tonight and today,  
The roaring day that devils in the light  
From too many lies spent weeping.  
Lie and die with relish,  
Mighty swords are mighty words of the righteous  
Kind.

Naveed Akram

# Leave The Body

Leave the body's coloured pride  
Underneath the bed of dreams,  
This dream needs a kiss from duty.

Still white and black is the face  
With the feet of gold and silver,  
For I see the smell and the sight  
Together, together, and together.

Naveed Akram

# Leave This Space

Leave the space with alacrity,  
Then tall orders come forth with pace.  
I have a world of troubles floating  
In front of my eyes, the stones are watching  
A ghost tonight, when we nearly laugh.

This room objects to the interior of the mind,  
One subject attains splendour, one object  
Subdues the overactive hearers.  
In my soul is the help of the souls,  
That mildly deliver their rare events.

And so leave me in peace, so that destruction  
Foretells another destructive act,  
That overshadows a man in shorts,  
Who this time engages in slight actions  
Worse than the thoughts we worship.

Naveed Akram

# Leave This World

Leave the world with a beautiful air,  
Purple hats and armour raise the aroma,  
With every new day a brick has been laid  
In the overall plan to be united with plans.  
Death is a learning of style and dress,  
Create the common sense and ability for  
The righteous men who abstain from food.  
I can do this leaving and I can do this reaction,  
Fully the world is against the answers of life.  
My oak tree glistens while the realm of love  
Also glistens with circles of life, falling slowly  
Into the abyss we call a natural system.  
A new day has been explained with this season  
Of harvest, so collect the fruits of love when  
Your enemy has been defeated in love.

Naveed Akram

# Leaves Of A Tree

How we were leaves of a tree?  
Yet some do not know their books.

The books establish their truth,  
Their words are possessing a command.

But the meaning of the words relight  
The fire in front of the family of families.

The books disintegrate from afar,  
Knowing is the busy tone, fixing buttons.

How is the tree an enlightened being from gold?  
The silver is my brother of the beast.

How were we leaves in motion when in truth  
We die and we live according to wishes from above?

The parchment is wet, the scrolls unfurled,  
After my fathers and mothers condemn coil.

Thrifty words are expensive due to duty,  
It compiles itself like them with the experts.

Some knowers are wiser than the kings,  
But wise men are about with stars and planets.

Leaves can be outer space, leaves can touch me,  
But authority is from high, like the leaves of a tree.

Naveed Akram

# Leaving Us Behind

Mother cried, father almost died,  
For relief was no telling in the world  
Of words that forsook us with glimmer,  
As the rain melted, leaving us behind.  
Turn the gross chicken, turn it and roast,  
Forming them will be your saving,  
Heat creates cravings, as far as warfare.

Send him back, and send him there!  
To be written on card is a forsaken man,  
This uncle and aunt will part,  
And a real memory will attach to the eye;  
Like the squeeze of a juicy apple.

We died, and we cried, forming a meaning  
Endangering us with fluttering hearts,  
Seizing the memory, ceasing to be.

Naveed Akram

# Legends

A legend has emerged from the deep,  
Instilling hatred for the time being,  
The destruction of the times we call the floods  
Carried new legends, for the old legends were dead.  
The acts of a past guarantee success, fullness,  
Words mean a noise of obvious strength.  
The old legends speak authority,  
But new have effects of the backbone  
For the structure of society is never weak.  
The depth of the myths surrounding this walk  
Is the whole society, the entire humankind.

Naveed Akram

# Lend A Hand

The abyss is acceptable for its serenity  
Losing in the distant depths of acidity;  
Ghosts are hidden from these pipes,  
Inside those wrongs are some types  
In a world of whirling water,  
Fond of ghosts always doing manslaughter.  
Hotter the sun is shining in this limewater  
To never take in by breath, or be hotter.  
The hidden losses shall repel us,  
Inside my brain is graveness.  
The abyss will gratefully occupy the words  
Then to work, then to pull and lend afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Lengthy

A side to length is breathing of words  
Then the task of arranging, riding and consulting.  
It breaks the head and ached like the statement of Caesar.  
A side to length is the period of waiting,  
Which is gathered today and forced like the statement I bear.

Long is a moment of waiting and patience I take,  
For when I persevere my burden is diminished  
And likewise the pressure of the pen has dropped  
For the force of the words is great, and my head aches.

Naveed Akram

# Less

Dads and Mums kept honest questions to us,  
When then do we marry each other from less.

Naveed Akram

# Less Silver For People

Less silver is gained by the masses,  
Golden energy is around for the major officials;  
Jewels are amassed for the fever of right,  
Their shining is subjugated in the extreme.

The silver glistens fully in the radioactive manner,  
But silver merely shines due to its light  
So your energy is safer than the touch,  
The shining jewels are made of fever.

Naveed Akram

## Less Success

Less passes, less feeding, for success is a section,  
Food of the impostors is lacking, forming a pet of thought,  
The success of a nation is a pet of thought,  
Philharmonic populations are thinking.

Then they ascend the ladder of historic buildings,  
Gurgling their drink to shout and stamp,  
Like slovenly hated beings, with manners lacking,  
Hide their untidy ideas from the public.

They pervade the honest ones,  
The seat is taken by the young,  
Which way is the gypsy?  
Why does the gypsy pass with success with us?

Naveed Akram

# Lesson Of The Horizon

The town spoke a lesson of doubt on the roads  
That led to ever-increasing circles, with a round shape;  
The spherical worlds include in their tracts a sign  
To guide the towns and cities to their final destination.

This sign is of signs, itself the murder carries nonsense,  
Futures consider their role in the length of time,  
For time spent its pounds on clothing and recipes  
On the cooked odours, the cooking of centuries of food.

Outside of the region called my heart, the rest dismays  
A resident so sauced in splendours of the right,  
An engine of troubling casts aside those individual clouds of regret,  
For to live inside the heat of the planet should cause no harm

To befall a man who causes the earth to be spoiled  
Afterwards. This Earth sends sorts of little puzzles  
Onto the brain then in trouble, due to anxiety,  
The anxiety causes us to evaporate on the horizon.

Naveed Akram

# Lessons

Lessons are learnt to display hurt of the unruly parties,  
As they joke and burden their souls with grief of life.  
Angers are perverse creations, created by demigods,  
Which parley with dangers of the soceity they sparkle in.  
Solid anger is against all desire, anticipated by the masculine person,  
A man, who seeks education and mastery of life.  
He cannot ask of the living class, the loving class, the lovely class,  
And as a woman he does not act, yet gets fighting with the chieftain,  
Only to withdraw his standard and be rejected.  
Lessons are learnt and jobs are conducted.

Naveed Akram

# Let Beautiful Death

Let it first part, then death will retaliate,  
Lamps of the beautiful place are like little ones.

Letters of touch last forever, they plunge into fire,  
Hold the map up and study it by firelight to see.

Death comes brilliantly like this fireplace and seat,  
Translates a love story into song, a poem into pleasure.

If forced, death arrives at the gatehouse, feeling with anthers  
The rigours of death, and the antlers of danger.

Letters first drown us in the river, with word after word,  
To be suitable to politicians and statesmen, who bedevil me.

I have a devil in me when my mind is made up,  
The hands stay awake after the cherishing and sustaining.

Naveed Akram

# Let Go Of Beauty

Let go of the beauty,  
Open its fists to majesty,  
For the kings and queens  
Offer justice to mightiness.

A mercy calls you by letter,  
And then this letter recasts  
You in full reflexes and heat,  
Fence with the king too late.

My royalty is forsaken,  
I have no arms or legs,  
As my face twitches and parts  
With wrinkles of the highest.

Let go of this regal mayhem,  
Open the doors to young damage,  
For the opening of doors is  
Like the damning of elves and sights.

Naveed Akram

# Let Love Look

Let love come so I can plunge into fire,  
It first loses its brightness, then darkness  
Evades us so enlightenment has occurred.  
Let love be deathly in its removal of sin,  
Go somewhere when you are ordered!  
If you desire this blessing, say the bliss  
Produces a starting point for posterity.  
Let love first join the motherhood, peace  
Resigns after he has come, he has arrows  
To achieve desire and life, death and life.

My soul has plunged into darkness,  
Many issue arrows from the den of dragons.  
Treasure-hoards cavort and overindulge,  
The collection is bluer than the sky as been.  
Leave behind body and soul, appear before  
The one who looks aside and studies everything.

Naveed Akram

# Let The Baby Cry

Let your life compose a melody,  
My baby is climbing trees by nine;  
The meanings of a tree are finely spoken,  
In silence is the music of solemn nature.

My child has special weeds and flowers,  
The heart hurts from fear and burden,  
Then disburden this baby in my arms  
So fully that it is lightened and relieved.

Bend your head as well, when you see babies  
Cry and fume with tears, the worshippers stand;  
Come and understand this new religion I am in,  
The babies and infants are also welcome.

Naveed Akram

# Let The Beauty Be Beautiful

Let the beautiful one be a sign for the distressed,  
Call those with beautiful arms and be carried;  
By amiable people we have fair weather and times,  
Their beauty is shone to the clouds very far away.  
A garden of mercy focuses on the heavenly pond,  
It is a spoon of significant mathematics, a style of dice.  
We have being and tense fashion in the accomplishment,  
One eye sees the farce, one eye sees the force;  
We wear hair of hurricanes, tearing and bearing,  
We like to think of men who see caravans of beings.  
Their company is tossed to the cloudy mass,  
Open hearts shall bleed for the beauty of a time that dies.

Naveed Akram

# Let Them Read

I read the lines of a book of strength,  
Inside the leaves of the voluminous object  
Hides a rhyme and a ride of epic proportions.  
Hide their luck, hidden are their faculties,  
For few of the words reside in the head  
As the heart finds pomegranates and sins  
At the same time.

My life and my mastering of death is a fortune  
For those with benign qualities,  
For their share with a size of my strength  
Is the mindfulness and the remedy.

Let lines be liberal with commotion,  
Like the neat heartening lines of conduct  
And the sparing priests of the orders  
They declare.

One finds a hermit to wander, and to  
Extract wisdom from the ocean of his  
Desire.

Naveed Akram

# Let This Barmaid Be

Let this barmaid show me a shadow,  
I am crazy with brocades and charades,  
Knees have shot and been crazy like wars,  
Fought by the willing weepers of late.

I have wars under the skin, leaning and waiting,  
The show is forever, with all its call,  
Seeing may take on surprises and gazes,  
This dalliance smacks me in this way.

To analyze the gazing of the stars is sinful,  
The worst place is not heavenly nor hellish,  
So much war has a guess or surrender,  
One glistens afterwards, like the red sun.

Naveed Akram

# Let Us Hope

Let us hope the old days have eroded  
The days of some age,  
But at home a present sadly enters  
The house called happiness.  
In the confusion of the moment,  
Stairs are satanic mild sways  
That hide hearts from themselves,  
So that gifts are like presents,  
Some say thoughts are lessened  
And evil engages the soul for whispers.

Let us hope and hide, the cold to hold  
And the strong, long guide of our days.  
Nights are like lies of the stone,  
It shatters the faulty behaviour,  
The stone is itself shattered.

Naveed Akram

# Let Us Live

Life is more like life,  
Death is a culture of the throat  
And its power is quenching,  
The soul masters the body when on arrival  
Of death.  
Ghosts are in death, and many are with us  
To talk to about politics and governing the work  
Of our professions.  
These provide reputations, physical prowess,  
And long distinctions  
Always because of the ghost-like quality.  
Let them disappear into the dawn,  
Let's laugh at the deadly living we are appalled by,  
Letting merriment into our lives with flesh.  
Life is more than death when faced with ourselves.

Naveed Akram

# Let Us Talk

Let us talk forming the thought so proud,  
I think to overpower, as to the learning.  
Deadly debate welcomes my friends,  
Reflect then on certainties and refutations.  
Let our form of delivering words be substance,  
The laugh of our sin captured by you is to dismay.  
Discuss us now that we fuss, over them, the words,  
The words compel us further to the truth.  
Letting beings of health is of the doctor,  
Of those few who are examined there are surgeons.  
Let your knife fix and the sweat be words of danger,  
Filling the eyes with pain and disorder.

Naveed Akram

# Let's Have War!

Let's have war! You are unique,  
Indeed, the limits are set but you even have laws,  
Dictated by the environment,  
Just like a chain of narrators,  
Obeying creatures and phenomena.

Let's have war! The city has become a prison,  
An enormous expanse remains outside,  
It is the centre of civilisation,  
They cry for a new species  
To replace the humane man.

The war is on, one of the executors of us,  
It is the highest status, and one considers  
The child and the adult in harmony  
After the work is done,  
When the war is over and won.

Naveed Akram

# Letters And Words

I may twist a word into shreds,  
I may even curl them for humour,  
But never will a sentence come of absurdity.

I construct dozens of stories that bite,  
Inside them words after words collect  
For the hazards of life, for expert knowledge.

I read their letters for meaning,  
International work has progressed,  
Forming the new alliance, so examined.

Naveed Akram

# Letters Of Faith

A Faith carries new meaning to anybody,  
Everybody knows this as the decalogue.  
But I believe in distrust and destruction, as  
Peace is too superior and I love no inferiority.  
The feeling is mutual to many graces,  
And liking one sort of feeling is an emotional time,  
The description is similar to a maiden in heaven,  
A mindful God is the one who thinks of heaven without you.

Naveed Akram

# Letters Or Feathers?

A letter has run into feathers,  
The old image of letters are words;  
Keep the frock of letters a secret,  
How delightful a clean person this is!  
Letters are dear to the touch,  
Few will discover a grassy bank,  
In wrapped water, water all white,  
Leaving fishes to the taste,  
Feathers are scales this time.  
My head chattered from time to time,  
Leaving the dear person in a landing.  
Let the river seek a blunt instrument  
Called rocks, a fully able object,  
Worrying is all it contains.

Naveed Akram

# Letters' Shape

The shape of a letter betrays us if matter some,  
Its secrecy uplifts the well-being of an item.

Naveed Akram

## Liar - Land

For the lands of liars  
A deceptive trick has been  
Installed, forming a wire  
To connect the foolery  
And the wisdom, but what?  
What and who instigates tricks  
To delve into the unknown?  
My living is for them to understand  
A little knowledge, violent strokes  
Of luck.  
But the truth hurts and I turn  
To those in honest circles  
In order to consider them  
And the friendships to be made.  
My wise nature is exemplary  
For the hours and days,  
Yet special knowledge has  
Been attained due to a  
Whole understanding that some  
Have argued with their souls  
To teach.

Naveed Akram

# Liars

Inwardly I lie and defeat tire,  
Sorry to leave you and retire.  
I lie about the basic quality  
Of life and its own ability.  
To laugh is to surrender  
Afterlife is my defender.

Naveed Akram

# Liberty From Morning

I spent the morning loving freedom,  
Rock and cave seemed mightier than school;  
I sat here on open rock: a lone day,  
Like the lone nights awake,  
They don't reach those human realms.  
Yet I was boundlessly free  
From the hours of study and guests  
Like professors and lecturers so grand.  
I spent this morning in work of breathing,  
I was in no-mind to declare fit health  
But the sun shined on a day of liberty and justice.

Naveed Akram

# Libraries From Above

The date of libraries in heaven is fixed,  
The treasures within shall be asked,  
Words filter, worlds complain and adjust  
To the divine splendours.

This earth must listen to the words within,  
The meanings in-between the lines boringly  
Contaminate the soil of this father called Earth,  
His mutterings come from words half-spoken.

A heavenly boulder exerts the lenient one  
To confer with the majesties and utter  
The words that deserve the praise of  
The enthroned ones up in the heavens.

The date of the libraries in heaven is fixed,  
Take your borrowed books and return them  
To the earth, with all the words to think,  
Without the letters that can beam on us.

Naveed Akram

# Library Of A Man

You come from a wearing people,  
The same people who forgave  
And gave gifts of intelligence.  
Their clothing suited gods and their  
Sweet meals were characterized  
Like the horizon of love.  
A man who spent for his wife  
Became embroidered by her  
And the love they built was a deed  
To scare any old ill man.

His name sounded vaguely familiar,  
Even if he was hurt, or married.  
I thought of his library,  
And what was his library?  
The books it harnessed were allegorical,  
And reminded me of a man  
In his late fifties producing a culture  
In the very deeds of allegory.  
My library is smaller sometimes,  
As sumptuous books line the whispering  
Shelves of non-foolishness and heights.

Naveed Akram

# Lies And Love

We have lies and love mixed together,  
Mixed like mortar with wise appeal.  
Our happy signs mean so much for us,  
Yet returning to the senses of our limbs  
Reminds us of more pacts with life.  
The life we meal is forever closed just now  
For the blood and guts and gore is wrong to do -  
Our life should end in a minute, in solid speech,  
So that your signs are beheld, and written.  
These are lasting hours of rectification,  
Please do understand enormous deeds  
And your love I complete without death,  
Death is when it comes, when it comes.

Naveed Akram

## Lies And More Lies

Cruel fashion still does lie, on concrete ground,  
He made a gesture of the ones you make  
To children of the helping sort, they ache  
Like sore caresses of action around.  
To stand by this makes worry still astound,  
The lie was seldom found in this backache;  
But why does one of us still lie awake  
When others take the bigger battleground?

I saw this lie with all my sight and mind,  
It stared in gulps across the ocean and sky,  
The weird and wonderful sigh over me.  
Deceit, why live within this world behind  
To hide a sentence or to amplify  
The meaning of the evil tongue you see?

Naveed Akram

# Life And Art

Art may conduct the authority of a life,  
Inside them the artists carry light of a knife.  
This colour we also paint for the crowd,  
In with the rest and relaxation, that is allowed.  
How do weird individuals labour on their literatures  
And tasks that mingle with bright and big tours?  
Art is special due to pain, art plays with the soul  
South of our planet, in the middle of the roll.

Naveed Akram

# Life And Death

Actions and words carry the meaning of work,  
For the professional life is all too a look,  
I guarantee the joke of many and few, many and few,  
Tonight I can sell the best anthem and all new.

The life is a puzzle and a soldier of goodness,  
If You are keen to work for me and resolve it,  
To underestimate it and give a bonus to heaven,  
As if hells are not complete with it then.

Into the layers of fineness and ache,  
The man who regards another woman,  
Is put off by every single deliverance,  
So that he himself is for fat and protein.

God does not mistake the one who is,  
Or the one who is not, or is not anyway.  
For you Life is superior to Death,  
Howevermuch the Deathly People stay on tomorrow.

Naveed Akram

# Life And Work

I lit my mouth with jolly bewitchment,  
Amusement caught my tongue, funny,  
It felt agreeable, well-worthy for me to enlighten  
The buds as they may be sweet too much to possess.  
I am allured by sounds from the animals, who  
Think so friendly and some not so forcefully,  
Let argument be raised in the form of fire.  
I lit my eyes with happiness, yet it was happier  
When affairs and age troubled nobody like me.  
Experience and adventure learnt awe and respect  
For all the time is collected in a bottle  
To drift in space, to lift the space around us.  
We are in essence a right and wrong, and we fetch food  
In our mouths like no mother or father could fetch.  
Yesterday, food entered the mouth, but then the next day  
An animal has been executed with excitement  
So as to feed us, clothe us and nurture our health enough to master,  
To master the work, to keep dozens of days for rest and solitude.

Naveed Akram

# Life Begins

This beginning of your life is found in you,  
Creasing the sheets of the soul little as can be;  
Inspecting the behaviour of some wonder  
Is like beaming with light this time of day.  
My perception is due to godliness that sways  
And reunites with waves of delight.  
The body moves according to what you perceive,  
Movements are cancelled when words are seen.  
Then let the light be exact like the physics of suns,  
Stars shall turn bright with rage and might.  
Some of the sense in this is great,  
Internal country turns out to be greater.

Naveed Akram

# Life Broken

I broke my life up into pieces from pieces,  
My hands and feet walk and feel my body.  
The faith inside my soul is complete like him,  
Colours well-taken consider me as well.  
Before the knowledge has left the pen,  
Your soul engages in practices of sin.  
Look so deeper into sleep to find darkness,  
And let the future be the guide to trouble.  
Time is a test for all the people in this land,  
The clarity of your conversation is vital.

Naveed Akram

# Life Cycle

It famously combines the narrow rivers,  
Olives and pears are grown there with the Paradise of a  
Ten year old.

When the dying and the so-called living  
Are obliged to be martyrdom,  
One recalls a taste of their suit of armor.

When the space and the time collide,  
More than an action has been complete,  
Idle are the statues and the furnace of a great man.

Naveed Akram

# Life Ends

Life ends in affiliations, too extreme,  
Towards the line of hate we accept the extreme.  
My philosophical tricks span the generations,  
With abductions coming with love.  
Many add to sensations decoding the brilliant star  
Shining, skinning the Earth, spelling danger.  
My accordion carries on playing like music  
And actions reflect the recordings.  
My accusations are aggression, fully enlightening  
To the public, and to the world.

Naveed Akram

# Life Fatigue

Ahead of him my life revolves,  
Agriculture is the best of whims,  
My karate is exactly all that dissolves  
Into fine powder, the silliest limbs.  
Batting is the game we play  
To take away the very cricket;  
This is the game of a way  
That my life revolves, this portrait.

Fatigue is the problem of a cockpit  
To build life, inner light of conference;  
My cocktail presides, past of a benefit,  
The one befitting us and this eloquence.  
My concert is bigger than most,  
Wild living is grand at a chance,  
We're the ones the ones to boast,  
Just the pitch of music to enhance.

Naveed Akram

# Life Has A Discourse

By the basic discourse on life  
We project our thrown sight on the life.  
We are distinct as the praises of some  
Who live according to mighty stature.  
One is to be an issue, another pride,  
Follow them wherever they exist.  
My tendons break with muscular spasms,  
The stem of the plant is abruptly damaged  
And lies are of the love between us.  
One is attached to botanical issues,  
The anatomical kindnesses elate us.  
Where is the basic course in living standards?  
One man only projects his being  
On us who see the men of those with women.  
The permanent one restores our confidence,  
By the basic one we observe an offering  
Better than science of odious beings.

Naveed Akram

# Life Has Been

Life engineers itself from water so well,  
Living ensues for the rest of eternal gestures,  
This time we build on the heaven that we clasp,  
The layers of an orange are certainly beautiful,  
Love has been incised, hatred has been secreted.

Life will love itself once the hills are sunny and faithful  
To the hugeness of mountains, visions in the sky  
Abide in the heart, as life has engineers too trained;  
Where are the earthquakes of a hated being?  
The meanings are clearer than the whole road to death.

Some enemies are the best in accomplishments,  
Your allies will try to achieve more for their fathers,  
And then parents have toiled like toys and arms,  
And then seeing of this world kindles lessons  
For the listeners of secret tasks, fulfilling some actors.

Naveed Akram

# Life Has Stormy Weather

My life has turned upside down,  
Storms have orchestrated my demise;  
For their speedy directions the storms  
Sort out problems for other natures,  
Letting me have a life that fetches others.  
Those other beings encase the lives  
Of deaths, as they feel the fallen crafts.

Many storms are orange and all courses  
Of red, for the blood in the arteries runs thick.  
Storms like these internal monsters,  
Work from afar and exact the justice.

My life is full of stormy weather,  
Tempests have overturned my ceremony  
And my proclamations are also affected.  
But words define the way my life runs,  
Living along with others, living always  
In the sight of men who deliver us into health.

The storms eventually shoulder the evil  
Spirits and beings into calm notes.  
The accosting is the fetching,  
Familiar heels are against the ground  
Of electrical worries.  
My feet sunder, my arms cleave  
Others in half from iron daggers  
And double-edged swords.

Let storms be indifferent to a human  
And let the humanity be proud of us  
As we speak of the lining inside this  
Sphere called the world.

Naveed Akram

# Life Here

He loves the rich and poor  
In entire dreams of youth;  
Plenty of hours are spent  
In the latitudes of this country.

This country has colours of honour,  
In its flag the strokes of essence  
Can be conspicuous for the alert  
And hard hearts of this very country.

The rich explore and this concerns me  
For they drag the beaten soldiers  
Into the wombs of their mothers,  
Reflecting from mirrors like light.

This light I have coloured in my book,  
For children explain and explore  
To concentrate their minds on  
Innocence, the very deal in life of the country.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is A Poem

Life has time to take on,  
Poems display from the start.  
Opening the shoulders and stomachs  
Creates pleasure for the well-being.  
May this return to distress be enough  
And apt for the task ahead as chief.  
Life is chiefly a loving process  
So able to be resented and broken.  
Let this living within upset the trouble,  
Let trouble be founded on disbelief.  
I like the order of the day as we love  
On the shoulders and legs to carry.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Blessed

Life will be blessed by your father,  
Its shining littleness is touching the spot,  
For this living is temporary and definite.

Life expresses a cold stare from the face,  
Opening the chastised door,  
Frailer than the ones before.

Life expects us to defend the soul,  
It is silent soul, it is silent soul.  
We have to break the pathway of gold.

Life is western in the west, and crafts  
Of golden touch feed the tongue,  
Life organises a blending pool.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Death

Life is death as much as the pen that moves,  
Willing the objectives to be accomplished,  
Winning the prizes of those conjectures.  
My life is an easy thread for the truth,  
Inside it is a treasure to be found locked.  
See of all those who wait and learn,  
And listen to the all-powerful beings  
As they too surrender their soul to the Almighty.

May life fill deaths as much as proof and understanding,  
Reading goes toward the ultimate knowledge.  
Life is full of deaths that cry forth like water escaping,  
Little is the person who acts upon the whip,  
When the danger is imminent and the knowing is supreme.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Dreaming

Life is a bed of dreams  
Of the variety we admire  
Day after day and hour after hour.  
The numbers are advised,  
While pages roll on,  
Hurrying as cold feet  
Over the shallow water,  
Staying brightly wed  
With ashes and embers  
To roast the skin in deceit.  
I am awake in the life we lead  
Designing the wide river  
Of our dreams that coincide,  
These coincidences are perfectly blamed.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Enough

I can not care of life itself enough,  
But love is in the air, forever there,  
Like balls that roll and keep us anywhere,  
We love the being of those balls that bluff.  
To see this life as primitive is tough,  
For those in life have dusk as one affair,  
The end of day, the ends of light and air,  
Ask fear, ask danger as a risk so rough.

But life exists at dawn when love is dear,  
Love keeps us real and clear, offending now,  
As that being collects from risk abroad.  
Today the weather has the atmosphere,  
As if the Sun crawls forward to allow  
Us secrets having wit to be so awed.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Genius

Life is about genius and stalemate,  
Lining the membranes of your soul;  
Men dive illiterately due to old age,  
Their skin is a wax of considerable make,  
Insular beings of the world are fitter.  
Life is a dreaming man all in the year,  
He is learned looking like a night,  
The knights or justiciars scale the city,  
And walls surround the time itself,  
Like the life of the body and the mind.  
An intelligent run of the heart concerns  
The blood vessels of a ruined line,  
Life is about a rock and a straw hat.  
Mighty membranes die to the stick,  
These wooden beasts are of the earth.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Precious

People who live with their fellow-countrymen  
Are never losers, nor are their heads in discomfort.  
Instead, their brains do work,  
And their life is special as well.

Their living is precious, because you admire them,  
And each person shall think of the other.  
It is a perfect world in which we live,  
For the inhabitants cast shadows that are long,  
They are very, very long.

Children will defend their fortune, their luck does not shine  
As much as their elders.  
They are wishful thinkers, and their guardians are so wishful.  
We are in the agreement process; We are the innocent ones.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Simple

Life felt the same simplicity,  
Life insisted its thirst for knowledge,  
As I form my words for now.  
I am confused in this book, as others  
Are confused about intellectual feats.

Life blends with the authority of a learner,  
He is commanding, he is a life-bringer;  
The scholarly help he receives is my twist  
In the hunger of the soul,  
As the words leave the tongue of old.

Life manages my belongings,  
It rectifies and erects the building  
So built, the building so alight with  
Fire that shines in the night, a nightmare  
Arises from the stupors of madness.

Then I dwell among the living, and visit  
The dead when needed, when the demand  
Is high and higher than moments of joy;  
A spectacle aborts the horizon so  
That I concentrate the mind on here and now.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Taught

Life is teaching me to rule,  
Lives are reading their eyes,  
Little is blessed by the tyrants,  
Less war is less craftiness  
And the lessons of peace arise.

Life will bid its teacher,  
It reaches into the hearts  
Beating in this united world,  
Like the pendulums of grace,  
Physics shall sign its remorse.

My knowledge expounds the suns,  
And the moons will explode with wise  
Traits too deadly in the awkward way,  
For attributes dispel the magic of time;  
Less war is less craftiness for the old.

Naveed Akram

# Life Is Vast

The vastness of life improves when you submerge,  
Into the oceans of brilliance is the cure of illness.  
Future has feuds of finesse, submerging like clouds,  
Offending the general sky, as if the world mattered.  
The fuel of fire is vast, so very vast so that we beg,  
The fires are out and they are pushed out to the void.  
A void is a vacuum too bigger than the world  
Or any black hole, or any night-object.  
The world is far away in a place too darker,  
Darkness was vast for life, vaster than the mind.

Naveed Akram

# Life Itself

The progress of a life is like that of existence,  
It is in accordance with everything in abundance.

Naveed Akram

# Life Must Not Fail

Life is about the same worlds  
Working in unison and joy,  
To wait for triumphant behaviour,  
I accept this life with so many lives  
In distinct camaraderie,  
The same worlds explore the roots  
One day in the offering.

Winning over others will  
Work with a germ that hurts,  
Powers exert their hardness  
To please the orchestra,  
Powerful men emerge and capsize  
The boat of this grand emblem,  
Winners fail with small conversation  
Inserted, deleted and concerted.

Naveed Akram

## Life Of Boss

Life is signed by the boss, and he is not stupid,  
For it means his life is solid in his job,  
And he cares for his religion, his job, his life  
That hurts sometimes like the floor plans of a house  
That is his. Man's faith is in him.  
Music he shall clown, with a swift enterprise  
For life is expert, and more time is needed for the great deal.  
The world is again a solution and life a boss feels.  
Life has been bathed in for some time.

Naveed Akram

# Life Of Luck And Light

Life will upset you when dire trains roll over,  
This adventure is of thoughts striding with pleasure;  
The recipe of luck pertains to spirituality,  
Favouring a reality of the unknown.

Life fainted and death destroyed,  
The challenges of certainty restored me;  
What horror heightens the global festival?  
One kingdom created me as a godly thinker.

Light is the opposing reality,  
Lifting its hat to those in bargaining moods,  
For the eyes defend us utterly,  
They enter you without and within.

Darkness quenches the mind with polite hurt,  
Little are the threats given brittle help,  
Letting me adjust to the brightness of the  
Piercing stars, those points of light too dealing.

Naveed Akram

# Life Of Philosophy

One fights the life of philosophy,  
Life enters the zone of tranquility;  
You might be in the phase of gentlemen,  
But construct your wellnenses easily.  
For philosophy is the best form of sport  
And I am the master of the social men  
Who dismiss false allegations by the minute.  
They insult nobody by being nobody  
And their questions need answering  
Due to the soul that differs every time.

Due to longevity one fights the rudeness  
Within one soul.

Naveed Akram

# Life Of Wine

Life has attained the sport of messages,  
Their stay is permanent due to old age;  
The range of the way and how we arrange,  
That is the target of tragedy and comedy.  
My special burden is on the taxes of nations,  
The money has raised the money only.

Life is shortly fine, horns glide, shawls side,  
This life entrances a few of the endangered.  
My stay on this world is finite and long,  
Why do we question the repose of our leaders?  
The ways of God are known to men who deliver  
And proclaim recreation, the wisdom of this world.

Now return to the world of words and fire,  
I already have size and volume for the gasps,  
Horns will be blown twice, horns will be grapes  
Eaten in the form of wine; wine has erupted,  
A little opening appears in the haze of money,  
The wine is the wine, the wines are elevating.

Naveed Akram

# Life With Love

I can see you with my love and life,  
The ideas of this existence are plain to me.  
Between us there is no animosity or hate,  
The two of us found love and stayed.

Then, the sins were heard, and seen,  
A dialogue erupted from both hearts.  
A painting with colourful love emerged  
Of our stay on this Earth, after the row.  
With our brushstrokes we took the beliefs  
Clear to us, the avenues from afar were open to us.

Naveed Akram

# Life's Cocktail

Revising the story of life, we learn every detail,  
The most we can say is that it resembles drinking the cocktail.

Naveed Akram

# Life's Eyes

It is a loan for life, the beauty of it,  
What does blend with the eyes?  
The pair of slanting eyes look in us,  
They belong to a man of long life.  
Having is letting go of the death,  
Loathe him if he is in death of himself.  
To be advanced, the riddle is conveyed  
Through the mouth so suddenly.  
A pair of slanting eyes stares at your laughter,  
Concentrating so violently with appeal.

Naveed Akram

# Life's Philosophy

Life questions me after a second of discussion,  
The first life to bring mystery is my own,  
Yet when do lands phrase a sentence so bold?  
The beauty of geography entails more,  
The more of beauty you see, the more truth cuts  
The cake so laid by the caretaker of this world.  
Truth is a compass we observe so there is no loss,  
And this means we are not lost, forever in the sky.  
Adventures bring me solutions to my lovely problem,  
For I have some love in my heart for any of the hearts.  
You must commit blending and biting to deserve  
Happiness.

Naveed Akram

# Life's Problem

A grand puzzle is a problem of order,  
Order may run out, the circle is round;  
Gases seep into the breathing air,  
Fulfilling me in every puzzling manner,  
They require order to stop the spread of gas.  
May you turn into use and generosity,  
Killing me with kindness and love.  
I request for genuine aid as a father  
And sons shall solve and define.  
We need the most beautiful children  
To solve the problem of life.

Naveed Akram

# Life's End

Then life was a wonderful happiness,  
If its commencement was fulfilled by soceity,  
If its finish was not of unhappiness  
And the ending was its finish,  
The very same as Fate.

One loved the purpose of existing on the World  
As we were thrust headlong into peril of work  
Yet made a finish.

The perils are to demand a finish,  
and leave us with splendour,  
To find Height at the Heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Light At Play

I am an object of light and the button,  
You have some idea why I am richer than you!  
You rest and play as the meanings of your page  
At a way called wind.  
Adorations are sweetness for the soul  
As this closed book shows.  
Perseverance and calamity show the mind at work.  
When only light appears you are objecting  
Like the wind of the weather, and the storm.  
Then, so deluded, a night has arrived  
For roofs are like them as they give comfort.  
I am an object of light so ridiculed  
For my comfort, and let us win this reality.

Naveed Akram

# Light Does Matter

I have a certain light, in me is a light,  
That spoke often enough in the day  
And dived into the night to be a defiance.  
I had a dream of nights and their issues  
Concerning tragedy and comedy,  
Of all the sensible money matters  
And all relationships I own.  
In a certain light my mind does dissolve  
Into fragments, to assume another light  
Of much authority.  
I give this light if snatched and high is your talent  
When light is received.

Naveed Akram

# Light Enters

If the the light entrances me,  
Let it enter the folds of the earth  
In this ground of some heaven.  
The light has grown dim and dimmer,  
Feeling the visions of a day old.  
The night has completed its visit,  
One of these days of your sight.  
If the light enters the fold we have  
A copse full of strangers, that die  
And deliver the puzzles of the times.

If this light enters the fold or copse,  
We see blood on our legs and feet,  
Climbing can build a nightmare,  
Feeling the time of a night.

Naveed Akram

# Light Of A Star

I seek a star of long life and health,  
Maybe it shines too brightly that I steer  
Into its light with longevity.  
Then the chief of the house finds a soul  
Within me and makes me certain  
That life is longer than expected.  
Its chieftain is the living chieftain,  
The boss of sacred houses  
Where the light of the stars has narrowed.  
One seeks a star to fight and deliver  
Into the arms of a happy stooping man,  
The innate man of the wondrous sky.

Naveed Akram

# Light Of Friendship

When light enters the mouth  
It exaggerates the feelings  
As monuments erase the mountains.

One pout of the water is a single drop,  
Fixing our stare, fading into dry pods,  
Fitting our conspicuous friends who relive.

When light entices the friendship of late,  
We fix our nailed eyes on tight joys,  
Feeling the wonder of our daily lives.

Light is the cause of his illness,  
As if we aroused the emotions of a monster  
Who relives and demonstrates the devilry.

I have light of the mountain shining mightily,  
It questions the rocks of the watery-edge,  
The river has elongated justifiably, into strips.

Naveed Akram

# Light Of The Face

Light travels and dismays like faces,  
The travelling face wears out in long life,  
It is the face that conjectures and surprises.

One man exerts his effort to the duties,  
A woman shall relent and behave normally;  
But does the person of health be with length?

I have light in my eyes, nose and feet,  
My joining to others is enjoined by some,  
Yet we face the same illness and the same lie.

Light fades according to trust and faith,  
It mingled with kings and queens of sight,  
They delivered the goodness of the nation.

Naveed Akram

# Light Of The Future

The light is greater than the might of a hand of God,  
And this is life and this is maybe why we hate not one another.  
The fierce fury is driving the men of the district to love an egg of company,  
They love it when it bestows a flight of tears, an ideal action to crack.  
Most who near this man are also full of tears, and their tears are like rain  
In an earthquake of sorrow and hellfire. They are evil men, full of cries.  
The light of a decent death is in crying of the man and woman, a husband and  
wife.  
A widow has little left, in the eternity, in the fade-off, and the darkness.  
We are going to keep the righteous men away from our memories,  
As they listen to days and nights and they live among men.  
To keep a prism of light is to see what without a future is!

Naveed Akram

# Light On The Face

His face began to light up,  
For how long? For the time being?  
I asked him to fling his strike  
At the better man, the rigid one.  
I, as a zealous person gained more luck,  
For days and nights lingered and stood.  
He looked brave and mad  
Like a hound that surfaced from the deep  
Of the jungle.  
Leave his son and daughter  
Now that pebbles and stones  
Have explored the bodies of light.

Naveed Akram

# Lightning Bolt

Lightning has a property to complicate  
The ground as it smacked the air with its tail.  
The tail of a dragon has arrived and each eye is seen  
By the people far below.  
You have a reason for this guile  
You lightning bolt!  
Lightning cracks after a tennis match  
Or else it flakes from space and enters the race.  
You see bolts of energy where you go,  
And nothing to keep us alive.

Naveed Akram

## Like A Bad Lady

Like that bad lady making rolling eyes  
I stay even clear of snarling generals  
And the clinic staff, who lumber by with yellow  
Teeth that smell of old clothes.

I purse my mouth to be sure,  
And my cheeks are swollen by the hits,  
A nice trick has emerged from the ocean  
And it is one I confess, one I trust.

The face I have in my possession rocks  
The ship with glares and white light,  
One foamy sea burdens the quest  
Of my illusions and grandeur.

I want to be fixed on the green mountain,  
It is square-faced with flaring noses  
That entwine with the darkness of the night,  
The sea has now abated.

Naveed Akram

## Like A Key

I open the fortunes like a key,  
The key inhibits them from disaster,  
The keys jingle in their accusations,  
But the keys also find others.

These doors must fit the glove,  
A handle turned is of the knobs;  
Windows creak and lightning enters  
The air during stormy storms.

The real fortune defends its gold,  
For the coins pile up and are huge  
Like rocks of the kind called boulders,  
They look towards the goal and life.

Naveed Akram

# Like A Liar

I am not hostile like a liar  
Who is a locomotive on the run.  
He contains diplomas,  
As continuers go, like early spring.  
The dribbling of the ball  
Commits players to talk of lying.  
My crown is too stable,  
Dice throw their images at you.  
This chance is won by a fraction,  
Elongating the way forward  
At this time in life that crowns.  
The interrogation succeeds as it  
Filters the liquids faster and faster.  
The diploma has been kept this day,  
Like formulae in the making.

Naveed Akram

# Like A Pyramid

She was exactly employed,  
Like a pyramid of the day,  
Sent by a violent irruption,  
Overtaken by gales of speed.  
She ran like a commander,  
Telling the ready instants forcibly,  
Chance was a greatest artificer.  
An event was the gardener,  
Nurturing the few who owned this event.

The vast sea of letters arrived,  
In spite of a driving rain,  
Though gallops, though beautiful queens  
Uprose through the trees on the horizon.  
Upon the steps made,  
Driving rains struck at the messenger.  
She was a postwoman of a kindness,  
A message of the order,  
A hastener of what is no way.

I employed her from her questions,  
Arranging the house as soon as entering it,  
Seeing and awaiting for instructions,  
In spite of the revealing rain.

Naveed Akram

# Like A River

Very much like a river, the life sways  
So as never to be accepted,  
My oppressed conscience is like my finger,  
My finger is the oppressed conscience.

I have a hold on the finery of existence,  
My lines reflect this accomplishment,  
For it was a disaster and a tragedy  
To accompany me while my sins persisted.

Very much like bliss, the life  
Mends all thought and contentment enters,  
This river called life begins  
And ends without telling us.

Naveed Akram

# Like A Tiger

I resisted all the way to the tied down,  
Like a mad tiger I lurched and loitered  
In the cloistered buildings or the cloistered jungles,  
In those habitations too grand for the hearing,  
In those places where men and women are aghast.

I, Language, shall keep disgust at bay,  
Wonder at the issues concerning me,  
And be a language far too reaching into the mind.  
My tied down state works for the betterment of words,  
For they are servants, always the right slaves,  
For the wickedness and the rudeness.  
Words, words and more of those phrases are  
In the depths of your disgust, in lagoons  
Of treachery, of lust, of desire for the share  
That is undeserved,  
That matters to others.

Naveed Akram

# Like An Event

A lizard loads suffering on the nation of the sea,  
It is to perform on the house by its rules, not what we saw;  
Its lack of power reduces the weakness in our hearts,  
Green and slimy, full of creams and disorders.  
Serial killers watch a painful memory of the wall  
When mice of men stagger and cry from whispers.  
There is inaccuracy, and what lives and sings in teaching  
Is like a solution and problem, one to be concerned with.  
The lizards of the walls happen to be like colours,  
They blink and surround, fully forming like events.

Naveed Akram

## Like Centaurs

The fluid works for years and years and more,  
This concentrates my time with you this time,  
I carefully see twice, my right and crime,  
They work together like ambassador.

Arms fully die, like what is there before,  
Legs march once those who march can come and climb  
Like those before, as fast as any longtime,  
We search tonight, then wonder anymore.

Like centaurs many ride the plains for food,  
These creatures time their tracks once they fetch it,  
They warn and read the dangers so distinct.  
My fluid works in ways that continued,  
The creature cries just like one hypocrite,  
This means my living just is all extinct!

Naveed Akram

# Like God

God is the powerful one and resides in your head,  
God has the initiative, and the love, and the cruelty  
For every task to be performed by himself.  
God has many angels of glory, and trusts them  
More than Man.  
God will conquer the devils and the demons of evil,  
They are the denizens of Hell-Fire.  
Shut the book and read about God  
Like the way God should be treated - with Love.

Naveed Akram

## Like Grendel

This presidium resides with flavours of the far east,  
Enticing my entwined continent, like of my language.  
Additional adaptations are actualised, by the minor  
Critical-thinkers, the real plaguing committee.  
One month is better than a thousand of them,  
An admirable day has been the reality,  
Apolitical designs carry appellations,  
Those who are grubs or grit warn the rest  
Of the appending dangers.  
They can be like Grendel  
And his wishes.

Naveed Akram

# Like The Flag

Force the people to act in a certain manner,  
Forcing is the child of happiness.

With the birth and death of citizens,  
Our lives are functioning great.

Forces are with weapons, and swords  
Are the common attraction for those who preserve.

Our plans from leaders are the forces of felicity,  
Like the national upbringing, like the flag.

Naveed Akram

# Like Two Days

Like two days we love always,  
Little children redress their hair  
For the waiting better ones  
Or who are called parents,  
Simple walkers and wakers.  
The best of those who speak  
Create stews of fish and steak,  
Coming with gods and fools  
Either in one day or the other.  
Ornate rights show the thinkers  
What life takes in with so much truth.  
The devils must be like two days,  
The deities are in felicity today  
And also tomorrow, in a valid  
Assumption too many have found.

Naveed Akram

# Like Violet Lights

The steadfast authors of resentment  
Are for the ages of the buildings;  
These workers exactly find minutes  
In their days for the reality to be born.  
The real quests are open to the adventurers  
Of words and play, this reality has emerged.  
My minds are mellow for the mild natures,  
Authors fiddle with the words and unite  
To form a rigor that hands down the gold.

My steadfast authors have an empire of words,  
With slums and ships to build,  
For the weeks and months stagger on the ground  
From a penalty in the air.  
The authority of the ground and air  
Resents us from the proud men of evil,  
Then the builders mimic one another.

I have seen their minds swallow facts  
To be drunk from afar.  
Their minds are like indigo lights,  
And violet lights, from afar.

Naveed Akram

## Like Wisdom

Wisdom is like a number too bright, too river and sea,  
It reminds us of God, to be polite and good and merry.  
This living of excesses results in pain, but what is the suffering?  
Learn this way and that but there is no happiness without pleasure.  
Little wise kings are not great and big, men are of wisdom,  
And the books they bind and afterwards read are surely wise.  
The non-fool hits the table on which rests his simple divine  
Manuscript from God, the Bible of His, the Sacred Scripture.

Naveed Akram

# Liking Colours

I like the colours of the wall and mirror,  
Lost in the entrance of a thought, beaten.  
One of those ideas strikes me rich  
As I write a letter to the government.

Haste and pleasure combine to irritate,  
Wonderful sentences are colliding with paper;  
Most words hit the floor from the roof,  
The ceiling collapses from too many words.

The phrases are built at a strong rate,  
Filling the dear old years with thoughts so bold.

Naveed Akram

## Liking Life

One is life's one, one of the celebrations,  
Until the treachery has been committed;  
Let informed opinion be made to untie  
And then cutting happens due to oldness.  
My stopping is to undo and relax  
Like opening and closing, fully informed.  
Begin now that I walked a hundred miles,  
To believe is a sinful endeavour if evil beliefs.  
One finds a truthful statement after death  
Of another, liking the opposites is liking.

Naveed Akram

# Limbs Blessed

Love came and my name remained  
To be filled with awe afterwards;  
It was light and enragement from the wind  
And the weather became sweet afterwards.  
The sleep adopted a dream  
For my eyes were loved by the dead  
As they peeped at my bedroom  
One night.  
Every limb was blessed with divine light,  
All the veins and arteries were rivers  
So hard and fast,  
Like the gushing springs of Paradise.

Naveed Akram

## Lime And Lemon

At first you are sweet and the race of juice is quick,  
Secondly the raiding of smells and tastes are to lick,  
They are angry at you as well,  
Their wrath is bigger than to yell,  
What do we bring now that the freshness can kick.

Naveed Akram

# Limp

Time progresses as a man who calls himself the Same,  
Shall we ever prepare the news of the Lame?

Naveed Akram

# Lines Of Love

The lines of love gather dust,  
Beauteous ashes of the everyday man.  
The lines of harm disappear,  
Forming worship in the signs.  
One loves according to his wishes,  
Once they fade into an eternal bliss.  
You are fortunate this night,  
From the attack of the century.  
Time is a soldier, its march is distinct,  
One of the commanders is not betraying,  
One of the men is not a traitor.  
The seconds have stuck to their love,  
Clocks be strong this time you churn.  
The line of love is the fortunate rhyme,  
A wonderful wine so overflowing like rivers  
Of honey and milk, displaying reality.

Naveed Akram

# Lines Of Power

To fight lines of power is too sacred,  
Along this lifetime a created wall must  
Boldly obstruct the young apparatus.  
I see long, swift singers in the autumn air,  
Birds the size of dragons, and old flies  
So buzzing that their buzz overflows belief.

My authority is single, higher than most,  
Jostling my waist, with fervour and song.  
I see the plumage of a giant brave bird,  
Opening its operative talons on the prey below.  
The sheer cliff it succumbs to fades away,  
For the oblivion is the ultimate end of ends.

Naveed Akram

# Lions And God

The lions of God come rushing in to marry the friends,  
Devouring their rings of friendship, dividing spoils.  
May strength overcome the strong once the lion-king  
Draws in its followers, to be in royal custody.  
The armies he casts on the enemy are not suicidal,  
Quite on the wild state, unable to satiate their hearts.  
The stillness overwhelms everyone on the very side,  
This splendid sense of nonsense overrides the air.  
Once more gladiators concentrate to hungrily amend  
The peace of the wars and battles inside their emotions.

Naveed Akram

# Lips That Bore Me

Her lips are by my ear,  
A physical body bores me  
As this alignment presides.  
It is the most successful remedy  
Of facing South,  
Parcelling contours of the face,  
Rearranging the place,  
Crescents are at work with grace  
As these moons well up  
And swell up the skin.

It is my bedroom furniture  
That brings deeper relaxation;  
In the corner of the image  
A wrecked field is displayed  
To calm the nerves  
So silly and disturbing  
Before the digestive system.

I could visualize a job  
At the period of slipping out,  
But the lines of endeavour  
Have some learners  
Of the taming of knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# Liquid

A bubbly drink has entered my stomach,  
Through a period of time, in a minute.  
The whole question is answered,  
A little worry has disappeared,  
The vest I wear will cushion me  
As I wear the liquid of love.  
The drink I wear is preposterous,  
The money involved is tremendous,  
The work I live in does not matter,  
Those living in this country are dreaming  
Of an abode in the very land of their heart.  
My drink is this land, and very worth it.

Naveed Akram

# List Of My Crimes

The list of my crimes is like a gust of wind,  
The wind is slow due to duty and time.  
Many men investigate the multifarious men,  
But scientists are the crawling men, the variety.  
A felony has been committed comically,  
So danger loiters like the illnesses of nature.

My crimes are endangering the few who toss coins,  
The wars are bloody and thirsting for more feet  
On the battlefield, a battered barber, a thirsty thriver;  
My feet are cold as the coldness of a cat at night,  
May the innocence of inert gases be a certain silence  
That nights have augustly conquered by the cold.

A crime is an odd affair of the misfortune of men and women,  
A taste of starry skies, a gouging of eyes, a splitting of teeth.  
The battles of battles are noughts and crosses of court,  
The courtesy is immense in the districts of our saviour.  
Much has been distorted by danger, auxiliary units convey  
A messenger to the fore, a fighting ally of the august heart.

Naveed Akram

# Listen To Life

I see into the curve of life,  
Its intricate shadows are my shadows  
And the lives we lead seem  
To butcher the makers of shadows.

I see them doze and listen,  
With rampaging legs and arms,  
So clever are the words they  
Leave behind in speech.

I seize the entrances to castles,  
The mounds are deeply followed,  
With entrails around I question the life  
That we lead and take fright.

My living is my worshipped one,  
Too many limbs are too many facets  
Of the mysterious spirit,  
For the intelligence of my soul is in flight.

Naveed Akram

# Listen To The Rain

Listen to the rain as it occurs to our eyes,  
My sight had no question to ask  
As to why the spitting lasted too long  
And turned into showers so delightful.

How do we dangle our legs over a muddy bridge  
When rainy days do disallow such practices?  
How on Earth can you dissolve the acid into rain  
When rain is a minor miracle, a liquid for pleasure?

Naveed Akram

# Listening To Judgement

Listening to sums of money created me,  
It caused the untimely movement of centuries,  
Transparent thoughts collect in my soul,  
As the breathing of wise men created me  
After the tales of a hundred acrobats  
In the belly.

The moves chilled, the acts dissolved,  
Carrying a sack of voices forming a tone,  
Telling was a dream I deemed to accept me,  
But the judgement of a triangle had appeared.  
Hearing was a majesty of the perils,  
Money lent a hand in the controversy,  
For the breathing of a madness came in.

Naveed Akram

# Litres Of Blood

My litre of blood is ruined,  
Inside a fancy is a shame,  
And hailing shall obliterate  
The many manners I have obtained.  
Permanent help is nested  
In trees of goodwill, expressions  
Stagnate and sensible acts  
Are commonly called.  
My litres of fluid are reckoning  
That health is an obstacle,  
One fetches a disorder  
Of the one you heard and hated.  
Then do not bleed like the wounded,  
For they land themselves in trouble.

Naveed Akram

# Little Chariots

Think yourself stronger than the rest,  
Rests are also good and worse than before.  
Relax into the fantasy of your fight,  
Games are like books so much in flighty ways.

The car of the first fit man is also in apologies,  
Speeches or conversations are in doubt,  
Tires seem to be stretched like death to objects,  
Tired of them, tired of them, and tired of them.

Thinking globes are revolving gently,  
Little chariots are on fire so greatly now.  
Those soldiers seem like licking hungry souls,  
Great are the compulsions and tensions.

The world is now in ruins due to godly help,  
Feel those glad blades now and then,  
Space is a matter of urgency  
Now that thoughts seem to walk quivering.

Naveed Akram

# Little Do They Weep

The little birds say flight is sacred,  
For the day rises and falls like the heart  
And the heart rises and falls like the sea,  
Many fly from the heart that resides merrily.

But we are on land weeping,  
Saving our breath for the outdoors.  
Our blood is a menace to little babies,  
Who cry out with pain and love.

But the flying ones are lying down,  
Fit for the fields of Summer and Spring,  
Kissing the stones of their forefathers  
With their wings, strangely replying to Nature.

A sun has appeared on the line that exists,  
With the earlier hearing, with the sublime one,  
Forming a soul towards the horizon,  
The corporeal appetites mend the way.

Naveed Akram

# Little Flowers

You watched and caught a little flower,  
Mouths smiled as you sought help,  
The favours of a designed cloth  
Shake me in the bruises, the clothes.  
Zip your worry, and spin the august seeds  
To watch the plants glow as they grow.  
Burgeon and be happy, like an user of a garden,  
The innocent, the blessed, the authority.  
You may cry for the wont of more,  
But are you resting your soul on this?

Naveed Akram

# Little Men

Little men speak so loudly on the ears of loud people,  
Their heads spoke hard and heard many strict statements back;  
Like the boats to cross the water of the river  
A small task is to accomplish and carry out new sequences  
In installing peace to our society;  
Fear those tasks as little men who speak  
And cowards turn their shame into loss.  
Such power is maiming us, when it is called arrogance,  
But when children sing in the clouds of heaven  
The hard rain is making tears felt with rage and insolence  
As they spoke too fast and noisily, they were never trained  
Nor were rigours blending with the older lot.  
A whole spoken sentence may blend as one aim, as a bending  
Of light by a silver mirror.  
Fear and then more than fear the children who practice offenses  
On the tasks of our people.

Naveed Akram

# Little Paths To Take

A little path digests new hearts,  
Heat stabilises the environment  
For it kept peace for the next generation,  
Lulling the minds of hearers.

Sight has enjoyed our mentality,  
Sparks spray paint and pain of mortality;  
The electric charge overpowers  
Us in our treachery, in our chase.

Tall leaves invite parties,  
Trees of a little path beautify me,  
Like the pleasures of life  
And death shall speak like musicality.

Naveed Akram

# Little People

Not many people are little,  
Noticed and betrayed are some who are little;  
Warm weather arouses our suspicion,  
Chiming creates disorder as the little arrive.  
The position of the night is for them,  
The real door to the day is for those who are little.  
A great multitude of persons will be astonished  
Violently and knowingly, like the opposition,  
And the children.  
The night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering  
Round and round,  
Like the little children of the night  
And then children of the day rest more than people.

Naveed Akram

# Little Present

He brought some little present,  
Tucked under his arm of feelings,  
But the confusion of the moment  
Ripped the present and its details.

Let us hope the safety,  
For the heart sank a little,  
Cloudy skies smiled a lot,  
But our present was useful.

He brought a new present,  
Joggled by the wind and moon,  
Moods attached had begged for changes  
That could not fix.

The third time mattered a lot,  
The present was wrapped.  
The humdinger indeed.  
For the present was unwrapped  
And explored by the hands.

Naveed Akram

# Little Songs

Little songs shortly sing along other lines,  
Little are words of distinction so wrought.  
A writer understands the stages of stars,  
A poet fills the habits and dances of charts.

My words are emptied and embedded on sires,  
Incredible dreams issue forth like stardom,  
These dreams stagnate and flow through the cosmos  
With appeal and form, thought and idea.

My passes are like the strands of success,  
My light is embedded in me as I walk downstairs.  
One strong helper forbids me to continue,  
For worse are the stars of this universe than your face.

My action speaks like a light, light after red light  
Shines discretely to stay in the feet that I walk with,  
Legs are sustained, after legs that carry one from bed;  
The arms stray far as the movement is philosophy far away.

Naveed Akram

## Little Writers

Little men concisely write on little matters,  
Opening their boyhood to many charms.  
Fifty years must pass before danger is averted,  
And their store of education has fixed their life.

Vital ways made success and vital sounds,  
With noise is sorriness, foul play.  
The bells are knelling in the background  
Over the sylvan creatures living there.

Bells are like big people,  
Little men do not write as well;  
The bells have knelled in righteous ways,  
We have wrists to write and they have rights.

Naveed Akram

# Little, Little Men

The little men have been asleep,  
To see them is much too much to keep;  
There a broom is uncovered during the fountain  
That lashes at them in the dreams of a mountain.

To sweep them up you require friends  
Never in short supply, never to make amends;  
Forces are at work this day,  
This day the forces are astray.

Naveed Akram

# Live For Bread

Save all Hope and give in to Joy,  
Peace is above the reasonable boy,  
The one who lives forever and away,  
Yeast being the substance I obey.

Naveed Akram

## Live Me

Live me and love the opinions of my age,  
Lose the idea of a greed and a loss.  
Our life has been bandaged in silence,  
It sunk them who sank in battle,  
It did not lift our heads to the surface  
And remarry another day.  
Life may be misery for the young,  
Yet I do please the old, as much as living a line of poetry.

Naveed Akram

# Live The Profession Called Life

Live the ingredients you cook,  
Give age a rest for all eternity.  
For loss of food and gain of health  
Exceeds preliminary understanding,  
Such that life is a profession  
Worth practising,  
Enjoying the worst ailments  
With bravery at the foothold.

Feet strain with vigour to test  
Others and their bodies,  
For the starting of gifts is  
The refraining of jokes,  
And the handshaking carries on,  
Regarding the other hands as  
Objects of decency.

Naveed Akram

# Live Under Sunlight

Increase forth and excite!  
One whispers with a fruitful imagination.

Then play with the face,  
Cheering on the accepted Sun,  
Bond with care, and still live with this star.

A thousand clouds ease our waiting  
Period.

The couch vows to give our soul a spring,  
But the trick is forbidden.

Naveed Akram

# Living Corpse

propulsion often decays into nothing  
but stagnancy, the visit of eternity  
next erupts to tranquillise my flesh  
raising me from the ground  
and my corpse jumps  
and my corpse curses the prison  
once more the ripping  
fits the feet and the well-being  
I am ransacked tonight.

Naveed Akram

# Living House

I saw you in a house of rooms,  
It must be saving the bed of contentment,  
Feeding the living of people,  
Creating contentment as you speak.  
My love is fastened to the door  
And the window is collapsing.  
My violent pages work for the more,  
Rooms are rooms meaningful.  
The saviour is brought to the houses  
And he saves us from slaughter.  
I come to you in the middle of town,  
As far as the eye keeps, like one hard.  
The contentment is just about.

Naveed Akram

# Living Lakes

If I were a living leaf my wonders would cease,  
Fierce spirits could unleash their spell on us;  
The monuments hiss, church bells swing,  
Fellows of the dust amaze me with their cloudiness,  
As far as the eye can behold and work.  
My living has concerned the elders,  
Inside the rich pocket a little has swayed  
As the farther father has provoked me  
Into buying more fruit for the words.  
I have a living leaf inside my soul right now  
Withering away like a vanishing atom.  
A molecular fault has been sighted,  
From the rude quarters and lakes intimidating.

Naveed Akram

# Living People

Restless are the children who restrict  
The enemy, and master their friends;  
Their enemy is restlessness  
Too strictly.

Justice carries the children forward  
And teenagers are the work of God.  
We deceive the living people  
Of the adult and infant who are insolvable.

Naveed Akram

# Living Things

I live among the world's animals,  
Unlike them, I stare and gaze at the stars;  
I love the animals inhabiting this planet  
Like the stars that shine in the galaxy.

The crust is seething of dead animals,  
Organisms grow from the deaths and lives,  
They musically play, swallow their prey,  
Live with each other like humans.

The Earth never complains of the treatment  
Given to certain living things,  
Flora or fauna,  
Young or old.

Naveed Akram

# Living Well

This could only mean living well,  
It missed its mark, my hand cut a trail  
That was in the ocean of regrets,  
This feeling eventually nauseated me.

What beautiful land! The home of sleep and air,  
A busy park so well-trod by the gentry;  
Emotions worked like water from a tap,  
This expedition was on boots and shoes.

These people on land were very close to me,  
Like clothes afterwards, on slippers and shoes.  
The real me asked from the prayers why we walk.  
When is the middle road taken? How long do we stay?

Naveed Akram

# Loads

The load gaped at us with fright,  
The knuckle that hurtled at me  
Began the fight, began the fight,  
Sorely changing my craft of life.  
This load on me shivered to me,  
Like a boxer and sailor of ships  
That require sport, the very game.  
Festivities changed us in our adoration  
Of life's bounties, ladders changed.  
An Ottoman Turk bound himself to boats  
After killing too many for a sport,  
Sailing in our times with paper and pen.  
The load of the soldiers was greater than  
A Turk, his wittiness bespoke and craved.

Naveed Akram

# London Town

London jostles with the public,  
And the public has qualms with the Capital.  
It winces from pressure so high  
That those residents speak work of story  
Incapacitated by greed of wealth and money.  
You are a house-holder reputed to have stolen  
Secret after secret, no matter virtue what fulfills.  
It times the living language as cockney might hide,  
As slang has many connotations of proud nature.  
We all conceal what is in our minds,  
Like a business so fashioned with pride for country.  
Must we finally put down to rest the job in hand?

Naveed Akram

# Loneliness

Lonely is the friend of our music,  
Joy of the toys of beauty have arisen,  
Like the memory of a peaceful time  
So long ago.

Lonely men and women of the forest  
Seem like pitiful people, sylvan people,  
Who enter the travel of spirits,  
Like the spring and summer.

Ghosts now howl over this place of destruction,  
My sister knows them from now,  
My brothers are for the peace of existence,  
As freedom walks along the shoreline  
With water of the sea in dreams.  
Poverty is the spring of the summer,  
And riches come in this season of winter  
Where loneliness nevertheless vacates.

Naveed Akram

# Lonely

Lonely and fine, a man who finds peace is in the present,  
He is in the past, and not in the future, this is no accident.

Naveed Akram

# Lonely Galaxy

I had gone bankrupt during the lonesome night,  
Birds talked to me about my running illnesses  
Shining like the moonlit night that dissolved into seas.  
I fled to natives over the edge of the galaxy,  
And wrote winter-tales too many times so imploringly.  
I saw the stars during this universe's winter,  
Seeing the invocations of the natural psalms  
Made by authors who reside in the clusters.  
My whole big bang objects to the philosophers  
Who are ghastly in their speeds and velocities.  
I have developed an ownership to wish me goodness,  
These years are ending soon now that the years are greater  
Than the rulers of the revolutions, who instruct the 1900s  
And the whole many centuries, of course the realities  
Have bitten our popular weights, fulfilling mass energies.

Naveed Akram

# Long And Tall

My door to the other side is long and tall,  
Many have died with shaken hands, long and tall.

Up to me this deed is burned, with shaken fists,  
As the fists are hurled against commands, long and tall.

Whispering is the art of the devil who stirs in us,  
But the heart shall drive its personality and glands, long and tall.

But the speech of one who stirs the pot of fish is a rule,  
As the fish stirs as well, to the sharks' demands, so long and tall.

My door is wedding, my door begets a fellowship of rule,  
For the flatness of the head is all the bands so long and tall.

I am the nastier leader of the east and north, followers  
Allow me to instigate the troubles of farmlands, too long and tall.

Naveed Akram

# Long Evenings

Still the evenings are long and hard,  
Malicious pains have spread and harmed  
Invented beings, spirits of their demise.  
One is still wondering why the rains have  
Appeared, keeping a towering fear.

The breezy winds have rained down hard,  
Bumpy and steady, damp and heavy.  
We are cuddly with the rooms of our taste,  
The minor aspects differently embody us  
As we see the plastic and heavenly eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Long Nights

The night is longer than a day,  
But these days are full of light,  
The mouth is used to eat that  
Delicious substance of desire.  
One night, we hear and enter  
The heart when days are dubious;  
The day is longer than the night  
If the night is weeping like a star,  
So add burden to burden, and  
Ministries open, fences are built  
From the wood of trees rocketing.  
The night is indeed longer than  
Tears that fall onto the earth and  
Find hearts of contentment.

To enclose the world in a box,  
We enter the day's beginnings,  
Fruit of the tongue is swallowed  
And chewed with actions and tasks.  
My weeping is like the nighttime,  
For food has left the premises,  
Food and drink are the solution  
To the box of danger and delight.

Naveed Akram

# Long Quality Of Life

A long quality works well like ice,  
But my example is information for souls,  
The object of my light is the item of sight,  
A feeling has management of emotions.  
Growth have activities of the personal race,  
The faces of the team are short and stout.  
We have words and dozens of kites  
In the air that flies with birds that cry and die.  
The source of wights is against the nose,  
A wight will wipe your face with affection.  
The faces have deemed fate as an organisation,  
It seats itself down on the throne of life,  
A forgettable mode for the created man  
Who lives in the earth and soil.  
One has quantity with quality so supreme,  
This side of the mountain is full of wood.

Naveed Akram

# Long Time

Lasting for a long time, our guesses are true,  
The miscellaneous questions are asked  
As he jolts us in our speech and uncovers  
A new contemplation, a council needed.  
There may be cracks in the wall, fining and suing,  
But the job surges and sucks, serving and deluding  
For the people to be.  
This lasts for a long time, an awe is expected  
When lights are out, when we believe in this poem.  
To shoot a target called soft and cute is enormous task  
But the speech may take you, may take you away.

Naveed Akram

# Longer Noses

Peep at the ones with longer noses,  
How awful they speak, like one who opposes.

Naveed Akram

# Longer Words

It is the fear of long words,  
Inside this phobia is a name  
That frustrates.  
One has an ailment now that sayings  
Reach the paths of destruction.  
One of the cruelest names  
Subjugates a phoney war,  
One of the wars that seemed to be existent.  
Beneficial names instigate the souls,  
Your ale and stale drinks connive  
Towards the oblivion.

Drink then and me merry!  
Time and more time seems feared  
But the seal of the names  
Appears to be flowing nature.

Naveed Akram

# Longest Friends

The long friends are stronger in bonds but greater,  
And so the overwhelming joys of spring are on the trees  
Like the sun as it showers its light on the top of the  
World that strives towards the heavenly doors of existence.

The longest friends are your open wishes of this genie  
And that genie, a godliness is in the foreground,  
Minds are the grasses of the body and might,  
Minds are the selfless wishes, the wishful forces.

The poems of a day in criminal times are to be forgotten,  
For these poetries are significant in the enclosed spaces,  
Where shadows lurk, and when clocks desist, where moods  
Are deploring, and poetry is thinner than the threads.

To hunt a feeling would burden a man who is brother,  
But poets sing to the professors of English and Philosophy,  
Like the awesome pledge and the lovely knowledge,  
In this worldly life of the highest forces.

Naveed Akram

# Longest River

I only heard the Nile,  
It annexes me with small talk,  
As crocodiles deliver their age  
And adages are worn with swords  
That dwell within the furnace  
Of water, water collects.

I saw itself with open arms,  
Rejecting the rocky glow,  
Residing in unhappiness  
When crocodiles flow  
And mark their mothers  
With paths of the correct.

Water runs along the way of the word,  
Founding the ivory and ways  
Of another herd that dwells  
Within, without them nothing exists.  
The ghosts have arrived,  
And approach you as the Nile  
Is unfortunate and fortunate.

Naveed Akram

# Look Around

Look for me, and then realise I am behind you,  
I see you breathing when words connect.  
The tiniest house is upset, for one word,  
And another word judges the meaning of living.  
This house is upset physically.  
The Walls are damaged  
Like my head, and the legs we walk with  
Are dead.  
This bigger joke deletes the record,  
For you have no essentials,  
And so the meaning is that of living -  
You are barely alive,  
But God is with You.

Naveed Akram

# Look At One

Homage to your belongings, O Looking One,  
You are as beautiful as a foe and friend,  
Rising like the sun and setting also,  
Much will be my mother's task - profession.  
Back to the sky, the gods remark on the light  
Thrown by the sun, and they reject all this!  
Everlasting grace has fallen on the whole number of them,  
The lakes and rivers have swelled in anger.  
Torrents blaze in the country, forming fires  
And the knife also lingers for the foes to be.

Naveed Akram

## Look Then

Looking is in innocence,  
To know something more is decent  
And an occupation of pride,  
So look at those fortunate men  
Who possess the wise appeal,  
The real endeavour, the real status.

Look like them on that day  
When nights are no longer suspending  
Like a canopy of desire.  
Look at their chains when the trumpet  
Demoralises a young man who lives,  
The one who shall die.

Look then, and repose then,  
For the aftermath is an experience,  
One of the beings that concern us,  
With beautiful living, and honourable  
Shelter, of the highest kind  
That ever resides where it resides.

Naveed Akram

# Looking At My Luck

I crouched carefully with alert mind,  
Only abandoning the sunrise and sunset;  
Noting that the squirrels were in the dreams  
To suspect us of mischief in the woods;  
This care has never been shown to the weary,  
Goals of splendour taste and touch us.

The reality has spoken with sealing and compromise,  
Relentless persecution interrogates the young  
Who made their fortune in lies  
And more lies,  
The real letters later emerge to contaminate  
The minds of the spared.

My acts of ghouls and goblins bespoke  
In the hills of the shepherds then in progress  
With various sheep and other mutton,  
The real lambs bespoke their fill,  
These beasts beautifully sounded and licked  
Like their parents who succeeded at their hardship.

Little do they mean the devastation so transported  
Living in the past and future, a futile practice  
Has been born to delegate the conference  
Called nature, and this may bring me luck,  
To call it the luck itself;  
I once pondered until I dropped!

Naveed Akram

# Looking For Stones

He is in a forlorn setting, the gender of the place  
Is unknown, as a gemstone is situated in it.  
He is a glutton for excessive moods,  
The moods are foreshown by the surroundings.  
The stones became glutinous to the soul,  
With the use of hackneyed phrases.  
One day he was feeling glum,  
The other day, the next day, he was a heap of bad luck.  
Then it was hair care, not the massage of precious stones,  
But the minatory speech of his hunters  
Ready to see him from the minarets.  
He was an antithesis to a peaceful setting,  
Affected by a communal gathering in the past  
That convened in a corridor.

Naveed Akram

# Looking Upon Us

Looking upon the stars it won't be wrong  
To promise the Earth a flattering remark.  
For only my heart hugs this clay-like globe  
Full of parsimony, its resources are sweeter.  
I still feel the soil has to struggle according to  
Our own feet huddling above the lovely ground.  
My heart has fallen into the pit called love,  
I will realise the sordid details that this entails.  
I must wait, I must train the understanding to  
Think further, and fulfil my joy and make my felicity.  
It's true my head is stronger than my heart,  
But love shall intellectually overtake me tonight.

Naveed Akram

# Loot For The Jest

All they inform is the jest  
These demonise the public  
They watch over the corners of the globe  
And instruct the majestic world  
My honour is sacred due to the haste  
And hurry of a day in weights of largeness

Must we have information? That is the truth  
That dissolves the wreckage of a loot  
The loot bans the abdomen  
One stomach is enough to be calibre  
In the way of the eating  
In the way of the cleanliness  
This we will inform  
To those in return of it

And then strength embroils a facet of life  
Success enters the regime on long flights  
My champion travels to the ether  
Mine is the prancing horse of hair and reins  
Many deposit their findings in a tract too fine

My food is a golden treasure  
My food licked by the wolf is cool and mild  
Refrain from the hunger  
Refrain from the truth of the bite  
For the wolf is deadlier than the sword  
These spendthrifts want to be a samurai

Naveed Akram

# Looting

You believe in the looting of few,  
The voice of love betrays nobody.  
If telling and doing is about  
Then why do you achieve like a speech?  
You are still, and motionless is another,  
For both believe in manly affairs.  
The stride of a life is the stride of living,  
Many dyes of pain, many are in pleasure.  
The voices loudly echo when they follow  
Other voices, instead whispering is about.

Naveed Akram

# Lorbardo

Lorbardo, Queen of the Dwarves is dying. She has passed away from disease. She's hardly a century old. To the sad dwarves this really means apologies. Too many voices lament as the shuddering queen has stopped respiration. The grieving is immense. The age of Lorbardo has been complete aggression.

Naveed Akram

# Lord Of The Canvas

This canvas burns on my chest like a cart on the road,  
Butter would melt and sell my cause for a price;  
Building chemicals came from the right and left,  
Cards were chins to rest on, cards mattered to some.

By the cake of splendid chalk and wine and cheese,  
The camera in our eyes adjusts the way we eat;  
A button pressed is a button too much of the luck  
That is hidden in this church of rights.

Let change be a master of the certain events,  
There strives a little party of the lords of the manor.

Naveed Akram

# Lord's Facility

It is a facility from the Lord above us on his throne of majesty,  
We labour, we kiss, and we lament for centuries, but consequentially.

Naveed Akram

## Loss In A Mirror

The loss of mirrors is openly a kiss,  
Home of the triumphant ones.  
Nature abhors poverty like little lambs,  
Fleeing in the spring, finding acts.  
Respect me as if your loneliness acts,  
Loss of mirrors is a road of the sea.

Truth of rain is truth of water,  
Respect the rain and river of ice,  
A courage due to age is upon us.  
Why are you swimming? Why act strange?  
The truth is the rain, and the rain is truth,  
Butchers of meat cause us to abhor  
The planet.

Naveed Akram

# Loss In A Rose

Loss is in a rose that withers and wilts  
Due to sudden stresses that subside;  
My heart sank to my ankles when  
Old days came back with indulgence,  
The roses of the blooming house and mansion  
Confused the momentum of daily activity.

My head sank to my heart as the tongue  
Of all actions muscularly wrapped and embroiled  
The flesh with wine of the tears and blood.  
My head did sink lower than the rests, respites  
And reposes, full roses were in cherished bloom.

Loss in a rose was a warning for all flowers,  
Tucking under their petals a feeling of hope,  
That one day the thought shall enter enticing  
The production and consumption of honey and sweets.

Naveed Akram

## Lost In Love

Lost being, nearly the height of crow's flight,  
You are indignant, as if you are angry of sight.  
Still beautiful, this lost meaning is gathered,  
The dyes of youth becalm us afterward.  
As dark as stormy weather, the soul of evil must die,  
So that we station our belongings in new love and cry.  
A doubt remains, however, of a heated hatred,  
Is it the middle of love, or just good feeling accented?  
Lost is your loving nature, lost are crown and robe,  
Lulling spectators, the courtiers of the majestic globe.

Naveed Akram

# Lost Partner

One has the strength to undo a being of goodness,  
Inside this islet of morons and religions we see the rest.  
A little play cannot undo the cost of living,  
Feeling a dedication, feeling like most people.  
But distinctions rely on the feeding frenzy,  
Opening the doors of a somebody who relaxes  
And moans for the long lost partner,  
A ready actor and composer of short stories,  
The real written pleaser, with pens and ink.

In this fame we derive a pleasant feeling,  
That swerves and permeates the inner walls,  
With the prisons to keep a mania and a drive.  
One shall prevail and one shall deceive,  
Investigating a love of the heart that feeds  
A frolicking existence.

What impact does love possess  
In this minute prison?  
Is there the nature of love that we have  
Heard?

Naveed Akram

# Lost Trees

The cutting of trees is distinct for we play,  
Escape routes exist to last for generations.  
A growth arises in the muddy waters,  
Slaves seem to decay as the land alters.

A sane person was a town for the trees,  
Pavements in places sensed the crowd;  
Tracks for the routes dismayed our coasts,  
For travel became a lost cause, a lost religion.

Naveed Akram

# Lots Of Laughter

I hope on laughter and I hope on  
With lots of futures too calm and beautiful,  
So then my past is my plan for the time  
Enclosing my life, little future is little present.  
Terms of living are short, terms are so short  
That their words are so small like the ants  
And gnats, little by little their stings erupt.

Then blood has a death, delta wings are formed,  
With adjusted beliefs, and slanting leaves  
Grown on trees of silver and bronze and copper.  
The dragons are my laughter,  
Their wings collide with themselves  
Liking each lick, ransacking the city  
With force, little swimming is about.

Naveed Akram

# Love And Adoration

The reason for living with love is fine,  
The goals of love remain, they are fine.

Watch the lovers in the streets forever,  
Embracing and caressing again, they are fine.

The beautiful men are like beauty itself,  
The women adore their space, so they abstain for they are fine.

Love is fortunate, so well made by the Lord,  
It served humans and animals to entertain, all fine.

May the season sell love to the natural beings,  
Their stages of development must explain why they are fine.

Love is like the flowering plants, the trees may be adorations,  
The love within my soul is a greater love to ingrain, for I am fine.

Naveed Akram

# Love And Hate

Love is my complement to hate,  
The feelings enclosed subside,  
But one loves less when in worry,  
And more love is given when you  
Are forgiven.

Love embellishes the young with traits  
That made every coward look hurt,  
Two loves make no right,  
But three hates are like the mad men  
Who must be forgotten.

Love my humour as much as my strong  
Message that burns deep in my belly,  
The stomach churns sand and stones  
Filthy from the dunes and rivers,  
One loves the greater help, not stones.

Naveed Akram

# Love Arises

Love arises and heightens towards us,  
With a manifesto to shock and stare at;  
Then iron chains are broken  
Up and sold to the higher men.  
Dying men shall visit the chained places,  
Playing with their steel as a form of strength,  
Speeding along in time as they crawl naturally,  
This hour fades with an advertisement.

I speak in a velocity of light,  
At the top of life, at the highest life.  
Weighing in with hugeness,  
I see love taste the horizon at the seaside.  
Wading in requires good luck  
And darkness of the night is also tomorrow.

Naveed Akram

# Love Brings Love

Love brings love from always the right work,  
Love the entrails of someone who hates nobody;  
For their stains on the soul are certainly of eternity,  
Losing the shackles of love entails sorrow.  
My beach of mystery collects more sand,  
More help has been the reality so much of the sand.  
Love enters the frictional areas and returns,  
They form twists of the sword and stadium.  
I must see the eternal joy spring from the heart,  
Yesteryear a yard or foot was apt to describe itself.

Naveed Akram

# Love Entered The Hearts

Love came and caused me to live among the immortals,  
My skin was cherished, and it perished with the calamities.  
Love's bonus soon arrived at the doorstep, fixing the stare,  
Heraldry was a matter of the heart, hearts were blessed.  
So soon did love come, and it made me suffer going uphill,  
Riding the waves of a better day, feeding the dinner of life.  
My actions were my emotions, the thoughts entered the high,  
Solutions were mastered, shrilling customers vied against me.

All was well when love took a message from my shrinking abode,  
It surpassed the fellowship of the shrimp and the ladybird,  
A pond stagnated the scenery cheering me up once love passed by,  
The meaning was clear and the truth was certain for love was near.  
Loathing the stare of his eyes, truth entered the fray with open arms,  
Embracing the main headlines of the day, when night decided to reunite.  
My poverty is my hunger, the very solution to every sort of desire,  
As passion climbs the mountain of a decision, the same deliverance.

Naveed Akram

# Love Enters The Heart

Drunkenness conflicts with nothing,  
For those who took whiskey have the key;  
The lovable people of this world  
Carry words that inspire a sense of laws  
And magnificent capability.  
Drain your wine cup so as to inhale  
The air of hurtful love,  
The very love tainted by too much love.  
These beings are either sincere  
Or fairer in their characteristics:  
For they are not traitors.  
Drunk are all those in ruin,  
Understanding their dispute is seldom.

Love enters the heart for its consumption,  
The eaters of sin abide in the eternal spin,  
In this we have insight, in this we are intelligent.  
They, the professors of taste, say when their tongues  
Are alert.  
When they state their aims of loveliness,  
The angels of the heavens shall bless them.

Naveed Akram

# Love Erupting

For the love of leaping forward,  
I am interrupted by no repetitions.  
I cried today like a mound of earth and soil  
Erupting from the ground by itself.  
My options were clear, I had to realise  
And this meant reading and writing.  
I strode in bewilderment for a mile,  
And half more happened to amaze me.  
The twinkling running lights acted  
Like cushions on my eye, and my other one.  
Love of leaping backward decided  
To be a love of wasting and bending  
Rather like reading a bad book,  
And lamenting to the ears of the eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Love From Trees

Cut into pieces and spread  
over the thoughts,  
Love demands to be no longer  
dead, stagnant and diluted.  
Trees can now be  
travelling inside the head.  
If you see them with pupils  
you can hate.  
The brain is hated like mice  
needing no beautiful tree.  
Hungry mice rally and festoon  
the place of the trees.  
My love is dilute now.

Naveed Akram

# Love Has A Death

Love is not the touch of death,  
Nor is it the river so forlorn and short;  
We acquire highness from it when the  
Living is tougher than the purse.  
The friendship of a line of prose  
Is bettered in kindness than the poets  
So lovingly marvelling in flowery rock.

A statue is enough to display the kind face,  
A face is huger in anger and trust.  
But where is the picture of our youth?  
Why do birds seem to fall and deliver?  
It is duty to die and damage a few,  
Than keep others in feelings of despair,  
For despair lasts longer than bonfires.

Naveed Akram

## Love In A Way

Love must spare in a way,  
Its inner sides do sway.  
Love is innocent when we engage,  
Importance of its meaning is a stage.  
The games we play for certainty to arise,  
Is it loveliness or hated feet to agonize?  
Adverts stop our disorders,  
For the loved people are casters.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is A Good Mixture

Love is the fountain of grace, overflowing like water and ice,  
Philosophers gather and scatter, around the mountain.  
Then the trek is long, troublesome, and an ordeal of duration,  
Men matter towards the end when England appears in earnest.  
The manhood of a certain spring in heaven caresses landscape  
And seascape at Devon, finishing the awe of a day in Liverpool.

My haste beckons the hasty, like the kingliness of a man in luxury,  
His scholars fight with words of wanderers, including a brand new  
Authority, of wordsmiths and blacksmiths, who instigate fear into  
Themselves, like iron and steel are a good mixture, too fine a coin.  
Many have trampled on blooming stars, fixed in the gusty ground,  
Leaves fall to them with xylem and phloem tissue pure and tight.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is A Prison

Love has a prison for the deeds and words  
That a person produces from food and water.  
His gaze is upon the eyes surrounding him,  
His love is supreme, beautiful and enticing.

Much is demanded from the incorrupt and virtuous,  
Just as deep affection has brought love in entirety;  
Benefit please from the love nearby, the love not remote  
Or the love of money and fortune.

Such love is unparallel, utmost and extreme, not honest,  
Not led into fire and ease.  
Rather, the blood flows from the economy  
Like the piping of a water company.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is Another Feature

Life has more than death and romance;  
It stayed after two days and two nights  
That reminded me of a weekend  
In another country, another land,  
It was another life.  
Living with the foreigners  
Is to like them and give love to them.  
Love is another feature,  
A foreign feature, and a teacher.  
Lift the lover from his niche  
And place him on the rostrum of hate.  
Let him speak for all matters,  
And keep him from romance.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is Beauty

I have to connect your sweetness to love and beauty,  
Only my eyes swivel and see the love in front of me.  
If never crying, you will be dying, shedding a tear  
For the creator at the end of this short stay on this world.  
My eyes see the creative being in front of me, innocence  
Speaks when the telling of sadness looms, but happiness  
Looms so I am in awe of the love touched by myself.

Woman is the light from the distant galaxies, the task has  
Not to end, it has begun, whatever the task is.  
These women are like artists of supreme highness,  
Their task is to paint a discussion and seek more light.  
They will work in the end, for they will never be betrayed,  
In the tunnels, happiness looms and learns, travelling to you,  
Vows taken are vows mastering being, and shifting the sky.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is Far Away

My love is far away, on the country of stations,  
These nations are exact, loathing a few lovers.  
My losing brand new weapon is like a lovely  
Sort of path into the reaches of the universe;  
I call it divine action, a real result from adored ones  
Who are spoilt by each other's love.  
These individuals strive and cry openly,  
Their milk is drank by some, and amid concerns,  
Fulfill a requirement for heavenly glory,  
This separate glory I call with God.  
My loves are many to do with God  
And he may be far away, like a god can be.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is Good Or Bad

Love is a child from the organs of the body,  
Full of heartache as glory enters the veins.  
My kindness tears you apart, feeding the foetus,  
Fixing the nails of authentic work from God.  
A river called Illness is traversed in long minutes,  
A sea called Tranquility pervades us when adult.  
Love is a child's game between the good and bad,  
Fitter than the rest of us, hating nothing at all.

I must draw a picture of what I used to do,  
Missing the catcher and the loot of a rich man.  
Money and gold, platinum and caviar, already a  
Fall into misery, illuminated my mouth like hearts.  
Diamonds lingered in the night, glittering like stars,  
Rich men have kindness, but love is a child,  
So meet the tranquil setting, and love every boy or  
Girl who sees the game of good and bad.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is In Me

The love is  
In the air

It feeds a  
Rhyme for you

The lateness  
Is sacred

The goodness  
Is Divine

My liking  
Is loving

Why do you  
Inspire me?

I want a  
Man certain

The heart is  
A cherry

Bleeding Is  
Its career

My veins and  
Arteries

My arts and  
Sciences

O Heart! Breathe  
And conquer!

Naveed Akram

# Love Is Like The Rose

Love is powerful like the rose  
Love manages homage and dance  
Maybe tomorrow your cries are heard by this imposer  
Love is an emotion of the deepest depths  
Today we hear men who hear women who heard them  
Love is exchanged tonight with surprise and initiative  
The nights are longer with the loveliness of the soul  
Love is powerful like the rose  
Love is mighty in the innocent sphere  
It conquers a righteous man when he prostrates  
But then pray towards the house of the lord if you are loved  
Because the beloved who watches us shall shine

Naveed Akram

# Love Is My Master

Love is whipping me like my master,  
It is not in the condition of slavery,  
But it holds the weapons of passion.

Love and love, love or love, we are angry  
Towards the hearts and the beliefs,  
We are stronger due to the control of rage.

This is the sugar of life, the sweetness of our  
Cage, automatic delivery of the soul,  
Like the acts of a better place that holds pleasure.

You are an individual who is a person,  
Nobody is apart from you, but you flow  
Like a breeze, like the brook of ease and enlightenment.

This is the resonance of the light emanating  
From the heavens and coming from the earth,  
You are a doubt in comparison, you are nothing.

So submit to the legislation, stay in this shop  
Of visions, and attend the royal court,  
For the episode of this story called Life is righteous.

Naveed Akram

# Love Is This Kingdom

Love immerses you with speed and scales,  
Inside the desert of anxiety a new light emerges  
From suns and planets that rock with moons.  
Even when the light has been shown a new  
Feeling becomes an emotion.

This kingdom is but eerie and silent,  
Yet the one after this one sends us to hearts  
Blessed with strange knowledge,  
Fully welcome and greeted,  
So that gratitude is a form of moment  
Encapsulating.

Love has been the boyhood and adulthood,  
It rests before you, it climbs against you,  
Indeed the very substances are coming from it.

Naveed Akram

# Love Matters

May we move in ways known to mankind,  
Tender hearts abstain from crying and shouting;  
Inside the movie starts, followed by tears  
Of shouting and descriptions abound.  
Letters of love surround us in disgust,  
Lulling the sadness once love has mastered.  
One condition is better than a thousand,  
That mutter some reply or a hundred statements.  
Love is a matter too polite, a wedding of right,  
Too many pains have been passed before the hour.

Naveed Akram

# Love Me Until Death

I love you with the dying of wrong,  
If I never met you, a death would result.  
I wouldn't desire the lad at the lawn,  
The lasses are all not for me.  
I have a thousand months to experience  
Just so that wrong has been omitted.  
For when I love cakes of beauty,  
Beauty passes its test and I am left  
As a man without hunger pains,  
Within the sanctuary of love.

Actually the same love results from  
The divine blessings attached to my name.  
Just for this card I talent myself  
With curling phrases burdening the youth  
Glaring at my eyes,  
Bursting with fury as love enters  
And cancels hate,  
Fearful are the lovers with their gaze.

Naveed Akram

## Love Needs

Rest after some time, then live my harmony,  
No morning brings happiness like this one.  
Supper of the day is not supper of the night,  
May the sun shine too small this day,  
For time ceases to be unique, this day.  
My arms reach out to meet your day,  
My legs carry my soul to you in the very day.  
Walk forever in love, together we love the hours,  
Together the living of a time is found.  
To rest is to rest, and my harmony continues  
To speak so long as my dying and living is for you.

Naveed Akram

# Love Of Courtesy

Thwarting those returning from stoppages,  
The people of the Earth rely on thrusts.  
There are black skies and blue lands,  
Bitter tasks, fulsome tasks, and wonderful hills.  
Return from the stoppers and carry on your task,  
Do not be vanquished, heated and alone.  
Sanity is freedom forming us into the religion we know  
And love the best. Courtesy is to the countryside.

Naveed Akram

# Love Of Flowers

Petals of flowers are bursting with joy,  
Instilling the hatred and love of humanity,  
Flowers are godly when discussed,  
Inciting ink and heavenly pens.  
The flowers of religion are past design,  
The causes of our men and women of heart  
Recline on the causes of all.  
Let religion burst with colours  
We find pleasurable and kind,  
And no plant or animal must create us  
Like the one who does.

Naveed Akram

# Love Of Life

Love may keep life  
Inert life that feeds on other life  
To enliven and love the seasons  
So that living is a pleasure  
As a pleasant behaviour  
Always.

Love may be heart after one man or woman,  
Afterwards it stayed and left no one.  
The moon is lovely because of its sin  
In higher talking and debate in the night.  
You love a heart of innocence, of the night  
And the day  
And the night.

Naveed Akram

# Love Of The Heart And Soul

Love has demanding features,  
It resides in the head like magic,  
Innocence may consider the prizes  
As formations of soldiers,  
Like a dearer price is requested  
For the sale of friendship.  
Love may require certain factors  
I have no doubt in since I was born.  
May the demands of relationships be strong  
Enough for the fruition of the holiness so strong  
That it is called love itself.  
Love has demanding features of the heart and soul.

Naveed Akram

# Love Singing

Love sings in the flowing river,  
A source of love shines light down,  
Inside the emotion of hate is a forgiver,  
I adore a law saying pride of the crown.

Love flows in abundance in the throne,  
For the royalty is much of my lifework,  
May I enter as I urge and bemoan  
And sliver like a serpent in jerk.

Naveed Akram

# Love So Certain

How certain is the love we sought so near?  
The loves of certainty are great and dark,  
My hatred goes to those I hate and bark  
Near emptiness and justice to appear.  
Some loathe, some bend the action so austere:  
That of the love we seek, of that ballpark,  
A reading has it off, with one birthmark,  
That angry little light became the fear.

Why do they pray? Why do they master me?  
Young months cause fear, youth has my trust tonight,  
Just like the youngsters blue, the minor ones.  
This job is prized, one acted correctly,  
Like one child forcing appetite,  
The reading of a book, flight of falcons.

Naveed Akram

# Love The Fish

The fish wither away in a week,  
Wobbling like jelly of fire;  
Water is weak, strong men are like fish,  
As chickens feed on us  
Like the birds of flight.  
While wishes mend the hearts,  
Whimpering dogs collect tears  
As their owner smacks them  
For barking and being.  
The fish are united,  
Inside the sea watching.  
But we wobble like them  
Inside our homes with pity.  
This pretty sense wishes me  
To be like a moon of fishes.  
I circle the sea and demand  
The love of an animal.

Naveed Akram

# Love These Laws

I love the laws that God sends down on us, raining,  
Opening the doors of heaven, of absoluteness, raining.

My heart speaks to the delight of the creation,  
Offered by us is this religion of accurateness, raining.

Let the ages pass and make us supreme, from all the water  
Descending on the skulls and bones of adorableness, raining.

Let the brain be a monster to be rewarded for the drops of deeds  
Falling into the ocean of our lives, always in activeness, raining.

□

Pass your test if this soul in the heart matters most,  
Rain has arrived for the heart to be famous, raining.

Little tests are good deeds when passed for success  
To reign in our history, of this history is fatherliness, raining.

My mad health kept a watchful eye on the laws of men and stones,  
In Hell the men and stones are buried with hazardousness, raining.

My loving and dying is like death for the message to be profound,  
But may we shrink from the fires where we would be helpless, raining.

Naveed Akram

# Love This World

I love the world at its doorstep  
Once more.  
My death will abolish the fervour  
At the heart.  
My continuance is like loyalty  
For the common people.  
May death excite a person enough  
To affect us daily.  
May lice on the head beckon more  
To hit hard on the brain.  
We can not retain this clarity  
Or this hygiene, once more.  
My love on this planet needs help  
For the cleaning.  
It is the bug of reality that may be loved  
But not loved.  
Let more enter this world with cleanliness  
And nobody is exempt.  
The living of health is in piety  
And you rule as rulers.

Naveed Akram

# Love To My Heart

You have made a love to my heart,  
You have inspired my spirits as I learn  
And communicate with you in all these hours.

You have ascertained the human rights of an age  
Of reason and development; what is the factor  
We possess? Why do we call a number of deceit?

The hundred hearts are hurrying forth like heaven,  
They pose a problem to enigmas so concerted,  
They possess the brilliance of mind, the stigma.

I have lost my heart to the times of the day and night,  
A clock ticks and locks according to rhyme and reason,  
A cloak has been adorned by the laughter of humour.

It is my human right to speak to those in authority,  
Power resides in the heavens and earth, a local retinue  
So distant and concrete, not abstract like the home.

A delivery has stayed where the sun dims, and the rocks  
Collide, when stars distance themselves from continuity,  
And the universe stays still in a still expanding cosmos.

The hearts of a cosmic variety collide with energies,  
They are energies of a distant time, a distant sign,  
A real delay is again the proposal, is again the formal.

You have made a love to my mind, my heart and soul,  
The inspiration is the fountain of emotion and feeling,  
Those who are godly shall perspire and enact tears from the eyes.

Naveed Akram

# Love, An Event

Love happened like an event, it cried,  
It worked along the brain on and on,  
One left it reside in the heart, it beats  
And it won for five seasons, victory achieved.  
The one love in trueness was fair, the one love was your job,  
It left no stain on the heart, it cushioned the hearts of every man  
And woman and child,  
So that purity saved it, and the love of humanity would open up.  
The doctor of love and hatred sang a tune, fully whistling  
Its strength and virtue, the two keys to existence;  
One must contain love, but haters of blood shall weep  
If divorce is scheduled, for marriage is wine: addictive and weeping,  
Strong people are led to worries, to responsibility,  
And they who sing of virtue or sing virtuously  
Shall attain their reward without harm,  
Obtaining divinity and blessing, the very strength of angels.

I can not see them when I walk, but love is seen  
In their flight of a thousand wings, or how many they grow.  
The wings to love seem strange, innocent, and absurd at times,  
But may marriage reign supreme among the lovers  
Who grow in might.

Naveed Akram

# Love's Spirit

Love is the goal so bold,  
May flowers of the sun be cold;  
For fear of death and life,  
I take into my arms my wife.

Let ages pass before I tell  
The secret of my stupid hell;  
Hearts always roll up fine words,  
Their meanings fly like birds.

May the heavenly spirit come at last,  
To peer into soldiery and contrast;  
Lull the fighting so taught by others,  
Even be those of the adorers.

Naveed Akram

# Love's Splendid Voice

Love's dangerous qualms formulated a discovery,  
This day my swearing has been founded due to godliness,  
I love the love and I love the pain of this discovery,  
How much does the suffering grow tonight?  
Living among the warriors of life is captain captivated,  
Asking an emitted signal plenty of times,  
Strings of good charm have been woven  
Into a fabric, as the tunic is lifted and sung  
By the voices, the splendid voices of yetis.  
We found it with white fur, love entered and exited  
Due to his vision of sacred souls.  
Prayer came, astounding the souls for the loving  
Amazed us with the yetis of some tall effort.  
Love has danger in the form of strangers,  
Growing weak like the slothful characteristics.

Naveed Akram

# Love's Thought

Love is a thought of the diverging numbers,  
Love speaks to the ironies of a living life;  
What causes you to love in the ways of men?

My thorn is deeply embedded, so speak and  
Lose the love of a thousand generations;  
Many nails embed their weight for the saints.

Like the irony of a blessing too far,  
One is sweeter than the pebbles of gold,  
One is also relentless like religion righteous.

It saves me silently, love has juice of justice,  
Forget the worries of the food at heart,  
And digest me in stomachs mightily heaving.

Naveed Akram

# Loved

I love those in need of it,  
When they loved me mostly due to innocence.  
My living and my dying is exact,  
Our brethren refer to their tomes and sages  
For this exactness to be accomplished,  
For our learning confounds the oppressors of life,  
Who want our cycles and loops to stumble.  
The reminding is superior with those in love,  
For when you love those in need of it  
They shimmer, and swim along rivers of milk,  
For sweet love is engineered by those who rule  
The lovers and the loved.

Naveed Akram

# Lovely Dream

Wonderful, Fabulous, Lovely dream,  
Too fixed in the awe of life of another world.  
The dream is so collectible,  
Much like a bird of flapping wings  
That manages height and weight.  
The Time is of words that leave a plant to die  
And then animals will also perish for good.  
The greatest good is in shedding of skin,  
So that your dreams are transmitted  
To a honest person, a person like you  
Who is bold and comical.  
The dreams realised will aid the other personality.

Naveed Akram

# Lovely Ears And Eyes

Lovely ears, love of the sound and dreary dread,  
This much is true, we fight  
And absorb faith.  
Love of the hearing is a dumb pursuit,  
One heard you late in this world,  
Then the sound of notes kept embarking  
On their nature.

Lovely eyes, full of miserable sounds of pictures,  
We see the beauty of our seeing  
As human beings in consideration.  
Our eyes pertain to the truth,  
Our misery is compact.

Love of the wine and mercy is solving us,  
We need to keep a peace,  
And love of the sounds is partly joking,  
For the little noise is of the cosmos.

Portraits are poised before you,  
Infinite drawings are set to flame,  
This side of the square is final,  
For the pictures are an inert buoy,  
Of the seas that make one float.

Love of the ears and eyes will carry you  
Further than shapes twisting in the head  
Like DNA, the serious mishaps mislead.

Naveed Akram

## Lovely Fact

O Lord, why do scientists be with their eyes  
The compassion that entrances?  
Is lovely fact a pleasure all about it?

Do not see others discover, you scientist,  
Be the first representative of your faith in pleasure.

Close your rules with the wink of an eye,  
Why is your appearance that of a godly man?

You just obey the premises and the rules of God,  
Problematic issues illustrate the score of this life.

I must find moments of their illness and righteousness,  
Internal anxiety and anguish is a parade on the soul.

May work be a gender, not danger, for the work is,  
The very worker is the man who is not in the game.

I see obstacles in my way, yet your flask is full of venom,  
Coloured though it is, my deed is to establish what is.

Naveed Akram

# Lovely Grip Of Hours

Who does she devote her lovely hours?  
The lights are dimmer than the sunny day,  
A darkness enfolds the masses with cold.  
We discern the matters of taste so bland,  
But are conquered again by those with hate.  
The levitation is sealed, we must lift ourselves  
To the higher forces of life, winning prizes,  
Losing thorns, giving charity with games of fun,  
And loosening the grip of those who grow old.

Those dark-blue skies are blundered and callow,  
The shape of the clouds are all blunt and enamoured  
Of strife that beckons the water of the wastes.  
We see blindness with blind hearts,  
But the darkness enfolds the merciful men.

Naveed Akram

# Lovely Stars Descend

In these lovely days, our nights must be spent  
Thinking and considering and contemplating;  
Never shun from happiness in both regions,  
Just demonstrate to me your patience and virtue.  
Then love can entertain us with honesty in its domain,  
Truthfulness enters the heart when the stars descend.

The stars are sinless, they protrude like warriors  
Of adventure, offering their talents for the godly  
Men who need protecting, offering their talents.  
In these lovely nights, we mistake each other for  
Scholars and philosophers, united men and women  
Who first double our powers like a superb reality.

Naveed Akram

# Loving Animals

To love an animal is to crawl on the ground,  
Seize it and laugh over the jokes that are around.  
We lift an ear for those in danger and result,  
Understanding life on the other side as an adult.

How are we to learn from our mistakes?  
When does the problem produce backaches?  
I create a bleeding wound inside the creature  
That severed its veins, I was the destroyer!

Naveed Akram

# Lower Happiness

Take a lower place is this institution we call happiness,  
For then the dogmas are reduced, forever a pledge is witnessed.  
This sadness is my place, letting freezing temperatures  
Make us a simpleton, a sensible robe to wear.  
For we extend our gratitude to those in dilemma,  
Happiness is not my organisation to partake a role in,  
For it sweetly deposits the glue of tranquil drums,  
Wearing the repose of a celibate minority.

The instilled thoughts beat on the frowning head,  
Sketches of the simple wastes are products in this factor,  
My special resting area readies its frontage to  
Lure the unsuspecting traveller who purchases duty  
And conduct at the same price, costs are huge  
So much due to the temperate region we find ourself in.

Naveed Akram

# Lowlife

I have spelt all the labours of life,  
A beautiful part of my strife,  
As the willingness to go,  
And spend out of Know  
The meaning of letting the lowlife.

Naveed Akram

# Luck Has To Come

It is to dismay that perhaps you are in opportunities,  
But imagine a time or day when disappointing is good;  
Good is the test that scares the soul into submission,  
Its good admonishes the evil in the breeding score.

Fools say their luck in some times to come and desert  
The ruiners of fortunate schisms, internal rights are managed  
By the goodness as the goodness as goodliness;  
My acts are sparing their evils and so deeds of good reside.

Must we change the rights of humans to keep regions in peace,  
Then changing is righteous for the souls in blame and tests.

Naveed Akram

# Luck In Space

It was pure luck of survival, before the event,  
The whole journey was plenty of protein;  
A few wanted a launch into space, an universe  
Of authority that terribly spoke to the sun.  
Stars followed and pattered due to light,  
Smart accusations to aliens were made.  
A deadly slow space-craft was the effect,  
Helmets were worn to save a crew of special captains.

Then survival became essential, like the fog,  
It crept and dismayed me as a work of craft;  
The vessels of space supplied me with fortune,  
My fuel for the fire became the sun and stars.

So much the better. The astronauts were readier,  
Without their cricket and gold on Earth.  
A few hours in space meant a century,  
For time became slow for some reason.  
The dead spacemen had to be found for they lived  
Among the stars for all eternity.

Naveed Akram

# Lucky Sin

Luck reminds me of sin,  
Sins collect from the odour.  
A fortune fades, faces do fight,  
How do we describe the sins?  
The luck is like gambling, a soot  
From the chimney of the home.  
My sins concern me, like fire and ice,  
They flop, flip and fold in a paper-form,  
To write books of acts and messages,  
That luck writes, that sins are simpler.

Naveed Akram

# Lunch And Dinner

I have breakfast and lunch and dinner,  
Munching away forever and ever;  
The religion of some is furious and solid,  
Yesterday it was bigger than today  
But my day is always happy with fury,  
Its speed is falling everywhere,  
Velocity is the vector of your liking  
For you know the directions  
We possess.  
Our breakfast is taken in fullness,  
My lunch is ever so strange  
And supper chanced itself.

Naveed Akram

# Luxurious Books

The book is a plaque for the unread, dispositions  
Rely on the place it occupies with streaming gases;  
This object or item of luxury resigns for the items  
Opening their front door, like a cat has entered.  
The books are the cornerstone, they are founded  
By the countries of origin, little do they reject when caused.

This is the sufficient reason to belong to a family  
Of sensible propaganda, internal senses are again.  
My heart is madly in hatred over your kind,  
The reasons of this united hand is of the poles of sainthood  
That means solid oak, or aspen of the highest quality.  
Art and entertainment causes us to think over the certificates,  
As the books of old and ancient causes are sold on the places.

Naveed Akram

# Lycanthropy

Lyrical poetry is fantastic  
Lycanthropy may exert all  
The song contains a magical act  
Werewolves will be luxuriant  
And may their offspring commit

Lyricists shall complain  
Why do they sing as a howl?  
The answer lies in the moon  
A crescent moon  
That emerges from the sky when dark

Metres of rain are detected  
Followers of Satan shall convene  
Connected to each other  
The army of demonic virtue collides  
With the threatening nature of lycanthropy

They spit and splash in the mayhem  
Moons will pass as a howl  
The spring is not the summer  
And if you want to die  
Please do show the werewolf some luxury

Lycanthropes are against us  
As this war is the footman  
We cancel our metatarsus  
In those feet are symbols  
Emblems are attached signifying growing hair

Then the body is wrong  
We are werewolves  
Surprised and distrusted  
Feeling agony and talent  
Our war is over under the Moon

Naveed Akram

# Lying Heart

May liars roam the adventures to apply,  
Inside they have an organ to lie.  
They are slightly frivolous,  
Even thieves of the calculus.  
May the maths constrict the veins  
Opening the heart to bad regains,  
I watch the blood of a liar as such,  
Its beautiful colour is not much.  
May lying be a solution to the pain  
Of an evil man, an evil to be again.

Naveed Akram

# Mad Wells

The well of madness drifts into the sighing zone,  
Where a heart deserts another market of deceit;  
The aliens of dedicated murder are upon us,  
Just like the pack of wolves arriving in the dark,  
Forsaking all light that is delivered by the verses.

The well of mad health is ironic and deceitful,  
Killing the main diamond mine of this futile century;  
Keeping it, we dissolve in the solvents of minds,  
Like being a solution that drifts, maddening us  
Beyond the furthest reaches of the day and night.

The wheeling fortunate events are stigmas of days  
That speak of nights as their comrades, like the love  
Shared by a husband and wife; families have maidens  
So bright, daughters of the earth, and sons of wealth,  
This offspring is sacred to the welfare of the zone we desire.

Naveed Akram

## Madden Me Not

To madden me is enviable by some,  
Artificial wit is the cause of all guilt;  
My strange complexion speaks my tone,  
And the voice has been inherited.  
Our minds are incompatible and unsafe  
According to the laws of politics.  
One lad defies us now in speech,  
To madden it is to estrange them beyond belief.  
An incomplete soul is a life too toned  
In the disbelief unachievable and desperate.  
May logic still weep on the lines I have found  
To be the true words of the sort I call at home.

Naveed Akram

## Maddened By Them

Hit the men of maddening, gaseous calm,  
The real monsters of absolute palm,  
Dead are people of books who read  
And pave the way for humanity to lead.  
Hit munching men only twice,  
Ten times comes the peace of spice.  
I have to mean justice in this hour,  
The one substance mattering to a shower.

Naveed Akram

# Made Flesh

My mind made flesh and became the brain,  
Our wonderful nature is in us to exactly report;  
Be ignored, sew and stich, have tricks,  
But above all, take holy water as the best.

My comprehension is such that I preconceive  
The laws and justice of our very times.  
It is mere superstition to lie never in this world,  
Such items of knowledge remain the morning.

Naveed Akram

# Magic

My magic is dead  
Half of the time, half of it,  
So that mine is mine.

Naveed Akram

# Magic Within

The gurgling gypsies frolicked in the united hands of the sun,  
Lacking a ladder of fortitude and lacking the rebuttals of modernity;  
One hidden thrown object confronted the mass and entities,  
One rock had provided a saturation and an indignant air so long for all.  
This philharmonic object was an item of magic for the few who frolicked,  
Indeed it permeated the realms of beautiful sorcery, liking the tongue of winters.  
We were historic and objective when we sighed with the gypsies  
In their air of transmittance, a weathered breed they had become.  
Many balls of light danced solely for the pleasure of penalties  
That dazzled the young pets of the gypsy, the gypsies had begun.

Naveed Akram

# Magical Song

The magic of a song unearths a singer,  
This dwarf of beauty envies nothing;  
The entrenched soul is like a dragon  
Of smoke and fiery breathing in songs.  
The elves die, the elves are big in their black  
Crafts that permeate the known magical world.  
The magic of a song antagonises my song,  
Eyes of silver see secrets so human.  
I meant to be something known,  
I wished the days of my life were far,  
And so songs inhabit the evil life.  
To flee is to barter with the satanic devils,  
Fate has much wealth.

Naveed Akram

# Magical Wishes

Magic, so obvious to the magician's eye,  
Is like perhaps angels appearing,  
And winds blowing from nowhere  
To be kept by the magician in sealed bottles.  
It is sure that beauty is eventful,  
That messages are written for the mission,  
Understanding them needs emotions.

The hands of a priest hold tightly the key  
To what is supernatural.  
If he is asked to politely  
Open this irritating gate  
He demands a prayer to be performed,  
For nature to slide and be unbalanced: -  
Supernatural flames antagonise our spirits,  
A disaster has occurred from our wishes,  
Fires must be extinguished, that of Black Magic.

Naveed Akram

# Magnificent Bread

The bread stales forcing us to eat something else,  
Food will be consumed for our heaven is near.  
Describe my illness for all to hear,  
I place into categories the engineers and doctors  
Who are youths and our elders,  
Forcing behaviour from bread and other ingredients;  
Then they force the enforcers, the Law, to listen  
To their dietary laws and want them to listen.  
I formed bubbles of splendour watching them,  
From my bathtub, in and out I climbed.  
The bread will be consumed,  
The bread is magnificent.

Naveed Akram

# Magnificent Health

One of the letters was bland and the ice was thick,  
Wells are plenty, wells are much.  
For the years of this day are exactly minute,  
Microscopically a welcome has been replaced.  
We see open circuits with something of the reward,  
Cables must restore the hindered people,  
Cabling achieves features from the world.

Let the ontology begin once more,  
The fishermen of life are inside us,  
Let fishes really adjust towards us.

A blind eye must be avoided,  
Pink things are all clamped,  
Let the fishermen be lobster catchers,  
And they see crabs from the froth and scum  
Of the sea of salty streams.

One letter becomes a word of the reality,  
The words are preying on us with splendour,  
So keep the rest of the days and nights  
With magnificent health.

Naveed Akram

## Main Definition

The main definitions of understanding are open,  
Entwining the days with inclinations of fiction.  
The brine of the sea is similar to the sweetness  
Of a language and the language of humans.  
One is designed to computerize industry  
And feel the loneliness of the laws that govern.  
We are colour-blind, and the eyes shall dine  
On the innocence that conquers the perturbed.  
A biosphere conceals my soul as an eternal rumour,  
Commanding my senses like the senses of animals.  
We are braver than the men who chant songs  
And the music has disappeared due to ages of laughing.

Naveed Akram

# Make The Heart Glad

Make a glad being in your heart  
For the adored one, who collapses his feelings  
On the loving of individuals and their health.  
A house has been unhappy from our loving  
And the raising of opinion.  
Express him, the man who opposes,  
And learn how to excel and expel,  
How to be a speech of a man who loses his heart.

Naveed Akram

# Make The Money

Sitting at home can bring a new pleasure,  
Sizes of the rooms can bring enjoyment.  
Sit by and watch television, listen to radio,  
Do not involve with the outside world.

The world is just bigger than your house,  
It is explored by the big men, who are serving themselves.  
They are bigger and better than the rest,  
To name a few could mean calamity.

Smaller than the mightiness of God is the ordinary man,  
As if the big men are worth too much splendour,  
As if the nature of the smaller man in his home is only father,  
Like the money has churned from money, not from God.

Does it grow on trees in the back garden?  
Do you see the leaves wilting and dying?  
Then if they do, you are like them too.  
You will have to be bigger and better, so that you are too big.

Life indoors can be rewarding,  
But outside you must explore,  
To be ranked as a money-maker.

Naveed Akram

# Maker Of Horror

He who is a hoaxer is a Holocaust-maker,  
He falsely accuses the imagination to wander.  
He is a double-crosser, his mind agitates,  
Those traitors travel and cook.  
May I act in abundance so tonight I may cheat,  
As I ruin trickster, and intrigue the believer.  
My belief is on a wall, where written is a page,  
Planning me a making of the horror I saw.

Naveed Akram

# Making Buildings

The piece-rate for making buildings rises  
As you build more suddenly and quickly.  
Pilfering justifies the innocent as they speak,  
But does it mean goodness?  
He is a pie-eater, a man so much hominoid,  
Furious winds are horrific when there is goodness.  
Look at the rain gauge to see why the weather barks  
At the bulk of the land and sea.  
The pieces we join are collected to describe  
The state of the buildings, the very engineering.

Naveed Akram

# Malefactors

Some malefactors divide the society,  
Some cause illness to distinguish density.  
This is not bad administration but an emblem of trust,  
A logo of some importance, but not exactly catchiest.  
The madding crowd is obliterated by the felons  
Who stage unimportant work, the real abominations.  
The moustache of a criminal will lift higher  
When he lies and pants for forcing the life easier.  
This generates long-drawn-out affairs  
When a garment is broken, and only who cares  
What garlands are mended on the arrival of felons  
If felonies are broken by the police additions.

A gargantuan payment has been brought  
By the mayor of the city of felony,  
Any malefactors will perish from the garlands.

Naveed Akram

# Malice

Malicious people are in states of anger due to malice,  
Your relics and magical artifacts concern those callous.

Naveed Akram

# Man

If ever the stealth of a man is in the asking,  
Your favour has been read and fully stated.  
It is man and woman that are the places of justice,  
They reside in their heads, as man does!

Naveed Akram

# Man And Woman Of Success

The man of success is the man of lambs,  
He is sacrificed and blessed due to godliness;  
Then the moral philosopher has spoken of his  
Illness and ailment and disease that threatens,  
The men of thought are indeed too divine for this.

To think is to succeed, to bless is to unite,  
For the further the mood of laughter  
Is further the thought of humour, the need  
To succeed is considerably great,  
And learned men have to prosper.

The man of theft shall die and deliver a crown  
To the king of all success, to finish the find;  
This time a solute has been in a solvent,  
And the seas have spoken, for the speech  
Of this queenly beast is like hunger of goods.

Naveed Akram

# Man Is In Heaven

Where is my house in heaven?  
Is the mocking going on,  
When the heavenly rage has become zero?  
Truly the heresy has its faults,  
And the apostate can argue with sin,  
A sinful man or woman.

Too many times the leader of humans  
Is against all lusts of humans,  
And the living has happened all the time.  
Humans have a right as much as Man,  
And you offer Him a place in heaven  
If you soon think he is good and ten too good.

Naveed Akram

# Man Of Avarice

When the city is empty we come get warm,  
With one worn cloth, with one won birth.  
This city of lights adventurously emits life,  
Fugitives abuse the sixty years and two days.  
When crime comes with a tramp we object  
To criminal actions, the dogs distance us  
As we scare them towards the borders and walls.  
A tower must determine the properness  
Of trials that aren't another empty box.  
We stand motionless, seeing them stop  
With races and battles, wars and unions.  
Peace has a technology of its own,  
The same as the young lady who weds  
The living men of the century.  
When the city explodes and reunites with heaven,  
Or when it places the markers of disrespect,  
We exploit the loyal people who crowd around  
A revolutionary leader, despicable man of avarice.

Naveed Akram

# Man Of Her

A couple of weeks ago her clothes  
Were a source of distress for her;  
She was locally found examining the relics  
With shoes to shine and to show the ideal time.  
One tribal habit after another was found  
In the mists of time here in this same day.  
How much of that diffidence did she  
Say with the heart and head?  
A few years ago her monument  
Was a source of distress to her,  
Examining where she was located.  
Her dead body lay in the ruins one day  
Due to stab marks and other generally  
Incredulous wounds.

Too many bites of the werewolf were found  
Locally, how much of that companionship  
Was ever in need?

Naveed Akram

# Man Who Acts

Here is a man who acts and asks questions of certain acts,  
These actions we observe of this person are invisible artifacts.

Naveed Akram

# Man With A Lapel

I saw a lapel on his begrimed shirt,  
With all the decent colours, indication  
That he wanted to scrutinize me when I watched.

Hearts are made for electrical cities,  
With every body, with every one in command,  
And underneath is a lagoon of sewage and bodies.

Who is that 'man' or should I say 'ghost'?  
That man needs affection, not a wrong stare and glare,  
He is not my body or coat, he is conspirator and host.

I saw label on his top-shirt, I recall,  
And I never want to see him again.

Naveed Akram

# Man's Hug

Hugging as a man  
Is like the embrace of her  
Who likes him much more

Naveed Akram

# Man's Work

The work of a man is human and the ability  
To forsake his concerns outside, to collect love  
Of his own being and concentrate on humility.  
Brave requests are being made, been accomplished  
By those in difficulty.  
This difficulty is too much for one of us,  
Some of us will resign for the good,  
Some of us will reign supreme,  
Just let yourself be the next event in the work.  
The humans will work their way for the better,  
No wrecks are found hopefully.

Naveed Akram

# Manage It

Goats manage a slick of oil to be anointed by their owners,  
Farms, lounges, and rooms of splendour come with powers.

Naveed Akram

# Managed By Miscreants

The terrors of tomorrow collide with monsters  
To observe the days of honour,  
Those fruitful events of the orders of man.  
These events command swimming sailors,  
Those few miscreants engaged in idol-worship;  
A management was an altar of the highest virtue  
And duty. I do not know fortnights and weeks  
Of pleasure.

The terra firma formed from the crust  
Excels with our spirits of jars and armour.  
The whole pottery emerges in the form of thoughts  
Thoroughly excellent.  
The terror shades the self from the sun or the star  
That reigns over shaking earth.  
My terrible tense world is afire,  
Without the needs of an acting monster.

Naveed Akram

# Management And Disaster

Have you not got it and had it,  
In the way is a man who has got it.  
For what is my stay on the world,  
If politician celebrates the festival  
And economist puts off the occasion  
Only today I say.

This is an expensive issue and habits are long,  
And habits are everlasting to the immortal action.  
Long ago you described this expense,  
And the wand is used again. Just for now.

Naveed Akram

# Maniacal

It were maniacs swearing in the dark,  
Difficult acts were launched, feeding the apples  
In the throats, nudging them with knees  
And words through them.

They adjusted their eyes for once,  
Blood dripped like fat from their knuckles  
As beating hearts spilled their fountains  
For all the heretics among them.

It were maniacs in the dust,  
Food of a homicide, inner specks of dust  
Were born to subdue and produce,  
What a bloody fight for them!

Naveed Akram

# Manliness Of Man

The manliness of pseudo affectionate rooms  
Elastically reminds me of joy inadvisable.  
The wall of the jaguar is faithful to the essential men,  
Walking in the arachnid-filled swamps and marshes.  
The manliness of the jungle shall be of ecclesiastical  
Help and domination.  
I am the electricity of their days this way and that,  
Sleuths subtly sum up the squalor,  
This is much to scramble after chasms of action.  
Then adventure pre illuminates the dying days,  
Regents are the barons of this jungle  
After the French have disappeared.  
Deteriorated troopers of the stars have oratorically  
Reminded mankind of its suffering.

Naveed Akram

# Manly

I love my brain as an intellectual man,  
It contains and drinks like an able man.

The body collides with another joy,  
Many-sided people are normal like a man.

This man I am interferes with joy,  
It is intellect that I adore and mingle as a man.

For women the result is the same if desired,  
Your folly is not solid, not mindful, like a man.

Forces are with the sword I concoct again  
As a foolish weapon, with power of a vandal who is a man.

The people who see this are considerable,  
Their likes are as necessary as the valuable man.

Naveed Akram

# Manly Combat

A man upsets another man after some time has elapsed,  
The combats of the century confer with each other;  
We fight to survive in the ways of grace and malice,  
Our fighting supposes a danger too fast and mighty.

When this day we fight for the rules and commodities,  
We see a saintly argument erupting to the same,  
The same agreements have married to the youth,  
And the old have survived for all the life we stay.

Naveed Akram

# Manly Dreams

In this manly dream kingdom we stay,  
With such clothes, such distinct thoughts  
Of the way our existence stays in time with laws,  
And singing voices walk on the ceiling  
Whenever the operas begin somersaulting.

This dream is more distant than the eye,  
Wearing logic of a kindness that is grand.  
They nightly dream and daily dream in torchlight,  
For the effect to deliver is crafted from wines.  
A flower breaks away and interrupts us in the wake  
Of hours not minutes.

The ambush has been committed, lowering  
The anguish of a hundred years,  
Or what is called a century,  
And not a millennium.

Naveed Akram

# Manly Matter

Good is a manly matter,  
Of light nature he is weighed  
By the location he stood.  
A sticky affair is too good  
And may boasting be the bruise  
Of a placed man in the field of his love.  
Goodness may quench the thirst of women  
As good people shall ride on the wings  
Of all sincerity, the natural stroke.  
Good can be mean when mixed  
And collected with bigness,  
So that he summons a spirit who barks  
So mad, so bad.  
I am too inflicted and I am in a sticky affair.

Naveed Akram

# Manly Talk

I am manly for the men who talk,  
Over the barriers and obstacles,  
Very entertaining also contenting  
To talk over issues we love and hate.

Talk is a goal of the mighty stranger,  
Inside their hearts are many tasks,  
Fulfilling the people of modernity  
As this world revolved, always in a slow way.

Naveed Akram

# Many Are Charming

Many stride a way too hard, too eager,  
Then eagles fly towards the target of deceit.  
Lulling the birds of voices carries a charm,  
Kicking and squealing left it, left the goal and charm.

Losing geese makes me a loser,  
Birds are pretty and beautiful as the year.  
Upper classes make the lower classes  
Work hard as a labour too ancient and charming.

I have dictionaries to stain the carpet with wine,  
My legs and feet run along the lines of fire.

Naveed Akram

# Many Badges

Many badges basket wishes of our people,  
This beef concerns us in every way;  
Airports of this century battle against foes,  
To see their boots climbing in our mind.  
This world accuses the burdensome people,  
The terror of our wild drums into the scene.  
Many fled from occupying forces,  
These bricks were brothers, called warriors.  
They made war a dream of reality, the carnage  
Of our days and nights, the reality of all the world.  
The world was combining its forces  
To conquer a world too fierce.  
This bubbles from streams of this creamy planet,  
Boys rumble fortunately to match their girls.

Naveed Akram

# Many Boast

Many forts dig and dig better,  
Much of the time we believe cleverer.  
To click on tomorrow is a joy,  
Understand this more for your ploy.

The car of danger is driven from a mountain,  
Never do religions believe so like acceleration.  
Absolute sums better than most  
Drive us and expel us to boast.

Naveed Akram

# Many Giants

I was many and many ages ago,  
In a notion beside the word,  
That a mighty giant fought with words  
That you know from misery of reading and perusal.

There experiments took place by the giant  
Called Archer Main, a man of a giant;  
And this giant he lived with no other reason  
Than to adorn the skies and land.

For a while the giant lost its weapon of words,  
Forcing blows against dragons and distress;  
A gale rushed forth, rivers of milk flowed  
Into the valley from the snowy mountains.

My beautiful giant faced many ages of trouble,  
Blowing out tragedy,  
But also craziness and insanity,  
A wind also blew the house of his limbs.

Naveed Akram

# Many Gods

Gods are too many in one religion-  
That is an asking of much distaste.

Gods are like religions of adjustment,  
Lots of them would affect us in different ways.

Gods may produce laughter,  
But Thor is no good with thunder.

Gods are not selling me objects,  
Due to the weather and frame of mind.

I live with gods and goddesses  
For I am a job to do with the highest ones.

Naveed Akram

# Many Have Striven

I solve the problems of a meaner tyrant  
Who lives within the weird domain,  
Many have striven.

I see a condemned man after the rise  
Of the sun and stars that appear,  
Much has been signed.

I look to the heavens with gazing sight,  
Of those who hear also hear,  
May we surprise the ghosts.

I find in the criminal sky a wondrous sign,  
Of an offer that descends and delivers,  
Mighty rivers flow beneath you.

Naveed Akram

# Many Humans

I have an essential quality  
To share with humans of height,  
Over the oceans, over the glaciers,  
Seaweeds are varied, seas are worries,  
On the table a statue appears.

It speaks slowly, with sentences,  
Trying an intelligent world with words  
Of slowness, quiet audiences  
Bicker and hate, bicker and hate,  
Forcing the cars into submission.

I have this humanity, I have a sky  
Of worry and delight, it comes and goes,  
It sleeps and wakes, it jokes and cries.  
My chair has ascended like life in its beauty,  
Many thoughts are falling into my chest.

Naveed Akram

# Many Lower Animals

The lower animals brush past the bells of festivals,  
Infer from traditions what people see in superiority,  
They are products of intellect submerged by the desert,  
Because the weapon or snare is physics and politics,  
When the questioning is highly probable, when new  
Inventions cease into wars, or other attacks become a  
Real indigo sea, fulfilling the majesty of your own self.

Or maybe the lights are highly possible, very deserting,  
And extremely delicious according to the tongue;  
Free speech alienates one man and brings another malefactor  
Into the cosmic cycle, embroiling us with mayhem  
Mattering to the inherited beings.

Naveed Akram

# Many Signs

There are many signs to be terms,  
As we create the hearts and minds;  
The list would be tremendous,  
Suggesting the ins-and-outs of regiments.

Great seats of learning bark at terms  
Of learning, as shooting appears  
And the spirit of alacrity disappears  
From the view of those who exist.

My opinion matters to repeaters  
Who delve into other mattresses,  
These quilts of comfort and joy,  
That have offered service and relish.

Naveed Akram

# Many Speak Like Giants

Many giants stagger at the battle they have fought,  
Fighting inhibits the brain that rides and sways;  
It innocently speaks, the wars bespeak to count,  
So then fighting designs a right of conduct;  
Many giants fall at their age of reason,  
Reasons fell from the clouds and smothered with rain.  
The real message awaits to see me as gigantic  
And huge for the purpose,  
I can wait and observe the crowd of people,  
Watching is their insult and I have observed.

Naveed Akram

# Many Suns

A thousand suns rise in the dawn,  
One of them is ours to stay all the morning;  
Let moons be damned yesterday,  
The stars of the night come out to play.  
Losing the days defines the personality,  
Dismissing the nights creates illegality.  
We may interrogate the soul over height of wisdom,  
But mighty words strike us in the very night.

Naveed Akram

# Many Towns And Villages

And how many towns and villages were burnt?  
The connectors of the the whole fire were burnt.  
How did the heat energy escape into the air of art,  
When it smoked twirling habits of grey silk?  
My town terrifies the sailor in me as I ride the waves  
Shifting to the seasons of my hopes and cares.  
I must flee fortunately, my disagreement is in this  
Volume of work I wrote so much surplus inside.  
The towns were on fire, the towns were on fire,  
And I did not desire the lifting of the banners.  
It was our punishment, our crime and misdemeanour,  
This side of town, when the rain touched  
And delivered its spray of logos, in the event  
Of everything so absorbing and true.

Naveed Akram

# Many Wands

Many play with wands and dazzle the dreamers,  
Pain amasses to beleaguer the masses, the tonnes;  
But material worlds collect drops of oil and water,  
To this end matters close, like the judgement.  
Since time has emptied the beliefs of the vanquished,  
We stride along footpaths, we march along the avenues.  
My names strike into the hearts of the greatest people,  
A numberless crew that survive on the winds of change.

Naveed Akram

# Map Of This World

A map of the world unfurls like a scroll,  
Forwards they march into the landscape  
That scatters with its levers and bows,  
Its bowels and valleys of gold,  
Its devastation and oblivion,  
The carnage and waste, of a time  
That staggers at the immensity.

My map is of the world in union,  
Years have won their pride as a cloth  
Worn to the brim, worn to the trim,  
Liking a spread wing with another swim,  
This orderly arrangement is tantamount  
To sin folding with sin and more hurt,  
Living within the boldness of life.

My innocence is sold to those with prices  
Too crafty and collapsed, tainted by hues  
Of the real slaves who sin and relish;  
A staggering time is upon the integers,  
Natural life will nullify the obscure night,  
And natural life opposes my tooth  
Like a bleeding tense muscle.

Naveed Akram

# Marches Of The River

Marches of the river are like serpents,  
And dragons are somewhat of the huger serpent.  
These gigantic monsters share the skies  
With the darker human, who lifts his face at them.  
Through the swamp we have the moon and stars,  
Allowing fugitives, patrolling goblins shall cry.  
They have daggers, explaining the shouting,  
Talking to a girl is not a river march,  
Talking and conversing makes you a goblin,  
You are not a superhuman.  
Dragons attract them faster than the skies,  
Hugest serpents walk the face of this farcical  
Planet, so plain and ordinary, maybe delightful.

Naveed Akram

# Marching Beyond

I passionately walk as a soldier, the marching is swearing,  
And I stride too hard, I stroke the pillar that is abusing.

My bridge collapses after a few bombs of calamity,  
Abnormal strikes harness the activity of my abnormality.

Absent generals work miracles, as they stroke their cats,  
Leading us in misery, with every strategy, with their chats.

Finally, the war ends too late, this war is always roaming,  
It saddens my heart within the boundaries that keep adding.

Naveed Akram

# Marching In Numbers

The folly of numbers are grand, as they march  
To and fro, along the lands and seas of steam,  
Over hills and mountains going away far,  
To keep alliances and share prizes,  
So grand are risings of the sun, the sun,  
And the mean women are lost in the sun.  
They shall never win over crews so large,  
Carrying firepower, easy joy from a large power,  
It stings the woman, and displays men  
As they really are in the sun and at night.  
The number of men and women in combat  
Equalled the deceased ones, the same as anything.

Naveed Akram

# Marching One

March along time to eradicate the one,  
Forcing us into stronger ties, more lies;  
This pit of dreams forbids us to mutter,  
To utterances of the last sort we prize.  
Many folds of paper occur, before the one,  
This letter is open now in his hands.  
The less a man occupies the spirit  
The more his accusations are wrong.  
Marching is only walking faster for some,  
Yet they loath the one, the one they loath.

Naveed Akram

# Marching Troops

Exert distance and take gigantic steps,  
With pity the wicked shall make steps:  
Who shall win and adjourn?  
Who will carry the flag of victory?  
A race is won on the steps taken,  
And innocence must win again.  
Soldiers who do hear the request of their generals,  
Will face death when the dying occurs,  
No soldier or troop or cavalier is exempt - they grind.  
Who shall gain their victory?  
You know and you know.

Naveed Akram

# Marriage

Leave us with love to join us,  
Music and song realises our design;  
The whole sceptre of education  
Aids my longing for a brighter future.  
The chief of learning understands,  
And those of nature see a state of disregard.  
Let us not be savages but heroes  
Of the same flesh, the meat of humans,  
Always in company.

Naveed Akram

## Married To A Doctor

Married to a doctor the daughter is freed from him,  
It is her emancipation, the affair of decent jests;  
One slavery is far greater to become  
And that is patriotic duty, the very happiness is about.

The way to this different family is to peep into laughter,  
To become a very business man is the real joy.  
A doctor has left the family, for the absence is valid,  
And his practice is a rebellion from the very heart.

Naveed Akram

# Marshes

The bog and marsh condemn you,  
Eternal is this gain of your few  
Who wear a costume of colours,  
Inward is the feeling of counsellors.  
They advise and lecture on weather  
That superbly displays youth and feather.  
We are experts too bold of the marsh,  
In this is knowledge to drain - so harsh!

Naveed Akram

# Martian Abduction

They spoke to aliens on the bridge,  
Who were the faces? What could we envisage?  
The aliens subjected us to torture,  
When we met them, who was the abductor?  
It was a Martian of red colour,  
The colour of magic and creature.  
I love it not for the pain it created,  
And the suffering with which it abducted.

Naveed Akram

# Martian Bodies

A megaphone blared for the martians,  
Martians and more martian bodies collected  
Their staring ways to the starry black night.  
My bloodied nose was a nose for the telling  
Of death that darkened the daily joy.  
My megastore ran to the fore and melted  
While boiling to knees of gold.  
Unimpressed, the signal left a light behind,  
An upstairs window formed a stain  
Of the stress residing in the evening time.

A fierce protest converted a quaint man  
Who enlivened the mood of the city this night.  
A migrant was appearing to descend on this  
Sorry, starry night of dreams that folded inside.  
A voice of words and speech caused us to  
Disagree, with the Martian telling its story  
On the wrong footing, onto the strong disdain.  
I would join the bloodied noise, this proletariat  
Ignored me forever when the time had ended  
In the wake of an achy sign, so lovely a sign.

Naveed Akram

# Mash Him

To mash a murderer is to subjugate a thief,  
This I reserve for the lonely, a matter so brief.  
Must the system be our momentum, the phantom,  
So hurried sacredly that witnesses appear in autumn.  
The real man behind it can be a dustpan,  
The brush is another one of men who is an anchorman.  
The crime is solved by the stuck and the statistics,  
A real man can, he can commit murder when bricks.

Naveed Akram

# Mask

Matey with masks of a standard  
You are a mass of ugliness, with mascara  
I put swords to the throat in this order  
Offering you neutrons so nervous  
A full nelson is about my perversity  
What is this premonition?  
Matey with the requisites of strength  
I am a superfluous nature in my words  
Preparation read, my art devils in laughter  
Of your eyelashes all the way  
Skirmishes resolve afterwards  
To be me afterwards

Naveed Akram

# Masses

The movement of the masses enlightens the few,  
Those leaders revolve around you, and they are too.  
The figure of importance revolves around the star  
That first laid its eyes on you as you succumbed.  
Then the wars fought for your benefit were victorious  
Due to the goals attached, due to loving you.  
That love invents me, that hate desires me,  
Likes and dislikes are irrelevant over my fortune.

Naveed Akram

# Massive

In each of us a vanished light exists,  
Such chemistry tempers the steel called the body.  
The best of the physics is afraid of a companion,  
And so mathematical bodies of light annex  
By the morning and awaken the enlightened few.

These all reassemble translated to light and darkness,  
The unfolding is afraid of these happenings,  
This being to the godlike entities is spared of all,  
The light is taken from the darkness,  
The best of all there is to assemble dies away.

The surfacing brain is accustomed to reports  
Of blindness in this estranged universe,  
The vanished light within resounds in the galaxies,  
Like the future whorls of a day that defies,  
And who will define further the destinies of masses?

Naveed Akram

# Massive Bursts

There are massive bursts of light and dark work,  
From lifeless hands, their making of heaven is done.  
You really must be nuisance and idiocy to react  
To the bursting in of rays, the crumbling of might.  
Astronomic sentences forsake the pain and work,  
Then the stars are fully mooned, and really planets  
Orbit for the middle of the night, in the medium of the dark.  
It is growing dark now, fully forming like stars,  
These nights terribly saved me after a heart has been struck.

Naveed Akram

# Masterful And Powerful

I have a dozen wars in this world,  
One of them entices the ones swirled;  
A dream works half of the time like tennis,  
I have to speak and work and reminisce.  
These sleepers are obscure on this land,  
For they obliterate and condemn beforehand.  
Find the banned brothers of bantering beasts,  
I like to see them in their pride, like the priests.

Feel towards the words of the all-powerful,  
For they respect as the respectable and masterful.

Naveed Akram

# Mastering A Wishful Stanza

Mastering a thought may be enthusiastic  
But soldiers of the grave find one only,  
And this thought resounds in the heavens,  
Neighbours of the army are selfishly in love.  
Mastering a straw can drive a volley to extinction,  
Infiltrating the callow wanderers is like folly.  
But the ice-cream is melting whilst you fight,  
And the starvation is relentless dutifully.  
My thought carries a thinker's quest,  
Ossifying the thanking and grateful look.  
When do we understand men who undertake  
A funeral of the whole triangle?  
Returning to similar shapes, we behold them not,  
We smile and taste the different animals of the day,  
Plants precociously smile like similitudes  
Of my wishful stance and stanza.

Naveed Akram

# Masters Of The Stars

The star above our masters is brighter  
Than the brightest light in close communion.  
This starry sky of beaming fortunes corrects  
The soul when it gazes at the realm of wishes.

For the stars at night collapse and shine tonight,  
Fixing their glare at the worthy ones on lands  
Overlooked by the majestic bright ones so glad,  
The bright ones are the great beautiful ones.

My star at night is not my companion of old,  
Nor is the light reaching our depths a tragic  
Ending to the tale of little life, of light infantry  
And rolling cavalry, the minor drama is abed.

Naveed Akram

# Mathematical Reasons

We have algebra and geometry,  
And all the waters of education.  
Long summers possess long issues,  
The doors and windows open for the long-life.  
Forming a reason for living is inside nature,  
Natural reasons turn into recognised truths;  
Returning the gestures of the night.  
How do players of the night relax?  
With algebra is a letter for the night,  
And geometry shows us its shape.

Naveed Akram

# Maths Discovery

Turn into circles as we drag our spheres,  
The shapes are plentiful, maybe the danger.  
Inside we feel creepy, crawling into supper,  
But the circles are condemning us in their glory.  
The glory is shaking my head, crept upon  
By mathematicians so awesome in writing.  
The awe of lords and gentlemen is grand,  
Grand is this pleasant news, so pleasant, pleasant news.

Naveed Akram

# Matrices

The matrix is going, it desisted dutifully,  
You just popped into the head of hurt;  
A film finds another film of favours, it is  
Moving from scene to scene, a sequel  
Is untouched, for a clown is a brainy man.

Passion bursts like a smiling clown, awkward  
Feelings with his popsicle stand.  
The apparatus for dentistry fabricates the mode,  
My evergreen trees are in the window,  
Rugs roll under the feet of shoe and clothing.

The matrix is going to further resorts of the heraldry,  
It fulfilled the mission, electroplating the skin.  
The polymers transgress from too many osmotic pressures,  
Too many enzymes make us humans in fit condition,  
I am etching a symbol for my skin, flaky when sad.

Naveed Akram

# Mattering

I matter to weaknesses in my life,  
These craters of joy are misspelt,  
Like the enjoyment of a planet,  
As we saw all that exists.  
Let the world enjoy us at last,  
Losing some of us in wars and battles,  
Skirmishers must never have us,  
Skirmishers must dine on their lice.  
To find the geese is to find matters  
Of the food and milk we eat and drink.  
This fluid is milk and we are milk,  
Filling our stomachs from too many cups.

Naveed Akram

# May It Travel

May the travel be polite and wholesome,  
Like a soldier and a general in comparison,  
Like a player of books and stationery,  
Last of all, like the prose of a writer.

May living a line of laughter be a line of work  
And worth, so that laughter ensues.  
I endure a cure from the doctors of leap years,  
Those lunatics that manage to cut the life so much.

Travelling that deep is too far into success,  
Inside me is a manager of wits, of love with one.  
They thread along the clothes, these tailors are in love with us.  
My love for textiles has improved:  
May you promise others to wear a travelling mission,  
That is always to know for a deep success.

Naveed Akram

# Maze Of Power

Where were you when powers were to blame?  
Return to the cities of treasure when it is time.  
Going into cities of gold, the gates were bombarded  
And the gates were opened to the people of cowardice.  
You are not too treasured as a time is,  
You are selfless when others are selfish,  
Your pen runs thin after a line of ink.  
May blame be given not forsaken,  
The men who are plain with transgression  
Are to be in a fountain of blood.  
The blood of places is the blood of reward,  
We see like others in this maze of buildings.

Naveed Akram

# Me And My Job

My job carried a life, its burden was strong,  
As I burnt along.  
My job blamed me and my tools  
For being ashamed of rules.  
My crying was a delight, forceful and right,  
Yet brothers gave sight.  
My tennis became perfect, as superb as supper,  
One day I was upper.  
My job means much to me, and my family,  
As then I have civility.

Naveed Akram

# Me And My Pet

My pet has died.  
I saw him buried knee deep  
In the garden, next to a real emblem.

Some time in this day,  
The weapon is my pet cat,  
Ronny so he is called,  
Also by the sky and the land  
And the very sea.

I'll speak of sadness as a last resort,  
I have a companion in my midst  
And he is called Lucifer.

He is a friendship known to those with sticks,  
Like that of a man with them.

He used to be my friend,  
My dad was death now and then,  
But so mimes me in ways of man.

Naveed Akram

## Me And Wine

I want my tea as much as wine,  
Happy farm of fascination;  
These liqueurs converge as liquids  
Scorning the very rituals so blessed by some.  
They exasperate me as far as heaven,  
Yielding rapid results, gainful memories  
So helpful to convergence, the reality.  
Illicit markets never sell too many liqueurs,  
Incurable illnesses diverge filling the glasses.  
A silhouette of a man tends to be interesting  
Like the goal of civilisation.  
Tea and coffee are not the wines in cups  
That taste, and blend into more liquid.  
The happy farm we concentrate upon  
Is the happiest one by far.

Naveed Akram

# Measure Him

Measure a man by the years of his summary of other men,  
And women,  
And children,  
And animals.

We are animals of people in nature among the masses of men and women.  
We are a summary of a holiness,  
And that is belonging to the Lord.  
Our minds have to ruminare,  
Have to puzzle  
And must dream  
Until the rooms cave in  
And our souls take pain over other souls.

Souls need victory to keep on enlightening.

Naveed Akram

# Meat To Eat

To care is too disastrous for me now,  
I die, I die, and I did try this night  
To stay alive, from warmth and anyhow,  
Like supper; like them and then start to bite.

The steaks do taste with juice, like a melon,  
But of the earth, of one small animal,  
They happen in an instant - abandon!  
One animal will be this abysmal.

I fry the onion, on a bright flame,  
I eat those bagels as the little fool,  
May seasons take a flame as a small game,  
The onions, the onions are tool.

Let one of us so eat the plate in time,  
Then share, then share with us, without a rhyme.

Naveed Akram

# Medicine

Peace grows out of joy for the unity of brethren,  
I fell for light, forging a plan towards an acceleration;  
It left a print of power, joyous beauty was about,  
I fetched the box offered to me as sign of the bout  
That kept wishes and sauces, the result of anarchy  
From the bad food eaten, calling for the need of dermatology.  
Doctors inspired peace, that summoned heaven,  
It accepted us by sudden manoeuvres, from the churchman.  
Heavenly medicine is a token of beautiful enterprise,  
The medicine to taste guesses and does anaesthetize.

Naveed Akram

# Meditating

The still air joins the still earth,  
We learn of the ground and the principles.  
I turn my thoughts to my side,  
And enter the void, this excites me.

This energy-consumption is absolutely small,  
It seems more than the fuel of Hell  
For we are not scared of knowledge  
And the next life is sacred.

The concepts I describe for all are simple,  
Judge the beauty of my knowledge finally.

Naveed Akram

# Meditation

In the meditation room, a top man sways,  
His thoughts relayed throughout the galaxy;  
Delighted in some swaying piracy,  
Innocently the sentence unwinds to see rivers.  
In the meditated hour, it begins to suggest a controversy,  
For a man resolutely abandons his task.  
Underneath the sea is a bed of iron,  
Steel has been thought as a hard strain,  
Toughness is assault, a ready session of hate.

Naveed Akram

# Meek Mind

My mild mind is meek and I do caress your thought  
That inhabits your mind.

My manner inhibits stress, the very lamb of distress,  
Each spot of anxiety is manufactured.

The smell of your teeth is cruel when you bite  
For the food is a whim, a wish and forethought.

The inner thinking brain studied thoughts so fabulous  
From the living centre we have named.

The teeth are like pencils of lead  
That draw on thoughts of food.

Naveed Akram

# Meeting Salaried People

Hundred men and thousand women have applied,  
But four I take on as weak and five I take on as fit.  
Forty I find I like and fifty I want so tight, to be.  
Yet the fifteen I try to see if I like, the rule does not say I like!  
Only one or two can have found too soon the beautiful dream  
    come true.

Naveed Akram

# Megalomania

I believe I was hugely taller than mighty mountains,  
My deeds outweighed the heavens and the earth  
For their rights and wrongs of the former eras.  
I believe my size was a maiden of sentiments,  
The fathers of the kind were themselves kindness,  
So aged and reputed due their size that seized the role.

A fantastic bridge was climbable by the thinkers of trumpets  
That a penetrating investigation revealed biggest thoughts,  
Maligning us with vigour too startling, too concrete.  
The overly complimented mind felt memories of sorting  
And acting, dreams were left on the stage to master  
And to ascertain with interpretations and deductions.

Naveed Akram

# Memories Of Savages

Where have all the memories gone?  
When festivals turn into wars  
The beliefs become facts,  
The wood cracks and breaks,  
And you leave your chamber.  
Now fly through the walls,  
Fly so that mercy enters the heart.

The rugged ruins glow like diamonds  
That display themselves with intelligence.  
A cephalic ceremony resides on the facade,  
Aqueous brothers have dined on them.

There found is a drapery, for consulting this  
An event exists, but these savages swear  
To their demigod the cry for war and peace  
Simultaneously like two birds with two wings each.  
The contest is strong.

The residence lines the area, light has prevailed  
Like the closing of a sin and a deed of health.  
It must be the angry sun so starry in the sky,  
Tenaciously it climbs and rids us of merciful events.

Naveed Akram

# Memories Of Youth

Memories of youth are emerging, desisting, then reemerging,  
Fully apt for the taking, magically presented by the mind.  
Youth is a wonderful endeavour of the rich, the blamed,  
Who struck their riches in health as well as wealth.  
Health is far superior to the strength of a business,  
This business is sick and final, working like a trick.  
We describe fully a general air, a young memory of worth,  
This joy brings full dreaming and dreams so splendid a spectacle,  
We enjoy themselves, the dreams are forcing their way through  
Like a soldier of strong bravery, the worst enemy is against him.

Naveed Akram

# Men And Monsters

How does passion ignite the days  
Of the year, and flowers of the rain?  
My offering to some is a fellowship,  
Into many days of the year, that are rays.  
They'd shine for you like capsized boats,  
Hollering like monkeys in quicksand.  
The day strongly empowers the night  
With verses of young damage.  
What monster sheriffs this county?  
I see verses and symbols of a long time  
Going into my heart as one sign.  
One makes a man seem in trouble  
When one observes him from faraway.  
They squirm in from under the clouds,  
Opening their messages so enjoyed by  
The heart.

Naveed Akram

# Men And Storms

Calculating and beginning comes to a man,  
Knowing what stops him, believing in strength.  
A substance is starting to vaporize due to heat,  
Man's heat makes sweat and anger on speech.  
Sayings have shadows, deeds have a blade of decency,  
So we follow the men who understand and lead.  
The sky is also a person, a mighty wall of layers,  
Telling everything and saying much.  
The oceans partake in pleasure of storms,  
Calculating like men and stopping  
When sweat has dissipated.  
The land surrounds the sea,  
And the sea smothers the land-  
The land of men, the land of deeds.

Naveed Akram

# Men And Women

The women of this domain struck us in the mouth,  
The highness of women struck us with their tongue.  
A soul clenched in the fist is used for clamping together the brains  
Of males and females, for keeping women alive with their tongue.

If their tongue is highly successful then at last we commence  
With what may lie underneath us, and trust their cause,  
For the votes from the women are highly collectable,  
The voting is correct and the domain is vast for men.

Naveed Akram

# Men Of The Wind

Shoot the men of the wind,  
The air is being alive and well,  
When do little men contrive the songs?

Shots are well placed on the grave travels  
We endure in the wind of songs and revelry,  
The adventure is hairy, and we are informed.

Little, little men, always of the wind!  
Your song is so slow and dangerous,  
That we have failed, and yet succeeded with our whims.

Naveed Akram

# Men Of Virtues

Let the men of this world succumb to virtues  
Belonging to the wise extractors with tone;  
The cartoons of the air shall recite  
To the masses for support and details.

In this familiar discussion area we condemn  
The practices of unions and selfless helpers;  
The real shows are fought on television,  
Sought by the young and old, as a weapon.

This deluge of bitten qualities pervades the agitators,  
They secretly conspire to damage our morale  
So then peace restores the heart with sickness,  
A frail and fearful surmise has been granted.

These are the notions of the complete,  
Ones who admire that engineer and this doctor,  
Like a solution of acid and water,  
With the solute of something bitter.

Naveed Akram

# Men Of War

The men have routed for the time is at an end,  
Life is like the bird of heaven, giving bravery to us all.

The war is a wren, the battles are a crow, some of us tell,  
Some of us inquire fully like doctors of the soul.

We are straightforward, we are meaningless, like light  
Travelling in straight fashion, never wavering and never stopping.

Our word is our chemical, the neck of war, the innocent mind,  
So generals surrender to souls in the distance, those riders.

My complaints are my defence, my problems are my solutions,  
If I were a man then solutions and problems would never cease.

If the women of this world have participated in struggles, then clap  
Your hands to frighten the hearts, to condition the men of struggle.

Winter's chill is an immobile cost, an immense wall of the war,  
This armistice is the lord of the laws and fashionable kingdom.

Naveed Akram

# Men Who Understand

For remembering a priest I preserve,  
I preserve the knowledge of his presence;  
For those with pleas of dire thought,  
I connive their thoughts for their minds.  
My task to judge is not my own,  
But the One who sits on His Throne  
Will shatter the listeners of the enemy.

For the hands to quake and pray,  
My prayer enlarges to the glances.  
Mourning is the sole being,  
Mountains of gold command this night.  
I consider the walking businessmen  
In their glaring uniforms, like soldiers  
Of the night, who emit light.

My task is to judge only when caught  
In the act of remembrance, the acts  
Authoritatively make you punish.  
For the supplications are various,  
The invokers are surrounding the men  
Of understanding, those are the food,  
Those are the food of the humanity.

Naveed Akram

# Menace

Menace to the life we hold dear,  
A stranger has come upon us and our shoulders  
Needing safety as much as us,  
Yet fed with rebuke and talent of crime.

Mania is the red odour as blood,  
He is this smell we describe in our body,  
As may strengthen the visitors  
Who have smelt of this Christian misdeed.

We say: "You are not a good man! For you smell!  
And you taunt us with your bad breath."  
Whereupon the strange person who has dignity  
Smokes from his cigarette a nuisance and bad health.

This is the smoke and mist on the view,  
And we heed that solvent and solute  
To find concentration as a solution.  
Learning has been derived again and again.

Naveed Akram

# Menacing History

Menace is the slaughter of a decade, of a century,  
This resented nature of history carries an ability.

Naveed Akram

# Menacing Weapon

He hides where lie weapons,  
The weapon changes from lustre  
To agony and the blue blizzard,  
A surprise is in store.

We wield magically this torrent,  
A current runs along our spine,  
Menace curdles its poison  
When energy runs thin.

Menace is a result from danger,  
You are cooked into knowing  
As if seeking knowledge  
And then resigning to work again.

May weapons be abolished  
For a present has arrived  
On the occasion we spring  
And it is a mess or a message.

Naveed Akram

# Mentionable

The flash of this decision is a flash of the mind,  
Enduring silence vanishes beyond innate repairs,  
This flash is a design from above what is,  
The stealing moments denigrate the well-being.  
A righteous man says all the cold battles  
Were won by the markets and stalls, livid clashes  
That defined the creatures' centuries,  
Like the offenders of a prison or the realities of children.

The flashes in front of our hurt painting detail  
A world where flash-like instances concentrate  
Like the mothers in the smoke, fires shall rise  
And make you desire the tortures of another day.  
This pain shall come forth with all the love of happiness  
And then it will vanish to be replaced by pain.  
Declare then your internal strife like the infernos  
So mentionable in the sight of some men of piety.

Naveed Akram

# Merchants Of The City

Elegant and cool, the merchants of the city  
Collect their dizzy spells, being cowardly;  
Like their ownership they are ambitious,  
Foretelling their trade and being ambiguous.

A bumpy road awaits them in their travels,  
Divergent roads seek to disturb them,  
Finding disagreeable terms and disastrous diseases  
Of the wealth and economy of this land.

Naveed Akram

## Mere Mortals

A mortal thought carries a flute,  
Singing this breathing will give birth.  
Over hills and into tunnels, a small touch  
Brings the body to a nearness with death.  
Again and again, my significant breath  
Grows deeply enough to revive my soul.  
Near death is a light of speech so powerful,  
Hands and feet struggle with me, so violently.  
The light of the stars, when the nights passed,  
Lost me, spoilt me with my heart as I lived.

Naveed Akram

# Mere Phantasy

The story is mere phantasy, of extremities,  
The hardships of love commend a relief.  
In this story of hard knowledge there is my altar  
To which I sacrifice, and I worship the belief.  
Let it become you this forsaken nature,  
It became one when it was not one  
And the smells of paradise ever felt.  
The phantasy has turned true due to the sky  
And the information so fragrant is vanishing.  
This is mere phantasy!

Naveed Akram

# Merman

Under this ocean of worry is an anxious moment,  
With bubbles and water too buried.  
This life of the sea crazes us if we jump,  
I see and hear the wise moments when I enter.  
I am merman, I am not human,  
But I am merman. The loves of one are strange.  
The living, of this open sea, is gratifying, when I  
Mingle with the mist, enjoying the company  
Of my fish and squid.  
I must live with anxiety in this ocean I bring,  
The life of a baby is simple as well.

Naveed Akram

# Mess

I turn to the right of it,  
Fooling the enterprise as thoughts cry,  
Mighty health proffers this century,  
To wear the shoes of a former gathering.

I jog down the stairs and race  
Into the felonious residence next-door.  
The settees are crowded, glancing away,  
Full is the room with cooking utensils  
That the kitchen once dismayed.

I see that the ransack demanded  
Everything, full of completion  
Like the acts of a weather in the  
Very system of our heads and pumice.

I slowly walk to the settee and glance down  
At the mess they have hissed and hashed  
For all those demanding thoughts  
And successful ways to failure.  
I regret them, and I am in remorse.

Naveed Akram

# Message Of The Past

I know the message of the past,  
It returned my knowledge of the last.

I have a solution of reality,  
It is treasure and beauty.

My laws are stronger than swords,  
Just in the span of a life with warlords.

The wars and peace are solid,  
Like warriors who are exempted.

Naveed Akram

# Messages

A message has been received,  
And I have bought it  
From my own riches called life.  
The cage of despair is my life  
When someone has taken the object  
I seem to conceal.  
A fierce wall must be penetrated  
For the disaster to erupt  
In front of all heaven that rocks.  
A message has been received by those  
Who preach and teach,  
They will never freeze their thoughts;  
Instead they just learn.

Naveed Akram

# Met By Sands

Well met by the animals of the past,  
He is sands, he is winter of the light;  
By this tragic beginning a futility has come,  
The dunes deplore this person of the flesh.  
After eating devoutly, a man has expired  
Into the sandy degrading desert.  
Many centuries offer their wishes  
To the cadaverous ape of the sands.  
Vacuums of the errors are again in this sauce,  
This sauce is like jelly, like blood decayed.  
One is body initially to become embalmed  
Vulgarly like a desert's dune and danger.  
This meeting of the sands worships nobody  
That transpires their wit.

Naveed Akram

# Metal Foil

Foil is a night and day, like metal of the hour,  
It is your pain and design, a movie is made.  
My foil is green and blue, but what of you?  
The real guns massaged my skull with their hard action  
And onto a danger my danger went, crossing borders  
And perceiving dreams of a different kind.

Foil is an aluminium tool, and a grave reason for living;  
The cooks of tomorrow shall undergo changes,  
And my lorry of food is under foil, the foil of real direction,  
The reasoning of man is such that force can never comprehend.  
Concerns do decide my foil and food, the ultimate in cooking.

Naveed Akram

# Metaphysics

The notorious ideas of our times are exact,  
Coinages like 'metaphysics' encourage thinkers  
To think and philosophically endeavour to the best  
Of their abilities.

I am ignorant of their ways and am an idea myself,  
Physical ones are begun and congratulated,  
About nature, and the natural world,  
The metaphysical one is about change and causes.

When the stars meet me in the eye,  
Strong connections are kept and the changes  
Of the strongest nature occur in  
The recesses of my mind.

Naveed Akram

# Meters

He put a shilling in the meter,  
Looking and glancing, feeling the pain  
That shrilled and mashed his soul,  
Like something running and hooking,  
Shaking and then hugging.

He put the illness in its three ends,  
And was quite well off by the goals  
That ended the time of events  
Shivering in the breeze of life  
And all of the life that was led.

The meters were shoving numbers  
Far too concrete, letting them live,  
Leaving the spaces and lending  
The money for the golden wands  
And winding stairways, so solid.

The meters of space felt a little,  
Just like robots running and fetching  
In the slight way they managed,  
Forming a little frenzy of the madness  
That bends the whole of this room.

Naveed Akram

## Middle Path

Caught in the middle of a pathway that stood,  
I still was true with the happiness of fatherhood.

Naveed Akram

# Midnight Has Children

Midnight happens like a liar at first,  
Opening gates gazing at the grace,  
But midnight has children of the steep  
Cliffs, fingers expand for the races.

Naveed Akram

# Mighty Aeons

Aeons of mighty weight are against the nation,  
They shift with time, the nations change with a station.  
Mustard and potatoes deprive us of this companionship,  
Food of this type will donate a swordsmanship.  
Swords reply on the hour, daggers are flown to us,  
Then arrows of the bow reply to the rebellious.  
Ages and eras respond to the divine powers  
Encased in the ladders of strands like cauliflowers.

Naveed Akram

# Mighty Hazards

Mighty rivers blow hard on their surroundings,  
The environment relays special images of discontent.  
It freezes on you, your livelihood has suffered,  
Possible fuel has been achieved all on you.  
May the virtues so loved be actualized,  
May these devilish hazards be forgotten.

A loose rope has fallen, too mending of you,  
For you missed it falling and landing,  
Living with the sea and its boats afterwards.  
Mighty rivers go, many livers are so gained  
By the benches of surgeons, and their knives.  
The hazards of water render us unfortunate.

Naveed Akram

# Mighty Living

But such subtle freedom is cherished,  
Turning by nature into a prayer of entrance.  
Entering the hospitality of the breakfast,  
We turn and enjoy the prayer and struggle.  
This morning our sinful thoughts at the table  
Busied at disappointments, very hard feelings.  
Words could not utter my abhorrence  
At the quality of eating and the quantity of food,  
Freeing the glad pressure, the precious land.  
That wrongs me! This land is my sacred fortune,  
Its luck is beyond the distinction sought,  
Mighty living committed is mighty word.

Naveed Akram

# Mighty Volcano

Anything is more special than this,  
My evenings combine and form belief.  
A mountain sends quakes into the horizon,  
We watch and listen for the spectacle to end.  
Finishing is one idea, completing can be an action,  
Of this secret weather, the sliding action.  
A mountain is this volcano, a crater is of doom,  
Making us gone in a day and night, the stupid dress.  
Seas have angered us in the past, but what mighty volcano!  
We need no anguish and no hurt from the beast of rocks,  
So if you can compare this suspense, what are you?

Naveed Akram

# Migration

Definite came straws lightening a hut of promises,  
Destruction of wilderness came only to second attention.  
Fortnightly the pressure unbearable, a strange affair,  
One that flooded gravely so stupidly inside me.  
If only praise wandered across boundaries when delivered  
Ghosts of lost soldiers feeling prisoner ship in their joining times.  
General after general had forsaken a key element of strategy,  
Most of the lives were picked by handsome folk, in the sewage system;  
This is Wednesday and Thursday in the week of the last year,  
A lovely two days of illnesses, forgotten much over thinning the waist  
As the two days after come - Friday and Saturday - unfortunate of them.  
We disembark on a flight to the Netherlands, and meet stages often.  
Eventually, the flight has achieved our dreams of development.

Naveed Akram

# Mild Handling

The handler is a maiden with an aneurysm;  
Bend her neck, swipe the claws at her shoulder!  
Win glances from the public if there is misery,  
Little do they tell of the disgrace that manned our ports.

My mild military sentence endeavours to charm  
Those with aneurysms, that swing from the arms  
As they embrace the willing surfers of the woods  
And the forests tame the deer with blood and gore.

The handled beasts persuade a little matter with policies,  
To let them loose is gifted of those with spirits to entrance  
Those with them now, engagements are postponed  
As my mild military nature creates stench and morons.

Naveed Akram

# Mind Food

Mind food collects in my stomach,  
And so I am an esper, the powerful one,  
Who injects beliefs into disillusioned minds  
For the spirits I request.

It takes a kilo year, a thousand years,  
To abstain from powers so great,  
Like a needler in the head and mind;  
It needs too much mind food.

Minds of intelligence can grok, and spill  
Valuable thoughts as well.  
Minds need to be understood by scars  
That feed into other minds - this is my religion.

Naveed Akram

# Mind Help

Place the message in your mind  
And reveal it to the watchers around.  
Place the obsession of the mind  
In the honesty of the soul, ready to explode.

Place the vision of the eyes in your brain  
Where gray and white matter is to train.  
Your place in society is only ascertained  
On the health of your body and mind.

Naveed Akram

# Mind In Circles

A circle decomposes into a triangle,  
This shape made my mind abnormal.

Naveed Akram

# Mind Of A Genius

To mind is to feel high, and to be big  
Carried my religion, mine also.  
My mind is just bigger than yours  
Also colossal as a genius, afterwards  
The licking lips of a child from his ice-cream  
Shall annoy a sensible man who minds  
And is intelligent, for ice-creams cost fortunes.  
To a sensible man the pudding of bread is  
Either money  
Or food. We do not rest our minds.  
These children may divide a scoop  
Into their mouths,  
Whilst we wince and wonder.

Naveed Akram

# Minds Of Parents

The man stared back with green hair,  
Following the ways of the windows and chairs;  
Cheering the fools of the question,  
The man of maniacs became a devil.  
The devil stalked the prey, the braying  
Animal of the worlds that stuck to eyes.  
Minds became the overall pride,  
Minced into mild diplomas that decided  
The devastation, men could hear the eyes.

And so the coats for you were worn,  
Heavily-reinforced coats of metal blessed  
The world's children, windows of green  
Seemed the parents of the holding,  
Parents of of the event and bold cleverness.  
I have a shine on my hair,  
I have a parent of gold, and your tour  
Comes due to the audacity of the parent,  
The same people of the same world.

Naveed Akram

# Mine Only

My garden contains the future,  
It brings me a sentence to grasp  
And handle as words, words are then words.  
My heavy heart remains at death,  
Inside the garden is a grave.  
For the grass grows, and the death remains  
Already in my heart.  
That death is mine.

Naveed Akram

## Minor Action

Zero action is the minor rock,  
The mines of a land are dangerous;  
Then act too fast so that you empty me,  
Made by the hands of god, the religion is final.  
The acts of a man are like the rigid jokes  
Of a robot, and they mutter like the future.  
Mattering is for the patience of a generation  
Who act in the ways of men and women who fight.  
The zero action shall be met with binary disorder,  
A hastening is to be expected and lunch is served.  
May the forces of the knight of action be upon me.

Naveed Akram

## Minor Hazards

Fade into minor hazards outside our hills,  
Where I happen to be in trouble from the wolves.  
Happen then - wolves must describe the levers of pain,  
I am crucified by them if they come near.  
Outside our hills are many wondrous creatures -  
They are illegal to the sight and touch,  
At most a leaver must keep question  
And a new supper for them who eat.

Naveed Akram

## Minor Importance

Gigs of minor importance are to be rude,  
Minor men scent the Paradise,  
Two women and one man is to conclude  
Minor happiness, two for once.

Goggles satiate the individual,  
Into believing of some who liven up,  
Their goal is yellowy like Hell,  
Like a river which said to reach and stop.

Hatred is mostly good for the evil,  
Most are afraid of the finer,  
Pointing out anything achievable  
Like pointers of crime and caseworker.

I like someone who betrayed not anyone,  
Guests like astrologers who smell them:  
Those innocent tricks to dazzle and be done,  
To greatly win a marvel from a hat stratagem.

Mostly, a feather is all that is needed,  
To drive a wedge between the pages,  
Honest hammers for smacking the exhilarated,  
To be driven over once the feather kisses.

Naveed Akram

# Minutes Of Play

Minutes of play were exact remembrances of honesty,  
Forgetting was starting to start the ends of the earth;  
My hours of flying were over like the dresses of soil,  
The turf we whitened was overtaken by the ground of electricity.

My minute play was small enough to adapt to roses;  
Promises, and more promises barged in like roses,  
My play was over when we began to over recite,  
Like the layman in his flute of life we call to address.

Naveed Akram

# Miracle Of Words

The miracles stand for the tents of freedom,  
They have blasts of wind and will be empty.  
Then the men of crucifixion were ended,  
Thus it was a miracle when coins fell.  
Money shamed us from the speech  
That came from unlettered Satan.  
He wrote the words of miracles  
And they disappeared for ever.

Naveed Akram

# Miraculous Light

The miracles are from the heavens,  
A copy of the globe is found there.  
Before we entertain each other,  
Inspect the eyesight and love.  
My mighty head sounds different  
Like a woodpecker and its pecking.  
Miracles deliver a praise of the heavens  
And the Earth is once then found.  
A globe has muttered a prayer from within  
Inside which is light, and more light.

Naveed Akram

# Mirror-Room

Enter the zone so bright,  
It matches me, and my heart.  
Inside we felt dim and bland,  
Like a dumbness came apart and stuck.  
The light arose with glory,  
The sight redeemed, our future complained.  
We are the future, the children of the past,  
Looking in every direction,  
Much like a mirror, the opposite picture of you.

Naveed Akram

# Misleading Ways

Mislead nobody in desperate ways,  
Body-build forever the day and care;  
An entryway has been delivered  
To an ethos to blame and curse.  
The established way is represented  
By the face so tucked in,  
Inwardly it strikes and tugs  
Like an ant and its legs.  
Please ambulate like an ant to be legs,  
Arm yourself with weapons up to the ankle,  
Forelegs have a lesson to manage.  
Misleading and deception cares for nothing  
And nobody, like the bodies of ants.  
One fork in the road shall shake an ant  
Into a seizure, so that a foot of heaven is missing.

Naveed Akram

# Missiles

The troops of a missile are confident for victory  
Every time they fire, and when this approaches  
A fine task has been beheld, how audacious!

The intercontinental ballistic missile  
Will triumph over older forms of weaponry  
As the troops of the Earth shall conquer.

They sped so abhorrently across the borders  
To reach the point of invasion, so readily  
Accepted by the aggressed, and how bolder!

The missiles accumulate for centuries  
But the ammunition is needing  
And folly has been arrested.

Can the forces of highest nature  
Win for the whole of humanity?

Naveed Akram

# Mistake

The mistake is bitter not better,  
Some of us make mistakes all hated,  
Some spring their eyes in death,  
Letting us wield the knife  
Until the murder is a mistake.

The mistakes prevent big questions,  
Fully answerable,  
The rest of the folly is a work of the Devil,  
The one who asks silliness when he appears.

Naveed Akram

# Mocking My Painting

My painting mocked my brush, many layers,  
Bent on cleverness, as well as greed and glee.  
I have a table where the orchestra of colours  
Result in happiness, of the wooden joys.  
My book is my resolver, a familiar compartment,  
The worse weather of winter and summer.  
Please then drink my coffee so felt by my words,  
The very same glass beads roll on my feet.  
This is courtly, this is jealousy from a hundred spheres,  
By the mocking stars in my entered universe.  
Let numbers comply to my wishes of colour,  
So that I stand and conduct numbers once again.  
May a composition glisten and conquer with words,  
May a formula beam on minds with endeavour and numbers.

Naveed Akram

# Models

The model of principle so fastened to my shirt  
Escapes and encapsulates my authority, all alone.  
The ire in my breath carries me on a wide arc,  
And the effort dissolves to make a circle of action.  
Rambling and reading is the action of strength,  
I am with vengeance and all the length of a square.  
The models are actually against me,  
Mathematical principles abide in the house,  
As the models speak chemistry, and all of science.

Naveed Akram

# Modern Man

The modern man is intricate,  
With ceramic and wine rolled in,  
Gorgeous countries line up for him,  
Swinging centuries are prior to him,  
Licking their meat when his tongue  
Is that of a rogue who munches meat.  
My modernity is not like his,  
For the magnificent eat of him,  
For he is richer than I.  
Studious and shiny, the battle wages on  
With smacking face letting us  
Be university in a second.  
The modern man composes his song  
Like a leader of the whole decade  
As the years connect after they roll.  
One well-made year seems  
Apology, one mania drives another.  
Lick then the face of a man in rich events  
That switch into richer joys of splendour.

Naveed Akram

# Modes

The mode of aggression is supreme,  
A defender was the oppressed;  
There is paying, both with defenders  
And offenders, for liberty it is so.  
The resentment is steadfast, in danger,  
So many of some of us are in dangers  
Beginning with war and battle of flowers.  
There is no pity for the less and the strong,  
On the whole a victim ceases to be fired upon,  
Like a congestion or an open alleyway.  
The aggression is stronger than ever,  
Like the lies of tomorrow and the beauty of today.

Naveed Akram

# Monarch And Gods

Indicating the monarch collides with flight,  
This is the moment of truth, a fetching of wood.  
Monastery after monastery resides in this tower,  
The momentum of life is for an album of custom,  
Bothersome like a cannibal it creates a life to be,  
The bosom of laughter is this cannibal.  
You require calcium, to pursue your sports  
As of now, as of this moment and momentum.  
A bonus is recreation, my monarch loves this,  
And at the top is an atheism conquering minds.  
Even Athens knows this sport of the classical world,  
One of flying among heroes, delving into gods  
That do not hear or listen or receive worship.  
This monarch is momentary unlike the Greek gods  
That understand us all the time, but what are they?

Naveed Akram

# Monastery

A distant building has contained my pleasure,  
Having a rich fight with the stress I am an abuser,  
The one who fought a dying battle with an assembly  
Of brethren, the monks of a building behaving absentmindedly.

This building is distant, the one I want offered on my plate,  
It steals the threat of another monk, and how do I accelerate?  
This building is a basic block of bricks I call God,  
Itself the godly look is a facade much too broad.

I see fit to end my life,  
The building is still a monastery, now an afterlife.

Naveed Akram

# Money Is Sacred

Money is so sacred, my mind is reactive  
To the special things in life.  
Too heavy in my mind is this life,  
When money is donated to another life,  
To give blood is easier.

Money is too sacred. Its business is supreme  
And laudable. Most adorable. Why do you laugh?  
Business makes you perfect. So what about the family?  
Is it given its just help, or are you poor for yourself?  
Money is sacred and wealth we be. We are not poor.

Naveed Akram

# Monkey Island

My hands were above the shadows,  
In them my steam had risen to be vapour,  
A gas merged into other gases,  
Annihilating the wittiness of a day.  
In his mental power a little talk ran to never-ever land,  
Hissing in the shoulders of a wonder.  
To express any number,  
The wizards circled and commanded,  
Those obedient were met with alacrity  
And stains on the souls were hideous.

One of the higher monkeys bestowed  
Grace on those with hands and feet,  
Licking the dug-up sites,  
Little like a monkey, more like a canine.  
Urging the structure to concede,  
The lowest barbarians transmitted  
A much wider interval.  
If no organ was to command and obey,  
Then surely the drifting of a minor day  
In collision was apt to see the reality  
Of this monkey-island.

Naveed Akram

# Monochrome Landscape

The woman was a monochrome landscape,  
She was right outside for the sitting layers,  
Another summer had begun to reply to the ears,  
As more statues became offenders and defenders.

These eyes closed, wondering was the order of some  
Mood or entrance of thought, the very black specks  
In midwinter, these eyes were lonely and bright;  
The woman desired nothing on the ridges of joy.

Her eyes distanced us with voices of forgiven winter,  
The heart and mind tugged the foggy ears,  
But the entry into pristine whiteness was of heaven,  
And I was a sense of this white and black landscape.

She wondered why I saw the clothes of dirt and waste,  
Hostile to the life of this world that parted from darkness;  
So she flung herself pinching, subsisting, tensing,  
And annihilating freely from lusts of this delicate potion.

Naveed Akram

# Monster Man

Return to lands his father owns,  
Pursue him as my food,  
He is the son that presses bones  
And is to catch but chewed.

I am a lonesome monster man  
That can not see the life,  
It is a highness that began  
With highness of my wife.

On Sunday, cool is your belief  
That women managed bane,  
This wife is bad and must be chief  
Of misery, again.

I eat of men and bones and flesh,  
The opposite of good,  
But does my wife keep fresh  
Her meat at home - she would?

Naveed Akram

# Monsters Of Pain

Do not tell it again when the shakes replace  
The fountain housing an elixir of change and gold.  
I am terrified of your belongings when dead,  
Crazes and suffering accompany the wicked.  
May the fountain of armed force be upon you,  
Like darling monsters of the deep and narrow.  
An abyss demonstrates the path of discovery,  
An enlightenment is defined by the laziness.  
That summer we found a tree housing the elixir  
And branches of my father were stolen.  
Then he walked away like a ghost  
Knowing the story of pain and sorrow.

Naveed Akram

# Monumental Book

Famous snow-capped mountains are astute at everything,  
Like a Christmas pudding or the authority of selflessness;  
My justice suspends from the cliff, to beleaguer the absolute,  
Then remainders are removed from the general population;  
A secret resent is a secret worn by deeds and doing,  
Like the bridges to cross on this day of comedy.

I possess a monumental book, of some offerings and some sanity,  
Loaves of bread are cut and resent for the ghosts at work;  
A lover's disease has been perceived and a little joy has entered,  
For the heart is meant to be cherished by the crew aboard,  
Letting you restudy the scrolls then in print,  
Loves are like lovers and lovers are all mischief.

Naveed Akram

# Monuments Alive

Many lives have I been since young masters  
Who harness the crimes of the hugging men,  
Mud and ache caresses the brain as it rains,  
The rains are more than the snows and hail.

Many live according to the Shakespeare,  
Others have written on board the ships,  
But some play agony on their minds so that  
Medals arrive by the hundreds so as to light.

My addresses uniquely endow the palaces,  
Many magics arouse the neck with some sense  
In this part, my masters are unique so do not  
Be mean to my teachers of the entire universe.

Must we extract a religion from the wakes of tomes,  
These majesties and plain truths, the books of command,  
And the great books of the western earth?  
Let the alive monuments bespeak with fervour.

Naveed Akram

# Moon-God

Gods speak to the gods at the moon,  
There is silver there, and there is soon.

Naveed Akram

# Moons Fill The Night

Moons fill the void between you and your voice,  
They enlighten the day and night with styles.  
The moon commits commotion so righteous,  
Piety ensues, pills are taken to rescue the true.  
Moons after moons inhabit the life of the universe,  
That molecules combine, fruit is ripened, cool liqueur  
Flows into the cups of golden lads and lasses  
Whose objects compress and detract in innocence.

The real thought is combining an act of intelligence,  
The lessons are forthcoming, moons will be split,  
Generation after generation a new moon will be kindled.  
Life is of the moon and the sun and the stars,  
Fruit is the planets and the stars,  
And suitcases carry their cloths and property  
When you see a light in the hindrance of the night,  
Like light happiness, not overwhelming pains.

Naveed Akram

# Morals Of Courageous Life

They have the morals of dogs, courage of death,  
The moral philosopher is subjected to a life.

It is mourning and more mourning, fully strategic,  
Blessed by the ranks of the same decisions.

My inflated heart displays valour and suspense,  
Causing others to instigate their results of stupidity.

We have freedom, we have joyous capitalism,  
The same genre is enjoyed by the poets of ages.

Must the seed be sown after this night of nights?  
The harvest is generous, like the infinite men and women.

The organised folk conceal what is in their hearts,  
A rapping crew install a happy mode of many functions.

Listen to the hearts of the obstinate and authoritative,  
It is their will and the free will of humans that dispossesses.

Naveed Akram

## Morbid List

I appeal to the list of laughter bubbling,  
Thinking of changes that read as sudden,  
And I am considered dignified by them all.  
The interest in what to justify is common,  
Never in the same day do swans swallow,  
Asking a little morbidity is like a cello.  
My excuse for calling again amazed the stammering  
Nature of the individuals so entwined with laws.  
A departure veiled the deities in order,  
Whatever the dampness or the crawling rate.  
The truth of it menaced the dignitaries of headship,  
The list of this magnitude is magnificent.

I remember a smell in these sympathetic people,  
About forty in number, persistent in their assemblage  
And waking to the lady and gentleman in charge.  
I looked at brown faces with white faces around,  
The other faces somehow mingled and bespoke.  
This is the very fishing place of my palace or mansion,  
Do not be mean to the irregularity I have achieved  
With my head and heart that shines and scintillates  
My every perusal.

Naveed Akram

## More Betrayal

Desks of thought carried more betrayal,  
Witnesses of pleasure saw everything;  
The sight of our eyes is sore from the top  
And bottom of the whole spectrum.  
My nature is sudden once they forget  
That my religion is perfect, so perfect.  
Lots of philosophy and scholarship happens,  
More of the lax attitudes recur to combine,  
And they permeate for the distress is loud.  
May envy be a stout questioner  
Of the rights of man, and humankind is better  
Than the superhumanity, the desk of thought.

Naveed Akram

# More Faith

Faith can shoot arrows at the devil  
And collide with boulders thrown by it  
Without even hurting you or giving wrong  
That is never to be worn.

Faith results in borders being crossed  
By the strong and brave,  
It leaves us white in anger  
But without it afterwards, for it was never there.

Everybody knows more of their faith  
According to the rules assigned by figures of importance.  
Leaders are attached to it as well,  
As their faith has a resultant effect for the public.

Naveed Akram

## More Food

Toy us, toy food with instinct saving you,  
Then definitely work on that which makes,  
Surrender yours, so action failed - it aches,  
It aches and aches, forever it imbue.  
So face this sound like fodder and horseshoe,  
I see a bath may profit my backaches,  
Then present food described us as brakes,  
Cakes bring the joy to danger - interview!  
I see the toys, I think I am a tool,  
My tools as one that lusts for pain are grand,  
The work I feed shall win, shall fit, preserve.  
Inquire into food and carrots cool,  
This energetic choir sings so bland,  
My work is concentrating on my nerve.

Naveed Akram

## More Wargames

Using the rules demands many rules,  
For the clever man is innocent with them.  
Using a joy is full of surprise for the unlimited,  
The unlimited are those who forsake everything.  
Many freedoms enjoin a warning to see  
The surprises of the year and a half.  
Many souls force the games of their lives,  
Much is in strife to believe, much guards you.  
And so the tide of battle is spun,  
Feeling clever like kittens of the sun,  
Basking in the united air that we breathe.  
One is a coward without lights  
Full of games and war-games, and more games.

Naveed Akram

## More Water

The time was rapidly drawing near,  
We went below to drop an insult  
Of work and rapid strokes of luck.  
The lapping of the waves below  
Was invisible, as we came on  
To each night underwater.  
We slept tonight in the dark of Asia  
That had waters and eyes of living.  
This watered hole called the ocean  
Gained height and weight as we went below.  
In evidence was the heaven and hell  
Of these waters, and these holes.

Naveed Akram

# Morning And Evening

The morning comes, the trees are in life  
As they sway to the body of song such as wind;  
Leafless everywhere, the season is fun,  
Dangerous is this state of affairs.

The evening rests in peace as the sun is a star  
Of strength and happiness, the full action  
Of our job and profession, always in time.  
The whole business of the week is done,  
As the leaves of the trees wend their way down.  
The brothers of the winds are like sisters  
As their fairness is exceptional  
Much too much, and farther it travels  
And further the time unwinds.  
The morning is again in action  
After the nocturnal suffering of a night  
In action, the thoughts of the day are upon us.

Naveed Akram

# Mortal Sinner

Someday the man with the mask  
Will appear and disagree with your existence.  
He will wind you, and beat you, so much.  
But who shall remain victorious?  
You. You are the person in charge of his poor soul.

A burglar is a mountain of evil, he is bad and mad.  
A thief must carry his task as much as a rascal.  
He is also forever in love of crime, the crime that is masked.  
It is the worst of crimes that sends you to prison.  
Please beware of the sinful ones, who exterminate, who abolish.  
Such is the crime of a mortal sinner.

Naveed Akram

# Mortals

Deathless ones preach new events every time they speak,  
In front of everyone, always for the vicinity.  
Death has conquered only those who speak ill,  
Offering chastity as a substitute for this ailment  
Is the best ingredient of a solution of problems,  
All of the plates to eat, all the food to drink.  
Chaste men and women adjust according to what they attain,  
And purity shall quench the thirst of a proper person.  
Deathless ones are the same as immortals,  
And I have been a more than usual mortal.

Naveed Akram

# Mortals And Immortals

Behold, the mortals of blood  
Are not powerful like us;  
The windows we see through  
Show us light of our moods.

The silence of immortality is,  
Greed shall conquer the young  
Who are yet too evil and kind,  
Much like mortals of blood.

It is grand sourness to hurt  
The blood of folk who learn;  
The immortals of desire can craze  
Over the health they possess.

Infer from thoughts of gold and silver,  
They glisten and you must listen.

Naveed Akram

# Mortified

No mighty man likes to be closeness,  
A man ventures on an impatient nature;  
His mortifying notion is a position  
Of grandeur, much likes him then.

I began to feel hatred for his personage,  
Striking darkness in his baffled heart;  
It was a plant of humid light this heart,  
A thesis sat on the same room as it.

Had I the feeling to dodge him I would,  
But in great hammers we find strength  
To evade the tax we were fond about,  
A burden to our youth was incomplete too far.

Naveed Akram

# Most Attachment

It attaches itself, not the wrong way  
But a single tactic is employed  
That is most simple,  
A real good ploy to attach.  
Why do attachments bring a new joy?  
Because I must finish them and those  
Who nature lets us despise.  
This is true enlightenment, of a category I approve  
For the heavy-minded.  
It cares and betters the solution  
To all our troubles and revelations.  
Must we too be attached?

Naveed Akram

## Most Brothers

It is the most gratifying brother who asks for help,  
For which the ceilings of the sky  
And the remnants of the ground and earth  
Lie hidden forever this way.

Over the wall and over the roof  
I observe the righteous men who ask  
My brother to climb a tree of tentacles  
Living and withering to death's boughs.

And then I look down and stretch the sight  
Finding love as an object for the family  
To play and remorse forever this way;  
Little energy is wasted by the sudden winds.

Naveed Akram

# Most High

When you know that heights are reached,  
Then this obedience shall be rewarded;  
A straight road is travelled above us,  
Carrying a scent of some joyous drink,  
Causing us to make peace and no battle.  
A chain has meant the prison of our enemy,  
But our chain is called a friend, a reality.  
The mountain is so glorious to behold  
That when it is called one it bows to you,  
For your superior essence and existence  
Needed praise when others did not offer any water.  
The clouds have risen too high,  
But the realities become most high.

Naveed Akram

# Mother Tongue

A secretive being provides safety for the individual,  
My cancers grow and multiply for every one acceptable.  
Let hardness be attached to the so many words  
In this high and mighty language, the one of hazards.  
Must we seek caves and crevices for our illness  
To disappear finally and successfully in stillness?  
The being inside is like an island of woes,  
I have hidden all these grand avocados.  
Let secrets spoil the words so plentiful in this tongue,  
The tongue is the mother tongue, and it is hung.

Naveed Akram

# Mother-City

I sped along the road to a mother-city,  
To call her the one to be moments before birth,  
As death revolved around the centre of health.  
See me after one man destines,  
Who does speed lovely ways?  
They have murdered a ghost of sanity,  
A frightful gaze has arisen from the west and east,  
Southern kingdoms are northern kings  
That have migrated for the benefit of the people.

I sped like these afflictions of the heart,  
Inside each heart is a flavour to burst  
So that tongues and wings join like effects ill.  
I sped and saw the honesty of people,  
How strange the velocity of a verse.  
My stranger is about to release a brother,  
From his numberless neurones.  
The south and the north will join,  
And the attack is subsequent.  
I sped like the opening chargers of war,  
Eve of war was a wasted ending to joy.

Naveed Akram

# Mountain Lane

This lactic lane advertises the acts  
Of my numbered men in talent;  
Sales are made to the dozens of orders,  
Frowning is the name of the story.

I have doubts on reality that exist,  
To overwhelm the likes of you,  
This speeding on the highway proclaims  
A play to be written on death.

It is love and its agreement with loving,  
That is the story of the most iron,  
Irony detonates the bomb of hate,  
Ironic questions are being asked.

Dying feelings can be a weight,  
Tapping the head of the way we call,  
At the top is the mountain of truth,  
Wading upwards completes sin.

Naveed Akram

# Mountain Village

Sun and moon hidden all day and night,  
Up here dusk and dawn, full of the mountain;  
They contain rivers and streams for your view,  
Days and months are endless from the top.  
Villages are clearly present in their innocence,  
I delight in them, from here contains ultimate happiness.  
Much room is now present, dew is clear and then thawed,  
Forcing my pen in ways so taught  
By the owner of these mountains.  
I think of the sun and my heart of hearts  
Bespeaks in a philosophical tone.

Naveed Akram

# Mountains Of Gold

Those structures speak to themselves,  
To deplete a size that touches evenings  
And mornings, of pleasures and pains.  
Your believing will end with snowy plains  
Where dinosaurs can equip your moves  
And dragons heap gold.

Naveed Akram

# Mountains To Climb

Mountains are burdened by the beauty of my climb,  
Rain enters, snows confine, and storms arise, to steal  
My imagination of the inner virtues and inner crimes.

Let this cloud filter the whole enigma, a beauty of run,  
These clouds stomp on the shoulder, their gaze is complete,  
Inside the semi-transparent globe throwing us in half.

We are on a trail of innocence, most beautiful children  
Know these competences, their scales are brave and sincere,  
But where is the cloth of the damned or the poverty of man?

Mounting the horse, we strive to stagger at loose cases,  
Clouds after clouds blend into the surroundings of signs,  
Their invincible inert gases feed us with burden after the rights.

Naveed Akram

# Mouse And House

Underneath the tables responds the mouse,  
Inside it weeps, and soaks up water in its house.  
Its house is a follower's abode, of stealth,  
May the tables bend and steal the wealth.

In its house we found the treasure of cool surroundings,  
There was gold, water and many, many beginnings.  
The gold was stationary, like the hostility in the tables,  
The real dining occurred in this hole for animals.

Naveed Akram

# Mouth Wants

Force wets  
The mouth.

Expel those  
With wrath.

Anger does  
Not cry.

Win over  
Hearts well.

Let food  
Drip now.

I am  
Full now.

Naveed Akram

# Moving Shapes

A shape moved quicker than the quicker spring,  
Rotten shapes appeared from before with fright  
Whistling in the night, when fortune told the score  
Forcibly, as the force was strong and mighty, like  
Food thatched on the roof.

A circle investigated by some was moving in wands  
Little by little, forcing the dance erratically,  
Fighting swung into factories of light,  
Without the shapes in geometry  
And without the simple trigonometry,  
Over something like rocks and timber,  
Onto the race and into the ocean of oats.  
Food had shapes in the held hands,  
Grotesquely and largely with fierce light.  
Let the shapes of a day be food and light,  
Letting this be a sign for the highness of the sight.

Naveed Akram

# Mr River

Mr River flows along the crust of the earth  
Fetching a watery glow on the very heart.  
My mighty sir feeds a riverside spectacle,  
Its loose waves glide along the very head.  
Our waves are launched tirelessly to stand  
Before the tyrant called the worldly defeater.  
Let them surrender to the actions of the swimmer  
Making his story of wild health and delivery.  
Mr River is the assumer of a practicality,  
The waves will die and reappear before the length  
Of the ocean is a surprise to the populace.  
May these young waters flow in cold winter,  
Following on the doctor of the hearts that lie  
In the coldness of calamity, the coldness of depth.

Naveed Akram

# Muck

When a man raced slowly through the muck  
Capturing the needs of a false scent  
In this wild African jungle,  
He sped through roses of England  
And wore a brocade of flowers  
To commemorate the rainy rainbow.

His face smelt of love and hate together,  
It knew him.  
The roses felt good to touch as  
The leather of his armour meant liberty.

A freedom was valued more,  
And that was the liberty of forever,  
In the rest of the world we might say  
No to the false flowers of mightiness.

I see a man faultless as the sun,  
His niece engages in enraging actions  
Because the sun shines hot not cold.

Why does man suck muck tonight?  
When do false flowers goad the airs?

Naveed Akram

# Mud Being

Amino acids are taken for the solution to building your protein,  
Then muscles come for the clear few?  
No! This silvery tentacle moves like an arrow of joy,  
Like the bolt from thunderous Thor,  
Or the mistake of Lucifer.

Why does he show his army of hatred?  
You are an ingot of blood and boiling fluid,  
Lesser devils concentrate and dive,  
Forming one bloody artery,  
Forcing one bleeding vein,  
To see the banjo of the snowy Alps.

Although the bellowing of pains is exact,  
I see him aglow, watching you still when young.  
The old wheels are rivers of mud now that you have gone,  
So do not be like morose beings of mud.

Naveed Akram

# Mud Of Anger

Too much anger is mud,  
Facing the match of hatred against good.  
The football season has begun with issues  
Of peace and war, the very stable united statement.

Too much has happened to death,  
Faces are turned towards an end  
That resides in unhappiness  
Of a late hour.

The war reaches the ball  
Kicked valiantly by the soldiers  
Who bring war to the warlike  
And the infirm have now existed.

Too much anger is believable,  
But so much was the regard.

Naveed Akram

# Muddy Road Of His

The road is muddier than snowy tracks,  
Like your finger and thumb, as far as the sun.  
I sentence you to a quiet death and winter,  
Open is the shelter of a crow of distinction.  
My road is straight and narrow but never crooked,  
Many have stayed into the seasons of a year.  
Do not give beauty a chance to build the flower  
As nature tasks itself to manipulate the stars.  
My path executes and accuses the multiple signs,  
Offering a man and his woman the entire globe,  
Fit for rulership by his demarcation, and exploits.  
I have forced only the longest windows of the soul,  
Reason blesses us with its call and action.  
By the tongue a reading is concerned to be bliss,  
My pathway is certainly strong, stronger than the will.

Naveed Akram

# Muffins To Eat

Eat a muffin, place a cake for breakfast,  
And chew on that methane for instance;  
A monthly monitoring service is needed,  
Moisture devastates the loyal offering.  
Pitch darkness summoned me after losing me,  
Sacrifice the reverence of a life and existence.  
May the buds of dearness stay,  
Might the mighty arrows be displayed.  
I covet the disorder of ages and lives,  
And muffins of cakes bleed dry.

Naveed Akram

# Murderess

She looked at me, murdered me, roared at me;  
It was clear, but she was rather reluctant to repeat.  
I was glad to see her after the night,  
Her development gained after the dawn.  
She was coming towards me as fast as a spirit,  
Wailing and echoing, chanting a song of higher horror.  
She was like a ghost to me, easier to see than an invisible being  
Wailing and chanting with the whole place to ourselves.  
I waited for her to leave and give back my life.

Naveed Akram

# Murders By The Life

Murders have been deduced by the life of this planet,  
Open lessons have been learnt by the murderers;  
Never do space men seek a wish for their life to end,  
Intentions are clear, intending is a custom of the crown.

Murders restart the evil of an on setting generation,  
My generation speaks all this alarm, my one is an alarm  
To go off by degrees, as signals connect to really hurt,  
In time the tape is remade to bind the chains.

Naveed Akram

# Murky Matters

Murky matters solidify to fight a year,  
Years pass for the people who care;  
Cleansing the fastened rope with water  
We raise the subject of a rarity.  
When the yesterday has arrived  
Then we mutter so that corridors  
Speak like halls, and halls speak points  
Of conduct, that shrivel afterwards.  
Especially the murky matters astound us  
In the end.  
Rope has gained weight on this world  
And we have arguments for the whole of Us.

Naveed Akram

# Music In The Heart

Music of the heart sounds in the orchestra  
For others to judge according to taste;  
The pumping of blood made you nearly ask  
For the music to stop and make farewell.

O how the heart senses your happy tune!  
The melody survives the laughter;  
O how the harmonious smell of wooden instruments  
Involves us with sound and the astonishment!

Music is a happiness, music is sound,  
More than a thought, more than a word;  
May wise musicians design the good noise  
And turn it into a message of hope.

Naveed Akram

# Music Of Life

Interested in the peace of life?  
Your destination is fixed so be appalled.  
Musical instruments are in ruins,  
Fighting them is a struggle.  
What may break will fight and be mighty,  
The swords of laughter fence with each other.  
They are made of metals, fully metallic  
And magical, like their counterparts.  
The peace has dissolved when mixed  
With the words of music and its instruments.

Naveed Akram

# Musical Angels

The problem was I suddenly thought a risk had occurred,  
Internal and international was the solution of a final prison;  
The masters of wisdom saw a pain to be connected  
To another pain that was witnessed  
By those in charge of prizes and special festivities.  
My essential redness of the face had substances clearly in  
Throat and stomach, with hits to the shoulder  
And waist, like the swimming angels of music.

Naveed Akram

# Musical Menu

The orchestra was the menu,  
Stuck with noisome guests;  
The nonchalant crowd satanically  
Called to their heads and minds,  
Innovating practices of the sport  
We call now entertaining.

This was a parade of some view,  
The panorama sent a trillion attempts;  
Like the ones who delivered, rejuvenated  
From the revolutionary times.

I had to estimate the wrong that  
Music brought to mentalities.  
One has some form of attire  
To mark the occasion.

Naveed Akram

# Musical Mile

A hundred miles of music,  
The cold sun has been a tune;  
Deep banks of sound are heard,  
The river compels an attitude.  
May this music outlive us and stay,  
Inside we strive and behold  
To what is to offer besides the sun,  
That is hot and cold compared  
To other stars.

Stars and more stars, what!  
Keeping banks of depth,  
On another island not known,  
Much is to discuss about the music.

Naveed Akram

# Musical Performance

Some laugh at music and its devices,  
They argue that it is a melody too sweet.  
Fading from vision is the entire performance  
As you sleep on your chair due to fatigue.  
Watching is a delight when you awake and listen  
To the notes so beautiful and wonderful.  
Some have cared over the exceptional quality,  
Some let the music conquer them with crying,  
But others play music before they die.

Naveed Akram

# Mutinies

A colonial fleet suffered a fate too fading,  
It was engaged with the armies of the sea;  
Comprised mainly of names of the orders,  
Warships of the navy expected worse health.  
They had a deep-hulled knack for wars  
That tragically burst into the knaves of the sea.

One colony beats a colony, one of their illnesses  
Exhibits a laughter of dozens of sea-worthy men.  
Mutiny has occurred too hastily in the earnings,  
Mutiny carried the bite of fires and wishes.

Naveed Akram

# My Accusation

My accusation is polite but he does not listen too much to me,  
Poetry is the cause of this reluctance as he shines tomorrow.  
Men and women are so trustworthy at times, like gunpowder  
And its result after much ploy and tactics of fine powder.  
The power results from power, enlightening the professor  
Of such will-power, all of a sudden, suddenly like a hare watching.  
Many men reside in this house, in this unworthy set of circumstances  
That shudder and gossip like the wind and rain, fully sounding solid.  
Poetry is the cause of the bereavement process, a mourning has arrived  
And touched the hearts of so many avid thinkers of the same person.  
Avoid this region of talk if you will hunt for a dream to conquer  
Inside a likeliness that only we defend, only we strive, only we dare.

Naveed Akram

# My Ache

My aching head is numb now from the pain,  
The wound of blood and brain, a creature.  
Nature is triumphant on my bed,  
Underneath this object is a utility.  
Cushions and pillows and sheets are spent,  
All for the sake of the one in the bed.  
It is like a bed of roses, or a bedroom of plants,  
Ones that linger with their smell,  
And dreams never die, the dreams are not dying.  
My aching head, my poor head, it lies on the bed  
With a sore wound that no one can reset.

Naveed Akram

# My Act Or Dance

My new act commands others to dance  
In the mirror of their dreams.  
How the heavens are revolving around,  
Feeding the frenzies of eternity  
Like the bombs that blow up and explode  
Into tiny pieces.  
Tonight the days are to come,  
Forward we march to end our  
Difficulties for the greater good.  
I see a whole dream in my mirror  
And that dream was drawn  
From memory.  
The ideas flow that do flow,  
Fluency of speech is extracted,  
Only, I believe, the men could hear  
One speech after another dialogue  
Which the losers were abasing.

Naveed Akram

# My Acting

My actions are straightforward,  
They are blessed by the lords afterward.  
My acts place me in the region of life,  
They coordinate my prosperity as an afterlife.  
My acting is good, this work is great,  
Why do brothers go to assassinate?  
Why do actors will their work  
When their actual love is going berserk?

Naveed Akram

# My Actions Speak

My actions speak for themselves,  
Their religion is upon us all.  
May we answer the questions of announcers,  
Every little word counts to appal.

Then the acoustics of life sound so loud,  
They feel like religion of harsh touch;  
There is such a goal to be scored,  
Justice is not too much.

My action is superior if it is,  
Naughty people are like girls or boys.

Naveed Akram

# My Acts Of Old Age

My acts are numberless due to old age,  
Inside the front of my vision I am a cute baby;  
Meeting me in the forefront is like occupations,  
Lulling the flight, loathing the light, living the sight.  
For the loose layers of the soul are starless,  
Seeking the eyes of a wayward warrior.  
My actions are actual, many freezes I have been,  
With so solid matters of the taste and paste.  
It were the acts of a livid war that were atrocious,  
Wars halved the agenda of a whole nation,  
In fact, the county declared war outright.

My acts are not accusatory, nor are the spread wings  
A wonderful calumny, for my flying lesson is at an end.  
This desire of the heart is against all hope,  
Wayside warriors will object to the warlike men.  
On the road they travel to the outermost regions,  
Wayward mirror-like wasters are all warrior,  
Traveling the stretch so calm and endearing.

Naveed Akram

# My Adoration

I adore the praises of prayers,  
For His Highness adores me still;  
Throbbing in my heart finds  
A sun in the palm of my hand,  
Rejoicing is rejoining of the heart  
To the liver for matters unlettered  
And unwritten and unknown;  
Foraging is transgression for my friend,  
The very hatred has aligned me  
Towards him, as I have loved my enemy  
As much as a human being.

Naveed Akram

# My Age

My name is openly blackened due to age,  
Inside I see angels and among other beings  
I perceive areas of knowledge, acres of land.  
This is worthy for mansions, this land they grow  
Is aging and faster the grass burgeons like blood  
Racing through the human body in a whole age.  
My manliness judges a buttery bread, a mansion,  
All in the happiness of your home, the same man  
That was built in a week, every week and each year.  
I see angelic offspring as I weep, I weep due to angels  
And men and women who dissolved before my eyes.

Naveed Akram

# My Agony

A definite substance prolongs my agony,  
In it there is a certain chaos of feeling,  
My search is endless in this quaking hour,  
My search prolongs the search for everyone.

This reality has become boredom,  
Justice steals the treasure from the devil,  
Likelihood of differences is huger than sin,  
Liking us is the way to the cure.

My real place has shot at the mirrors,  
Inputs and outputs stay where they are,  
Listening has understood the air,  
Let them hear the molecules of awe.

Instead of partners whose decisions  
Are arbitrary, the resting is attained  
And the losers commit shocking tales  
To withstand the crowds in repentance.

Naveed Akram

# My Arithmetic

The arithmetic strikes at the mind and heart,  
Bases are hurt, foundations are plucked.  
My birthday makes a cobweb like the spider  
Of pain and agony, of special suffering.  
Flags appear to dissolve the dock that shivers,  
My beetles reside in the legs, and hearts disapprove.  
My beam of light polishes the soothing skin,  
Classes of corn stagger at the appeal made by me.  
Let the firemen enter, now that baskets of trouble  
Collapse under the sun and moon and planets.

Naveed Akram

# My Arm

I devote my arm to my endeavour,  
The real result of my army and response.  
The arms hacked at the mirror of my life,  
The shouting of a century is upon us.  
Arm them with guns and ammunition,  
To quests they drive, to missions they fail.  
My century is among the few that restore  
And heal the many that travelled in time.  
My legs carry forever a thoughtful pursuit,  
Let the legs be lazy and let the arms be happy.

Naveed Akram

# My Art

My art does speak a  
Certain pride so well ahead  
Of those with some speech.

My sprint is bolder  
Than a hundred runners yet  
It saves me from food

See summer in bloom  
Like a painting on the sky  
Inside a little

A winter burden  
Appears in the snow to find  
Me also in snow

A sea is like art  
That heaves and betrays many  
In the world of myths

Naveed Akram

# My Artists Of Words

My art creates a vacuum of displeasure,  
Frontal art attacks consider me fine,  
And the monuments are designed to confront.

My artists compose then register,  
Frequent strokes comprise us, as  
The laws of the generations speak.

My artistic endeavours roll forward  
Downhill, as escape is the master of this  
Radical class called the bricklayers of life.

My arts create tension and stolen forces,  
My acts cherish the vitality of the nation,  
For these actions are like words of meanings.

Naveed Akram

# My Attack On Royalty

I play with lords and ladies  
Often, and more often than you consider.  
My name is not of a beggar, but a beautiful man,  
Who is always in trouble from royalty.  
My lordship was against the religious views I gave,  
Yet only his profession obstructed understanding;  
I laughed in his ears and eyes  
As if I resented him, and his wife.  
My only thought produced small wonders  
Beginning the larger ideas, ending in philosophy  
That I managed from sleep; the laughter died down.  
In the end, my final thought was to play with the ladies  
And gentlemen, and let wizardry be my mistress.

Naveed Akram

# My Audience

I addressed the audience  
As a compere that hassled  
Passing fabulists of renown,  
Forging documents of rarity.

The folds of my skin  
Seemed to concertina,  
Like the bash of the drum  
And the ache of the pen.

I folded my irate finger  
With astounding success,  
Feeling the gawk  
Of my own invention and practice.

The lurching heat of detesters  
Combed my hair,  
Fixing grins and grimaces  
With alarming nuisance.

The audience clapped afresh,  
Flapping the face  
While spectres spent  
Their troubles with perception.

Naveed Akram

# My Baby

You are still holding my baby,  
Your hands lend a caring gesture.  
This child across the ocean is a reminder,  
Voices across the country destroy.  
Give us the money to enjoy and amuse  
My baby and me.  
My hands are worthy of It,  
Yet the country is forced to decline.

Naveed Akram

# My Bayonet

The end to danger is near,  
I just am indignant about the bandolier.  
I have my bayonet, to stab and kill,  
Vietnam was a time of the bill.  
My bayonet has air to lighten the load  
Of a fellow foe, and then his abode.

The anode to this little telling  
Is a positive tool to make a negative tool  
Be vanquished, explored and smelling.  
The wounds of heaven are like a fool,  
But why do soldiers play so hard?  
Bravery is rebellious near a shard.

Naveed Akram

# My Beautiful Egg

This eggshell has me opened within,  
Excelling, stalking and betraying my friend,  
A piece of the hatred of one's foes  
Has excited my threatening mind,  
Within is the convolution, the separation,  
The wonderful, and the extreme.  
My eggs are bound to repel the compounds  
Of my voice, shells are discarded  
Due to the figs, being graveyards of fruit.  
My shell is opened like a beautiful egg,  
A head for entering the twins and deaths.  
The twins swirl in the vortex of minds,  
Reputation has been saved.  
This eggshell has wounded my legs of late,  
The belated night has worrisome foes,  
Vampires abound in due measure,  
Like the lickens of food and blood.

Naveed Akram

# My Beautiful Forgetting

My forgetting is my beauty as it concerns us all,  
Such forgetting is too stronger than tomorrow.  
For these days belong to living that dies,  
A single mood erupts and finds exhilaration.  
I turn to the trees of ancient wood and wool,  
When the beauty of their souls is uprooted  
By the forgotten winds, feeding a joy to sprinting  
And walking that is waking.  
Mornings seem like mourning,  
Evenings create a disturbance.  
When we turn to the rooms of our destiny,  
The houses remain among the architecture.  
My forgetting is my beauty as it makes  
Me cry for the souls that require it.

Naveed Akram

# My Being Permeates

My conversion permeates through my being,  
Solipsism shall be the thought for me;  
Drooping from an attitude of cool nature,  
The self is a puzzle for my own creation.  
Like having arches of a door,  
This self creates joy and dislike.  
The real movement of this crazy life  
Distends a wound on the readiness of souls.

My concerns are like the doorways,  
Encyclical objects of thought.  
The birth of bipeds resumes from the fore,  
Their legs dangle once we are born.  
In these gymnastics is an insolence,  
One of the resonant sounds that apologize.  
The captain of capsizing is afoot,  
And the straddled human rights command a league.

Naveed Akram

# My Belly Aches

Your belly aches from too much food,  
Eating this likened your mood like fire melts wood.  
The belly hurts from the compulsions,  
The food of life angers my soul like dirt.  
May the stomach be bleeding,  
It hurts from the deep wound of hunger.  
Hunger creates character like a brain thinks,  
More selfish is the devil who does not create.  
Must we listen to devils and demons always?  
Then food disappears and we are aching like fools.

Naveed Akram

# My Bib

I spin the pepper in my hands,  
Keeping it in the flow of ice cream;  
This foundation overwhelms me  
Like the taste of squid.  
I have the church blessing my laughter,  
With baton in hand I perform another  
Miraculous jest, a miracle has been born.

What is a catastrophe? The bib uplifts  
The baby, with new food and mattress.  
I see a bargain descend on the barter,  
The bib is full of foundations,  
The bibs will be salt, and the coach  
Stems ahead, for all away to eat.  
More hair will grow and fall.

Naveed Akram

# My Birth

I was born one child of children,  
Following a personage to endeavour;  
This time my age requires union  
With the body of a human-self.  
This meaning is astounding my mind  
As the laughter grows sick and dangerous.  
One child too completely withdrawn,  
One of us sings along the tunes of the day.  
This nature we brought to the fruition  
Is wet and dry as well, for we are in splendour.  
One birth is too important for me,  
That man is me and my family.

Naveed Akram

# My Birthplace

I am here as my birthplace, fully adept at being kept,  
Police is against the poles of distress, as my sister is today.

The days outnumber the nights outstretched, feeding,  
Keeping, so that nights bespeak and bemoan fully.

Here is my place of fountains and dire stress, a lace of  
Shoes, a mountain of hurt, when the germ of germs is found.

Where is my sister of areas resolute? The birds in the air  
Fasten and loosen, with wings catapulting them forward.

This may describe the place of my espionage and birth,  
When spies despise the despots who run the estate.

Nobody will enter the gloom of a day so resented,  
This day is a night, and this night is a day, why are we born?

Naveed Akram

# My Blade And Yours

The apex of my blade has a strength  
That you despise at the back of your mind.  
My bones shall be axed and shattered  
By the grace I concentrate and show.  
We breathe until blades of grass  
Shine eternally as straws of gold in Paradise.  
In this land, you wanted a stay to behold,  
Now this is your goal, the same as silver.

Naveed Akram

# My Bleeding

My avenue is bleeding and crazy  
With my French nation.  
This neighbour is like the island on course  
For another land.  
The land of troubles.  
The land of weight and height.  
I like this land, and it is America  
Of course.  
My rules govern the ending and beginning  
Of an everlasting activity,  
That of migration sold to action.  
This little adventure is too numb  
In the ice and cold, but the sun is awkward.

Naveed Akram

# My Blessed Name

At this moment my name blesses me,  
It converts the faith in the head  
To cover my fortune and dread,  
How we live and how we be.

Once upon a time, the blessed men  
Woke up the blind men and gave  
A death to the roads that could save  
Men who worked hard as ten.

They believe in words for the crime,  
Blessed by time and solutions  
That forgave the creation of abominations,  
Leaving us in pain, in a peacetime.

Naveed Akram

# My Bones

My sack overweighs my alcohol,  
It burns the skin of all its gold;  
The luck of a box rocks the world,  
One neck has to be country-madness.

My sack of bones creates and enters  
The fray, the copse of this deadlock;  
A speck of blood seethes the cloth  
Of a long time and longest day.

I hear the tock of the candle and clock,  
My bones are outspread like fortunes of war;  
The booty dams the sinners, like the golden  
Virtues in all the moral philosophers.

Naveed Akram

# My Bonfire

After this I gather a wooden stick collection,  
Burning the sticks of wooden nature.  
A fire has rudely devoured the flesh of my world,  
The later periods have contrived a short pause.  
Please do not desist this activity, when you gather wood,  
For my father has been the future, living like warmth  
And this fire is within the layers to bind it,  
The soul is mighty with grief, the soul has cancer  
Of the brain, as for this world.  
The fire has risen into the sky, like it is a bonfire  
For all to see and imagine, for my father loved the sky  
At night when the wooden sticks were burnt  
To remind him of the variety of afterlife.

Naveed Akram

# My Boy

My boy turned a page trying to prove  
That ever since his bottles and spirit  
He had grown old and sufficient,  
Like the pages of my binder.

“What the hell do you think  
You’re doing? Captivating? ”  
I said to the poor old boy,  
A purloiner of books and old toys.

“I have my word and my work, father! ”  
The boy retorted from his voice of  
Slight laughter, with rain on his brush  
And rain on his paint, the two possessions.

I couldn’t see you there with artistic endeavour,  
I thought to myself, but weirdest intelligence  
Gave the rain a doubt, and so the life became rain,  
Still rain, and more rainy days to come.

Naveed Akram

# My Brave Heart

I am babyish with matters concerning the heart that is brave,  
The mountaintop feeds on the whole world with a brave heart.

Pacific groups collect and master their facts with compromise,  
But the fires and the powers restate what is whirled with a heart of bravery.

My stains are kept by the jolly and wicked, cleaner than many,  
Letting hearts find their heads as well when curled with a brave old heart.

I must fetch the water from a well that speaks too boldly from above,  
Losing the matters of acts and of the water swirled is a brave heart.

Let him read the farewell, and let him observe the distance,  
My innocence is a protector from those scrolls unfurled with the brave heart.

Naveed Akram

# My Cancellation

I cancel my debt to the school of law,  
This I do by making a promise to my grandpa:  
Reside in jail and spend a war  
For those who sin and win what you are.  
This debt I can cancel resides in my head,  
And I want my jail and number, the bed.  
We see the problems of law, and we see them then,  
Yet what life does this law bring when it is again.

Naveed Akram

# My Car And My Family

My car is caring for the door,  
The daughters of the sudden drama  
Encase themselves in divine whipping  
Of cream, we stagger and search  
For the mixture often; we bless them.

Open the door, I show you the door,  
Fastening knots on the soul of doors;  
The mixing is of matter and energy,  
Offering me the derived door of devilry.  
My open door is obviously ruined,  
My open door is obviously blooming.  
My car is of the entrance to the world  
That souls confidently explore,  
We are sons and family so faulty.

My car is of the door, and daughters  
Cease to argue with their heart on hills,  
My cars are nuances, derelict, and descriptive,  
Fallen from heavenly minds, ferociously  
Frozen.

Naveed Akram

# My Catching

My catching is my weakness for the years of life,  
This wisdom creates a devastating effect for the holiness,  
And records show a clear reason for the demise.

My catching is superb beyond the year and day,  
It creates a strong point of this knife and sword,  
Delays happen for the whole of the community.

My catching encapsulates the meaning of all living,  
Love means bigger objectives like the terror existing  
Back in the days of a lively nature, the nature of man who  
Laughs and cheerily resides in his bed.

Naveed Akram

# My Chief

My chief has hindered me by the way,  
Open me in my heart, follow me and you.  
Lie on the side of goodness, gauntlets  
Are held for the nights and days to count.

My terms concern me as I weep, tears flow,  
Internal wishes are heard by the mind  
To flow onto our rights, the lights  
Too blowing on the sight of our eyes.

Naveed Akram

# My Child

My unbelievable-child, my universe has split,  
You sell and buy in the same time as me.  
My work is concrete and strong.  
My join is like a watery stream to the lake.  
This challenge I demand for all the world.  
These deeds of death are like no belief.  
Pleasures are greater when pain is small.

Naveed Akram

# My Chosen Image

It is my chosen image,  
The world of emotions works lastingly,  
Who do you see in this complete picture?

I have showed only something,  
Like a plan or proposal that bites  
And spends from the wallet.

Or in town, the separated forms  
Shall witness pride as the watchers  
Previously recall.

I helped thinking this time I was present,  
One of the mapped men obstructed and abhorred  
The helpers and workers of the thoughts.

A little relationship should be hoped,  
Legalities are never shaken  
As they rent the apartment of wisdom.

I have one hearing and sight,  
I recall every single gesture of light  
In this night we become with guilt.

Naveed Akram

# My Clues

International clues spring to the forehead like bricks,  
My annual income receives fame and love and acrylics.  
Painting the notes with blood and water, I submerge myself,  
In this dark-green sea of hate that is on my bookshelf.

Naveed Akram

# My Coequal

He may be my coequal, but my resonance  
Is like the pounding of drums during fight of fire  
And ice, fires and snowfall, rockets and bombs.  
To burden another man I reject his teaching first,  
Then the next deal is to resign from my post,  
And then we deliberately convince the law  
To pose a threat, this time we are like swans  
On a lake-surface that fight during the serenity.

If waves were to obscurely fill the pool  
The bending of light-rays could be sensed  
And obscure ways of learning noted.

He may be a rival, but my objective  
Is far too superior, like the flags waving at the sea  
Mightily, with force, gases, brine and sewage.  
This is the deal of the deal, minding a stationary being,  
Linking into letters the ink has melted far too weakly.

The threatened men of this generation lift  
Their eyes to our rivalry, and this design  
Is of the heavens and earth.

Naveed Akram

# My Commiserations

My commiserations go to the ones who love me,  
Intact, our love grows from the heart of the action.  
Play with the energy of love to fulfill your goals,  
My condolences are never needed say some.  
Many acts of love are in haste, but the eyes of hate  
And ears of awareness see a variety of thought.  
Those engaged in a career cause the followers,  
And I sympathize with them for their own efforts.  
Love brings joy to the community of believers  
Who act never strangely nor crossly nor wrongly.

Naveed Akram

# My Complete Road

Embellish my sword when the day is complete,  
With it I strike a beauty and a sword of life;  
This road has been dim and darkness,  
I clamber a dive into fire,  
Once the swordplay is ended.

I strive along the highway,  
Like no man in those mountains  
And hills,  
Listening to those gallows and bones  
That enter the head or brain.

My trivia is completely headache,  
Losing my time as my neck is caught,  
Due to the supposed dying cigar,  
The deathly man who is my villain.  
This loser is me now, hung instead of me.

And so the road has begun,  
Living with allies and strong people,  
Riding the horse and steeds,  
Feeding the river and ranch  
With fish and cattle.

Naveed Akram

# My Composer

My composer is absent from the words  
Affecting with pride, managing to dine.  
Many sides force me to reconsider the prize,  
A pretty sign of a number that looks  
Like a great character, of forces and laws.  
My sandwich is full, and my cups and plates  
Shall break, to accuse me is to want me.  
Let them still assert the extra blessing  
So that when I die my likenesses thrive.  
The music of the soul carries weight  
And melody enough to convict the felons.  
This dying is a living, this living is us,  
When we astutely gather the treasures.

Naveed Akram

# My Confusing Name

My name is confusing when I saw it,  
Passionate liquids dissolve the place;  
And so the names of our fathers resound  
To yell at the differences we make.  
One pebble masters us in a way,  
Two pebbles are thrown to resolve the issue  
For surrender.  
I see a leader in white deserving us,  
His woes are great indeed,  
Under the trees of happiness,  
Wearing the boughs of joy.

Naveed Akram

# My Country

My country is above the love,  
Your personality is in my country.  
We are upset, fully loving and defined,  
Like a natural being, a human reality.  
Underneath the clouds and the sky full of storms,  
My nation speaks to the laughter of lightning,  
Loathing our special reality, in my voice.

My county is also a special district,  
Of the playing, of sports and other recreation.  
We reside here forming slow movements,  
Building victorious signals according to the mind.  
Like human beings the doctors also wait,  
For the signals and lightning bolts  
That the country has suffered.

Naveed Akram

# My Court

Never enter my court spreading disease,  
Inside this duty I complain of those who decease  
From the clause written by the judge,  
To decapitate the man with the nudge.  
I concern him now, in ever more reason,  
More than ever the reasons flow thorough the season.  
This period of course matters for those in my court,  
Blaming me is desired as a last resort.

Naveed Akram

# My Cruelty

My cruelty is stronger than a manner  
That repels the hearts of men,  
My cruelty wittily describes the burden,  
Let burden be doubt and description.  
The callous men and women can bear  
The ideas of a devilish plan,  
The cruelty of men is not ideal  
But strong, and it strengthens ideas.  
Life jolts to sustain, life bears fearful  
Cruelty, and this means godly work  
Is the superior chant.  
My accusations are numerous,  
My cruelty is exceptional for me  
And guilt can never be a reality.

Naveed Akram

# My Dairyman

My dairyman is a crustacean of milk,  
The crystals enjoined on him are like silk.  
My dairyman is a soldier of liquid,  
Once I grab the bottle I contacted.

Mine is the sword so much dagger,  
I have abhorred the activity of an adaptor.  
This is milk of the highest standard,  
Drinking this fluid is best adventured.

Inside we speak so loud of the man with cheese,  
Cheeses spend us with wine and abnormalities;  
Actually us, actually us are fond of a distance,  
The wincing happens with assistance.

Naveed Akram

# My Dangerous Friend

My door is a square, my door is a square,  
Its dangerous appearance resents the air;  
I have to object to the pleasant mien of my friend,  
A pen has been lifted, the ink has been set  
And my friend shall enter the head of my heart,  
As a dungeon is before a company called us.

My corridor coasts in arid air, mildewy regions,  
Opening the liars from the prisons of old,  
At the sound we hear their lies and pies  
So burnt by their breakfast fires, we had  
To elevate the corridor and the walking in it;  
The sea of the dungeon mud was a marsh or sewer.

Naveed Akram

# My Declaration

The declaration has a word of rejection,  
But I conceive of the differences and award  
A man who chooses, signs and forfeits.  
I include a focus, a passion, and bravado,  
Much of the tool is in precocious flowering,  
Much of venom entails a sting to beleaguer.

The ironic tone of my songs are forgiving you,  
Dancing on the chests of the chairs,  
Choosing which to sit on is discomfort.  
Must I complain and resit my examination?  
The focus is on me, the parabola will begin,  
And a script is fought for by monuments.

Naveed Akram

# My Demanding

My crying was a demanded act,  
I needed an escape into oblivion;  
But would they hear the silent rope  
Flowing in the cosmos of worry?

My cloak and dagger was there,  
It was my program on the run;  
I lifted the lips of my mouth to hunger  
And thirst, to smell and burn  
Into a charred cadaver too brightening.

I needed to cry before I died,  
The spirit below was the spiritual master;  
He or she was blessed and divine,  
My cloak and dagger had chanced  
An entry into the unknown.

Where is my crying now that you've  
Succumbed to the rampage and drift?  
The tears are overflowing like the wind  
In the atmosphere of the world.

Naveed Akram

# My Demesne

A demesne I casually address as my own  
Becomes comely to the eye and nose,  
Fanatical as a mouse over its cheese,  
Contrary to the borders and boundaries.

My eyes astound your passionate look,  
Looks are deceiving as my own look;  
May my territory not bless you as me,  
As far as faraway places of distinction.

Naveed Akram

# My Designer Of Thoughts

My philosophy is my design,  
For he is a designer of pictures  
That float in the rain and snow.  
His deeds are his thoughts,  
The philosopher is necessary  
In this populace, in this city I call.  
For the photons emitted strike him  
In the eyes, easing the tongue  
So that speech runs slowly,  
So that reason has been ignited,  
So that fighting with sound is gone.

My philosophy is my art,  
And he is finding it wiser to attract  
The crowds rather than dispute  
The country of all its wishes and  
Constraints.  
In this walled city is a peaceful  
Mausoleum so elegant and tall,  
With minarets like spines,  
And a dome of the heavenly brain.  
The feeling of the philosophy is  
Done by the minds of the philosophers.

Naveed Akram

# My Disarmament

I have seen the overwhelming night  
Envelop the soul with its fever and black light.  
I have dissolved the salt into your sweat,  
Left the madness of a monkey to the side.  
I make a melody from fruits and engineer  
My words with increasing alacrity due to speech.  
My soul is the regarding kind, the lawful kind,  
Of those souls mine is the better at decision.  
I choose to defend the arches and colonnades,  
From barbarians that attack in an innocent way.  
This soul is best at divisions and schisms,  
The nation is wholly suited to disarmament.

Naveed Akram

# My Disease Is Contagious

My disease is my flight into the dangerous realms,  
I just see caged birds, I just see caged birds.  
Animals are full of contagious ailments,  
If you do speak to these creatures a philosopher  
Will meet you and think that you are insane,  
And so the mental health suffers as he talks  
And talks like a teacher of words and understanding.  
This is my enjoyment, this is my learning  
That masters my soul for the whole circle.

These are called catastrophes, disasters of the mind,  
That cause rivers to flow ad infinitum.  
You must have passions that are replicas,  
And you enjoy the animal kingdom and botany  
Of a world requesting your backup.  
Death eventually arrives after declaring itself,  
A man called Death is fully aware and observant  
About the accordion you play,  
From many illnesses and regalia.  
The motivation to live is fully legitimate,  
It is a craft to eye the learned men  
And see what diseases spurn from  
Each foothold, relying on your thoughts  
And the being that is human.

Naveed Akram

# My Distant Love

Even though my distance is kept  
You are not the velocity of a saint.  
Even the badger is burrowing for love  
While your mind will take tomorrow.  
The love is not a distant image,  
Its spark is ignited by the lunatic of light.  
One folly is a definite task to take,  
Although the consequence is hate.  
To love is to like the flowers of the bed,  
It's always the stronger petals laying  
Behind in the park of controversy.  
The distant love is the sacred love,  
Lovers tease their dreams into fruition.  
For lovers are the ultimate pictures  
Painted by the august worker called Me.

Naveed Akram

# My Distress

My rate of distress is a question of hate,  
For the ends of the world do not dent the steel.  
Punishment is a reception of pain,  
Punish those in power and might, the leaders.

Quiet as a religion, the putting of balls is widespread,  
Lit by the wands of musicality, the real poison.  
Quick and quiet is the needle, of course my friend,  
In a sense the fall of the needle is a break with disease.

Rails are climbed now, and forever,  
Fevers reach dignity and proud feelings.  
My rate of rainfall in this sky engulfs my family,  
To the letters and laws of the land of religion.

Naveed Akram

## My Doctor's Pursuit

A long life awaits my doctor of postures,  
He arms his house with weapons of ice,  
Cold as the syringes that fire and plea,  
Like soldiers who mutter their praises to generals.  
A long life is a believer, a salty beach keeps  
A longer death of the higher sanctuary.

A city will pursue the aroma of a sacred town,  
My light duty is to keep the tomorrow.  
Are you not feast and burden to the community?  
Is not the cold heart a special design  
From the creator who wins and sells the prices  
Of a person who consumes liquids of water?

Naveed Akram

# My Door Is A Lamp

One day You ask: What are you up to?

- I work for lattices

And concoct doors for lamps.

The door to heaven will be split,

My doors shall turn into gates

Encircling my heaven of Old.

Radiation picks up from Hell,

Heaven closes its gates,

And my doors open and shut

To let Me only enter

My heaven and Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# My Dreaming

My dreaming carries electrical bargains  
Understanding the brain by deductions.  
My dream surrendered to awe and work,  
May thinking of the day be artwork and brickwork.  
The mind has a prison of thoughts,  
Lulling the contents with safety and blots.  
The space for a prisoner is strongly small  
After he or she caters for the other who is tall.  
Similarly, the thoughts of our head are attached,  
They spring and enlarge and be hatched.  
My dreaming makes me sick at times,  
Someday I pray for times to be rhymes.

Naveed Akram

# My Drought

A drought is south passing the journey,  
My real mouth will energise on this gurney.  
I am succeeding due to this accident on the wall,  
The fright delivers action after action from alcohol.  
With the basketball see what sport there is to share,  
My chair is secondary, a china for the talking of care.  
A dinner is served to the ones in chairs,  
I want to inspect and catch sight of whoever dares  
To ruin the day for someone with bad habits  
Or for some people who declare themselves abbots.

Naveed Akram

# My Duty Is To Serve

My duty is for the dukes to falter,  
My acts are numerous to follow,  
And the skills of a generation are ripe.  
My duties are instilled in the hearts,  
These hearts bleed with courage,  
Fattening the belly with more burden.

My duty is to serve the crown of rights,  
Installing the gun and serving sentences,  
Like a ripe stone of fruit, interrogated by him.  
This heart is made of stone and oil,  
Fastening its blending mixtures like a nail,  
Its socket is good and natured with silk.

Naveed Akram

# My Duty Serves

My swerving is my duty,  
Duty forbade me, to turn,  
To turn it persuades me.  
For the dutiful ones apologise  
For misdirection,  
And managed men are like  
Contours,  
And managers are the controllers.

For them duty was a complete  
Mockery, but duty was an abolition  
Of duty.  
The same standard has occurred,  
For the professional professors  
Are obtained due to alacrity  
That appears in the opera  
Of the eye and learning of its.

Duty is to complete the educated man  
With duty to be tonnes of distance,  
The ride is of ivory,  
The ride is gruelling and tougher  
Than the butter of duty.

Naveed Akram

# My Dying Heart

I open the doors to a lonely heart,  
One of them fights against mine.  
His heart and mine actually clash,  
Reminding me of a love that died.  
This love is futuristic, is coming,  
And may the spirit of destruction  
Seem to beat in the opposing heart,  
So that each of our hearts die considerably.  
The door to the heart of hearts is at home,  
Where I live and breath forever and ever.

Naveed Akram

# My Dying Plant

A dying plant shall never make my words  
Fall from the leaves as they flow towards heaven.  
The golden paint of this new organism is against  
Humans who protrude in the midsts of laughter  
Of nature's balm, and those in history have  
Taken on a tree that has been planted by the heroes.

This dying man forsakes me even from a wide square,  
The natural thing is the obvious drinking tankard,  
From it flows a wine so pure and distilled to be holy.  
My sickness within weds my very soul so often  
That disease has happened in the heart so often,  
As this demise befalls the literate and the illiterate.

My lordship cancels the ladyship of your dream,  
Inside one is housed a pen that swings like a  
Pendulum of heavy actions, supporting the acts  
Of a a timely man who watches and sustains cowardice  
Combined in him, permitting a new release of effects  
Internally absent, for this innate ability has also arisen.

Naveed Akram

# My Elements Of Man

Instead of a man do you have some element to object to?  
Does a man be a man with his sage or his plentiful beggars?

The well made fountain is a fighter for the rich,  
Loving men can never become a design of God.

Naveed Akram

# My End Approaches

The time of my end approaches,  
As I shall die and be right in the rising;  
Rising in the fire, my darkness closes in,  
No pain overtakes my feeling, as long is life.  
Let me remain a part of being,  
Let thirst be quenched when brown from soil.  
A horrible stench is in the air  
Of the grave that is fortunate.  
I have never been encouraged to trust  
Much in the sympathy of my fellow-men.  
One's reverence is some tenderness,  
I long for life in darkness and then light.  
Will darkness close over my eyes eventually?

Naveed Akram

# My Essence Derived

When my essence is derived by My Almighty,  
The existence emerges beyond count as I  
Launch into unknown territory and forget who I am.

Where is God's reasoning now that He has created me?  
Why do I speak for my soul that encases the celebration?  
Is my fountain of disbelief too tall or too small?

My soul is my soul, of the world and all its roles that play  
According to the rule; we watch body after body dragged  
Upon the dirt and clay, fixing stars of mistrust in the heart.

Let then the coffin define a new splendour for the rules  
Of the hereafter, a unique mixture of laws pertaining to it,  
Like the laws of the cosmos but mightier than itself.

Naveed Akram

# My Eternal Dream

My dreams are eternal like the void,  
In this void of evasions and doubt  
The sacred reading is upon the plane.  
When do muttered friends abound?  
When they seek the sight of you?  
When the light of a thousand stars  
Combine to be fixtures of beasts?  
My dreams involve friendliness,  
Not just the archetypes of a lost  
Generation, the loss is grander than mud.

My dreams, my dreams are solid.  
Many of them demand a hearing  
As if sight was sold on the market.  
My reading of ready light is vision  
After vision, to be composition and gait.  
The walk of a thousand planets cannot  
Contain the revelry of a day that outlasts.  
Beasts walk this earth with anger and fits  
Of heaven inside hell, like the old rights.  
My sacred river has emptied its bowels  
Into a tract worthy of a fountain.

Naveed Akram

# My Exploding Continent

My continent splendidly encompasses me,  
Opening avenues of birds and animals;  
Forming myself a puzzle,  
The real islands of my eyes are astounded.  
Anecdotes of speaking people are astounding,  
Forcing wretched messengers to the hearth.  
This fire inside burnt as anger,  
My anger in this sense was solid,  
Like the government and the reality  
That people will question.  
My country thinks splendidly of me,  
Justice explodes the sufferers of wealth.

Naveed Akram

# My Eye

I feasted my eyes on what was quite correct,  
Reached by the foot of man and woman together,  
With red spots on the cheeks that glimmered,  
In obeying the friendly call of the asses.  
I thought of what was music to the ears,  
Asses had already reached a depth,  
Pronouncing the same words of definite help,  
All of our discomforts were forgotten tonight.  
When the leisure hours came,  
We wept under the dying moon,  
Kicking and jesting like the feet of help,  
A fist had lodgings, a fist created pleasure  
And dispelled the logic of an eternity.

Naveed Akram

# My Face

My face is never finite, never sound,  
Like a reflection of the facial characteristics  
All on my own.

My mirrors shine in the direction of the wind,  
For the cold breath stagnates the air,  
Being death and ruin.

My faces are numerous and severed,  
In the unique sound we met,  
Inside the sea of doubt.

Do not refrain from the speech  
That your desires disgrace.

Naveed Akram

# My Fair Light

My fair name resounds for the way,  
In this way a warrior steals the magic,  
So that effort is not a stage for all,  
Let it be known illness matched us.

My fairness evolves from the galaxy of black  
Desire, a real faithful son has been,  
To be persuaded and elevated  
Like a beaming light of trained art.

My fair sameness enlightens a man  
Who designs enough praise for the one  
He serves and deserves,  
The fairness of a lane is to be ridden.

Naveed Akram

# My Faith In You

My faith in you demands coverage by the sands  
That speak like grains of sand to invent into lands.  
My coping subdues your coping, sense the snow  
That fell on this country, I was never tired a day ago.

I am submerged by cold, by actual bricks,  
To nights they reign supreme, like aerobics.  
Master the loss of weight according to belief  
And knowledge in mixture, this may be brief.

I am sensible, I have gravity on my side,  
For this is Earth and the atmosphere is supplied  
With air of oxygen and love, like and trust,  
It just brings the merry city to the freshest.

Naveed Akram

# My Faithful Steed

I am the challenger of the night and all it contains,  
It darkens the sword on your side, but I unsheathe;  
To fight is to injure, and to ride is to bruise the shoulder,  
My horse is me, I am my horse, for it pleases me,  
As I please it, with me as a burden on the back.

The back is my scavenger, my front is a danger,  
The riding is of a passenger in the mists and fog.  
I am endangered by the speed of news and sport,  
My plunging is my sinful action, my jeopardy,  
For it pleases me as the pains are the custom.

The larger we amass our armies, the more a speed  
Of the empire, and then merging the sounds  
Carries a sword, the darkening clouds rain down  
With thunder and lightning, bolts of electricity  
Forsaking us with might and light, sound and ground.

My horse is an open friend, a galley of the land,  
I am the sailor of the few who reign supreme,  
As the mast of this riding beast is so superb  
That martyrdom is less beautiful, and watching  
Is the key to success as we fly from zone to zone.

Naveed Akram

# My Fall Is In Flesh

Here the bursting of the flesh ceases, as forever the fall  
Has diminished and been understood by the men of high degree.  
The barriers of a jester subsist, the bursts of the heaven exist,  
Just too much love exits and exerts the lover's quarrel.

Here the flesh ceases to be an exact mass, an actual paint  
On the higher beings of these headaches and worries.  
The bridge with the other side creates an unwelcome picture  
Of the love within the gates, without the repulsions and dates.

I see too many who find a tense role-play, a rapid fire, a joke,  
Opening the stems and leaves of a lake of nature and rice.  
The food of a century is too late, a drink of the heightened  
Masses is too much distaste, like a lying woman and a high star.

Naveed Akram

# My Farce

My farce depicts my rage along the time,  
May language find a fault with some of these  
Little diseases of this age that states.  
Words devastate the real divisions now,  
Now that is godly finding me and you.  
My farce destroys a little sun of us,  
The star for all of us shall carry one,  
And this demand defends my actual goal.  
Time staggers as the gods roll one over you.

Naveed Akram

# My Features

Name the exact objects so enlightening my teachers,  
These subjugate my actions, become my features.

Naveed Akram

# My Feelings With Animals And Birds

My feelings are heard by the birds and animals,  
I converse with their own speaking customs;  
My threshold is uncertain, they are ignorant,  
Forces are at work, and the playing of the stars is mild.

Stars and certain planets cease to exist if I sing,  
My cage is that of a slave, in spectacular arrangement;  
My songs need biting as my lunch needs biting as well,  
These are the stars I recollect from experience and trance.

My feelings are like that of the stars and birds,  
I am human and free, conversations matter to the infirm  
And weak in health, and my doors are always open to guests  
Who enjoy my company and not just animals and birds.

Naveed Akram

# My Fingers Burn

A memory wakens due to health of the limbs,  
My fingers burn and singe with the hearts of contempt,  
I never appeared before the icy winds,  
Scattered rain was a family of repose.

My stopping was my wailing,  
And my wailing became a well  
For water to be drunk and trained,  
Licking hungrily the memories of acts.

My winter-black heavens were astray in the smog,  
Remembering the icy winds and tiring vastness,  
Feeling the memories of ice and snow.  
This day saw heavens and all the limbs of sight.

Naveed Akram

# My First Song

My own first song blew like a trumpet,  
The small was the divine, the larger  
Foil commonly made the shining ray.  
Many shells talked of their wetness,  
My smile acted like the sharp knives,  
My love was a first song, the very initial  
Long tongue, that sang rightly.

My first song was a reality, a real gesture  
To think of the pleasure given to heaven;  
My first song abstained from pleasure,  
It coincided with the only righteous men  
Who swore to the whole goodness,  
Who swung to tree after mountain, boiling  
The stew, when first the sweat broke.

Naveed Akram

# My Food

My food created my feet to suffer walking about and around,  
Is it some ingredient that astounds us? Does it require a compound?

Naveed Akram

# My Form Of Heaven

My sentence is a form of heaven,  
Enlightening the population persevering,  
My words chill the bones and the spine,  
My work is not complete this day.  
My form of language commands a strength  
Storing stealth with dexterity.

My heaven emits a radiance, of worthiness,  
Kings are in the window of a heavenly home,  
With doors inside and roofs atop,  
Crystal avenues ring in tone,  
Liking sentences wherever the accent.  
My dextrous hands have worthiness,  
Kids of the forest consider this occupation  
Of such worthiness.

Naveed Akram

# My Fortune

My fortune is big, bigger than oil and silver,  
Open the chest of treasure which is hot and ready,  
The skin has been contaminated, of goals and looks,  
How are your messages recorded by the machinery?  
My fortune died a long time ago, houses were fair,  
Jokes were limited, never are they strong to live up to now,  
Make the jest and keep order and justice.

I produce the machinery,  
And you do the hard work.  
My fortune is big, but I am biggest.

Naveed Akram

# My Fragrant Names

My fragrance burns the woeful flowers,  
Or the shredded leaves so innocent and new;  
I lived along the meadows and the heathens,  
Evicted by their prowl and insidious behaviours.  
I told you how highly probable the invasion was,  
How very political men saw their seeds and inflated  
Their hearts above the knowledge of the trees.

And good hunger seemed far off, like names of the  
World that differed, accusingly,  
The world held a soul of attributes that mastered  
Their meanings, fully swollen with words.

My jumping was scented like the rose,  
Waiting for joyous sentences to burgeon and blow,  
Piercing the very heart with zest.

Naveed Akram

# My Friend Has Music

Alone, the friend has music,  
So much strength is in this butterfly;  
The beach of an angel is ready for basking in,  
Then rain shall sound after the summer on it,  
And loss is the brother of the friendly man,  
I ask him to be in solitude, and be sorry  
For the sound of rushing rain, the mother of storms.

Naveed Akram

# My Friend In His Chair

I see an ocean in my own life,  
Let walking produce the wife  
For the sight that lived in me,  
The ocean lifts its power to be.  
The message can not arrive,  
Instead, a wooden chair is alive  
With my friend, with my dear foe,  
The magnificent and low.  
He may never see an ocean or sea  
But the life is alive with a chair and tea.

Naveed Akram

# My Garden

I guard my gardener  
Who is me, and just me.  
Opening a lawn is  
To grow grass with seeds alone.  
My thinking is safely  
Being thought by the roots  
And the plants seem to be  
A lot of pleasure then.  
Hosing is fine this time  
As well as watering.  
My garden skills are best  
But is my gardening  
Any good, or all bad?

Naveed Akram

# My Godly Help

My godly helper is about to lose the tower,  
Its penalty is losing the beds and pillows.  
My servant is my house of worldly work,  
His service is adored dearly, like pain.  
Many have leapt to their deaths with scares,  
Fulfilling the awkward rights of some,  
Their heads are helmets of the highest sense.  
In this sense, work with morbidity  
Now that your best deeds are swollen in the legs.  
The service was eternal and fighters betray  
Us tonight when the days decide to end.  
The deaths are the nights, like nights following  
Other nights with stars at their powerful stare.  
My godly helper astounds the ends of the earth,  
Opening a powerful push to the hollow rocks.

Naveed Akram

# My Gold

My heart bleeds twice a day,  
My heart is stopping for my love.  
This day the learning has arrived  
That I have loved all the life,  
And everything is just delight.

Mines of gold are found under this house,  
The mansion speaking of eternal pleasure.  
My heart stopped due to poor weather,  
My bleeding heart is accused of too many riches.  
I have desisted since the dawn, and have been obliterated.

Naveed Akram

# My Grand Nation

My topics are grand according to nation,  
Mice sweetly twist around the maze of quality  
Swinging to extremes, as the minimum mixes  
With maximum, as the golden trees glisten.

My talents hasten, walking to the edges of spores  
Ejected by the fruitless fungi embraced by young  
Genders, a switch is the cause of the innocent;  
My elves and dwarves disappoint the crowd.

Secret after secret encases the taut string,  
Snapping along the tune of righteous trials;  
These demonstrations are brevity and speech,  
Exhibiting shy eyes, to the public of the spheres.

Naveed Akram

# My Habits

The habit we seek in white is joining me,  
Identify me with the aid of this habit;  
Teeth are struck from afar, like a speedy ghost,  
Colours speak, and blood arrives and splatters.  
My habit turned out to be distasteful,  
As a carcass I was found, and on the floor.  
Very old age struck me afterwards,  
Inner habits were developed for the keeping of love.  
The habit in white was a pretty flower  
Plucked by everybody, plucked and upset.

Naveed Akram

# My Hands And Feet

My names are upon the shoulders,  
Like words on a page of a book all-large;  
My fixations differ on this page  
For certain phrases linger, like the language.  
My sons and daughters are skinning  
The chicken and peeling the vegetables  
With their hands and feet, working well.  
My writing lately has differed extremely,  
For we knit like those who see the pride.  
No sums are added and no differences are kept  
From the ground, from the floor.

Naveed Akram

# My Happiness Chained

O God

My happiness clouds the mind,  
A shaken shell surrounds me  
But this time the friendliness is extreme  
And I crack the shell to see my soul.

O God

My glories should never be my shadows,  
Investigated by the devils chained,  
For I fear them not if the heat is too strong  
And the fire of their soul is small.

O God

My thoughts hatch as a philosophy  
That harnesses mild joy from intellectuality  
So that elements can be separated  
From their compounds in a precise manner.

Naveed Akram

# My Happy Cosmos

My happiness is one, it is to change what I love  
And to change what I feel towards the heart.  
Our friendship spans the cosmos, love is the friend,  
We are voyagers on a mission, training like astronauts.  
You smile now under your helmet, and face the cares  
Of space, inside the system of our design.  
Man shall command us when we stare at the machines  
Causing our agony, busts in space will shrink.

Then wisdom is in space, wise men look like fear,  
Their feelings are emotions of the heart and star.  
My family is in heaven, my friends are in chivalry,  
Where is the big bang, the big band, the big bard?

My happiness is one, that work is won, and goals  
Are scored after training, ambition must be the changer.

Naveed Akram

# My Head Hurts

They have hit my hard head,  
Ideals of the skin are not permanent;  
They frighten the being of bothers,  
Ideally a sanction must arrive by asking.

Hitting my head is morally wrought with  
Difficulties, judges, and tricks of the heart.  
It creates the philosophy of the head  
As the heart pumps blood like a machine.

They have hit my temperature with more  
Than the heat of the middle ages;  
Their hitting hard collapsed the thought  
Engine of a brilliant month and night.

Where does my head hurt like a bolt  
Out of the blue, out of the black grass?  
The weeds have grown like a lily,  
And my head droops to conquer naturally.

Naveed Akram

# My Heart

My heart is set in one way,  
Mine carries care and discipline;  
It accepts what is given to itself,  
It repeats and beats, it is shaped  
By the letters written by God.

My mind works in the ways of God,  
Men and women feel their minds,  
Their souls are linked by their hands  
And their feet march according to strength,  
Fashioning the skin and flesh  
Is fashioning the self in ways known to the heart.

Naveed Akram

# My Heart And The Family

Open the chest of drawers I call the heart,  
Inside is more furniture that I lay on,  
Further up the wall is a red spot or two,  
Me and my family and what else?

Outside there is a monster called the garden,  
It's a lawn, a tongue for languages and hurt,  
The communication seems vital for the plants to grow,  
Ovens in the kitchen are us, we grow food.

My family stay at home, victory is assured and some,  
Inside is the heart and my mirror is my family  
For they have lunch, dinner and breakfast  
In the day and night, with heart and pain, all day.

Naveed Akram

# My Heart Is Doing

That knowledge combines and causes hatred,  
And that wisdom is the best of the worlds;  
Losing the threads and losing the strings  
Can matter most to all the humans of the heart.  
My bringing is my doing, and my loving creates all,  
Prayers are overshadowed by loss yet release me  
From my slumber and awaken my soul.  
The hearing of the heart objects but do not be this!  
This heart can obey the long postures,  
And imposing a degree of help is the final solution.  
Lists of people are again the heart,  
The heart obeys everyone.

Naveed Akram

# My Heart Is My Force

My wedding is my heart that bleeds for you at night,  
At day the dawn comprises the spirit of solutions and sight.  
My marriage with life composes the stories of strife,  
A regular action transmits the actions of a multitude.

My doing is my doing, my little life of little size and shape;  
At day I connive the stronger forms of theories,  
At night, I celebrate your face and heart together with dice;  
The chances are slim that wrinkles will appear to the right.

My force is my reduction of life, my force still straightaway  
Argues with the others in a spirit that is parallel.  
My forefathers gathered amiable men who died and tried,  
Figuring out a solution for the wishes of the one who made.

My deeds are my company, my doing is a projector  
Or a cinema or worse, this day the temptation lasts,  
And forever the life of a star above occurs to challenge  
Us as we wed the familiar one, and demote the loser.

Naveed Akram

# My Heart Is Sinking

I had brought some little project in  
The open, forcing the sinking ship to  
Rest, my heart sank a little.

It capsized before I could rest in my  
Grave. I knew something was afloat  
In this whole oceanic sprite.

My confusion sang along with all  
The sprites of the sea, such linguistic  
Problems were diverse as tucked in affairs.

But the old days of this home we call sea,  
We call the old and ancient ways offering  
Some of us the leading and plumbing.

This water we call earth is the sea,  
My heart is troubled while the seas  
Sink into the sea, troublesome logic of flight.

Naveed Akram

# My Hidden Path

My paths conceal the truth of years,  
Grass has grown to make reasons;  
I shoot in the air to find sins and crimes,  
Then the paths make me finish in nastiness.

Let each path believe in itself,  
Life teaches us lessons of stupor,  
Life ends in the wrong way,  
And life guides the strong and weary.

Naveed Akram

# My Home Is Rocks

The rock's crafty protuberances spoiled the wars  
When breathing surrounded the circumstances,  
A march to a son was towards the home of choice;  
But sons were sons, daughters were daughters,  
The life of the right judge was a right conduct.  
Their conducting properties were like metallic rough,  
Edges of the plain spread, lucifers seemed to act  
On the sons that floated every time, seemingly  
Tense and tentative, illiterate people denied the truth.

A rock was cut from the cake of misdemeanour,  
Slices handed out to sheets of musical men,  
Who threw their locks on the doors of rightness,  
So that a rock would curtail the blessing,  
Sons of heraldry invoked their plain habits  
For the extra kindness, for the ilk of a familiar.  
Let the simulacrum deny a man of justice,  
For the justice can out stride the wonders.  
This just man in the head marches towards the home.

Naveed Akram

# My Honourable Ones

My father hovered over the food attached,  
Strongly uttering words of payment and conquest;  
I was ringing the words so sought after by the rich,  
Giving food and butter to the poor everyday.  
Love is a talker and a taker of the highest strength,  
Refuse it and you have refused to listen,  
So leave those being dead and live according to rules.  
Take your arms and stay away from death,  
A lonely person finds freedom next,  
And the poor man shall see why he is rich.  
For the going and the bustling of a grave guy  
Looks at the blackness of a plant as it watches.  
My mother watches me every night and  
Believes in my life, as it has to exist.

Naveed Akram

# My Hope Is Dashed

My album of thoughts is an army of pleasure,  
My pleasure contains the thinnest thinkers;  
O where are they who call themselves philosophers?  
Babies are them, children consider them to be so,  
But when force has dashed the hope and they try  
To think along and initially, these dreams come.  
On my backpack of nightmares a theory rests on the verge,  
The apex of this centupled act of connivance  
Surprises us horrifically.

Naveed Akram

# My House Rug

My rug is beaten by the maid, as she stalks the room  
With her own day, and lingers on with panic and trust.  
So that is when I prevail and adjust the tale so rightly,  
Bestowing the external ways of the man who labours.

The house is for me and all my family, like a yearly  
Contract with the four seasons, and mistakes will abide  
In the same place, fulfilling vows and creating marriages,  
Like the animal kingdom and plant kingdom combined.

My house, my house, it is sweet, falling into the cosmos  
At night, and at day is shines and resonates through the  
Heavens, like a captured shell or undulating sea and island;  
The favour is its, its is one of the many services in life we call.

Naveed Akram

# My Immersion

My nights are immersed in life,  
Having seconds to mime the words  
Today.

These dark rights need too many birds,  
The soft balls are thrown at the height  
So far.

The deep sinking thoughts remain in the grave  
Soothingly reiterating a stage of the  
Reading now.

Around a circle some thoughts muster  
Food for the whole holiness inside,  
Letting us.

May we describe the attitude of tomorrow  
Like the winds of the valleys and wells,  
Living now.

Naveed Akram

# My Independent Woman

My independent woman is like a nearer joy,  
Her life has ended with dismay,  
Onwards and forcibly, as temptation is best,  
The recovery is brought about, from the constellations.

My family kept my woman, and never spoke on guidance,  
My friend and comrade is inside my college,  
As a universe is quickened of you.  
We feature a living help, a gaining improvement called family.

Naveed Akram

# My Innocence

To humans I boast my innocence,  
They seem so innocent, so concise in speech;  
My life resides in me, like a part of speech,  
Just to be exultant, just to be heavenly.  
May the red blood not contaminate me,  
As humans wear some mockery.  
The singing does soar with flames,  
When boasting is about like the trumpet.  
Tremors of rain brighten the day  
With joy of triumph, the very strength of humanity.

Naveed Akram

# My Input

Anybody who laughs now is loud,  
And whoever left me alone is allowed,  
For we can be defined as good,  
And the leader is called great.

Different people have single deals,  
As your deal has been all too real,  
Always the deed has many roots,  
To send a loving rule to inputs.

Naveed Akram

# My Internet

My internet disappoints me as I walk the good walk,  
Little are the malefactors of this generation,  
My soldiers are against my businessmen with aftershock.

The army of this war decides nothing to do with the clock,  
I am small with all zooming men in the adoration,  
My internet disappoints me as I walk the good walk.

Clean men see authority and this war is fought with deadlock,  
A more wholesome picture arrives at the door of collaboration,  
My soldiers are against my businessmen with aftershock.

Might we stay in peace and decisions, in feelings and electroshock,  
A more defining moment uplifts the people in aspiration,  
My internet disappoints me as I walk the good walk.

Yesterday, the war was tougher than four world wars in flock,  
The blocking of this war was a complete commemoration,  
My soldiers are against my businessmen with aftershock.

The days have ended, the nights have begun, and I am in padlock,  
Sometimes the daylight becomes some of abolition;  
My internet disappoints me as I walk the good walk,  
My soldiers are against my businessmen with aftershock.

Naveed Akram

# My Inventions

My invention carries grim events,  
At last the night has observed a rest;  
To me you sound like my invention,  
Opening of pages, closing of books.  
These families of words rest and relax  
Like the inhalation of the air by the lungs.  
My heart has twitched and feared  
From the slight whispers and customs.  
My invention is sweet for the eyes of the public,  
My inventions improve by the day.  
My inventions cause us to be substances  
So pure and lovely, to the touch and taste,  
But do not just smell or sniff,  
Also care for the people who are inventing.

Naveed Akram

# My Job

This modern dance, an entrance,  
It certainly abides in me.  
I call it the profession of my dreams,  
The dream does not end until I awake.  
This is walking on a floor of a building,  
Working like a fire in an oven,  
Fisting the man in the street,  
Fires burn in the camp for me.  
How does the lying subside?  
My bosses have reduced their work  
And I am in symphony.

But suddenly the boss said I'm late  
And I need to be absent for a while.  
Performing is shunned,  
The real deal has collapsed,  
My job is complete, I have eyes with tears.  
Tears completely expel drama,  
This dance is over as I am late.

Naveed Akram

# My Kind Look

My look is my ability at the task ahead,  
It appears to be new and twisted for this.  
Open the doors to brevity and forsake this  
Road for the better roads and alleys.  
Pictures of a murdered man are displayed by  
The heights of genius so diabolical in nature.  
Their look is a fright upon the populace,  
Despair is a parent of the beloved ones,  
Desperate are the accusations of the accusers.  
My ability to look can feature the worst enemy,  
It is the charismatic deed so trustworthy.  
My frowning on the young-at-heart is to abhor,  
Maybe their look is an appearance of the highest kind.

Naveed Akram

# My Knife

My knife is trusted and wanted  
By drunkards and those aborted.  
My swords are never present at late,  
Please do swerve on a path to accelerate.

My life is again to abdicate, to destroy,  
And I mean he loses the battle to annoy  
Himself. He is himself and he burdens  
The life of all who are buoyant with their abdomens.

My living is for God, when I am afloat in the region,  
In the saved land I call water of waters, the abjection.  
This I object: why does the sea be water and the real knife,  
When living on land is far more superior, more than a wife.

Naveed Akram

# My Knowledge

A mine of information surpasses the next mine,  
A solid rock works to obstruct us from the same.  
May we bend our walk accordingly,  
Prancing needs no objection, no praise.  
It is a prank to keep and learn, in this way,  
The mine of knowledge is upon us once more.  
Yesterday it was skill, today luck,  
And tomorrow the world seems successful.  
What is more than wisdom in this book?  
Learning afresh is too small an issue.

Naveed Akram

# My Last Night

To stay awake I keep the defending  
Of the encampment, as I do not dropp off  
Whilst on guard!

Night duty has a sad work,  
Of their work is plenty  
Who see the enemy  
And protect the camp  
Against the foe.

Nights are too hard to cross.

Naveed Akram

# My Legacy

I was in grief, then madness,  
My brief life caused a good to befall on  
The populace of the city I was born in,  
This city was my dream on the world,  
And I want to return to it.

I was madly coming to my whims,  
And then sudden death collapsed my being,  
As if murder was on the horizon,  
Licking its wounds with sadness,  
Living a life of deathly substance.

I was a man drunk with love, brief lives  
Were with me, my friends were not fiends,  
But sprites of the underworld,  
Where caves continued and flawed  
The ways of a beautiful life.

I wanted that city of the world to be  
Inside my heart shining forth,  
Crossing bridges was easy,  
Like the heated battle of a foot soldier,  
And the travelling life of a chieftain.

Naveed Akram

# My Life

My life is an ending to decide,  
My questions seem godly for this,  
And when they hurt there is much confusion.  
This way is the best on the life,  
Growing will combine with acceleration,  
Accuse only when life is at an end.

Naveed Akram

# My Life Is Fast

Life has death due to sickness,  
Ephemeral life contains death at the end  
Of sickness.  
Dulcet living spreads with a dalliance,  
Forcing me and others to die.  
I mean eloquence rules, and life rules death,  
Always forgetting bubbles of dishonour.  
A comely idea springs to the foreground  
With stately appearance, not like lagoons  
But like topaz, or diamonds, or rubies all-red.  
An ineffable pride, slung on your back,  
Creeps up more, and more, and more.  
Life has turned into death as fast as the soul.

Naveed Akram

# My Life Needs Love

Deformed may my arm be  
Yet I fondle it now  
Maybe with twisting and  
Love and care, for always.

Deformed is my face now,  
Just a day ago I  
Felt like loving the world  
For its beauty and tears.

My life is unhappy  
And sad, as well my mouth  
Can bring new joy and smile,  
The very laughter comes.

Naveed Akram

# My Liking

My liking is of there and then,  
Across the sheep-clipped grass  
After the rivers of a mountainous beast.

My liking is of the now and then,  
Ever-present a day ago, watching  
Minutes of the day and night.

My sheep are on the peak of performance,  
The dear days of the events are  
Acting in my direction, the fate.

I snapped, homily, with zeal and worth,  
Inside my house of a hundred rights,  
Where family honoured the shameful me.

My fifteen minutes were up, the closure  
Was evidence of my betrayal in these  
Thousand, thin and thick ways.

Naveed Akram

# My Little Pennies

My little pennies fall down the street,  
Every road must lead to your door  
Shutting and opening from time to time.  
Then, relaxed foot soldiers bombard the  
Building of yielding harmony  
Enclosed within the chambers and walls.  
My lasting pony crawls with menace  
And liars stalk the ground for the religion.  
This face has bought a rare contentment,  
The satisfied people of the cattle and ponies  
Are the next solvers of the century.

Then this century arrives to stop the pleasant mind,  
Kicking and beating the headlong warriors,  
Minds are attached to the sworn elders  
Always in conformity with their beliefs  
That grew from a stable base.

Naveed Akram

# My Living

My life is my abbey, fully praised,  
By those who entered freedom,  
In the foreign way we crazed  
And then left over wisdom.

Construct a life like a brick-layer  
Or the architect, or the worker,  
Just as felonies are the increaser  
Of harm in this life, the very shirker.

My living and my dying is for you,  
The individual who constructed my life  
So that I may return this favour anew,  
In the fashion of delight, as my wife.

Naveed Akram

# My Living And Dying

Repelling and rebelling, smelling like a toad,  
This soldier has a message so like a road.  
Enclose him in words, as a dead man lurks  
In the bushes, in the trees where he works.  
Much trekking was ending, testing  
And demanding, but then the march was cresting.  
This dash, a mighty explosion came here,  
With the power to maim my silly brain, near.  
Repel the intruder, justice has empowered me,  
A boat of bodies swims near, just to see.  
Kill them those enemies, the soldier and the sergeant  
Is near, for all the swimming and the abhorrent.  
I see the end, roses come near to finish the imagination,  
My living and dying created a fortune, from an abomination.

Naveed Akram

# My Loaf

Then we strive for a living too perfect,  
How angered God constructs the lesions  
Of your brain, innards are intact for the life.  
Loaves of bread ingested will give output,  
My outing resides in my head, with a foul;  
The picnic is of course a picked loaf  
From the parlour of discontent.  
The religion surrenders with a people  
Always governed by the authorities of God.

Naveed Akram

# My Long Road

The road is longer than a small continent,  
It purges and crashes with dutiful sounds,  
Enigmas go unnoticed with sudden design,  
Endeavours are uprooted by their necks.  
One road clashes with tall monuments of old,  
One road is enough to ban the might of armies.

When the plague set in, joys were collected,  
Deaths became the roads and the alleys of thought.  
The dead brought their lives to the forefront,  
Roadways reduced the light and dark bridges,  
So entered the dead people who overtook others.  
One was a country, the other was the side of devils.

Other junctions mattered in the mistaken labyrinth,  
Roads comforted the mortal souls, with bridges  
Of darkness and light leaning to the door, as hatches  
Opened with oozes, psychologists poured with pain,  
And doctors undertook the dangers of the motorway;  
This fulfilled the light and dangerous conversation.

Naveed Akram

# My Love

My love for People is so great,  
My heart melts once it has twitched;  
The nights break down to slithering pieces  
Of dark and darker pieces, shards,  
When he is away, when his time has passed  
The moments of life begin to thaw.  
He is a beautiful ripe fruit, his beauty is great,  
Gardening is all I do,  
Waiting for all the right moments in my life.

Naveed Akram

# My Love Is Far Away

It must be my love is far away,  
Looking at the musician of luck;  
He continues his roaring further  
Than the man else, living well.  
Tireless waiting, stating and catering  
Rampages on, like a solution.  
It must be at length the strength,  
Now the loving falls away.  
Roaring is like open struggle,  
Music has a way of living.  
My love is faster than the love,  
Loathing is created for certain reasons.

Naveed Akram

# My Love Is My Thought

My love and lobes detour in the pathway,  
Many loves are many hatreds in gestures.

To ingrain this thought is a commotion,  
Opening the identification portion and process.

My love lazily laughs like the lethargic crew,  
A student walks along the conditions of a boundary.

Alone we stand and resolve our differences when mad,  
My love enacts a disease called Love Itself, so small a love.

We stood and understood us like stools on the floor,  
Opening manners of a different schedule and remorse.

Heaven is a waiter, it excels in nihilism, but water is trained  
To object to the ultimate truth, of the truth that water is damned.

I must inject an equal face to the horizon of ghosts,  
They swallow and wander to the edge of the ghost-town.

Naveed Akram

# My Love Of God

My love is an anguish sent from God,  
He has such rushing fever, ever-broad.  
The length of a man is his constitution,  
Not his age or fever of pain but his contribution.

My love stages compulsion and straightforwardness,  
The stories it tells will destroy haphazardness.  
To love the God is never ruinous,  
The life we lead is then so luminous.

Naveed Akram

# My Lovely Cloud

My love for clouds is so great,  
My heart has melted forming a relationship  
'Til the dusk of day.  
The events of the night subsided and formed  
A love when it was away.  
Vanish, collapse 'til the break of day,  
The beauty of love and dawn is not too great,  
Except when the mind has wondered,  
Descending is all I do,  
While waiting for the moment, for it to say "I do."

Naveed Akram

# My Loves

My heart loves me only,  
Just keep ache in this special place.  
No roses for me now,  
Since the hearing is right.  
Love forgotten, the massive organ  
Is uniting us to a world of love or hate.  
Shadows are heard, shining they are,  
Like a black bee, only once we see.  
Remember me when I laugh,  
I am in a suffering too great.  
This heart that is hidden  
Designs my love of the world.

Naveed Akram

# My Madhouse

I was made to appear in a madhouse.

My father's beard was as black  
As the night of the last night,  
His legs were nimble, his bellowing  
Much more in time with suicide.

In some ways, it was a relish  
To consume and offer  
The eternal moments of pain  
And suffering, the suicidal questions.

I dreamed of great insects,  
Of my father in a suit of death;  
My elegy shall provide the material  
And finances for his burial.

Still let the search be on in these walls,  
This madhouse appeared to be  
A sanctuary for the distressed.

Naveed Akram

# My Manners

I have a manner too superior to yours,  
It encases my soul with purity and laws;  
Stupendous exertions are controlled of course,  
As the leaning of the head is considered too coarse.  
The justice of the look is of the very same,  
We contract the muscles for the shame,  
We see him in daylight and night,  
Seeing him is too much delight.  
We need a sentence to recite and read,  
For my soul accuses others to lead.

Naveed Akram

# My Map

My map is read by the whole community,  
To see where folly can be avoided.  
My real lunch escapes the imagination,  
Commoners and royalty will wield illness.  
The map of folly is invented by the people,  
International help is not to be avoided.  
The forces outside guess where we are,  
Their enforcing rules are against me.  
My map is read, read by many, as we are  
Always readers, so wiser than the few.

Naveed Akram

# My Master And Me

I went many days,  
But then some master rejoiced  
In my arms, blowing out the  
Dark livid cause  
Of memories.

Those masters descended  
Back over the ledge  
Where windows were built,  
And I went many nights  
Of mindless speech.

I saw a wide alley  
Buying a drink of life  
With edges of the plain  
And so it was the master  
Who took me in arms.

I must be back home,  
To see the queens indoors  
Of a wonderful mansion  
Where windows were built,  
Of minds and bricks.

Naveed Akram

# My Masters

Almost every mammal casts oblivion,  
The sole sister is trust, the major author;  
The gondolier of truth shudders at the abyss  
I have entrusted on the kingdom of animals.  
My masters are lonely on their Venetian roads,  
Devils are encrusted on incredible dictators.  
Crude endeavour concerts its pride on the whole pond,  
My leader is within me often, my laughter abates.

Naveed Akram

# My Meaning

I find the reasons for displeasure in a way,  
Birthday erases bikes of selling pleasure and are away;  
I see this ashtray in some solid ticket to ride,  
The bells are sounding like heaven itself  
In the churches of many scents and spells.

The magic of freedom shapes the whole quiz  
Dancing in secrecy, following a way that is a ballet,  
The coffee of this day celebrates the break of sport,  
A sport loosens control in this modern world  
That releases a formality and a reason.

The feeling of heaven itself shall be felt in a day,  
After the last day, and during the long stay.  
To betray a man shall lose him for the forces,  
Like heavens without hells, like the forces of weapons.  
What do you follow of my meaning, this season?

Naveed Akram

## My Medals

I die over my medals, which make my nose run,  
For the tears I tried to suppress, but no use,  
Both hands can not cope with any old illness,  
The way of death, and the ways of heaven.  
One dies of combat and the wound is heavy  
That tears flow on the colours of the rainbow -  
Some tears are red blood, while others transparent like water.  
The fragments of the war are like any spoils,  
But the best spoils come from the head and heart,  
It is death and its accompaniment,  
Just how to feed the dead.  
I die over my medals, which may produce the tears.

Naveed Akram

# My Meeting With The Puppeteer

There was a long silence,  
That I drank gratefully, facing the Prince;  
Then I came to the wooden legs  
Of a puppet trained in silver and gold.  
It shone graciously, dropping hands,  
With no food or water, demanding its  
Return to non-existence.

I came to my senses,  
It was theatre, and I was the guest  
For the violent audience,  
Stepping across a stage of desire,  
Drinking gratefully the applause,  
A terrible picture was envisaged  
By the outstanding onlookers.

The puppets were in front of me,  
And I was in front of them,  
Part of the actions and acts  
Of a life memorable;  
In this theatre of rooms so obvious,  
I had strayed into the arms of  
A puppet-show.

Naveed Akram

# My Memory

I see a memory of mine distant,  
Open your eyes to distance,  
Have a danger to excite,  
Eyes crawl, swaying and oscillating due to danger  
Of guns, of gnats and over guests.  
These guests are the pilots engineering their minds  
To offend us in their slaughtering schemes.  
By parachutes an attack is causing damage and injury  
To a village of innocent blood.  
By action of gunning, the guns are injuring us in other ways  
And their slaughter is defence, just not offence.  
My village needed my concern before a unique future began,  
When a master believed in me, he must have destroyed me.  
He said: Danger is hurting us deeply, so deeply that it hurt.  
This I remember.

Naveed Akram

# My Menacing Obstacle

An obstacle has offered my solution,  
By finding a soldier of menace.  
The object must be abolished, for all time,  
To see the dying and lying we crush it.  
A solver of crimes is a detective of worth,  
The puzzle is absorbed by the majority.  
Prizes of the classes are by the victorious ones,  
The criminals are not like those of war  
But never victorious, for we know.  
To be relentless occupies my mind,  
And the real crime is upon us.

Naveed Akram

# My Might

Before the dawn, there was a war,  
Each war was fought like this; a stranger twist  
To the good old lie, spun by the one who wins.

Before my mighty strength had cause for deceit,  
A warrior grew up, jaundice attacked, as flu  
Crept, and maimed his spirits while in action.

My morning was fought by the brave, my generals  
Were afoot, mounted on their steeds, a war was a stage  
Too far to worth ease, a difficulty was on the horizon.

My evening was my dinner-time, a comfortable time,  
Of war and battalions fighting the thick fog,  
Fused with living agony, fighting the proud part.

Naveed Akram

# My Mind And Silver

My mind and heart sank into a pit of humour  
As the confusion and memories of men were old,  
The days came back like the fires of the wish  
Rattling in the winds of the categories.  
My arm was under his arm as we both bothered  
Like brothers of a different sort,  
Lips aghast to the rolling saviours of old.  
My minds defended a little repercussion,  
Cloudy skies seemed like darkness of the earth  
And soil. This much be the goats and silver,  
I am parted by them in a sense that enlightens  
And illuminates like the mirrors so natural.

Naveed Akram

# My Mind Collapses

My beauty collapses upon the mind,  
In doing this, my beauty collapses;  
For the skill offered by some stagnate it,  
Keeping a bountiful objective in view.  
To be harmonious I supply instincts,  
Loosening knots so proud of innocence.  
This beauty concentrates in cells  
Inside us, outside us and many times extinct.  
Length of stay on this world is terrifying,  
Following madness of achievements that array.

Naveed Akram

# My Moon

The moon is a lost animal, feeling lonely,  
Like divorce and wrongdoing, but it is a silver glee.  
Why are you my imaginary friend, now that light  
Has entered the rings of solitude?

My moon, you are enticing me to defeat and loss,  
It gives fever, a new fairy-tale, for shapes are toys,  
Like the boys' implements of a massive kind,  
Like the girls' spirit, of a sweeter generation.

I have the temperature of a saint, the grave concert  
Of a born bravery, my very soul is tuned to a vocation,  
Of burying the rocks and sudden rocks from your sight,  
I want to never be denigrated so highly in your presence.

But you are silver, and you are kind, and you give a glue  
For all mankind, like the balloon of hard aspects,  
It insults me to see a joint madness in the watching  
And the hearing, when wolves will howl on us so deeply.

Naveed Akram

# My Moon Is My Ghost

If you have a ghost, it has a shadow,  
Two trees are two arms for the living.  
I stood over the plate of flowers,  
With fruit flowing on its edges.  
If you have a ghost, then its screams  
Evaluate your pride, as it lingers.

The shelves of shapes are a distance,  
To be layered is to be a shadow,  
Like the ghosts who are the inner family.  
My skin is polished by the brilliant skies,  
My head is your body, and mighty tales  
Are spun by the wise angles of yours.

Let ghosts be shadows, the long statements,  
The deserts of our destinies, a long time.  
But to be desolate is only a ghost of vividness,  
The vivid satellite is my only phantom.

Naveed Akram

# My Mother

My mother, with her various looks,  
Was mighty with her tongue  
Since talking towards a religion  
Mattered to the rich and wealthy.  
This was strung together  
With my observation, a skill of grace  
And an art of happiness.  
As witty as pushing the carts  
Into the streets, management  
Of life occurred, for my mother  
Was a parent of her fingers.  
And actions were somewhat  
Desirous of minding, actions represented  
The skill of growth.

Naveed Akram

# My Mother And I

My mother told me I was  
Beautiful. A wiggling squad of tadpoles  
Can recognise my behaviour for them.  
For they make different orders,  
Hating the oblique and obscure  
But loving the books of your bite.  
My mother saw how ugly these tadpoles  
Were. Compared to me.

Who am I as a wonderful fellow?  
The yawning has ceased past this time,  
The objectives cease from the wine.  
A wiggling head has arisen  
And my mother called me beautiful.

Strapped to the slowly turning Earth,  
By the back I was hollow  
And the shallow water gave way,  
Ceasing, and sending me away.

Naveed Akram

# My Music Of Solitude

My music is a man of plays and solitude,  
He writes a minute and a second, for the  
Red ruin and the blue joy, the green pasture  
And the white sight, one solitude is enough.

My statement of the musical men is fighting  
The irate pen from its work of the heavenly  
Daughters and sons, who form an alliance  
And catch the finding of laws and jokes.

My finding of the hearts that are outside is  
So precious that a benign being has hidden  
Me as well as my messages, the realities of  
The sacred implementation, a rowdy tie.

My music is to deliver and destroy the lies,  
A lightning bolt describes itself as it forces  
The mind to accept it, and then the thunder  
Must marry our daughters and sons now.

Naveed Akram

# My Name

All this year, all of the time,  
My names are hidden from view.  
They describe my personality  
And how it acts in front of all.

Wherever I go there is a day,  
Some days a night lingers  
When my name describes itself  
According to the coming light.

Naveed Akram

# My Name That Runs

Underneath the sea stands a river of silk and milk that runs,  
Opening thoughts of you, the dispute of a month that runs.

I have a maze of worries that tortures the depths of the mind,  
Offering me a solution shall be the ocean that is the millionth that runs.

One person is one antagonist, the anatomy of whom excretes blood,  
Fetching horrible nightmares like those heroes of the labyrinth that runs.

Let the heavens be attached to the barbarians and soldiers,  
One masters them as a battle that rages on as the zillionth that runs.

One will escape the rigours of youth to face a war on the frontline,  
Battle systems need generals and wizards of the heavens, the seventh that runs.

I have my name engraved like a stone of weight, the grave so morbid,  
One masters my writing as if the relics are as morbid as the trillionth that runs.

Naveed Akram

# My Names

My names concern the families who own them,  
How do joyous occasions measure up to a diadem?  
Houses fill our places when controversy calls,  
The names are so distinct, they happily stay balls.  
Going to killers is like going to another nation  
Just when damage has broken, on a station.  
How do stars fall into the sun?  
How do we pretend further than a gun?  
The naming of officials is banned,  
Why do companies of students occupy computer land?

Naveed Akram

# My Names Are

My names reply to the same sound,  
Many have resolved the returns and deals,  
Like those many who read the forces.  
My names respond to the worship of beliefs,  
Little by little a telling erects itself.  
Beliefs moderately deliver their praises  
Like faith that drives a vehicle.  
No name is so devastating that liars come,  
Poems of the heart are again in solutions  
Dilute and melodious, dilute and kind.

Let the names go on frowning,  
Loathing a tactic of the whole frame,  
These words act in their ways  
To see a life of seeing and hearing.  
You are lucky to see names of others,  
Mothers and fathers betray their prizes  
As the late hours of the night draw by.

Naveed Akram

# My Nature

My nature is of nature itself,  
A kind light of my soul,  
The very essence that rings supreme,  
Into every knot of existence.

The elite flower is on my head,  
Overcast with shadows that nature deals,  
A sun and star cascade like waterfalls  
To bury the lavender on my hat.

My nature is that of fear and grief,  
Solid nature of sad constancy,  
The sadness subsides to bring in hope  
Of an everlasting future.

My chair has turned golden,  
As the warmth enters the heart,  
Giving masterful looks to my face,  
This path of action ranks high as highness itself.

Naveed Akram

# My Neatness

Naturally my neat handwriting  
Carries me further than the rest.  
The caressed mothers dress to obviously  
Believe in criminals and malefactors.  
In their breasts is a detested one soul.  
In the cities of nectar there digests  
Feeling upon feeling, of emotional reactions.  
The blessings of the chest from others  
Is like the forced turning of the pages of a book  
Or any volume you care to consider.  
We have conversations too polite  
And true to reality, yes sir!

Naveed Akram

# My Night Is Tomorrow

My night appears to be tomorrow,  
This day is my best possibility,  
For this is the day of my life that calls  
And acquits me, it confidently plays  
On my beatitude.

My night is a day of the dark sight,  
Sides of the square are four,  
But the night has ten, and they converge  
For my own life to be asleep.

Many sides to ruin await me,  
These jeerers are joking at me,  
My night escalates into red and blue  
Light, then the green side forbids,  
So alacrity takes its facet.

I have to control the life of sides,  
Little life is a sanctuary of the mind,  
Inner peace may be with you for some time,  
So let the life take sides with the good goal.

Naveed Akram

# My Nose For Knowledge

My nose is for new found knowledge,  
Expressions for custom are approved.  
Gods may never divulge in heinous deeds  
When the yoyo of belief has mattered with the people.  
New types of knowing arise,  
Others come in the way,  
Beauty may rise from the thoughts and words  
So that we despair and relive our times.  
My head will concave and never be among the few,  
The brain has many dimensions of the knowledge and wisdom  
Known to mankind.  
My brain is heroic beyond compare, and beyond doubt.  
It has bursted and exploded its might.

Naveed Akram

# My Ocean Wind

My ocean waits for me after it accelerates,  
Flowers are aliens, amalgamating in me  
As so much starch amputates the limbs of mine,  
I donate this then to disorientate the few.  
In this sense, a little passion is a woe to me,  
Disintegrating our lives for it disassociates.  
To dissipate like the sea, we elate the skies  
As we evaluate the eliminations, the elongations.  
I lubricate the flowers of the seed,  
My luxury stands below me as a chip,  
Imitating the wind of the ocean as it waits.

Naveed Akram

# My Octahedron

In this octahedron, the twists are moulded  
So that your play is serious, so it merges,  
Slides, involves the fingers, fixes a sight,  
Satiates the obscure sight, the light of a shape.

One is children of the uncle who plays fortnightly,  
His presence is a toy called the octahedron,  
I am serious, playful, busy, observant to his requests  
That give joy to the heart of a brother and friend.

The grandfather strolls in to see my square  
Sitting in the room, a squadron is made to book  
The heavens, the heavens revolve around,  
And his head hurts, so we undergo change.

The spirits of the two men are alike,  
Respect has been alight, aright, and quite quite.  
The strolling and sitting men enjoy our playthings,  
More than the children of old age and old mood.

Naveed Akram

# My Only Queen

May flowers roam the kingdom of mine,  
Judging the beauty from the monstrosity,  
Like the comparison we have developed  
Inside our souls, the souls we have discovered.  
Discover my soul in my kingdom,  
The horses wipe their hooves in honour of me.  
Walking is finally allowed,  
Nobody is dismissed,  
And no one starves or wilts,  
Not even the flowers  
Or the animals of all this kingdom of mine.

Please enter the inner sanctuary  
To receive me as my queen,  
Deliver me unto Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# My Only Thoughts

I reason, and I recall,  
The religion that I spoke,  
Those effective qualities people look  
When they are busy and best.

Near the quality of man that I perceive  
Is the virtue I endeavour and conceive,  
It is care and happiness of gifts that revolves  
Around the heavens and earth.

Business, of men who think,  
Is a circle,  
Of my heaven and floor of thought,  
As something I mind to give.

I only forgive the religion  
I reason and never forget.

Naveed Akram

# My Opaque Eyes

He changed my opaque eyes frothing from stars,  
One red ear called on these lovely, languid detours;  
The stars bristled with fire from afar like starry, starry lies,  
Liars could not despise their glare, emptying into the abyss.

For somebody concealed cousins after one cuddly bear  
Gave reasons for crying, mooing and moaning like tears;  
These boats of belonging gave berth to our ways of waters  
Riddling throughout the land or cosmic ground.

Now the calling of a day, a day of lasting remembrance,  
Justice grabs its yellow disgust at arguments of the ingots,  
They have to be in days to be recorded like the rows  
Storming the centuries so full of months and years.

Naveed Akram

# My Open Book

My open book has closed from tonight,  
A legal recipe is to be improved by the profiteers,  
Inside the fibre of the bond,  
And outside it remains the sole silence.  
This book feeds a frenzy of the highest,  
So let knowledge be called the soul's rest,  
A living gain is to be worshipped.  
My open soul has many hearts,  
Then the path leads to destruction.  
A morning has passed to be a mountain,  
The grey beast dives into the senses,  
Like volcanic rock the beat of the magma.  
My open eruption has been the book  
So avoidable by those with guilt.

Naveed Akram

# My Other Days

My days are in the other days,  
Weeks follow the story of happiness;  
For where are the wicked deejays,  
Of a madness that exists aimless.

I have adventure in this ageless realm,  
Advice is offered by the damned,  
And I have refuted the worthy to overwhelm,  
As I have refused the leaders who are programmed.

I see a scam that appears to disbelieve  
In me as a gentleman of hope and learning,  
This will be a thief of heights to relieve  
Me in my wonders and joyous admiring.

Naveed Akram

# My Own Names

My names are fed to the choir,  
The choristers will lose our space  
For the instruction.  
The names of our fore-fathers are inscribed  
In our hearts, in those hearts is heat.  
The pen is sold to the buyer of blasphemy,  
He swears against the names I own.  
My own job has a penny or two away  
From becoming a solid command.  
The commands are total and complete,  
Fair and happening to the whole choir.  
Names will sort out fancy and medicine.

Naveed Akram

# My Own Way

I sat down again, knowing the brightened sky,  
Returning the exceptional wisdom to the grave;  
Full of it I was, when this episode crept on the excitation,  
Making it happy, in myself.

I sat at home before the medicine could arrive,  
An ambulance adventured far too hard,  
Into the territory of a sweet-tempered man,  
His illness crept up on him, and took him away.

This sky was devilled, this ground decayed,  
For we were in a hospital of disgrace and confinement,  
The correcting happened, and we were away,  
Like a happy soul my life became its own way.

Naveed Akram

## My Pages

Relive my pages, as rescuing the people is a hobby,  
For the numerous anxieties sustain accordingly.

Naveed Akram

# My Past Speech

Your statements dangerously inhibit the brain,  
Its confidence casts a shadow of complaint;  
You speak and I calculate the regions and destinies  
Of the real centupled conversation, an old speech.

Naveed Akram

# My Path Is Fearful

My path is the river of the soul,  
Many have died on my way  
And many shall live towards the end.  
My devastating thoughts about you  
Erect the majestic attitude forever.  
So kings and queens adapt to their loyalty  
As paths are trodden headlong.  
Much has been the pathway,  
Much has eliminated the variety.  
The royalty is damaging the elite  
Like the path overworked and war torn.  
This magnificent end is the righteous joke,  
The clashing of swords is heard at the end.

Naveed Akram

# My Patron

My patron expects me to be resounding and basic,  
In the fulfilment of my best wishes, the basics.  
My patron is stronger than the slave of authority,  
A service so strong is about with us, the slavery.  
May the supporter of a good cause be virtuous,  
And let him thrive forever in union with his master  
And his great secret-holder, the book-person.  
A servant of the crime is ready to pounce,  
Offering me a coin of certain strength and size.

Naveed Akram

# My People

My people want a flower to grow,  
They want their country a solution;  
The fluid flows and the hearts combine  
So as to discover victory and happiness.

My people want the whole garden to burst  
Into life. So a solution has come:  
The arrival of a priest, a just man  
Whose only longing is peace for generations to come.

Actions are not just words but acts,  
They divide the camp into plain areas;  
My people have a desire to gain miracles  
From the priest, yet without success.

The man of understanding supplies words to complement actions,  
Making changes to the people  
And avoiding harm for the people,  
The people start to play in their beautiful garden.

The understanding is great, the achievements are made,  
The people continue in the country's quest.

Naveed Akram

# My People Die

My people die when they are asleep,  
Kicking and punching their way to the heavens.  
The wonder of peace suggests diplomas of good,  
The good say goodbye to the morning.  
My personality is finer than the workers of good,  
It causes a stop and finds a treasure of gold.  
The nature of some discovery sings to the tune,  
And this melodious sound finds truth, in truth.

Naveed Akram

# My Performance

My act of performing forces me to consider  
The trials and tribulations of an era in conflict.  
The history of a people shall define a remedy,  
Instead of the love shown is a love shared,  
Instead of deeds there is warfare and brilliant skies.

The acts of war shall betray a considerable number,  
The population diminishes in due time;  
Before, the skies rumble and quake due  
To the lingering masses and the deceased  
Defenders, a lurking few, of losers in faith.

Their deaths reside in the heavens and hell,  
Tonight their wreathes are laid under the dome  
Of the night, a real night when fortune  
Uproots its disciples, and nights prolong  
The religion that is fitting for the whole scene.

Naveed Akram

# My Perfumer

My perfumer proclaims a lovely flower,  
She confesses it beautifies the brainpower.  
This smell is an aroma too furious,  
Of obvious fame, and in all categories.  
The small and fierce please us with it,  
These children of surprise still benefit.  
The flower of the perfume is a plant  
Of the wild. The perianth steals your grandaunt  
That she loosens it from the ground  
And takes the aroma of loveliness around.  
She is a perfumer of talent and wild taste,  
Where on Earth is she based?

Naveed Akram

# My Physique

My physique carried monuments of stone,  
With pointless arms and legs to work.  
The tendency to spoil the life was monumental,  
It caused metallic arms to vibrate  
And let the arms be virtuous for themselves.  
Immortal fibres stayed in the torso  
To inflict new wealth and keep great health.  
Stone was the body, of appealing nature,  
With feet to dance and elevate the occasion.

Naveed Akram

# My Picture

My hand was supported by the mantelpiece,  
And I was liked to smile upon the solid picture,  
That faced me with men and good picture,  
Drawings of finite time, infinite space, and cosmic  
Energy surpassing us with its glare.  
I was a poor-spirited slave continuing to move  
Into the horizon of hope and blame,  
This world was a finished product,  
A world of regard, going to the speaking area  
With my mood of continuance and perseverance.

My arms were mixed with the elbows of a look in tone,  
I strung my walk along the edge of a room so lavish  
And luxurious that sayings bewildered the crowd of tubes  
And rods and blobs that stung as the sun.  
I can be pretty in thought as a man is with a picture,  
Wondering how the picture bedazzles, as you  
Lower the gaze and interrupt the beautiful globe.

Naveed Akram

# My Plans

I am on a chase  
In the names of your oddity;  
Retort the armies of pleasure,  
A service has eliminated me.  
To stop and be short is exact,  
Be the sergeant, be the word  
That bites other men, those  
Who stimulate your intellect  
In the face of war.  
A plan needs a solver  
Or the plans begin in a short time.  
May quick plans be relentless  
On the enemy,  
On the fools and stupidity,  
On each offensive they have laid.  
I cry audibly so as to surrender  
To this fight in my head.

Naveed Akram

# My Postures

My posture needs to be improved,  
Since the horizon inhabited me as my fortunate self,  
Sending me to distant far oceans that lingered  
And fingered the irritation, offering my sympathy.

My postures are weak like the radiation from the sun,  
Plants and animals flourish due to healthy planets,  
And it sends me to the kingdoms in general  
After a lengthy stay on deliberate soil.

Many postures are too many times the opposite,  
Feeling exertions is the treasure of the wishes  
That are from those who over-exaggerate,  
Telling lies to the whole monument in the honesty.

Naveed Akram

# My Praiseworthy Way

Telephone the heart that speaks of more arduous tasks,  
Tease its reasons for living, and search for it night and day.  
Like the heat of the sun and the glow of the moon,  
Living little by little in the realm of ages and eras,  
You stagger the outward beings and the inner woes,  
Your superiority is inarguable, you are not lesser in woes.

My effort must be distinct and perfect to train the might souls,  
Their lights are red, green and blue after the traditions of men.  
When they see, they hear; when they hear, they see,  
Feeling the ideas of their religions as if the heavens were chained  
To the existent decisions of a deity worthy of praise and majesty;  
My front is the order of love and commandments, of a face.

Stop your thoughts in a moment so that tightness is abolished,  
Open your loveliness to the heat of the moment, the springing  
Death that lurks over the sacred path: it must be mastered by you.  
My actions will matter as the early ways of man who decides like  
Himself, little women of the way are afraid of the ways of matter,  
The way of matter is the way of the distinctions and praise.

Naveed Akram

# My Prison

Open the doors to my prison,  
I have forsaken my presence,  
So that in my doing of this  
I cancel the evident freedom.  
A callous act has produced a crime  
On myself, and on those involved  
And affected. May the deities strike  
A man with fortitude, and elect  
Him as a chosen one, in front of  
The polite crowd.  
Open the doors to my prison  
That I have wrecked and ransacked  
By my grace and this is no disgrace.

Naveed Akram

# My Progress

My dreams are my possessions, they stagnate and  
Intertwine, like roaming nomads, internal progressions.

My paths are many in the world, but one is the supreme,  
The straight path answers my soul and forgets nobody.

My offerings are my possessions, my money and wealth,  
That entices all those working in their fields and lines.

My plans forgive the major people, my planet is on fire  
From collisions with asteroids, for this is the fortress.

My anxiety grows every day, it enters my heart and squeals,  
For I am on factory-fire, my own head is splitting sideways.

The pain does not spin and start, it is rejected by the world,  
Bliss has introduced itself, according to the world of life and love.

Enter then the gardens of death, life admires you as you rest,  
My anxious manhood spells its name and resides in its grave.

Naveed Akram

# My Punishment

I am banished from the punishment,  
One astonishes me, so much aware;  
The dishes of cameras and the trucks  
Driven across merry lanes, feel able  
To see through the winter and summer.  
They finally make works and wishes  
To ascertain the buildings in weather.  
A line of troublesome work is forced,  
Much shall be the soothing and laughing.  
Bland and aborted, the paint of relish is open  
To be smudged and left to the crows of winter.

Naveed Akram

# My Questioner

My hill is mounted by the breeze and myself,  
Thirst is my objection, hunger is my complaint;  
Food has argued with me beautifully,  
Drink has kept me in sorrow and grief and music.  
The love of life enters the grass on the summit,  
Where I stand and face my lord,  
Whom I must answer to right now, right here.  
This fantasy finds me in a relaxed position,  
The hills give noise and I am the wanderer  
Who hears the voice of a spiritual temper,  
The voice so loved by the generations  
And the one they call to when in a state of divinity.  
I hear this spring of water on the hilltop,  
And I feel the gushing freshness of my questioner.

Naveed Akram

# My Radiation

My active soul has emitted radiation,  
Those figurines are collapsing with us;  
Let them open to the sky,  
And they fly towards their goal.  
My souls are with me, their children  
Are my goal, for I love them.

Many souls arrive in this place,  
Inside the crass sky is another,  
The reality of the worlds commands  
The lovers and lovers of people.  
Just be a philosopher now that you're gone,  
Going to their thoughts is much anticipated.

Naveed Akram

# My Recipe

For love I design the name of wondrous nature,  
I love its wondrous age, the animal inside;  
Offering a man his peeling of fruit and vegetables,  
A cook is designing new food for heavy consumption.  
The cooking is simple, and plates are filled with heaven-  
On that is regard for taste, on this is peace and bliss.  
Joke on him, the big chef, who dearly paid for mistakes,  
Oiling the pan with more food and spreading special  
Ingredients, like there was an illegal clue  
Of beauty.  
I love that recipe, that wondrous name that smelt of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# My Religion

I agree to statements describing my religion,  
Also, a faithful person overwhelms us with its origin.

Naveed Akram

# My Response To It

Death cannot escape my response to it,  
Understand this please, for your food is poison and wit.

Naveed Akram

# My Rest Is Peace For Me

My rest deserves peace, justice rolls  
In the shadows for the heat of heaven.  
Sun's work is a doing, moons belong,  
But where does the camel roll over?  
My place in the arena of thought  
Is fought over by the generals of a tent  
That houses the rich, the tent we hand over.  
Palaces will be built for those who worship  
In the competent ways known to God,  
A man visits the world in possessed spirits.

Naveed Akram

# My Revelry

I ask the same gift and I hear the reply,  
Problems are mastered by the brain,  
And solutions are acquired with the heart.  
The heart is my intellect,  
Where knowledge speaks to me,  
And the dark overtures are heard:  
To many these days are called nights,  
And the laughter of a revelry has erupted  
From the parties of the night.

A nocturnal rest is called for,  
By the visitors of this city,  
As the passing of tests is supreme  
And the examinations are complete.

Naveed Akram

# My Right

Tonight we believe in rights and wise facts,  
These definite wages are pages or contracts.

Naveed Akram

# My Sad Heart

My sad heart whines for the tiny blood  
And the tiny mind of the wearer,  
Comfort enters the fold and delivers,  
When do peaceful signs excite you?  
The yard of hatred is to be fought with love  
As the garden of strife is upon us.  
Awe enters the mind with force and engagement,  
Love is the empty head and the empty heart  
For all our thunderous remorse.  
May the plump heart be an awakened part,  
Full of energy that resides in the brain.

Naveed Akram

# My Saying

I gain my saying from nervous tissue,  
Awakening from the world that studies;  
States are united on this, provinces reply  
To the language scents, the smell of roses.  
Nations build strength, nations sow seeds  
Called humans who are human beings.  
Philosophy considers and contemplates  
As a people who think, the opposite of evil.  
To think more than you think is terrifying  
Yet terror seizes you by the throat and stagnates  
Your human-like mind, you are not an animal.  
This plant in front of me means growth for heaven  
To consider it pleasant, like our dream we had.

Naveed Akram

# My Secret Time

In secrecy my time is set and separate,  
My little bags are four thousand,  
Away from the date I spoke,  
As it speaks to me as a secret.  
But this did nothing, in an order,  
As proof did exist and you consider  
The fallacies so part of the story.  
He could still keep a hundred ideas and facts  
Together in a pot, it was not easy!  
Two weeks later, the final nail was torn  
From the fingers of pain and suffering.  
My secrecy is providing aid to the distressed  
As well as time for repair and renovation.

Naveed Akram

# My Seeing You

I know that my seeing you will define me,  
But trust the visions you have adhered to,  
Like the heavenly stance of a love falling.  
Although my storey is full of speeches,  
The balcony is contrasted by yourself.  
It is a constant velocity, it is a continual affair  
Of the refined heart, this heart of the roles.

I want so much to squint and stare,  
Feeding the speech so talented and fearing.  
The trust of the floor is the trust of the door,  
It is continuous love that I pour like wine  
Into its jug, to swallow and plug in.  
This is the speech coming from heavenly  
Places this time of the very door in height.

Naveed Akram

# My Senses

My concentration is appalling due to substances  
Of the higher mind, a draining of the senses;  
Offering me a dire dinner, I lunge at you  
With blurry eyes that still remain in limbo.  
My light is your light, and the light of lights  
Governs my stay in so many parts of the atom.  
Onto the pathways of solid encumbrance,  
We tread a soldier's way of strife, full dormancy  
Follows to meet meagre minds, that cause the  
Fellowship of a hundred people, a force  
To be reckoned with, a force of forces.

My minds are many, and many brains sternly  
Engage in the cacophony of the day and night;  
My higher stance is affluent, readier than mines  
Of gold and diamonds, the rich men await me.  
The solid path is a ready-made adventure,  
Too many minds adjust to the same nucleus.

Naveed Akram

# My Servants Must Work

Well, due to my status, I see truth  
That defines my accusations,  
These reposing servants must work.

The work of a touching thousand  
Are like service and slavery and all else,  
Feeding animals by the birth mark.

This incredible world revokes around a priest  
Who mocked the bridge we cross  
To enter our heaven that stays and croaks.

What is worldly in the whole wide twirl?  
Where do servants betray the faith of creative  
People of the heart and care?

Naveed Akram

# My Shining Light

My light shines on those who enlighten  
The few whose rhetoric can persuade a joiner  
Of faith, a certain wisdom has been attained  
By chances too slim, a faster lane is attached.  
To flow along lines or capillaries of the body  
We must be enlightened sometimes only.  
This painful task will be enlightening  
That your neck is aroused due to some illness  
Of the heart that must die down due to illness.  
My light shines downwards not like sunlight,  
My sayings are understood when nobody  
Is leading or listening, sometimes when the day  
Is hot, or when the night is cold, fully imagining  
Is fully contemplating, like the verses of a day.

My lights are flashing due to the wings of trying,  
Forsaking is resented when the lights flash rightly.  
I am just in the blue sky when it rains down hard,  
Sunlight shall repair a ray of its own, with understanding.

This is the neck aroused, by some who follow steps  
So much like footsteps, fulfilling the regions of war  
And peace.

My neck and face understood his speech due to love,  
The footsteps are meaningful when cantering like horses,  
The steady beasts of the west and east, that munch on straw  
From burdened barns, barns that deliver a life to those who draw  
Near.

Naveed Akram

# My Sight

My sight bulldozes my month, warm meaning,  
Yet surprising and anger making, alarming;  
The summer is a bully and event of nature,  
The sight is forced in front of my eyes like glamour.  
Coffee is drunk, breakfast has suited the tummy,  
But why on Earth do single cups fit abdominally?  
The brother is loud in love over my bread,  
Mistress of the house, the sister, is dead.  
Why in this world does the family scratch a coin  
On the car as if honour is much to join?  
My sight is appalling and awful for the joy of cars -  
My car binds with the house like a unit of bazaars.

Naveed Akram

# My Skin

Fry his skin in evermost simplicity,  
Take a word on so I can keep the ability;  
I remember a late arrival,  
I reduce happiness-role,  
What do you take me by?

Naveed Akram

# My Sky And Land

My land resides in this heart next to me,  
Inside we see hearts of gold shining;  
Your weapons are laid, these bars of gold  
Shine further than the eye, these eyes.

My sky falls down and likes to descend,  
Towering us in its brilliance, for the land.  
My joy instils hated feelings of emotion  
So that the land musters a stale smell.

Naveed Akram

# My Sleep Protects

My sleep is my protector, it is the lesser death,  
I contain all my sides and angles within these walls.  
The animations are supremely good as they fly to us,  
Their fall is from the sphere we call life, a descent of wellness.

My sleep protects me, as sleep flies not crawls,  
Fleeing from the battlefield of life and distress;  
Many sleep in this eternity, an eternal death has occurred  
If you witness the final death which inhibits a soul.

My sleep works in the red world, the yellow world and the whole  
World as it begins to collapse and fold into pages of the dead.  
May we die along the lines of a confrontation, a conviction,  
And a resolute beginning of wonders and magic of the realm.

Naveed Akram

# My Small Lady

My lady has died when she was a child,  
Never has a hood been recovered, for she was a child.  
The same dress she wore was red and blue,  
Like the veins and arteries of her entrails.  
Inside her studs a man of daggers and bones,  
Bones are hers but both daggers lie hidden  
And what are these promising weapons?  
Are they thoughts, or wisdom eggs?  
They are the daggers of blindness, foul things  
Perish in the wilderness.

Naveed Akram

# My Smile Is On Stage

To contain my smile I face them who act  
Telling my stare, and wearing the fact  
I see in the corner of my existence,  
The existence holds an appearance.  
The acting in a theatre may be written  
But where does the action remind construction  
Of the words we face and have read  
In this life we call, this living carried.

Naveed Akram

# My Smile Is Unlawful

My site for lunch is unlawful,  
For it wins its vegetables and dinner.  
The laws of an age winnow and cheat  
On some who follow the laws.  
As the sprint of an age shall pass,  
How do we really object to him?

This age bespoke as ages do not surge,  
They alleviate the wrongs from evil parties.  
This anger towards the goal  
Shall manipulate and decontrol.  
In my eyehole a hellhole reminds the  
Others, who live in a loop  
That cycles for your sure suddenness.

The lake of real blue swims in front of you,  
Yet the smile of an insolent flagpole mutters  
And matters to the globe or history of the country.

Naveed Akram

# My Soul

Invigorating my soul is special when encountering pain,  
Pain is an issue we have to explain:  
The way a man uncovers his soul,  
As if life has been in a hellhole.  
The suffering we endure is special as space,  
This I collect with time and anyplace.  
Teeth will chew on events in peace,  
Just to be this strange fireplace is the centerpiece.  
My soul contains this peace we abstain,  
Let them who replace it be with pain.

Naveed Akram

# My Soul Is Present

The presence of my soul is due to the heart,  
Beats are numerous compared to the sins,  
Always the blood permeates the heavenly stance,  
Failing this, we retire and be rewarded for eternity.

The soul is guided aright, from the futility of rice,  
The anger of poultry, and the warmth of potatoes.  
Beats are many-sided beliefs, they swing to us  
From the clouds of watery effects, the real sinning.

Our dreaded chapter ends well, as blue plasma  
Instructs the face with longing and yearning;  
A wise man enters the copse to search for a corpse,  
What will he say to the angel of death when he finds it?

The soul collapses, the fraternity is rinsed, and chapters  
Are collided with periods of the heart and soul and mind.  
The mind embellishes a wandering hermit who sits mightily,  
Regarding all that exists with hunger and gratitude.

Naveed Akram

# My Soul Weeps

I will weep and weep for you,  
The world encaged you forcing you  
Like the love of things  
And the forgetting of death.

When you are dead, the art of living  
Shall gain freedom, awaiting the return  
Of the angels, the beauty perhaps  
Or the pain of the Lord's grasp.

There be knowledge, too, to know their folly  
And strength, the single picture  
So illuminated, late or soon,  
But where is the last drop?

Naveed Akram

# My Soul's Possessions

I have the possessions of the world,  
I speak for life on this clay that sounds,  
My madmen surprise nobody, for they glow  
As the words are righteous for them to be.

Drive us from the thorned bush,  
Bonds of slavery arrive to claim,  
And the come back of our event  
Teaches the madness of the times.

Departures keep coming and despair  
Is singing like dance, souls leave  
To find more comfort with the only request.  
I drive all souls to their worlds.

Naveed Akram

# My Soundness

Full of sounds my stoicism shone too brightly,  
Liking the ends of the promises that were hidden,  
For my quiet healing is a prisoner of my youth,  
A slightly blameworthy trait or attribute or name.  
The illness of a straight idea is before all else,  
Let them stop and there is a body of devilish ideas.  
My knapsack accompanies me through the terrain  
Falsely collected by my travelling feet of this day.  
Must we develop a sense of sneaky behaviour?  
Might we fully preach and fully understand our speech?  
Then be full of soundness and special arguments  
That enlighten those with a heart of logic.

Naveed Akram

# My Sounds From A Master

My sounds from prisoners hide the redundant men  
Of the west and east, their alertness commands me  
To pose the question so like the rebellion.

My sounds are from strangers that deem it essential  
To belittle the ceremony of the theatre and walk,  
Telling lies filtrating the happiness into mere thought.

My sounds from above and below matter to the master  
Who derives the right calculations once in the pipeline,  
Little are they who forge the necessary arguments.

Many sounds speak a little heaviness from the dozens  
Who have fled and released themselves from their captors,  
So that this history exists beyond the whole factor.

Naveed Akram

# My Special Role

My special whole season is a blessing to the role,  
Petrol is performed so pay me, a blessing bright.  
The stars outperform me, the starlight is ignited  
Like an engine too blasting, too fasting of heat.

The hunger of the stomach is immense and concrete,  
Self-control is needed, to launch into the stagnant pond.  
My enrolment in matters too elite is the undoing of me,  
My special valise conquers the unjust spirits of spies.

My special treatise is an additional fact, a solid treason,  
Formally wiped away to the crowd of the deceivers,  
Like a patrol of the police and the petrol of slaves,  
My morality is too calm, my authority is too strange.

May the scholars of the state combine their straight state,  
Like strolling is the enemy, like fouls are the blame of life.  
Death enters the books of your station, control us with fever,  
Fevers are in the pages of the warner who hurts when true.

Naveed Akram

# My Spirit Collapses

My spirit is my heart in quarters and halves,  
It collapses in front of my naked eyes at once;  
On the enigma of a fountain and a join,  
The adhesive properties come in all of a sudden.  
My spirituality has grown strong, much too wrong,  
Like the apples of a largest crop or worrisome toil  
Of the soil that mutters hardly, rocky and persistent.

It is the spirit housed by my blessed body that lingers  
And is cherished by the hard castles of the night.  
Many have designed the only channels my way,  
Much has engineered what has been engineered,  
I am merely a galley on the sea for all to see.  
I am like the awkward messenger of the righteous mind  
That is saviour and death all of the time, all of the time.

Naveed Akram

# My Statements Of Joy

I worthily express my statements of joy,  
Smart and simple reasoning designs  
The joy kept in my night and light,  
The very light inside the soul that plays  
With fairness and compulsion.

I shall never be forgiven for lusts and strange  
Thoughts inside the soul of lives that stand on us.  
I shall never be my fair manhood with zeal  
For zeal has conquered and gained,  
Fetching the light of joy with surprise.

Naveed Akram

# My Stinging Soul

My acts are joined with deeds of brilliance,  
A wild act encumbers the souls of right;  
The souls of wrong deliver their groups  
To the mountains of the world,  
And boulders have emerged among the hills.  
Flying to the edge of heaven is a sacred task,  
Opening scores of individuals with song,  
And then definite woe is the premise,  
Singing becomes a possession of the heart.  
May the deeds of one blessed with sight  
Be the main deed of brilliance and light.  
May the words be apostasy for the tethered,  
As these words inflict the majority with guilt.  
Our joys are numerous and polite,  
Stinging our sizes and sinuses more each day.

Naveed Akram

# My Story Is

My story is the chapter of charts and chalices,  
My life is a festival of genius and gesture and guests.  
If I survive, my child will listen to the words of my love,  
My love is everlasting in the supreme heart, for this child.

My judgement is a single transaction, offering wisdom,  
And keeping outlook on matters of praise, for my judgement  
Precedes the verdict, and the realm is ever so bright,  
It shines towards the goals of the guided, and transported.

My aim is to stride towards a gin or a genius, alcohol is banned  
In my spirit, so I take the route to my intelligence, and I object  
To the authorities of right, as well to the highnesses of the kings,  
My soul is righteous for the ones who show true pride.

Naveed Akram

# My Strangest Sleep

My sleeping is weird and windy, deep and dramatic,  
For sudden seizures overtake me in sincere smiling.  
My sleeping of the heart and the mind is of worlds,  
Words shape the face of my life and existence.  
The moon starts to fade, the sun begins to rise,  
Just like my heart that conjures a love thought so gracious.  
It is for my beloved that I sing according to rules, laws;  
It is for the earthy, early splendours that the morning is sweet.

A song of the nightingale is overheard, a rude thought has  
Been experienced by the soul that stagnates and sides  
With godly pathways, a candle burns brightly to save you.  
My nighttime needs nothing to result in a gesture of friendship,  
Many nights are these nights, but the night is a sure folly  
But not a foe as might be expected.

Naveed Akram

# My Street Under The Sky

My standing is on the sighing street, lacking health and vitality,  
Its hideous warmth caresses me with whiteness and height.  
The poles are apart, taller buildings contaminate the air once more,  
Taller, dreary clouds flamboyantly curtail the crazy skies.  
One waits inside, wincing as distress calls like a baked cake,  
One submerges the head in the heart to falsely approach a reality.  
It is real joy that empties the street when dying armies connect,  
Tanks bombard a soldier one by one, trails are left trained.  
We submit the force, we destroy a felon and a criminal like crime,  
Our tanks beat down alcoholically, our trek is longer than lesson.  
One winces and grimly, symmetrically conveys a smile to the world,  
Laughing at the street of its promise and desire, a calling tyre so told.

Naveed Akram

# My Strength

The day my strength desists,  
Is the day my time is at an end.  
From loving of my shadow  
I speak of a darkness to behold.  
It is the same darkness that is loved  
And sculptured by the lunacy of innocence.  
It is the day I stop praying  
And a time for forgiveness,  
Like a religion and a forfeit,  
Like some crime and children to smack.

The day unwinds as if colour is black and  
Black was white out of love.  
White is the sun, not gold or bronze,  
But silver is the moon, not like the white of the sun.  
You will stop moving around,  
And you will succumb to the pleasures that arrive.  
Too many seconds are made by the Lord,  
And so many are tied by his string  
To uplift our hearts as solid drums of gold,  
Being with the best of them, being and being.

Naveed Akram

## My Studious Ways

I ring for coffee, cigarette, and gin, and take  
My chair so faded, to the designs we must start;  
Re-reading the letters in front,  
I rate the fluency and style,  
Finding their clarity, like a man of worth.  
When the authorities have darted  
Their stare I must be the offender,  
I must be the apology, and I start  
At the coffee-pot with tripping into the street.

Then there was a little silly child in front of me,  
The reasonable man would swing in front of her,  
For this banned girl or daughter of some man  
Engaged my business of letter-writing.  
The simple days are about to fade and run into  
Studious ways that deliver praise for the ones.

Naveed Akram

# My Suitcase Floated

I wanted my suitcase that day to be suitable,  
I claimed a life of my own, an iceberg floated  
Till the world dropped far too slowly;  
My eyelids fluttered, due to the devastation,  
The violent upbringing happened to be by chance  
That chances were far too like wives of the ages.

I lived with myself in words and deeds  
To procure the centuries of doubt,  
An indubitable disease spent its youth.  
The world dropped into the furnace of the sea,  
Oceanic splendours amassed and betrayed  
A small number of inhabitants who believed.

Naveed Akram

# My Sun

My Sun is perfect, fully apt to give energy,  
May this perfect star be so small, so heavy.  
The gaseous ball will quench the thirst,  
Be like stars of the night, and stay then.  
Bigger than the whole sky at black night,  
The moon echoes the whims of the Sun.  
The Sun is alive with sound and strategy,  
Opening our heads with our hearts.  
May it perform brilliantly as perfection commands.

Naveed Akram

# My Supreme Deity

I have worshipped a deity of supreme love,  
So I could reach my microscopic destination.  
Where is my passive hardship leading me?  
Why do the thieves in my alphabet console me?

The way is clear, bright and lustful, for presence  
Is the appearance, and wights of anger discard  
Our souls to be my skin in the way of the world;  
I have wondered too late, I poison the frightful men.

My deity is my vein and and my heart, and more than  
Gravity, more than strong help or strong design;  
He fits in the heart if only imagination will blame,  
But the mind is too stringent a part of the soul.

I have won my supreme being today and tonight,  
The prayer is the invocation and the supplication;  
It considers the beauty of this world and negates  
The devil and his handiwork, dropping the self-made.

Naveed Akram

# My Suzerain

He is my suzerain, a mighty blow to the heart,  
Downcast is the training of my heart that masters  
The lamentable tones, as they unfold with crying.  
Callous inhuman works are committed by some gross devil,  
Enraging us: it has no pity for the self or the contradictions.  
Traumatic is the underlying illness it seems to inspire,  
Into words they change that master the metres of exchange.  
A ruthless brutal fiend is about with similar characteristics  
Smiling at you, with vigour of memories, as they are memories.  
To be incensed by this furious beast of brotherhood,  
We must change the respect of a livid century.

Naveed Akram

# My Talk Of Dragons

My talk is never at cost, it does not earn wages,  
The dragons and its language despise with buzzes.  
The armour of the reptilian race shall be noble,  
Force talking, force information from the abnormal.  
My talk shall not enter prisons all the time,  
Do not hear them who speak with a mime.  
They are scared of dragons, for they wrote their words,  
Arguing why they heard or not, even in the blizzards.  
My sages will confer with me, and upright are the dragons  
Who flew over my head and then encircled us with disruptions.

Naveed Akram

# My Test

My fault lies in the tests not passed,  
On the relics I have inscribed my answers  
To the tests of my life.  
For this the tremendous work has believed  
Going with a success,  
But this has only beaten everyone,  
Only everyone has been subjugated  
And all have destroyed the destroyed.  
Whoever failed the test has been annexed,  
For me, they are conquered by it.

Naveed Akram

# My Tests

That which my manhood tests I have resented,  
But that which priests have queried I have prayed.  
My non-foolish comrades are of the sociable nature  
That natural affluence is their deterrent to other people.  
My manhood keeps the angels alive in the heavenly qualm,  
My reasonable nature is accosted by good men of commerce  
Who disappear from the doors to my house and mansion.  
My own soul is bedevilled by hosts and badges that step  
Into the lake of worry and distress, the august kings  
With spread kingdoms launch into an abyss abnormal.

That which my manhood tests I have resolved,  
From sentences and clauses, from laws and orders.  
To those parallel to my soul are my bodies who discuss  
With the angelic few like a surrenderer, objects of power  
Discuss my importance, as the tested are put to shame.  
It is my nature to dissolve the fiery flames into the rich furnace  
Of furniture and gold, iron and steel, feeling and emotion.  
Let the soul complain if it established falsehood,  
My manhood tests the soul that is my comrade and friend.

Naveed Akram

# My Thinkers

Ten times my thinking men reply,  
To read is too fine an art of living,  
To be nonsense creates my kite  
That I fly and manipulate for myself.  
Offer your followers some advice  
That God has provided from abacuses  
Stored in the clouds above our heads.  
We see our words as numbers  
Sparkling like silver plates.  
My thinkers hear the reality,  
Knowing their learned souls from souls.  
In this sense, parts of your life  
Are weak, for philosophy is too grave  
An endeavour.

Naveed Akram

# My Thinking Mind

My mind has displeasure  
From what occurs inside the heart.  
The mind completes its thoughts  
When the soul has accomplished.  
Complete teaching needs habits  
Of learning, deeds protect you.  
May minds seek a thinking man  
Who teaches the required knowledge.  
My mind is displeased due to ache  
And the general business of the day.

Naveed Akram

# My Thought Is Remembered

One loves the memory acquired,  
One hates the residence of a thought,  
But where do we live in thoughts?

May we walk among fools in unity,  
But gain the upper hand with love  
And attention so that foolish men go.

The thought of a dozen suns is greater  
Than the thinker who thinks alike,  
That morbid partaker of thoughts that endear.

To endure the thinking crowd we die,  
And then we live, and then we die,  
To further our work to the other worlds.

Naveed Akram

# My Time Is My Time

My habit is my sensible time,  
One heart of my life is in my time.

My honourable line is supposed to be a sign,  
Nine of the men out of ten commit treason.

My habit is bolder than the manners of heroes,  
But the humour has entered my house of art.

To be my lion I have to chase the stronger folk,  
Kicking and roaring to find my oasis, in time.

My habitat is a misfortunate light or community,  
Its tales are everlasting, its blessings are several.

To stop the opposition with song is too demanding,  
I must face the music one day, I must face reason.

Naveed Akram

# My Time With Death

My time with death is so good  
That sacrifices are made for good.  
The other fiend is not deathly  
But too worthless.  
His time is nearer to death  
And he hurts from the time dragged forth.  
We see time with this crazy reasonable fiend,  
Inside them are hatreds to find,  
You must learn the bombs and bullets,  
With a concern not to desert.  
So much suffering is bowed to  
That differences collect and you triumph.  
Goodness of time is always called Life,  
The Dead do not worry, the Dead are fully aware.

Naveed Akram

# My Tongue Exerts

My tongue stays and growls  
In circles of fire that are crowds;  
Inside the argument, the increase of wealth  
Welcomes us, if you stay and dive.

Richer speech welcomes us in ends,  
Talents must diverge, to still be told.  
Surely, the weakness of the tongue is huge  
When we still greet you with it.

Let certain elements be absurd,  
The true registry exerts a minister,  
One son and one daughter is enough,  
Let mighty alleys fasten the flight.

Naveed Akram

# My Tower Is Splendid

My favourite height gains splendour;  
Onto the tower we climb, for our splendour.  
This is the love of my time,  
Your guardian felt stubborn on this day;  
You must fly out onto other roofs,  
Living in the air forming like a balloon  
For art is the exact practice of an achiever.  
My significant tower looms high over the populace  
Like designers and collectors of art also subjugate.  
My splendour is unmatched, noone can touch my perfection.

Naveed Akram

# My Toy Shop

It springs up into an object so prosperous,  
The very lantern of my comfort;  
The reason is the same, for every year,  
A toy shop will improve one day later.

It worked on my head and heart,  
Blind was the man who saw my shoulder  
With his arms and hands,  
The heart of his was very comfortable.

I have a toy shop because I have a toy,  
Unimaginable toys are a decoration;  
The hands of time shall mind me now,  
The toys are like him, the blind man.

Naveed Akram

# My Trees

The tree has branches so full of life's teaching,  
Anyone stays inside this house of wood.  
My trees are in my garden of roses,  
They are full of beauty, my garden tries hard  
To learn and grow like humans and animals.  
Your knowledge survives, my garden lives on  
As it deserves to, my harder gardening is a concept.  
Trees increase us in numbers, plants normally learn  
Outright, their infinity is greater than ours.

Naveed Akram

# My Troubled Fists

My troubled fight is celebrated  
Before this sanctioned pride.  
How could you forget smilies like this?  
The maple leaves crash into the ground  
Where other leaves crinkle with pencils.  
The duck pond crashes with the people,  
What troublesome sport is this?  
It is the pond mastering the lavish banquet  
Blissful, not grieving like heavenly straits  
Or the stars in heaven above the tellurian ground.

It is a postable letter, full of wrinkled haste,  
Those with obtempering to do have to wait,  
Let the doctor be temperate and wild.  
His mind is crashing into the cocaine  
Of the winter night, it took a long time  
To digest, and now ruining is the proud  
Head and the mighty heart full of hats.

How could I forgive this heart-ache?  
Why does the sin be perpetrated  
In such guises of a sloven?  
The visions abound of such right,  
With right and rights so like shoulders.

Naveed Akram

# My Two Friends

My two friends are now enemies,  
Indeed the friendship runs thinner  
And thinnest, reading the news can matter.  
My two friends emit light to each other,  
Like the pencil of the lands in styles that  
Are jotted, not written.  
We are also the enemies like the trains  
Of the eastern ways and roads,  
Feeding the idiocy of a land-like ability.

These two energies constantly bend the rules  
As rules are read by the joyous enemy,  
How do we contain the memories of some kindness?  
It is as though thoughts destroyed are  
Even then thoughts.  
You must maintain a thinking man  
Called leader like the computer main-frame  
Inside a country.

Naveed Akram

# My Two Worlds

My worlds are two and three and four,  
My mirrors are fully formed from eternal thoughts.  
A secret has appeared from chaos, as we  
Learn the only wellness due to a soul.  
My soul appears before many,  
Forms of the body are the corpse's grazing ground.  
I see an address of a heavenly place,  
My worlds are too many to mention.

My gifts ride a donkey, they speak to me like attributes,  
Waters drift from the vials of longevity,  
Immortality seems blessed, a divine right for those  
In misery of a temporary respect.  
O Immortal One! Your years are strong, stronger than  
The earth under the feet of your body.  
You will return, you will relent and restore,  
Resurrection will come and rescue the soul.

Naveed Akram

# My University Degree

Sent to the prison, sending is a gift,  
Like childhood and youth in a fit of glory;  
My loves of this world are numberless,  
Never does the ground grow beautifully.

May prison be admirable to the lame,  
Love of this world is always alone,  
Living gains enemies of the shredded earth,  
To live you must acquire an university.

Inside you destroy the tremendous knowledge,  
Gather a force of health and whole wisdom,  
The wielding of the axe of education stings  
Your arms and legs as you crawl through.

Naveed Akram

# My Victorious Nation

My space is taken to be correct,  
The database makes chairs and helped  
Me forming a television of despair.  
The boldness and ailment carried me  
Like a doctor-and-patient relationship.  
This is aerospace when the flags are being read  
After they were written on the nation.  
Encasing us like prison, we still relax  
Once the nations spring like a season  
And then we are victorious in the whole  
World, when is it they move aggressively?

Naveed Akram

# My Virtue

My virtue is sick like magic,  
It defines acute and obvious ability;  
My view dances in my eyes,  
Little lovers of mine, little colours  
That are yellow and green  
If I am a child.  
This child in me is greater than my heart  
In old age,  
For we believe in the sorting out of dumbness,  
The getting of solutions and heartiest of secrets,  
These are answers of venom, too greater than pies.  
We eat them more like shapes that taste,  
But my view is disrupted and I finish.

Naveed Akram

# My Virtues

My virtues can be recorded by people,  
Who are led on a regular basis by my own headship.  
How does cruelty ever shine on a real basis  
With cars to revolve on the Earth,  
And windows to be shattered into pieces?  
The accidents are numerous, as even the rituals  
Speed up entertainment, the long haul concerned all.  
My virtue converts into reality, it is blue as the whole sky  
And forests over the moon are witnessed by the alien ones,  
Their virtue carried pain, yet mine not.  
There is meaning in places of under water as well,  
For it is wet, it is dry, and never are there fish-people.

Naveed Akram

# My Voyage

My voyage is supreme over others,  
For him is the reward who gathers,  
Going along the borders  
Is no shame.  
My list of weathers is gained by the trek,  
The little path it takes brings me awe.  
I have a life among the living,  
As living as animals and plants.  
We are in a journey to heaven,  
And your friends became extraordinary  
When the days endured the prosperity of life.  
History is a plane,  
It flies to where ever you desire.

Naveed Akram

# My War With Mirrors

Mirrors remember my war as it recedes,  
The memory of worse health relies on me;  
Better news is peaceful for the sun swimming  
In airs of beauty and sin, sin and beauty.

The music of the sonnets and ghazals are alone,  
In this sick reward a philosopher has hatched  
Into creation, thinking along the trumpet,  
Trumpeters are relating their woes to oblongs.

Respect shines, respect glows according to your desire,  
Yesterday the whistle is blown too harder than the trumpet,  
This sound from heaven glistens in the pond of black vermin,  
The rats are bereaving due to our tastes and endeavours.

Naveed Akram

# My Webbed Feet

My feet are like disks grinding in their homes,  
The sleep of their soles is so respectful,  
One of the giants in the sky hates us,  
For we are larger as webbed men.

My feet are hands forming from the soul,  
This respect patrols the area of ships  
And describes the respect of the sailors  
Who protect the country that is a nation.

My soul feeds others with lasting intelligence,  
Opening the window to expose the heart  
To the outside manners so delightful,  
Like this we pray and find our foothold.

Naveed Akram

# My Whole Path

My learning expounds the districts of lunch and dinner,  
A soothing music interrupts the line of thought;  
For musicians interfere with the ways of the thought,  
The very business matters of a learned man.

Buy their love for the whole of the wine,  
This tearful fluid pouring into the rivers of mercy  
Shall transform a glowing moon  
In transit.

My wisdom shall forsake a boat that crumbles,  
This work is solvable for the verses are finer  
Than the march of a short man who conquers,  
The defeats of the whole path and road utter it.

Naveed Akram

# My Witnesses

I witnessed the torture from the river that swam its way,  
Like swarms of bees and visits of the highest emblems.  
I witnessed the forms that struggled in this universal life,  
Staying on celebrated joys frowning at me with their woes.

My soldiers armed with halberds decided to spring on them,  
Clashing like beasts of the waves and sea life, conquering  
Like the whole worse item of magic, collected inside one;  
This wizardry connected like game and sport of the realm.

This war, that war watered the eyes after the emblems were  
Caused, like the effects of the miraculous realm,  
Filling the bottles of ice, fixing the stares of a guiding beast,  
This war had lasted by the thawing district running into cold.

Naveed Akram

# My Worship And Suffering

This is my worship and that is yours,  
So complete the living and dying, like an actor.  
It is like an actor that you learn your sighing,  
It is complex, it is virtuous and wiser.

This is my worshipping and my prayer,  
The sole exercise is begging for more joy,  
Words can cascade with fury and anger,  
So strong is the torrent due to successful death.

This is my joke of eternal suffering, my life  
Opens the gates of the one who learns well,  
I have taught their minds with a concept,  
And this hospital is the hospital of prayer.

Naveed Akram

# My Written Hand

Where is my written hand?  
Floating with the face of lands  
Striding to and fro, like the seas  
Of bursting quality and drowning is  
Your birth, your right to dive.

The sea of such oil dries the blood,  
A land of opportunity offends the odours  
Delighted by your presence,  
In the end we create a puzzle to devolve,  
In this light the offensive thoughts buy us.

The purchase of expensive thoughts  
Defies the united spirits, like the offers  
Of our times, jelly of the sea, jelly of our times.  
Feeding is frenzy, fighting is fleeing,  
Like the groaning of the blood so old.

Naveed Akram

# My Years And Months

Never do rights of a man vanish from the prison,  
Frowning with delight the mad men utter phrases  
That try one to the bone, with a swift betrayal  
And collapsed muscle, this very leg of lamb.  
Not in this world will a man be fortunate,  
In front of a maid or maiden, the opposites  
Of the coin shall be one over  
In the oven of our lies,  
The very same lies that every root  
And each virtue shuddered.  
Let your rights be damaging the hits  
And flaws of the damnation.  
My blindness ought to seem unchecked,  
Underneath the trees of the wintered months  
And years.

Naveed Akram

# Mysterious Aroma Of Images

Life is a mysterious call from nature and place,  
Love their lives as far as the ears and eyes;  
For truth is beheld by those organs too fair,  
Living carries a question of the bold and rare.

About death is a grief of the fellowship and anger,  
They defend me when death approaches,  
For godly men have striven where an ordinary mortal  
Sees his picture, sounds are like their pictures.

My life is destroyed only when the soul has been expert,  
Righteous plans solve the riddles of a life in ruins,  
Plans are cast aside by the well-made years that are famous,  
Like the stars of the television, so polite an aroma of images.

Naveed Akram

# Mystery Of Love

The mystery of love betrays my feelings for you,  
This love enters the heart from outward ways,  
Then love feeds its frenzy like a dove of war.  
The dove of tranquility masters your soul with ease,  
To meaning a finder is the grace, to meaning a word,  
A word to bandage a life together from the heat.  
The knees are heartening, the hearing is sound,  
Legs are shining, feet are hanging, and fingers weep.  
Those eyes of mine shudder from the blows to the nose,  
These tears are shedding due to my repose, my stupor  
And real religion of the highest causes, the laces of shoes.  
The love of a wine is like the love of the soul,  
But my wings are like the alcohol of the message.  
My loves are numberless, my likings are staggering  
Like platforms of the disgrace, little wars are beasts.

Naveed Akram

# Mystical Understanding

Mystical realities provoke my understanding,  
Inside their realer minds is a disease called wisdom,  
It shines beyond belief and creates more knowledge.

Mysterious victims of disbelief surprise the beings  
That consider the time to be overridden with rats  
In the dark, rats up on the shelves, and single stains.

The dream of a century has elapsed and discovered my  
Real mind that converges and carries rare events,  
To be fortresses and wines, to be devils and sign.

I have signatures in this world that drive a reality  
Of the wholesome food, each foodstuff is a definition,  
Each of us have eaten the sum of numbers.

Naveed Akram

# Mythical

A mythical man of a reputation to exist  
Still excited me, for its fear was so loved.  
Corruption was the spirit in its breast,  
Hard earned money and wealth became itself.  
The danger was apparent, on its breast  
And inside, for the luck of a man is read.  
The man so displayed his culture that  
The stages of authority were absent.  
Excitement became the bird of delight,  
A realm of love existed before but not now,  
Since the takeover and invasion.

Naveed Akram

# Names

Names can come easy, just too peaceful can their meaning be,  
Like those hearts in the breasts, and the concluded parts of a book.  
Where are sudden impulses? From the heart, or the liver, or the brain?  
Your understanding surpasses me when you say,  
It is the name I give and forgive, for my only selfish part is sin.  
The followers of your religion are like birds in the sky,  
Each are the stars around the night, wrapped tight, found white,  
Like the naming of a person too bold, too cold at night.  
We read your name in the local newspaper, and decided to keep this memory,  
That stars are made on this day,  
That religion has forsaken the mind of our name,  
The name of a very good man.

Naveed Akram

# Names Are Special

My names are special, extra special and more,  
The need for food is increased by the age and maturity.  
Names laugh and cry like certain cookery ingredients  
For a rich dish, or a casserole, or a pudding.  
Food is eaten from the day that was the first  
To the last and final day of your period on this world.  
You must accept those with surnames,  
And let no snake interfere, just let no adder crawl.  
The devils hide their names,  
But do not and do not copy them  
For your names are not hidden,  
For people need you and their attention is on you.  
Names are revered, and their calling is exact,  
May you leave us and join the brigade of Life.

Naveed Akram

# Naming

Naming names is absurd for the face and hands,  
Under the head it disturbs, the very hands.  
We exceptionally distribute wealth,  
Understand us, as we understand you.  
Names of nobles are called twists,  
Their lives shortened by the blackout,  
Having heaven and paradise as well.  
We construct a new age of luscious worth,  
Financing the heart for its pleasure.  
Names are for laughter, real genius,  
The genius spent its intelligence.

Naveed Akram

# Naming A Few Men

Naming a few men is too special,  
Beasts of burden carry messages to them.  
Riding a car or animal needs fuel,  
It may be grit and steel to use your body  
But those animals in the ground are not foolish.  
Name them like a man who knows,  
He understands basics and knowledge too great.  
May the special noose be around a man of steel,  
And then to hang him seems too special.  
Name him one of those throwing actions to commit,  
Acting the very same as animals.

Naveed Akram

# Nasty Suspicion

A nasty suspicion creates condemnation  
And concussion, one floats as a balloon.  
Then fixing combs your hair and scalp,  
The enemy is mandatory for the friends.  
Footmen walk towards the station of right,  
In front of a mangrove they grow and thrive.  
Mighty claws arrive and toss the enemy  
To the sea of delights, a flirtation to be and desire.

Naveed Akram

# Natation

Smoke the natation of a man who is plain,  
The swimming is rapid for a man of his size,  
For he is adult, difficult and one result  
Of the game of desire and life itself.  
Disapprove of him when he smartens to the pace  
He has conjectured and removed,  
Like a menace and abhorrer of a watery air.  
Smoke the natation he wears with crime,  
The crime of a man is not like that of a woman  
For she clings to the muscles and finely weaves  
The cloth for the man to behold, further and further.  
Heavens are at work for those who behave like remains  
Of the tragedy inspired, the possessions are rapidly claimed.

Naveed Akram

# National Stability

Stable is under authority a wise country,  
For a better work collapsed into mere beauty.  
Hatred was better to pick on Earth,  
As for love I preside over it, like it.  
Country after nation after world parliament  
Can upset royal marriages from preserving  
Dignity.  
Selfless work was stopped by strangers of going  
And gone was the reward offered by selfishness.  
An enemy is opposition fought by the public,  
By the population.  
Enemies must define a boundary and persevere  
On the grounds of an own reasoning - a fault is to batter.  
Borders are fixed.  
Wonders are dismissed.  
We are in an underachieving hold, when they are not.  
Stable community of the continent  
Must make amends or face the aftermath of a great deal.  
Wars are fought by the masses, and we are those hungered.  
Wars can be victorious when stable-and-wise.

Naveed Akram

# National Unrest

Nations are made to rest on the heads,  
The body carries the world when we listen;  
This open slaughter worked all the time,  
Doing a slight mistake, doing the punishment.  
National fervour is about when you punish,  
The death of some we work on the punishment.  
Let dangerous men lurk in the shadows,  
The idiocy is well commented on, well spoken.

Naveed Akram

# Natural Disaster

Labourious work ends in a slumber too high,  
Maybe it rains and snows until the seas roar  
And the lands erupt with energy of nature,  
The worker of studies and laws, righteous followers  
Ask the nature of resemblances to be worshipped.  
This labour of prayer harms the people,  
The natural disasters collide with roaring oceans.  
Enough of them! We are satisfied by our times,  
We have enough to be promised salvation.  
Labour is intensive of the elements,  
A free energy of maximum dealing, swearing  
And learning.

Naveed Akram

# Natural Food

Do we indulge in natural feasts?  
The feasts of beautiful food are hued  
And flared with wonderful fruity smells,  
Born from the springs of above,  
Lit by the commands of a lantern involved  
In heaven and hot furnaces of the deep.  
Is it the smell of luxury or deceit?  
One of the deepest soaps seems to us,  
The sense is the intelligent curse,  
It is intellectual from the fear.

A natural feast is a hot furnace, soaps  
Involve their glare and stare on the senses.  
A melting void is like an universe in fatal  
Joy, in panic of food and drink that springs up.  
The naturalness is a gift of the white walls,  
The black and grey walls penetrate the walls  
Encasing us in hotness and coldness also.

Naveed Akram

# Natural Prayer

Praise is for prayer, like the man of the pasture and lake,  
You are the guide of beautiful remembrance and victory,  
Your evil infected the death of a man twice your age,  
Instead of poverty your life is at risk, chances are slim,  
Understanding broke into disorder when the cows moaned  
Their weakness in the valleys of the heifers, the solid heart  
Of the galaxy, the place of stars and death, of death and stars.  
Pray for me my love, minute victims of joy  
May investigate the happiness I am in and pray for me.

Naveed Akram

# Naturally Climb

Nature is accomplished at the acts,  
Then the limitless possibilities arise.  
The loving of life is the central component  
Over the bed of the sea and the air is enormous.  
Your respect of the hearts and livers  
Commands the respect of elders.  
Then birthday has arrived, full of pleasure  
And then the natural mountain is climbed  
Whether we understand its explosion as a volcano  
Or we seek enlightenment forever on this line  
That we cross.

Naveed Akram

# Nature Is Thinking

The desert has thought what lurks awhile,  
A mountain stream occurs in wastes unknown,  
And a groan uplifts the ceremony of the wild.  
Feeding guests is reconciling with nature,  
For nature grows according to tastes,  
These falls of the world are past the questions.

We crystals shake due to godly vibrations,  
A course is a mist of the whole ideals in wisdom,  
We vibrate little by little, inside the accusing work.  
Then accept us as we speak towards the whole liar,  
Accepting is working like a whole doctor of shirts  
And trousers that wonder about the whole world.

Naveed Akram

# Nature Of Men

Nature of the wine is of a pond,  
Its stagnant pond reflects in the world.  
For many are drunk, many are wild,  
Fulfilling dreams of a night in despair.  
These goals of the different kindness  
Reflect the ideals of a failed nation.  
The natural ponds are worthier than nests  
Of messages that are received by the  
Unfortunate men and women of ages.  
The natural reality is a good or godly reality,  
His Dominion is the land of the moral,  
For nature is moral and we are men  
Of distinctness, the overall picture has  
Elapsed, the pains of goals have been surveyed.

Nature of whining men is of the natural being,  
But they are drunk, and we are natural like men.  
The goals of a day are against some of the natures  
That are confident in the strife and struggles.

Wait then, wait then, with followers to be helped,  
For nature is a wondrous object that collapses  
After too many real men invade the privileges.

Naveed Akram

# Nature's Feelings

Words do not describe the feelings inside of my soul;  
The experience of winter and summer encompasses the world  
Like my soul and the rest of the souls that work and turn  
According to Nature, Mother Nature, that also cannot describe  
Or reiterate the surge of emotions and feelings.

To expertly decide the future of the globe needs your feelings at heart,  
And the heart has many turns and praise can eliminate you.  
The world of praises has not enough to constitute a victory for the soul,  
Nor do the animals and birds feel at ease just with your feelings,  
For at their hearts is also an emotion erupting and awaiting to be called.

The heart and mind creates a description of the soul,  
The soul has painted itself on all of Nature, for Nature.

Naveed Akram

## Near Him

One man sits in the room opposite.  
Another man climbs his ladder for the sport.  
A dangerous man enters for the sake of deadly trouble.  
A man and woman go hand in hand  
Yet trouble looms as they dive under the ladder.  
The man in the room opposite is a tall man  
Who hates their luck, and wanders to and fro  
Like a policeman, but he is not.  
I am a man who is child, and I don't want this activity  
So I shout out loud, "WHY DO YOU LIVE? "

Naveed Akram

## Near The Choir

My names are embedded in the whole life of our times,  
Understanding them needs craft, and catching them can taste.  
I see the real rhythm of a piano in dispute,  
This white and black being can work like us.  
Those in reading ways are the enlightened ones  
Whose rapture is never stolen.  
I like their sons and sons of their lives,  
Beautiful decibels and decimal numbers cooperate,  
Like lies and joining products of much taste.  
I like their names, these sounds are of our language  
And rhyme.  
Let the names be stolen and solidly sleeping,  
Like the open fools offering their organs to  
Orchestras and the little people of this world.

Naveed Akram

# Near The Light

I have neared the light shaking my tongue,  
It acts with language extinguishing the light;  
The candles burn like torches of the sky,  
The sky believes in us, with its rays of light  
Transferred to our brain, our sight and reign.

Wild rains confer with their tongues of speech,  
They rashly conspire behind our backs.  
The sky believes in us, with its harrowing details,  
Confident that the life before us was the historical  
Reality of our sighting, the very life of our life.

Then clouds burst, with raindrops so fierce,  
That majesties enlighten the whole tribes,  
Life has been uttered through the harsh tundra,  
Terrors amass like the bolts of lightning;  
My terror is like the famines, my terror will fathom.

The snows have drifted into scope, the eyes  
Consider the blessings of a night in absolute  
Union, forsake then the whole elder justice.  
The just chariots fight onwards, like a slide of  
Scythes building, binding the courage.

I have seen the lightning of the worlds,  
Fetched letters of whole disasters,  
That calamities of the harsh tundra flow  
Into the world like thunder and tundra,  
A whole lapse in lusts has arisen due to the flow.

Naveed Akram

# Nearer

The staggering and bewildering spectacle was near,  
Like a stalagmite rising and a man with a fear.

Naveed Akram

## Nearer To Trees

This is nearer to the trees, fully awkward,  
An award has reshaped my mapped life;  
Like the touch of breakfast, the forming meal  
Of the paper-like day, rocky hills stagnate the time.

Away from wonder is the delight,  
The sun stood in the sky of silver  
To complain erroneously and abhorrently,  
With a yellow shine and silvery line.

My forest beside the vegetables bends to the side,  
My ripe path branches separately, to even worry  
Like our souls that hurt due to presentations,  
That heavily hang on the wrapped boxes, the breakfast.

Naveed Akram

## Neatly Dressed Droids

We were very neatly dressed to the writing,  
You are perfect in the splendour of the stomach,  
We were spreading the speedy victory,  
Spending the honey and food for the decisions.  
The writing carried on with maintenance,  
The security droid had no adventure,  
And thistles rain down on your stomach.  
I have been robot, so robust with energy  
And these thistles are not mine.  
Now I know something, now I have been  
The robotic trees that fight and fast  
In the ways of places that were the wonder  
And bustle of a daydream.  
So the house was shown, so the people  
Of the house were hats that dried.

Naveed Akram

# Needing A Break

People need a break in the day,  
Little is on the horizon, of this day.  
Open affairs clasp and mismanage  
For the days are not nights.  
May the day result in desires of fine spirit,  
May the lusts of splendour be mittens,  
Their actions are never bold but also calculated.  
It is a breakdown, a crack in the mind,  
One forces the other to sacredly fight  
Whilst the day moves on, working with you.

Naveed Akram

# Neither Do I Love

Neither do I love the guilt of love,  
Nor can someone accept my love.  
I am a mere comical being -  
A ready instrument for loving people!

Naveed Akram

# Never Be Lonely

Never be a lonely person of the acre,  
Do not lie or force this moneymaker;  
For to watch is greater than to read  
And mastering has improvement to bleed.

Not in any summer be there remorse  
Or regret of a future, the very divorce;  
To be police is sudden and new,  
A little force shall be honest to continue.

Then heating occurred for the making,  
Hunt and munch the seasons of care taking;  
To care we decide the factors to suit,  
Then the doctors are alive like a brute.

A beauty has installed itself on the roof,  
A caring staff are needed to gain proof;  
Mouths are for feeding, and honesty catches,  
The man forces us with pleasures and advantages.

Naveed Akram

# Never Can We Know

Never in this world can we know  
The country of a person who rides  
His car for more than twenty years.  
Beaming on the world its lights are out,  
After so many centuries and years,  
Some of us live among the times.  
This considers a roof and house,  
Jostling behind the crowd and looking  
At certain beasts of prey,  
This prey is dead after so much hunting.  
This nation shall relish the disaster  
Made by some who learn and prey.

Naveed Akram

# Never Conquered

I am never conquered by the flute of immortality,  
They wage war on the definite souls of integrity,  
But immortals win in lustre and might, and so  
The flowers and towers burgeon brightly,  
And so the too innocent men and women work.

I would show you the results of a generation,  
With artificial minds and wonderful habits,  
In a state of dissent, in a gate of application.  
The cage causes us to utter a bulb of hate,  
A cage is a rage for the unlimited umbrellas.

The wing of light is a religion of movement,  
I have fright of the dozing minorities,  
Then sighs are introduced to the final minotaur,  
Who imports a denizen of the deep hindrance,  
The maze is called a labyrinth that never doubts.

Naveed Akram

# Never Deceive

Never does deceit occupy the place of heat,  
Heats are savage creatures of such fighters;  
Many are the cheaters of the century,  
They fought along the righteous ways  
That endowed us with slaves from the sun.  
The stars of the above sky were structured  
On us as the planets presented their joys.  
We dry our clothes and rinse our mouth  
To occupy the same role of the peasants  
Who need some settlement to be pleasant.

Naveed Akram

# Never Fear

Fear is survived from the ability  
Featured in the collection of souls in your soul.  
Your practice mattered to the guardians of ignorance  
Who never learn of their souls.  
How many do they think they possess?  
How many centuries do they enjoy?  
Secrets of the liars are exposed  
To the very brave to avoid,  
But they are inevitably dragged through  
And beaten with battens so violently  
That they are employed by the hard souls.  
Who is to succeed, now?  
When in this fashion do they drift over to  
Life-after-death?  
Is this Hell for the few who excel in evil,  
Or is it the highest award, the reward of an openly distinct person?

Naveed Akram

# Never Forgotten

I will never forget the mind's eye,  
How is death encapsulated by brilliant  
Sight? The divine sight has ordered me  
To fight, to fight the darkness in the lane.  
It meanders to bless a signal, but what is  
The outrage? It is darkness instead.

I see what the blind man said he saw,  
I heard the voices over the lawn of grass  
And weeds, they muttered and laughed,  
Read and spluttered in their wide range,  
To write their birth and death is laudable;  
For I consume the heart's heat and blood.

I will always hear fear, and scaring pain,  
The care of this life is called a painful rifle,  
Shooting through it requires skill and danger.  
I will always fear the blind man with shining  
Happy wings, waging peace over the lawn,  
Incurring the happiness on all who decided.

Naveed Akram

# Never Give A Problem

Never do people give a problem  
To the leader of happiest results;  
The signs of the day are upon him,  
To create the stupendous change.

May problems be damned, cursed,  
Jutting out is an island of sentence;  
For written it is on the map  
By the happier lord.

Never could we swear to lords  
For more of direction and swing;  
This day is like the night of mourning,  
Too many days are there to fight.

Naveed Akram

## Never In This Mood

Never in this mood do we spend money,  
Gold will descend and fill your heart with riches;  
But the anguish of a motherly woman is great,  
That the feet and hands succumb to play.  
The food of the tongue offered by some is solid,  
Dawn soon approaches, night recedes like  
The sea at night under the smiling moon.  
The moon is the diamond in the eye,  
The moon is not to be worshipped by some  
Who delve into wisdom and triumphant tomes.  
Indulge in food then, indulge in crumbs of discourse,  
The speech of the food is a solid structure.  
My pond is a mood of the water and all these waves  
Differ, like the dukes and duchesses of a lake.

Naveed Akram

# Never In This Place

Never in this place called Earth  
Has a home been built,  
Bodies of strong youth  
Are in the nights of density.  
Never do lights reign supreme,  
Inside other lights that cause damage.

The Earth erases a note  
From the file called Throne,  
Adding the senses of throats  
And tongues and tonsils,  
Terrible training abides in the teeth.

Never in this place do we erase the speech,  
Listening is called spoken ability,  
Like the homes flattened,  
Little by little, liking the orders of youth.

Lights smack the eyes with the thunder,  
Lightning strikes are burdens for sisters  
Of the night, light happens to entrance  
Our children and sentence them to death.

Naveed Akram

# Never In This World

Never in the world is there peace,  
Peace is an unity, the world is at war.  
May ghosts envelop us with shrouds  
And overshadow the world for its work.  
The world has a bed of roses once we feed it  
With gardens and flowers and plants.  
Innovations and alterations convince us  
Of religious thoughts, spewing out with the sense.  
Never does the peace alleviate the suffering,  
Not in this world does there be a resolution,  
But the formation of the audience is near,  
Painted in a book of poetry, fully frosted with images.

Naveed Akram

# Never Land

I love the ease I can take  
In this lovely wonderland  
I have called my dreams,  
My dreams hide this place.  
Never be in this one land,  
The seas complain of who writes,  
The man so bold causes the water to fall  
And achieve a waterfall.  
We achieve our happiness  
By coming here  
To avoid the slaughter.  
One day we arrive and respire  
In the Never Land.

Naveed Akram

# Never Lie

Never do the lies of a man penetrate the ill people,  
Their states are bold and their friendship is strong.  
Not in a million cities is found a stallion that rides  
Inside the minds of the young men and women of right.

Many have succumbed to the slaughter of the criminals,  
Illness is a test from the believers of the right nature,  
Their stallions will fight with legs and bold habits  
Feeling their way to the top, as friendship glistens tonight.

Naveed Akram

# Never Mind

Never will minds display their rectitude  
Until the swerving thoughts be riddles and spots  
To join into sins of the higher arts.  
The beauty of the mind concerns me,  
For the display of intelligence  
And the gorgeous races of thought  
Portray a character of the abundance  
Like the hills of the night and day.

This life will erase you tonight  
In the very hills that bury you alive  
Due to your godly intelligence.

Let wisdom be the faithful one,  
Losing the loaves of the fruitful one,  
Like the minds of such colour.

Then beauty overwhelms the one  
Who renders the rain in front of men  
Who hear the prospects of a day  
In the future of worries and folly.

Naveed Akram

# Never Mind Books

Books are forces,  
They are resources,  
His mind just deserves,  
And it contains and preserves  
You, the writer of need  
Who wrote the books to read.

Listen again and again  
To the speaker of words  
Of phrases that strain  
The mind of lords  
Who speak as well  
And listen to the bell.

Naveed Akram

# Never Pain

Never did pain excite us in the same way as the patient men,  
They work, praise and learn for all the tranquillity again.

Naveed Akram

# Never Say It

Never can an image betray somebody so bad,  
All the wisdom is in the story of old,  
We carry on like some would have done,  
Sometimes the throat is alive with sound,  
I hesitate to say out loud the fountain of joy  
I can see so round, and it is around.

Naveed Akram

# Never The Agony

Agitate me not, agonize me never,  
Such is the speed of thinking.  
Aloud are words of quite a little thought,  
The mind differs from occasion to occasion.  
This offering is a proud notion  
Of the variety we pick like flowers.  
The motion of the plants is of the butterfly,  
Those in orbit around the world know why.  
Their polite quiet is discernable and crazy,  
Loathsome is the spirit of walking  
In the fashion of a zealot, so speedy  
In thinking and so outrageous a personality.  
We are not overwhelmed by zealotry  
For we speak too many times against them.

Naveed Akram

# Never The Lady

Never in this lady is a land of misfortune,  
Opening heavenly straits and traits of fortune,  
So that faces differ, apologise and freeze  
Now that peace has entered so blissfully.  
Never in this gentleman is a sea of pleasure,  
Frowning a lot, feeding a frenzy for the manners  
Are different, far too relevant and too costly.

Why do people freeze in the sunshine of faces?  
When the days have arrived for marriages  
A little war erupts to tell of the worship inside,  
That envelops a soul by itself, the lady and gentleman  
Work too far and everything is beset by worry;  
Even a folly is ahead, of both weather and pleasure.

Naveed Akram

# Never To Prosper

Never do we prosper when there is pain,  
How do the pains become a tragedy?  
My conversations are longer than others  
Over the dispute about certain issues.  
May results be absolutely accurate  
Of the experiments designed to construct.  
This experiment is long with much discomfort  
But the negotiations are needed with this discomfort.  
Success resides in the heart that beats so healthily,  
Not just when arguments are aroused and won.

Naveed Akram

# Never War

Never can a man escape the whole war,  
It fights inside and has quality of us;  
Understand me further when I say  
That systems commend the very night.  
And war has enveloped the desert  
As war conquered the soul of heat.  
How did the cleverness of the mind  
Be ascertained by the minute men  
Who rode no war for their size was too small?

Naveed Akram

# New Knowledge

A knowledge is factually correct inside,  
Yet outside I find deceit and unwillingness  
To craft but a hitch, a melody of supreme count,  
I have remedied the jungles and forests with it,  
The caves are even speaking,  
What is more than this?  
Why have I been roasted and now knowing when?  
Which idiot kicked me in the other day  
Only to let me see squarely through his eyes  
A rapid and ugly beast a knowledge such as this.

Naveed Akram

## New Reading

My shores are dead, for my lands are new and read,  
By the dying gangs of this plain that expands, new and read.

Fires fail and spread due to cold hearers and cold faces,  
My forefathers shouted to the demands, new and read.

When millions of pounds glistened in full blood to new generals,  
We saw a bloody scene in the wars in hands, new and read.

My hands are severed by swords as the biting has stopped,  
Many already burn the scaffolding along the commands, new and read.

I have to be the conquest and the sin of a day and night that wins,  
My conqueror will burst into grand handstands, new and read.

Some search is given, donated by the fiery sands of the deserts,  
I am a nomad told to sever the hands called my forehands, new to read.

Naveed Akram

# New Tree

A new tree tramples on your knee,  
A reality has surpassed my sentence;  
With electric glow the punishment  
Agrees with the greatest number.  
A new fiddle is in store for the bold  
Who barter and breed, who say and  
Serve, who foster and foil, who devil  
And deploy; this time, be of those who  
Display their great souls with steadfastness.  
The new and broken are smooth like  
The waves of everlasting bliss,  
A tree must defend best the isle,  
A tree is a treatment to those with eyes.

When you see a historic man  
See his angelic character, then read  
The wept pages with a blush in sides,  
Those roasted are in brutal manner.  
When you master the slave and see him  
Stir with hoses and water, the garden  
Erupts and blissfully guards, bleeding  
With water from the roots, suppressing  
The tears of a wasted region.  
I have time for the garden this while,  
Winter will whiten, and snows will slow.

My defenders are outside, fixing a snowy  
Evening with blushing and bruising thunder.  
I have seen an end to the logic,  
Lurking with loathing entrails,  
Feeding the bags of burden and blessing.  
Where are men who hear the blessing?  
The defenders are tagged along,  
Their stay is welcome due to old age.

Naveed Akram

# News

The books have us in the binding,  
Powerful pages resound in the waters;  
A clever trick is employed by the wise,  
Ghosts of strength dabble with the mind.

The books are volumes so bright,  
Force shall embark on a quest;  
The middle of the street is a foreign element,  
Litter stains the streets like a silver jubilee.

Like us when we strive towards other islands,  
Of nations and tribes we know of and about;  
The knowledge is about, the knowledge has arrived  
Of a type called News, the simplest routine.

Naveed Akram

# News Of A Boy

News of a boy in stress,  
Is like the lending of money to a man of worth.  
News is the best option,  
Always special in contrast to the atomic bomb.  
News has always been of dying,  
Why do we have living and dying?  
News is the speeding trolley in the super-market,  
When the television has been occupied.  
Why do you bother with these times  
When what you perceive is truly yours?

Naveed Akram

# News Of Dreams

The reception of everyday news ought  
To be devices of philosophy that rivers  
Are making their troubles and broil,  
This fluency is unique due to thunderous action.

My ears and eyes are hunting with faces  
Exerting their imagination, and dreams have  
Troubled the sleep with enticing details,  
I am setting like a star on an unique planet.

The being is there, like man itself,  
And times have changed, transformed, like reality,  
Inside the problems of a night overtaking the day,  
One is once not twice, one is taking dreams.

Naveed Akram

## Next Day

One day shall be the next day,  
This day shines utmost due to time's fright.  
A religion of light is an approach to a stigma  
Always in right, for the real right is above us.  
Faith mounts up and collides with balls of fire,  
You in the end do not burn, nor do you melt.  
Faith on this night is like fire,  
Do not prostrate before the gods of fire.  
One day they meet the head of gods,  
A real plan is about to deliver praise of the next day.

Naveed Akram

## Next Morning

I woke up next morning,  
Troubled and sentenced.  
Affections of belated nature  
Arose in my sleep of air.  
At the same time the previous day  
Reappeared, with numbness and persuasion.  
The judgement of warehouses  
Made a fortunate gesture.

Inside traction there is a friction,  
In success is a failure or mediocrity,  
When fighting begins, the peace follows.

Much judgement sleeps during such  
Creamery, the dreams of never-ever land.  
The tangibility of this argument is suffered.

I keyed up after my sleep,  
Kindling the absurd reckoning.

Naveed Akram

## Next To Me

Feeling good inside and out as I sit aside,  
Problems being many many any,  
Sober and free I see that I could be bed,  
Always across the room and sorry.

Next day is fuel for fire and despised on nature,  
Forgetting the trees of knowledge held in head,  
Next to Me is the ladder to the sky of forever,  
Corresponding to the ascension performed.

Naveed Akram

## Nice Items

Very nice items are like gold to manufacture from anything,  
To common places they have travelled and ran,  
Little do swamps fly and little do spirits lie vanished.  
This grudge of the manufacturer mills the victuals,  
These propelled monies are of the atomic structure  
Like the molecular miles with summer and winter.  
They could both feel the show as if the piety unmentionable,  
Till the landowners tilt their hats to the atomic masses  
Which prefer a majestic being to collect the concerns.

Naveed Akram

# Night

Have this night as a reminder  
To those people fighting the nose and mouth;  
Their health is crystal, powerful, lovely,  
Like a heavenly mirror, like the world of the best.

We sleep in the morning as well, the future  
Is our destination, more than the past.  
Have this night in your memory,  
Reminding you of days and weeks of the year.

Naveed Akram

# Night After Night

Night after night it was cancelled,  
Too many spells contacted the soul,  
So that life was certain to be justice.  
Nights took another night, fulfilling  
The days that complemented them.  
Too much magic occurred between  
The adversaries who argued, feasted  
And swore their heart strokes.  
The heart was beating like an intelligent  
Man who saw his helmet and sword  
In the mirror. The heart stopped growing  
And the wishes of a lad were gone.

Nighttime was a light of the divine source,  
You must thank the angelic men who lived  
According to rules of the future, past and present.  
This time, a schism was absent, only  
There was night and day, day and night.  
The brain was on a message from the past,  
Like a comet towards its home so absent.

Naveed Akram

# Night And Rain

The night nor the rain can obliterate  
Us when we sleep in the heavens,  
A magical leader compressed the  
Knowledge into the motto  
Of all time, fixing his sights  
On water and war, filling the fights  
And hammering us holy.

One finds taste and dignity  
In this digital dungeon called life's  
City, quaint and queer with numbers  
And noughts, a real hubris.

The excessive pride of this city and land  
Shall overcome us with heaven,  
As the night clears in the heaven  
And as the rains shun us in sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Night With Darkness

Hostesses of the night, you are the women of light,  
In them are strong religious ideas that fly due to might,  
As far as we see, they perceive animals of rank,  
And faster is the small one, of sprinting I thank.  
The cats and dogs shall be with these witches,  
Who murder against us, again I wonder this abhorrences.  
The nights of darkness are royal and evil,  
Many people have struck gold that is acceptable.  
Comfort us, comfort us, in this world of black darkness,  
When thieves and murderers exceed in rancidness.

Naveed Akram

# Night's Fortune

A fortune has occurred, so much in the night,  
To misdeal it comes to solitude, in the very night.  
It is an encumbrance of the soul to misdeal the soul,  
For the night's chances are to be held in esteem.

This fortune inhabits my soul for its work is precious,  
The mischief-maker prances through the door when precious;  
If he dances, the body and mind retaliate, and they command,  
The commander himself cannot command as well as me.

Naveed Akram

# Nightmare Principles

A mediocre principle has exposed truth of terrors,  
The prejudice parts the seas as the terrible sight;  
One man with philosophy finds a hairlike dress,  
Just to be with him, a little wine has made essence.

The principles of the nightmares were privileged,  
The mansions for rich men were richer than the richest  
Of the owners of palaces, a ferrous material collapsed  
The muscles of the world, a world within a world of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Nightmares

Asian nightmares come from the heavens,  
Under the flowers is a soil to grow,  
Where nightmares exist,  
The folly of horses and different steeds,  
In the right path they tread.  
Africa has no dream of its own  
But that of horses riding, openly dying  
When they gallop, stealing the grass and sand  
With their enormous hooves.  
Nightmares are against the teaching of the public.

Naveed Akram

# Nights And Days

My night is long, the goal is full,  
It concerns me to act in absolute security.  
I must care and something is like your body,  
The way of a race so sudden.  
The upper storey of my house is most high  
In the sky, that I can never understand.

So suddenly the night is overcome by day,  
Daylight reassures me of politeness,  
Heights of such greatness on this storey  
Are fairly strong compared to some towers,  
But the day is shorter than we can tell.  
The telling sky will shine so brightly.

The days and nights revolve around my head,  
And the mustard in my food rejects me,  
As the allergy is strong,  
As the days are strong with fever  
Of suffering and pain of pangs I am swept by;  
The days and nights know nothing of my life.

Surely the night hands over to the day,  
And then the day hands over to the night  
For our brain and heart to recognise,  
For our religion to congratulate us.

Naveed Akram

# Nights Are Lovely

Night, you are lovely, lovelier than you,  
So many flights of darkness are anew.  
The eternal glory is awaiting us,  
After so many hands and feet are mastered.

Night, you have launched into the unknown,  
The knowledge of a past is upon us now.  
My flight into a fantastic life honours,  
It honoured me afterwards, forever.

Naveed Akram

# Nights Of Heaven

To interject me combines me with you,  
Such heavenly status is reserved for those  
In custody and sin.

To interrupt me shall gain the sayings of natural  
Beings, shepherds of truth and sheep.  
The sheep sadden us day after day,  
Nights constrict our being,  
Nights find the other souls,  
Then they unleash a spread of light  
Evicting us like houses of strife.

Combinations improve the air,  
They permeate our lives with deaths,  
Dead natures escape the audience,  
Until deaths result and as a bonus result.  
My statements read as solutions  
Of the problems afflicting our health,  
The health of offspring marries us.

To state the resultant force  
Is like a formula of heresy,  
I seek light now,  
I make meek sayings and adages  
For the worlds of tough health.  
The reality escapes, whenever  
The bats become large.  
To remedy the thoughts is to eliminate  
Our conquests,  
The conquered must remain.

Naveed Akram

# Nimble Mind

It requires a nimble mind to conserve one's strength,  
Hardened by a ready wit, the body can adjust its wavelength.  
The strong set of shoulders are what it takes,  
Believe me, the words are strong when the word makes.  
A head is the good of the soul, the very heart  
Bleating like the lamb's, forcing the part.  
We believed in nights of continuous blackness  
To alert the help of friends who worked with abruptness.  
The nimbleness of a mind shall be with an able-bodied man,  
Whose acid is made on an appetite of his clan.

Naveed Akram

# No Brain

No announcements were made  
By the windows and doors  
Going to the edge of nowhere.  
Happy thoughts arrive forming me,  
My angers and powers pollute,  
But so much power has arrived,  
Dendrites are the transport  
For the brain and body,  
May neurons see better sight,  
Might the cells of the body be blessed.  
Powerful intricacies found the religious  
Upbringing so envisaged by some.

Naveed Akram

# No Distrust

Then the eyes distrusted the other parts,  
The solution was that the eyes could see,  
Then ready were the ears to be sweethearts,  
Tomorrow our nose desired an ability.

When sentences are made to offer new meaning,  
I decide so many are given to the face,  
To submit them I see how I am cleaning  
My nose and eyes, and my ears in case.

Tense are the breaths we command,  
To disregard the pleasure and demand.

Naveed Akram

# No Eyes

No eyes for beautiful talk,  
Or living beyond sight,  
Stung by the bees and wasps  
In flight from a tree or realm.

A television is naming scenes  
We desire to inflict and employ  
To really conquer,  
For sight is a real pledge.

The bees and their hive  
Rest in safe qualms, filling.

Naveed Akram

# No Night Is Wiser

Not a night partakes in joy of regional history,  
That I howl in the hole of strife, the triumphant  
Weapon is adorned by the barbaric elements.  
No night enjoys the barbarians called beasts  
Beating their chests, in triumph and disgrace.

No night will reappear, still the life is of university,  
Of learning the whole river of doubts and slime.  
Knowledge will sprout from fountains of harm  
As a heart is concealed within, like a jewel  
Muttering its appeal in whole innocence.

The barbarians and the students lurk forming  
Opinion, forming ideas of the whole kingdom.  
I will reappear from the ashes, I will be resurrected  
To be beyond the whole river of doubt,  
My wisdom will flourish in my innocent self.

Naveed Akram

# No One Is Counting

No one is counting the numbers of study,  
My upper eyelids flutter explaining the illness,  
So study and finality trust me with nothingness.  
The upper forehead shines brightly like the rain,  
Alphabets of psychological strength are always lost.  
Lusts and looting men are all to the foreground,  
In the background a hen shall quickly step,  
With morose cavalry, with mortified infantry.  
In the man's parlour is a destitute pencil  
Inscribing the words of a man who laughs ill.  
Indeed, the evening of discontent is a brain away  
From real occult frankness, the really basic forgery.

No one is counting the beads of wooden hearts,  
The rosary obliterates the pen of hurling ink,  
The sweet perfume of the pencil and pen  
Is enough to be evening and morning so splendid.  
Or nothing will suffice?  
No one is in the teeth of despair, so many witnesses  
Are in the courts of divinity, striking questions  
To their heads and waving wands of lusts.

Naveed Akram

# No Sage

No sage has record of the event,  
These are false keepers of knowledge;  
Influence of the worst monster  
Falls on the weak and lame,  
So events have the ability to cast shadows  
On unsuspecting travellers;  
A long thought has the ability to enslave  
The keepers of illness, and this means health!

The black-clad creatures of a secret goal  
Wink at the villagers, pretending to hurt them  
In return for treasure, that has been kept for riches.  
Misery and Woe spells disaster for the innocent ones  
Who live among the informers,  
It is harder to elucidate the issue!

It must be dangerous to swear to the dark monster  
Called the one titanic creature;  
Dragons have been disturbed,  
A shift in behaviour has led to evil being retold.

No sage swerves and misreads the chosen scripture,  
The holiness is profound and normal at times.

Naveed Akram

# No Snow

There is no snow in winter so long,  
The trembling mother who is song  
Can bring safety to white light  
Accusing safe horizons to open by sight.

The snow loved the dust of the never land,  
Acting so bare, the woman fed the milk and  
Kept an arm open for the joining of hands,  
These cross lovely feelings accompanied us in the borderlands.

How do questions arise for the fruit of the sky?  
An apple decides its taste from those who eat and sigh.  
My food originates from danger, full danger  
Of great snow, great snow that lived with glamour.

What is worth glass and its blowing of the cold ice?  
A window is prostrate for forming advice.  
The worthy men and families shall bring their bellies  
With food and winter acts, all with an ease.

Naveed Akram

## No View Of Fruit

No view has endeavoured like the painting,  
No bitter fruit combines with unripe apple,  
And so it tastes complete, with sounds and words  
Appalling like the winds of the fruity flavours.  
Artists are eating toast with one hand,  
Eating, teaching and innocently old if dared,  
To be accosted in fairness which clings to bodies.

My fruit is simply for tasting, which has rights,  
It combines strongly, with strings and knots.  
Many derive pleasure from this same act,  
May fruit cause the mind to be entangled  
In all ropes and lesions, in all straight roads.  
The road is narrow and long, long and short,  
Incredibly boring, distasteful, and disunited.

Naveed Akram

# No Wars

Be wars of the highest enquiry,  
No matter what truth is thrown around the world!  
Nobody gives passports in this generation,  
More respect stands for the patriot,  
No critics give no success.

Be wars of the higher quality,  
Liking the masters of the stars,  
Fitting them into cells of self-defence,  
Licking their knowledge one day,  
Feeding the bricks of the sky.

You will fall for anything,  
You hand over tears that reign,  
Then the throne of your expertise  
Is hurt by the pain of wars,  
Jolliness has jewels of the same kind.

Naveed Akram

# Noble Knight

Of noble blood we walk like telephones  
To talk to the world about life as we know it.  
Raw meat is sheltered by the souls of metal,  
How easier is the task of the bold and splendid?  
Any knight of the table builds a signal to attack  
The one referee who antagonises us when there is dispute.  
My diary is voluminous, mighty of praise,  
Majestic in appearance, as the words of solid facts  
Are the personal feats, the personal secrets.  
Of the aristocrats there are blown balloons,  
Friends of the air, floating like a treasure of grand colour.

Naveed Akram

# Nobody But Me

Nobody but me considers the factors for belief,  
The knowledge of goodness is far away and unobserved.  
This is the chair I sit in, a way of knowing the comfort,  
When strife is a feature no longer resident.  
May the shell be shed, this is relief and more,  
For the enemies consider factors as well,  
The happiness to boast of afterwards is supreme.  
A joyous spring has burst from the ground  
As this desert is a wisdom and learning of highness.

Naveed Akram

# Nobody Has Battle

Let nobody hear my praise for the one soldier of words,  
Innocent and bleeding, he is stability and peace again.  
Let this letter reach him while I am dead in the hearts of many,  
Death is the comfort of my life, death is the teller of this world.

Lying is not comfortable in the light of words told to the crowd,  
Words are like the enemy barging into the shoulder with knives.  
My acts are like the words of the century, action is better than life,  
For life goes to worry, and life is still happy in the battle of heights.

The swordplay is expert and blood is dripping from blades of blessing,  
My combat is my comma, my action is my redress, and the lost chapter  
Unwinds this time in the month and year, folding the paper together,  
Like the books of the libraries of old life, the death of this book.

Naveed Akram

# Nobody Knows

Nobody knows, nobody begets a being  
So wonderful as the soul we own and adore;  
Gravely, a sound uttered is a sound fulfilling,  
For we wear the clothes of abundance.

In this island of tall stories, we adorn the walls  
With souls and parties that linger within and without,  
Our future is bound to collapse as far as the naked eye,  
The celestial images are recorded in our inner life.

One soul is to be producer, one soul is to be proclaimer,  
These tall stories are glistening, like stars in the bright night,  
Feeding memories with memories that bespeak and behold,  
Like the seeds of the past, of the present, and the future.

Naveed Akram

# Nobody Loves Me

Nobody in the world loves me,  
For they abstain from my brain,  
As it watches them day and night  
Living a race with me as if birth was death.  
I concentrate on the road ahead,  
Like a map it is shown in the sun,  
At night, I have the moon.  
The moon has loved me, just loves me,  
But I loath the moon if it is wolf  
And when they do howl in the night.  
Evil has engaged in disaster.  
The angelic spirit is undying, unceasing, all  
Of it is humorous and living in the heart.  
When the moon has taken the slot of life,  
I have kept my waking life  
As a king among queens,  
And they are full of money,  
And they have principles  
From education and talk.

Naveed Akram

# Nobody Moves

Nobody moves in me, not anyone,  
I am silent as a heavenly soul;  
My dreams reveal a hidden image  
Of persuasion, of excellence.  
My visage is ghostly, forever,  
And in this formula rhymes success.  
Will disbelief triumph when the soul  
Has been tested?  
The soul has reverence for the sick  
Just as tall men carry weight.  
The soul is dead, and in pleasant heaven,  
Opening many thoughts and feelings due to old age.

Naveed Akram

# Nobody Wants It

To being I commit a deed truthful, complete,  
And lower I feel if wont has delighted itself.  
Your diamonds are the jewels of heaven,  
As if the platform you face is higher,  
As it is being that cured health,  
And healing has a degree of piety.

Naveed Akram

# Noisy Crowd

I observed the noisy crowd with ears to the main door,  
A dull, green coat was a bitter coat for the doors were huge;  
I saw them greener than the rest of mankind,  
For the alien is a miserable creation of higher wit.  
They had masks, no-one in the tavern called Earth  
Had masks, that radiated and stunned their way home.  
The winds lay in the way between the Great Hall  
And Market Square, with main doors and huger arthritis.  
I saw a small table spread before the doors of faith,  
A tall gaunt man watched all the movement.  
As the population of crows or aliens grew around,  
They came and went with banging doors and swinging gates.  
This mask they wore had to come true with zeal,  
Returning to the war had subdued them.

Naveed Akram

# Nomad

My legs are sand, my legs are sand,  
Fulfilling the land which is desert and sound  
Of heat waves, sounds so glorious above.  
My hands are my feet, and my eyes shine  
Like the glaring, glowing sun, fetching  
Water from sandy valleys, where no water  
Exists.

My legs are full of heat, hands clip those fortunes  
Embedded in pure weather,  
My hands are my speech, their glaring strength  
Murders the oppressed in this land.  
My food is jeered at, my joys strongly matter,  
Mattresses are like the ocean and the crust.

Naveed Akram

# Nomadic

Nomads roam the deserts shouting that their lord has spoken. This spells disaster, as the sandstorm ruins their mind and thought. A sandstorm works hard. It is harder to withstand than rocks being hurled. The world of dunes is upon them, the mighty sand has blown away from them, the messy weather has arrived straightaway, replacing the land with grass. Then it is a garden of Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# Nomadic Tribes

The nomads of the east are upon us,  
Life here is bleak, since armed combat is certainness.  
The nomads of the east prefer clothing of beauty,  
Happiest beauty prevails with battle, for it is duty.

The warriors of the west are us,  
Working with brilliance and briskness.  
Life shall remain like a powerful hair,  
This hair hangs like an age to compare.

Entire bodies, robes of desire are contemplating  
Why we are here, why are we here in conflict?  
Too many wars are too many lives decapitating,  
In fury, in debilitating state, always to object.

Naveed Akram

## Non-Life

Hell is non-life, much matters in it,  
For the evil splendidly walked on thin ice  
Watering Hell, and underground their hidden faces  
Were held in shock at the grave ness released  
As disaster struck as it loomed, as destiny fulfilled the good.  
It was painful now, for me and you, when cold and blue  
Was the stew called us, and we underneath knew  
That life was never there, now, now that it had ended  
In a blasting fashion, weather was bad after all.  
Hell I understood as abhorrent, who am I to go?

Naveed Akram

# Noon Retaliates

The noon is the noon, day after risings,  
A wonderful night ensues to surely retaliate,  
As their images are precisely decapitating  
And the decimal numbers lose on the score  
And scree, debris is aloft from the ground -  
An explosion recurs faster than ice sprouting.

The noon is the time for war, a religion of dates,  
Asking for the battles will rewind and forward  
The tapes of justice, like fellowship of the higher men,  
Fixing the poetry to this day and night in unison,  
Like the buds of the holiday or the future time.  
A still picture is a beloved daughter.

Naveed Akram

# Noosed

A draping rope is attached to my skull,  
Inside is the whole realm of a wrong.  
It is explanatory, selfish of me to deny,  
That the noose is eloquent in talking.  
It is a rope or hanging thread, forcing me weak  
As torture eloquently states the principle.  
My ropes are angry, geese are above  
Who are like the springs of heaven.  
A man is visiting me with stupor,  
Calling me a stupid man who sweats and rains  
Down with the water of the body.  
My sun quakes in the direction of travel,  
My moon is yet to arrive, like philosophy I read  
And conversed with my pupils, the very sort.  
Next is the death, a pile of ash and a death,  
Working towards heaven or hell as the reason  
Of a soul, the soul that wants itself.

Naveed Akram

# Normal Men Now Knowing

I see a man who forces my knowing head  
To scrutinize his face, and dozens of fields  
Of learning gaze back at me for the bed  
Is low on the ground and I need shields.

These thoughts run towards me and we fly  
Forming images in my inner mind  
Like a brainy occupation which we amplify  
Am I ever imagining or dreaming blind.

I see men or women in the formation ahead  
Opening a passageway ghostly and pained;  
Mostly a suffered man is alien to me, only to behead  
As he claims manhood and not womanhood attained.

Naveed Akram

## Not Named

Not his word, not the name of his  
Resides in the minds of elders.  
Seas of laughter, wonderful voices  
Just cheer his real name.  
His family concerns him like a family,  
With a slight twist: he is going to be married.  
My life with him has come to an end  
When the letters of youth abound.

Naveed Akram

# Not On My Record

No devils or charms can outdo the wonder of you,  
Under the tissues and clouds we suffer  
As forthright and individual victims  
Forwards in movement.

Nothing like space frowns on us,  
Loathing the wonders of you  
Shall cast a sin on my record,  
Frightening thunder is heard.

May we excel in normal activities,  
Inflame no one and nothing,  
As we canter and gallop like the  
Beautiful ones who are horses.  
Let us see when others do not,  
In the theories of men and women  
Who are bold and daring  
As horses so beautiful.

I dare to think what you think,  
As thinking with mellowness  
Inhibits the whole stream of evils,  
In the streams of youth  
And society.

Naveed Akram

# Not To Trust

I have a secret in my gut that everyone must trust,  
If I were already across the border.  
And that is my felony, the trusted debt to soceity  
In general.

We shall play all the lust on one important question.  
That can be all good to me, and never never trustworthy!

Naveed Akram

# Not Today

Yesterday my life was old and new like the senior people,  
Their age grew like a fountain from the ground, or like a steeple.

Naveed Akram

# Nothing Cries

Nothing cries in my eyes but tears to style,  
To endow the soul with a road of dryness  
Exhibits duties and loves and virtues,  
My truth lies where the mind has intellect.  
Everyone laments for himself and his spouse,  
The eyes mattered to the slept ones,  
Ears loved their actions for the listening sense.  
Then this happened after a time of joy:  
Tears dropped from the shelf of worry  
As happiness was due, and my happier mood arose.

Naveed Akram

# Nothing More Helpful

There is nothing more helpful  
Than a family of sensible children,  
Offering me strange wisdom.

One accuser is a pearl of love,  
A chain of civilians covers its article  
Of clothing with another,  
The august wind is upon them.

Lies creep in, slanting light has eagerly  
Exposed the livid cash flow,  
Thieves are breaking the bodices,  
Kicking the shirts of gentry in bossy  
Surroundings,  
Like the abodes of a foreign land.

They are so many in the diverging woods  
That wrong wings flatten and die towards  
The stars at night.

Naveed Akram

## Notice How My Song Is So

Notice how I beguile the cashmere of the song,  
Or does the dulcet feeling be desultory?  
The elisions of the music seem ethereal,  
But due to etiquette an evocative sense is heard.  
A languid scene shows lessons to the lullaby,  
Why do we spread the mellifluous faults?  
Can we spread lassitude? Can the world murmur  
A song too sleepy? The lilt erupts like lava,  
A myriad of mists claim their ascendance.  
Why is my song so much like cashmere?

Naveed Akram

# Notice It

Ten times the time to read this noticeboard  
Is noticing why the Lord has punished with award.

Naveed Akram

# Noticing An Accident

Heat arrives from somewhere,  
Opening the eyes, making them stare;  
For the flames have erupted,  
Making the room feel despair.

This is desperation, a feeling of pain,  
When will a hazard of the day finish?  
A disaster looms and discourages  
Good feelings, the feelings are like hell.

Heat mingles in the air, mingles,  
So then the fire is conspicuous;  
You must escape and crazily flee  
To avoid a catastrophe.

Naveed Akram

# Notions

Many of us state the notions of presence,  
Mighty rivers flow and dive into the abyss;  
Kicking me in the leg and then arms fly  
For the might of rivers is high and mighty.  
Let the years roll on like the seas and rivers,  
Jumping along the bed of oceans,  
Lulling the fight of the whirlpools.  
Open a door to the heavens once they cascade,  
Let the door be of love and mighty rivers justify  
Our fight for survival,  
For survival is the better goal for one's trust.

Naveed Akram

# Nourish The Soul

The knowledge needs reward for the soul to nourish,  
Many ideas confound me, never to abolish.

Naveed Akram

# Novice Of Learning

When a kittenish learner is taken from its nurse,  
It easily forgets her  
And prowls after solid cuisine.

Acorns feed on ground  
Then lift up in the beaming sun.  
The kittenish man is no longer small,  
He has risen and tasted the light  
In its filtrated state.

There is wisdom again,  
Learning makes him a tool  
But knowledge exists forever  
To forge his hero hood.

Naveed Akram

# Now Came Death

I slowly and quickly overcame death,  
Its grasp was hidden from my soul;  
At first this initial request came from energy  
This way and that, licking the wounds as of now.  
Victory meandered in the pathways of justice,  
Kicking and pulling the thoughts so solid,  
On a sloping ground it hurt.  
Then the faster you walked they disagreed  
As of now, as if solutions of water and other solvents  
Converged and diverged when the wetness  
Occurred, as of now.

Naveed Akram

## Now Sleep

Your eyes are soporific to me, as I now sleep,  
Trimming the hair was employed by the nurse.  
I have been under the knife for long,  
I have been it, the man of patience and perseverance,  
The religious contortions of my own entrails.  
These organs of mine reduced by the man himself,  
Understood me further, relentless blood systems  
Were being investigated, from afar, from the depths of Hell  
Or Heaven as the case may even be, like the judgement  
Or the justice, what is the handling now?  
My eyes are yours now, maintain me further  
So that I can live more from you.

Naveed Akram

## Now We Are Dangerous

Now we are dangerous in our mighty health,  
To find cooing in the creepy tree, a cuddly creature.  
A boiling branch manages the curly shape  
Of a forgotten message, that lay there and hung.  
Deafening sounds emitted from hereabouts  
Starve us solidly, and our hearing needs chasing.  
The cooing bird retreats with our hand to reach,  
Combative hands are like arms that shake  
The tree from all its creepiness, maidens are routing.  
The juicy fruit is enough, we are apt.

Naveed Akram

# Numberless

A numberless action committed to the front  
Apologized for the upkeep of thousands;  
My hedge is knowledge and my valley  
Speaks to me in ways of the men who gain.  
I compose bridges to other hearts,  
Acting like a minder or resentment  
In the folds of paper, in them to this day.  
May an innumerable display be concocted  
To approach and dismay.  
The lands of my own are resented  
By the arrivals of this day called today.

Naveed Akram

# Numbers Are My Masters

Numbers arrive to devastate me,  
I call them by their names and they hurt;  
For our search is over and I am beginning  
To contemplate on you my brother,  
The same man in joy and understanding,  
A very heated work of character.  
We share the basic beliefs of a number  
As far as I can be, and after our life.  
The living and the dying of my masters  
Are beyond my control, but this job  
To sting is to matter too much,  
Like the goal of the bees  
And singing of birds who are crying;  
Numbers can never be,  
Words can overtake them  
In ways known to men and women  
That belch and stutter,  
Why do they commit any form  
Of bravery?

Naveed Akram

# Numerals

The facts of existence are numerous.  
And the brain excites the compasses;  
Let atoms be understood in the fair light,  
Love of small particles is triumphant.  
One collapses with the brain,  
Involved with its contours and display,  
As if fiery heat had resisted us.  
The facts of love are numberless,  
That in fact the cat illustrates our endeavors,  
One by one, slowly and quickly  
Like the clever feline it is.  
Open the prison of cats and dogs  
That descend on us with the pace of atoms.

Naveed Akram

# Numerate

To fix on zero as a number has selection  
To be run, morality has begun, the collection.

I float with favours, forcing other necessity,  
Deceit inclines us to show and tell the absurdity.

To discriminate on the rich is a zero affair,  
Poor is one of those votes, one to bear.

Let numbers run, once you bethink the objective,  
Both numbers and words connect, it is effective.

Naveed Akram

# Nutlets

The nutlets gaze at stardom, to quench their sunlit-strength,  
Going to the nurse affects the numen residing in the stem.  
Suns have abolished all hope of stardom for the prized shells,  
Nuts crack in mid-winter when the stars come out to play.  
Let the nursery deal with this, and many more ventures  
Escaping the basic training of nutlets and their seeds.  
After reminiscing as a plant may whilst in season,  
The nuts have forsaken the stars as they were at night.

Naveed Akram

## O Favoured One

O his favourite son! The one, the one  
Who was born by the hands of certainty,  
The person who tore with tears the book  
Once in the offering to mortal man.  
His life is cherished as a book,  
Walking among us, with certainty.  
My favoured one is bound to tragedy,  
Opening the wheels of hope to the road.  
My favoured pun is not a punishment,  
But it is a revealed knowledge,  
Unseemly at first but growing in stature.  
My appeal is to humankind,  
And it works well to originate a theme  
To readdress the populace by heavier  
Virtues, that this city is fortune'd with,  
That this cringing mass are developing.  
Why does mortal man interfere  
With gods that trouble only a stern heart?

O seeking one! Deserve your railway  
Of desire, your favourite son.  
This sibling is a dire wise one,  
Feeding the masses with a looting hazard  
That strays into the mind from afar.  
My actual art is a favoured brightness,  
Glossy like the teeth of a saviour.

Naveed Akram

# O Lovely One

In the end is a prize so exact and demanding,  
This event can kill everybody, as one is able.  
The life of a thousand lovers reacts to loving souls,  
Their generation beguiles the generations.  
The wishes of the people are outstanding,  
Genes shall appal and make you qualify.  
The loving individual appals nobody but himself,  
Himself, it is Himself that He loves more than love itself.

Naveed Akram

# O Student

O student, let the thoughts emerge  
Before you ask, so use the  
Tongue of the Heart.  
Let the contemplation of the words  
Be your guide, for you are patient  
And you listen to me when others do not.  
O student, let the mastery of the sword be an act  
Worth less than the Word.  
Your heart speaks in the weeks  
As company collects to entrance the whole  
Community of believers.

Naveed Akram

# O Vampire!

Force him to drink the blood of a horse,  
From the fangs, O Vampire!

You must first apologize for Me,  
And what does that mean?

My life is without riddle.  
My life is never long...

I have always the character of a devil,  
An Arch-Devil.

Naveed Akram

# O Wonderful!

O Wonderful! You transmit light so as to burn,  
Your starry nature defies all known wonders;  
No one else knows the differences, but you,  
For you are towards the land and sea,  
Embarking upon a mission of great wonders.  
Behold and feel, forming an eye of craziness,  
Worthy feelings come to the top of experience.  
Speak never of sadness, contradict nothing,  
As sadness overflows with unkindness,  
The real argument emerges from speech.  
From afar rays of light help me further  
As they are the stars of a constellation.

Naveed Akram

# Oaths

Grizzly oaths match thanks to destinations in that old death,  
You create a loneliness in the river of time and tragedy.  
If all of Spring and Summer were falling away adding solutes for all,  
I cook him her and he master himself the lost revelry.  
Proud are thoughtful ones, the clear and concerted, the non-apology,  
Going again to answer quests by soothsayers, who study the flight of birds  
And tell the reading gods to send down wind in the shape of storms.  
They found me down river, downwards in the current of living,  
Wasting away, finding clever solutions to the seasoning of the seasons;  
Justice was in the making. I hold to that.

Naveed Akram

# Obese War

Obese facts like the trails,  
Paths of destruction are limited;  
May fortune be warrior,  
Obesity is a risk of the war.  
Mighty malefactors migrate  
And position themselves for later.  
Open their wounds and commit knife  
On their entrails and burns on their skin.  
Most of the war was fought by arabs  
In a small desert, compact and ready  
For the realities against us.  
War is a fat chance, my withdrawal  
And solution, far greater than any other.  
Fortunate soldiers are welcome,  
Open their wounds and extract.  
For bullets spell disaster and catastrophes,  
Much like obesity and the skin.

Naveed Akram

## Obnoxious Powers

An obnoxious man read the rich powers now cheap,  
To the broad and the odd, I confess to housekeep;  
Like those aided and forced, in a way to out leap,  
Like an outlaw that managed a way to the jeep.

I see red and I watch the very simple stages of us,  
My decision may bite, and this answers briefness;  
For that answer is sent to some men breathless,  
They sort me, they ask me, they demand the braveness.

Naveed Akram

# Obtained By Ghosts

Ghosts obtain justice from us,  
As we are near extinction.  
Ghosts monitored our moves  
Like houses of parliament.  
Their revelry is unjustified  
As far as lieutenancy.  
I marry those ghosts meaningfully  
To images of past poltergeists.  
I have conquered burgers and chips  
With a few of them.  
They sedate me, cast a crate of food  
On the floor in malpractice -  
Professional or educational?  
Both of these men are ghosts  
And I am teased, when I am haunted.

Naveed Akram

# Ocean Of Words

My names are foals and calves of the tundra of joy,  
Many witness the rain, many witness the pain,  
As I raid the rivers of their mud and silver,  
Collecting waters sugary and milky, without squares.  
My names come from words that originate from the sea,  
A flash fish swims through the waterfall to see us.  
My drifted body attaches to the rocks that meet me within;  
Asleep, I catch the fishes as they dive and win,  
Like shoals of silver and red blood, the money of herds  
That win in the windows of joy and summer.  
This river shall die tomorrow, but we shall continue  
In the immortal spirit, a morale shall make us rational  
Like the fish of peace, dangers still lurk in the deep.  
My names surround the mighty oceans  
That cushion me as one primordial can testify.

Naveed Akram

# Odd Thought

We aren't going to do anything Odd?  
We might do worse as a false nod.  
There is no end of difference, just stop,  
For whichever way you choose nobody is Top.  
A Pause is all that is needed, just a little spot  
In which to hide the differences of a thought.  
Abruptly, the cosiness has entered my area,  
All from the innocence of a game from Allah.

Naveed Akram

# Odium

The odium I uncovered still blesses me  
With the days ahead and the nights to come.  
My innocence stands as a lasting tactic,  
Reluctance is the quality I most suppose.  
The inaction I represent condemns me  
Into the stars of the day and night.  
A night contains water from the clouds  
To be heard from a distance, where life  
Is housed for all the living time.  
One odious haste is stronger than a long  
Number of years spent in absolute study.  
My blessings come from my partners  
Who love the day and night.

Naveed Akram

# Of A Country

What is the premise of civilisation?

One counts the number of prizes in this world,

Where are the doers of innocent farewells?

The words of a world are few and many,

Like the populace in its employment,

Defending the nation by their children

And their adults whose language has mastered

The phrases and sentences.

What civilised youth persuades the young

Soldiers to defend their country with firearms?

Weddings and stories of fairies come together

Like a house on fair fire, the fire has then been out.

Why do men and women of the regiments

Regain their blessings after the war?

Naveed Akram

# Of A Great Day

One reason to cross the line of hazards  
Composes me a story to lead the eternal life.  
Heaven will only take it, fury collapses,  
Can you not give this fury to me?  
The reason to be a queen frustrates the queen,  
Who is a king in the middle of time?  
The tusks of youth conjure a plan to maraud  
The follies of founders, the tyrants are awake.  
The world will break, the words shall speak  
Of a great day, shining forwards  
Into the universe of pain.  
Heaven resides in the galaxies far away,  
Jostling between the mountains of old,  
Oldness makes you think, old work is a subjugation.  
One reason to meet a pain is to partake in pleasure,  
And the pleasant health is the wise world.

Naveed Akram

# Of Century

I saw the spirit of a century,  
I saw the seller of monotony and pain,  
For each woke and sold  
Their wonderful feeling,  
While this shop enraged my density  
Of flesh and bones.

Do not mind the minds of others  
If their spiritual happiness  
Is to be kept.  
For when pain enters the system  
A monumental feeling arises  
To quell the disadvantaged men  
And women of the whole year.

Naveed Akram

# Of Disease

The lieutenant of disease is apart,  
Festering and stagnating into nothing  
But a rank of nothingness,  
Feeling as a feeler, feeling notions  
To tremble and to stagger,  
The body is in disbelief.  
It shall be in comfort,  
It should be of Heaven,  
As that is brought to mind  
By the chiefs and priests  
Who collect health.  
My remembrance of God  
Gains afterlife of tremendous being,  
That of pleasure and wine.  
Let health be your partner!  
Let it stay in this world as much as water.

Naveed Akram

# Of Flame

In the sun we work and run like warriors of flame,  
Inside this star of dirt, we see the fires of our game.  
Inner souls fetch the flame and soar into the skies,  
First to interrupt then to conserve, even then to actualize.  
The souls of flame are going to infernal regions  
Inside the solemn star so cold and dumb as abdomens.  
The upper world slogs on, stands over the world,  
It is a sky so savage, and interests are hurled.

Naveed Akram

# Of Luxury

Brush off the camps of luxury,  
Brain after brain collapses with sites;  
My boys are like cherries of this century,  
With acting and glory as the effect of gladness.

This beggar chooses brotherhood to be the best,  
The luxury came and went when elbows went,  
The beads of bathing and swimming were lost,  
Just then the boots concaved, with lenses of eyes.

The beef is eaten at the cow's desk,  
Bread shall be dirt as the dirt beams on the boots,  
With luxury in store, and with cracking of bones,  
Just then the beasts of battling converge.

Naveed Akram

# Of Names

To first take notice of my name  
Is wanted, when the eyes and ears matter;  
Sleeping in the night is heavier than replies,  
Stories of ancient nature shall be wept in dreams,  
Dark thoughts enter minds on the second time.  
Too much meaning is a glass-like object,  
Easily broken when falling,  
The name takes awe as if the sky has rain,  
Thunder strikes in the heart,  
Lightening is felt for the weather is such.  
Gentle presentations have names to them,  
Highest mountains shall be fountains.

Naveed Akram

# Of Reactions

Think of my personage and react,  
Think of myself in the same thinking,  
And then reorder the feelings of data.  
But come in the way you wish and need,  
The desires of the days and nights  
Accomplish further deeds of greatness.  
Find me the time for trees of questions,  
Fiddling with the brains and nerves  
This time ending in tragedy so befitting.  
If I muttered a writing we call you in,  
To escape us after the sin has eventually  
Emitted its darkness of light.  
I thought to myself the axes and reflected rays  
And they chewed me with teeth  
So wizardly and expertly.

Naveed Akram

# Of The Apes

The words I give to the police  
Are like an emergency of laziness.  
My policies are like trees so learned,  
Yesterday I sat on them on the canopy  
With flaying arms destroying the sight of apes.

Naveed Akram

# Of The Citadel

He with his thighs entered the rank of a guard,  
Fully visited by the sick and brotherly as a dying soldier,  
Making me hurt from his filthy endeavor,  
Living another visitor, and all his fever,  
Like a thief who saw no bards outside.

The prisoner of the citadel sinks into the chair  
Of his own eggs, living a little by the clock,  
At the end being dim and dreary for those  
Who swear to show the visitors of soldiers;  
Breaking to disturb is like a throb of quickness.

Much jabbering works ahead, to astound  
A few gristly fellows with bones and  
Windows for the bones and joints,  
These doors are always passageways  
Of the archfiends and dramatic toys.

See him walking and breaking the two heavens,  
Living awards and also the show of entertainment.

Naveed Akram

# Of The City And Its Song

The police of the city composes its song,  
Soil and treasure hides in the town long.  
The gold of a golden height is of a higher  
State, the golden diet, a golden permutation.

The policies stated theological beliefs,  
The religion of the righteous men had been  
Born while magic escaped their tongues  
Still extinguished from fires of the heart.

Your party is bolder than the sights of godliness,  
This knowledge appears before you  
In range of numbers, the people are glad  
To see you murmur your kindness.

Naveed Akram

# Of The Day

There has been worry and strife all year,  
The sloping ground and the abhorrent facts show;  
The showing of nature is then spinning first,  
With regards to the godly labour, and desks of thinking.  
A little wood senses the surroundings and then  
Everyone bolts to the right or left  
Depending on their age or size,  
Also depending on job and status.  
The soft echoes are grey after me,  
Then the sudden change is mastered forever.  
May the tunes of the galaxy be with us,  
Worry is no more an object  
And the subject of the day has passed.

Naveed Akram

# Of The Lines

It was an agreement of the lines,  
The days of a child devastated few,  
But thrust into the corner of the woods  
Was a sighing creature of danger,  
Through the eyes I saw its lines.

The tongue grew fearsome,  
Fed with blood of the toil,  
Letting it stare was a deed  
For the ordinary man who looked  
On, like the sighs of a night in ruin.

Distancing from the flying machine  
Caused asterisks to fly and call,  
Leaving pressing moments,  
Letting the feminine walk be still  
Due to the godliness of the day.

Naveed Akram

# Of The Plagues

Noisome fears last of the plagues,  
But gems are stored from the bogs;  
Our boots roll like bags on a summer,  
This winter we seem like a hummer  
Of music and we are the customs  
Of that music like the victims.  
Letters righteously acquire the pasts,  
Words tangle and mangle with contrasts.  
Lending to the drama, and stealing from this  
Justifies the letters of the lovers amiss.  
This abyss strikes at the ruins of castles,  
Loathing the mentality of the vassals.  
My seemingly hideous task has erupted  
To display the lists of those who attempted.  
Noisome fears last of the plagues,  
But where are the gems to be placed in the bogs?

Naveed Akram

# Of True Knowing

For a dealer of the truth seek knowledge for him,  
Then wisdom spins through the fingers like silk;  
This spider is you when you deal with stranger joys,  
Climbing like an arthropod of great slinness.

Frequently the same joys arrive at the livid door  
That opens furiously due to the mysteries of satiety,  
This wave of suicide is a way too narrow in tension,  
This wave carries risks of the important knowledge.

This taker of truth is in my soul with troublesome  
Beasts that deny the trusts of truth like the spider  
That spins its web like a servant of the city of health,  
This spider carries the risks of your life and death.

Naveed Akram

# Of Truth

We are searchers of truth, to the noon,  
Friends and fiends alike search for it.  
It is our own reflection that inspires others,  
One longs for escape and murder.

The murder is a poetic expression, so promise  
Me you inspire me, with your personal strength;  
Just as heads are rolled, the hearts of godliness  
Emerge from the dark, the depths of Hell.

Naveed Akram

## Offer Me Praise

Offer me praise if you think me a path to join,  
If my direction is a doubtful being then revert to the actions.  
Offending me is to trip and fall, yet falling is wrong,  
For when one deceives it is due to lack of thought.  
The straight line is a motion of the right mind,  
Acceleration comes from important men,  
Who acquire piety and holiness, and who matter.  
The motion of a kingdom and a king is special  
Now that the commoners walk the planet.  
My praise is stammering due to the planet  
As a world of difficulty, for the forces are uttered  
By the tongue of the heart, the very real effect I achieve.

Naveed Akram

# Offering Me

Before the war the major had been a scholar,  
Systems were malfunctioning due to his guess,  
And so he jingled with pride at the open air,  
Instilling pride in those eyes that were two.  
To blur the words I have been small,  
As the sight has arrived due to the blurring word.  
He, the scholar, was facing my pages of ruler ship,  
The cancellations and doubts blurred the page.  
An electronic system was abroad and welcoming,  
Off as an action, offering me with praise.

Naveed Akram

## Offers Appeared

Offers appeared but seldom,  
Across the waters acted something;  
One person melted into a meeting,  
Beneath a rock they remembered.  
From age to age the requests were fulfilled,  
Accept them when they lose themselves.  
A brooding dove complains afterwards,  
When a perspiring pigeon hoots and clobbers the other.  
The sky's gone dark, darker than the night  
When morning arrives too hard, hardly with a scratch.  
The birds of the morning are around  
Like cars of the day, and bikes of the evening.

Naveed Akram

# Oh Thief

Oh thief, the wise lords do commit a decent treason  
For you and me. Sorry are your colleagues that see gods  
As mighty as the whole sun and the whole moon.  
Oh you thief, it stole only when required, on a dead day  
Such as this one - Can I tell your mothers and fathers?  
Much I do for their feet and hands, that meet,  
That meet in the night and the very last hour of this world,  
Do they not be vast in their wisdom, in their precious learning  
Of how and how not?  
You are a thief and I am not a great big one, for I am not blood and bones.

Naveed Akram

# Oil And Labour

I have a solution to all the oil and labour,  
It may seem bizarre but I am a biosphere,  
Lacking morale and all the safety  
Of a well-to-do worker.

The fuel of a billionaire was a big bang,  
Once you are wary, money will grow  
And your fuel has recently expired,  
Full are the cows of the neighbourhood.

My bows and arrows are for men like me,  
Cars travel along the hairs of a mammal,  
For they cheer up the winding path,  
For the roads are longer than before.

Naveed Akram

# Oil Seeps

Oil seeps from taps of gold and silver good,  
My author wrote the books of old and new,  
And why do men shine on, like gold anew,  
The world inside does stick as if it could.

How is this person with an adulthood?  
If childhood is a job, I eat bamboo  
Like Pandas, like them, and they brew  
The blood of men so great with fatherhood.

But, if they steal the trees and mock as well  
Then jungles carry wild notes of music,  
The real breath blew a horn so huge that today  
It blows a noise of horror big as bell,  
So cells of plants are smaller than epic,  
I want the flowers over a slight melee.

Naveed Akram

# Oils Of A Painter

Catering for the painter,  
His fish has colour,  
Like a wonderful picture  
Of food on a plate.

The paint is a drink  
Of water.  
It comprises of air  
And gases and solids.

One made a globule of fat  
In the stomach  
Work for the better,  
So not to be painted.

Naveed Akram

# Old

Old is the joker of death,  
He is with a movement and is seen  
With a window of a clean nature.

Old is the knight of life,  
He who is remarkable with the slaying  
Of soldiers who fight and be striker of swords.

Old is a man who is teacher,  
Being taught by the old and young,  
By the bones and skulls is he remembered.

Naveed Akram

# Old Age

An old age has occurred in this year,  
To travel further than this is time and importance;  
The fruit of existence tastes superior like heaven,  
As far as the eye and ear can simmer.

Youth existed where you have a soul,  
Interior rooms of the heart also have your soul;  
In the nights and days of your life  
The butter and sauce is extinct.

Naveed Akram

## Old Food

Old food has spoken by the names offered to them,  
This person spoke of religion on the highest ground,  
The black is avoided by the grey and white,  
Over a sacred land so great and bright,  
Of a land too right, too excited by the sun and might.  
We keep warmth and lorries of food, old food is polite,  
How we understand the contamination.  
Greetings must be hard to the ancient ones,  
Who live and feed themselves so late.

Naveed Akram

# Old Reading

Are you prepared to read on the back?  
A brief rest starts the accusations straightaway.  
Old wizards propose a solemn business,  
That of writing and learning for the role.  
They are footsore and tired, like a fatigue,  
With orders to open the roasted gates,  
The anger has managed solid nothing.  
On the back of the book lies a rune empty,  
It is magical, it designs your face with stupor.  
The faces murdered are sequential mysteries,  
Forced by terrible and ferocious animals  
That attack due to their age as monsters.

Naveed Akram

# Old Words

The old words are like 'yes',  
But old is old when gold and ancient;  
Silver slivers to the tongue  
As oldness breezes past with automatic  
Kindness, and regard for the polite  
Enters and enters.

Before we donned the pages  
Of our youth, the oldness precociously  
Beheld the eggs of Neverland,  
One gel is of kind helpings,  
Mountains often dangerously confine  
Us with sizes and sights  
Of indignant majesty.

Kings of the knights stage  
Their requests into each other.  
Yes! We ask of the sustenance  
And always to cure us in some way.

In a sense, the parting of arguments  
Involves a day of delight.  
Memories of you see seeds of demanding  
Aspects that we weirdly proffer.

Naveed Akram

# Old World Cats

Cats of the old world concentrate and think,  
Without energies the words of the sane are few;  
The laws abundantly spread their orders  
From higher officers that reign supreme,  
Offering a guardian to be placed and deposed  
Soon enough.

Going to the palace of the men is like a cat,  
Clever is the animal of fur and hatred,  
Cleverness plays in the heavens with dogs  
Also to squirt anger and threatening phrases,  
Threatening words are the day and night.

Germany is upon us, France relaxes after  
The cat has launched its whiskers,  
And world wars are fought ferociously,  
Fitting fury with flight, weirdness guesses  
In the spot where estimation is certain.

Naveed Akram

# Older

The older I become, the more I am modified  
By the hands of God, the only true supernaturalism;  
My heart beats as a jacket, my head is morose  
And my story of my body objects to the topic.  
Then study the very fashion this decade  
And girls and boys do play forever with hearts.  
Slapping is an engineer in the making,  
We thought their residence was safe,  
We think that wishes are caught in a net and fulfilled.  
This old age has crept up on me, like bigger men,  
To be big is wonderful but even in old age

Naveed Akram

# Older Thoughts

In the heart of your ears great packs of sound  
Sing and the devils sing, that when there is a question  
Of doubt, one has been whispered a thought of elders.

In the head like a kick the energy flows through the brain  
By working and persevering in ways too certain,  
That by the waves inside, thoughts are talented.

A little light has shone from the outside brightness,  
Favouring a burning love too hard in the head,  
Feeling thoughtful thinkers like the ones of older age.

Naveed Akram

# On And On

On and on I ride the waves,  
Muttering to the sounds of the sand  
That flows so fluidly, in the manner  
Called water.

On these waves we embed a circle,  
Always in sinning,  
Always in whirling,  
Pools marry the dust of the sea.

I have no answer to your key,  
The door of monstrous expanses  
Seems to be a minor deed.  
I ride the waves offered to us.

Maybe killing a flower so red  
Is to kiss a rose person,  
Or do rosy men and women  
Find heavenly peace?

This sea, this sea entices oneself  
And one's offspring to abhor the weight  
That lurks behind the waves,  
It mattered most that seas were dropped.

Naveed Akram

# On Certainty

Certainly your devil is upside-down,  
For his forces control the reality  
Bearing down, while the light descends  
Upon the heart from up above  
Like the whirlpool so completely in rage.

This time the sweat of killing has died,  
Living with death has been a chore,  
Then you mutter frank phrases  
In the fashion random,  
So that millions of men are offered.

Your weight is taken to be the fill of the century,  
These devils are chained once again,  
And so you consume the vegetables  
In so slight a fabricated way  
That the heels of your feet click tonight.

This demon has been forced from his home,  
And your pink donkey is embarrassed  
By the amount of prosody,  
And it is depressed by your countenance,  
And it leaves you waiting for God.

Naveed Akram

# On Happiness

On happiness the poets have rejected something,  
Mortal natures inhabit the deprived like everything,  
Speaking use of commodities beyond the region  
That is beyond the reach of fields, wearing infinity.  
Eternal is the hospital on the horizon,  
This edge forms the nature of the past.  
Inside the history of seconds there is the last  
Year as a totalitarian motto, drowning in pity.

On thriving and staff-work, a little poet  
Remains anonymous, like little feet of a line,  
Letting orders manage a degree of order,  
Lines shall tarry and clash to see them do innocence.  
My sentences destroy one another,  
Inside the stretch of time we call a hundred scenes.  
On this happy note, a poetic minority  
Capsized in their literary prison of a boat.

Naveed Akram

# On Ice

My mighty press is on ice,  
Open to sky, high and low  
My flowers and plants are nice,  
Theirs is a joining of row.

Lose him, lose her, and him,  
Let inner nature be judgement;  
Inner beauty is crass a limb,  
From it is a great detriment.

Naveed Akram

## On The Bed Of The Sea

The special whole person is a while for me,  
Heresy aborted, my holy man creates dignity.  
Under the bed of the sea must we now mention  
A little flower of remorse, of full colour and emotion.  
The resentment then felt by the lonely fish  
Is like a burden made for all who wish  
To make pain on the animals of the Earth,  
A special person then succeeds to be later with virtue.  
My heavenly lad can betray no more,  
How does the petal of a flowering plant die?

Naveed Akram

# On The Boulevard

On the boulevard  
Evening shakes  
He sat behind the mirror  
Loathing the bread winning  
That some attained.  
On the city streets we stand  
And loiter for possibilities  
To converse with, and surrounding  
Me is an equation of sound  
Too incomplete.  
The morning arises for the more,  
Seasons are considered by the wise.

Naveed Akram

## On The Front And Left

On the front and left we were still very drowsy,  
Condemning other men together and forever.  
Hastening to say, we caught and fought the devil,  
Didn't we fight the demons and impostors?  
Don't ever whip a fiendish soul that burdens the  
Truthful men, the liars have fought over territory!  
A scary man was stern at this speech,  
This speaker of sorts was a spoken laziness.  
His art was of the whip, of his effort a dying hand  
Seemed to clutch and despair too strongly.

If we fight the devil, the demon loses,  
He looked behind the valour of all men,  
He saw a stern foe forcibly clinging to simplicity.  
This simple life was a camp of the made attempts,  
A prison for the authorities of the bad weather.

Naveed Akram

# On The Frontline

ennui breaks normal boredom  
I am aflame  
also spasms connect right now  
bare skin reveals luminous wounds  
ashes are kicking immediately.

the boredom I express to myself  
barks explicitly on the front line  
this line objects to momentum  
of troops with stars and enigmas  
we are not generals!

our twisted sacrifice praises  
the reborn men and women  
of roars bubbling  
hearts in the skies  
civilians mildly refuse their job.

Naveed Akram

# On The Way

On the way, something particularly caught me,  
As if surprise had cancelled the effort of a lifetime;  
While I explained my path in life to myself,  
A little animal jumped on me with its jaws,  
Affecting my health for a very long time of the year.  
My immediate future appeared like sins and wails and gasps,  
But the whole of my life was not splendid.  
Together the fatigue and gasps contrived a joy too fast  
And slow for the experience of the soul.  
Fatigue, despair surmounted to conserve my deeds  
As the greatest deeds of my life were attained.  
Looking back with sin I thought the whole catastrophe  
Was expertly controlled, with fruits and film.

Naveed Akram

## On This Day

On this day we search for you,  
On it there stays a message for all.  
I challenge the ones who stay  
To a duel for the wise-at-heart.  
There is wisdom when one speaks  
And foolishness never lingers.  
There is a night of splendour  
When wisdom is exhibited for all.  
The daily outrages committed will be denied,  
Fearing these events is not for all.

Naveed Akram

# On This Path

I see on this path a warrior of worship,  
The sun has beaten his skull with its heat,  
Being silent and complete, like most heavens.

I see on this path a dancer in crimes due to him,  
Many have crossed his path to be subjugated  
By his wading legs and hanging arms,  
They fix their stare at the sellers.

Those who sold then their eyes and squint  
Shall scrutinize the pavement  
And describe the youth in their heads and heart.

Naveed Akram

# On This Rainbow

On this rainbow an arrow has been released  
By the flowers that grow on grass, passing their tests  
As rain does, within the spring and summer meanings,  
Seeds are seen according to bleeding veins of light.

Suns are like tulips as they die and persevere  
Forming into daffodils and primroses, so severely  
Intact with buds lacking, responding to guises  
Tonight as well.

This umbrella of the night feeds me with daylight  
Once the sweetness of the moon has received  
An extra blessing, too mightier than the rest  
Of creation at its best.

Naveed Akram

# Once A Dream

Once a dream had weaved its spell  
And had met such finality to smile on the face,  
Looking at the lights of the water,  
The heart sank its sights on the absolved,  
Although thoughts had been rejected.

With a heaviness, his voice had murmured,  
Do they hear their mother sign the evening?  
Pitying, he leapt and enjoyed the spring  
Gushing forth in his sleep.

Replying to the wailing weight,  
He leapt and leant to stay  
Calling the watchman and glow-man  
Weeding the grass and soil.

Naveed Akram

# Once A Life

Once the living men and women thrive  
On us, we swerve and manoeuvre to be the best  
From the people caring for their hats,  
As far as the ears can travel.

One belief thrives as the knowledge has been  
Caught in a net that revolves around,  
Like an orbit of a planet or like the lips  
To read on occasions.

One life guarantees salvation,  
Another becomes the obstacle to existence  
Of a harmonious nature,  
Full of itself and all the while creating itself.

One life held as a soul shall be a strife  
To exercise on those that give illnesses  
And those who give them shall thrive.  
One day, a day shall embrace the night.

Naveed Akram

# Once Collected

Once on a frosty Monday in December  
Eloquent tongues collected and dismayed  
The population so that they were glad and bald,  
Vicious and sad, with rage as the main tool.  
A wrathful leader gathers gates swinging  
Like battlements under fire, the castles angrily decline  
A little sadness.  
My war is your war, with as much happy aggression.  
The monsters of the deep darkness concentrate  
Artfully, with these woes words spoke  
For themselves, leaving wide gaps in thought.

On this frosty Tuesday, a little tangle  
Came about, the kicking in the dirt,  
Viciously under fire or round shapes,  
These realities spoke great wonders.

Naveed Akram

# Once, There Were Stars

Once the stars replay their brightness,  
A shunned one called a human alerts us  
In alarming attitudes, forming the frames  
Of a mind that plays on emotions.

The hearts of new positions alighted  
Our immense thinking, enlightening us;  
My short hair faced me with troubles,  
Loathing me and counting me out of the picture.

This writing spared thousands,  
Millions astounded me with words  
That crept on the paranormal side,  
Sides of a square or rectangle.

Naveed Akram

# One Anger

The men of the beings are greater than snow,  
That falls onwards and outwards like the blizzards.  
Throughout centuries, the history of men and  
The gaze upon the stars foreshadowed oblivion.  
Throughout the world's end and noise,  
A historian summed up his belief in the twists  
That the pages supplied of the furnace that  
Was the mind. So speakable was the thought,  
That we gave it life, and life was a history  
To be solved by those who also have deaths.  
The deaths and lives of a thousand devils  
Were called the same as a million demons.  
The men of beings were historical statues  
So inflamed by the angry ages of a hundred  
Men and women, the children of the children.

Naveed Akram

# One Arm And One Leg

May one arm be a leg of firmness,  
The other leg rescues a little more;  
More than the bridge and the ceiling,  
We are more than the innocent inside.  
My island has an essence, easy and frenzied,  
Likeable reposes respond to the rested rivers.  
The terrors of the tensity are travelling,  
Bridges are burnt, they bring a burden.  
To cross a bridge might bend or break it,  
Living a lie and lighting a life with love.  
May one enemy be the entrance to elevations,  
Mighty wings are staggering to watch with wealth.

Naveed Akram

# One Astronomer

I need the sky like a stage has been performed,  
Stages of the astronomical man seem to resonate.  
His accusation seems strange to humankind,  
The stars of our love occupy and astonish,  
We feel their fading and dying, opening our hearts,  
Feeling us with half-drunkenness, such poverty and anger!  
This Earth felt crazy when the ice age elapsed  
Leaving our closets and cupboards with clothes.  
We need no stars in the sky, we have something,  
Our lives are made of the blood of humans whose intellect burgeons.  
I need the daylight and twilight, I love them,  
But we see the stages of an astronomer like me.

Naveed Akram

# One Bastion

One bastion so burdening and cruel is like a nocturnal visit,  
Its light inside enlightens us more than anything else;  
Fulfilment has come about, for the internal light has spoken,  
Traversing the air with sound as well - an explosion is heard!  
One hears of such events, a bastion is burnt forming new life,  
Then a new life has replaced the old life, and the old ones  
Count as blessings, too much vitality is with them.  
Vital signs showed us the way to safety, this is a volcano  
Beginning to erupt, as the lava has flowed within us.  
One only is allowed, the others are just not existent,  
Force is the direction we become, forceful means is needed.  
To conquer this good noise one forsakes the bastion,  
And then the bastion surrenders to the crime,  
For we shall fight on with our bastion, once enlightened.

Naveed Akram

# One Battle

One battles with flesh of wines and surging heat,  
Embezzling is the past tragic event of sires who recede,  
But one bent to the tortures of forgotten gods  
Spends time with furies and finalities of the flesh.

The metaphysical results are of the notes from thinkers  
Who delve into the universe and the history of its complaints.  
Devils lie and be at ache with almost hated elements,  
Commoners are exactly in the wrong form of sitting ache.

Naveed Akram

# One Begotten Peasant

One fine day a distaste occurs to the whole cast of characters,  
The pen stands on the edge of the world so that we can act;  
Shocked by the head, I acted according to the need of operations,  
From it was a kindness of the eyes and ears that sensed a luck.

Having satisfied myself, a little-used branch got stuck in the henchman's  
Carriage, and it was driven by the unique gentleman in mid-space.  
Horses nuttily fixed their abode due to turning of the water-wheel,  
Into a partnership lasting a full decade, like two swimming mates.

On a much larger scale, the bud was grown to be a godly worker,  
So much was the need of stipends grown from the lake of banks,  
Money was the gold of my gods, golden injections seemed trivial,  
Like some third factory of the super-red world, a blood was afoot.

I want this twenty-two year old in a watermill, the adventure is thin  
Due to dying men whose praise is begotten by the peasantry.  
The war is waged by the ultimate deceivers who have royalty  
As their missed mark, a stone has been thrown to see humility.

Naveed Akram

# One Bitterness

One bitter angle has appeared for little,  
Giants are blander now that you sow  
The seeds of this world that works for you.  
Fruits are like genes of the highest chill,  
Chilly airs arise, with chilly consequences.

There is an angle to understand for answers,  
Sour people see sweetness when tasted  
Like the seeds of the nearly mysterious planet.  
Damp new seeds are new for their pride,  
Boiling planets of sand are against us with worry.

One smooth and damaged end designs me,  
The planet was a wand for the brilliance,  
The world was a planet of plans and passes.  
See their wonders if the high people are called  
Their giants, that wonder and ponder till death.

Naveed Akram

# One Bride

Brides are like birds with love of the heart,  
Flight is inside the rights of humankind;  
One groom reads from the book of heaven,  
One woman leads the submissions of moderation.

They are once family and once piety,  
Theirs is the heaven and the earth  
From creation of creatures that lie  
In the night of a crowd.

Internal deceit reigns from regicide,  
Whenever the honest question has cursed  
Those whose birth is near, whose death  
Managed the cradle.

They have infinite feelings of the hungry baby,  
One contacts the being with pure offerings,  
Liking the love entering the community,  
As well as the light of the clouds gathering.

Naveed Akram

# One Brotherhood

One brotherhood is able to burst,  
Little hope is cashed by children,  
Let alone the misery of noughts  
And elected noughts of shadow.

The southern freedom outlasts us  
With fever in the realm of asking,  
This maelstrom incapsulates all  
Of the meaning of many men and women.

On the old nations is a black and white  
Puzzle to begin the sands of brothers  
Who invent the sisters of today  
With old religions of this little bay called life.

One God reminds me of rings and relics  
Stored in such sympathy, such pity  
That humans forbid us with their tellings  
Of such freedom and police.

Naveed Akram

# One By One

All that shines will cost the report,  
The sun shines and forever more;  
Loathing a fenced garden can bring  
Me worry, worries are about more now.

I am old and strong, when fences burn,  
Shadows run into the certain places,  
These are dissertations of the truth,  
Falsehood never burns and well is the truth.

I have a mischievous clown here,  
Liking the jumps of the day ahead,  
Deeper jungles are visited  
And the eggs are laid one by one.

Naveed Akram

# One Can Travel

One can travel safe, like pollen brambles,  
Soaking wet men are hazards so active;  
Notice the skill regularly dusted by travel,  
Wielding swords is a trick of the sand.  
My nature is in bursts of fortitude, saving,  
With chance of a magical rival I conceive.  
Closer to the light we stride, so close,  
And the light encounters another might,  
The lighter work has kept us in strength.  
Identify the traveller where danger lurks,  
I want the immediate reaction!

Naveed Akram

# One Corridor

One alley is a corridor of beauty to onlookers  
And travellers of joyous occasions, the onlooking  
Crowd have a torrential spirit of pain and bliss,  
According to laws of the alley and corridor.

This son of my old days, and these daughters of  
Beaming beauty are like my star in the heavens.  
As I pass away my world is reduced to a history  
Enjoyed by my progeny as they mutter their praise.

One path is actual, one resented being is absent,  
And the open slaughter has receded to dimness;  
My only goal is to be an upright soul in some quake,  
Together the earth and heavens join so as to enjoy.

Naveed Akram

# One Day

One day a day had split and all the fearful secrets  
Let their aura be a joy to the welcome ones;  
Two days passed to interact with the nights of internal nature,  
Their offerings were blatant,  
The first class of bodies entertained that day.  
Between her mother, a selling was made,  
Walking blossomed to the lullaby of bees,  
I was glad to sit down.

My principal attraction was tender and warm,  
Pure and warm as mountain-snow.  
The fixations fluttered towards the group of guests,  
Awaking the next morning,  
Rising from oblivion, like half-snatched eggs.  
I now observed wide windows  
In the concrete walls as the wind fiercely erupted  
And roared at the gun of existence,  
Like one of lions and their kingdoms.

One day we were all marble,  
Gazing at the painted ceilings and walls around,  
Though uncarpeted like the hells of the heavens.  
One day had passed to be painted,  
Two days escaped and fainted.

Naveed Akram

# One Day I Saw You

One day I saw you in heaven,  
Too far away, too near the day  
I possess in my heart of hearts;  
That the soul transferred its weight  
To the other side that considered death.

A dire warning was transmitted to  
The other side, but nobody listened,  
Only the flame was awake, the soul  
Was on alert and in alarm,  
One heart was enough to manners.

The life of sin is the death of you,  
Those warn me, but it is not your soul  
That the mind or body possesses.  
It is the sin that perishes, the sins  
That perish, waking you in the sleep.

Naveed Akram

# One Deed

Justify one deed of your existence,  
In front of God is the real assistance.  
Happy are children, the likable ones,  
With them are common thoughts and impressions.  
Have you wrongly interpreted those fussy lines  
In that paper or that supper, those signs?  
My belief continues for the doing,  
A path has found new interviewing.  
We can not use a man or woman  
Except to capsize them in the mission.

Naveed Akram

# One Desert For One Deserter

One fine day I understood him as a book  
To be opened by the pages or the pages;  
If from far off lands a word bespoke  
I was to swear my allegiance to a god of stone.  
I begged when I scorched, I was deserted in  
A sandy region, searching high and low for the sun  
Always in front of me, so I settled down and wept.  
At last tears rolled onto my burnt cheeks,  
And freezing sensations slipped from my palms,  
For you must go and find me wherever  
I am, I maybe the only deserted one,  
Or the only deserter.

Naveed Akram

# One Died

One died a fortunate idea after some elephant waded in,  
Its trunk roared like a mouth as its stream of hair was inside;  
The extinction of the dinosaurs near,  
Those are perhaps the facts of death  
That sink below the level of graves.

A graveyard felt slow and fast, in those deaths  
Was life, each came like the hardness of the most.  
A novel idea moved, and one writer was perfect  
And he inscribed in beautiful minds  
The reading of a day that swam.

One kept the game of beginning,  
And to begin with, an evacuation was committed  
Of the entire healthy world,  
An illness had been an aim of the evil  
Minds that should have died diligently.

Perhaps they remained no more than that,  
Manufacturing a dying life, for all lives  
And this factory of solutions inhibited the beasts  
From performing a theatrical value  
Of good and hate, living together again.

Naveed Akram

# One Enjoys

One enjoys the soul as a relief,  
Opening goodness for confusion;  
This day my loves are numberless,  
This soul of mine outnumbered the Hell,  
For in my body lies a soul of correctness.  
This crime I deplore bespoke of the eccentricity;  
This craziness spends money.  
I have pleasure in the utility of freedom,  
My wealth abundantly destroys the food  
Inside the human mouth, as I struggle towards desire.  
This soul has delved into corners of time,  
But this food creates me instead.

Naveed Akram

# One Eye

I open my eyes to the other side,  
Lowering the jaws, guilty of crime;  
Offerings are made regularly,  
Forcing the life into a stupor.  
Loathing must be looking,  
Meaningful rhythms are produced.  
Little thoughts are many men,  
Losing the points of knowledge.  
Open this door or entrance,  
The stance you take is a hand  
And an arm, with one eye.

Naveed Akram

# One Fears Them

Tomorrow we hate and today we greet,  
If in this period of lust there is treasure.  
The gems of forever are locked in their necklace,  
One adorns its lustre, and one feels like the men.  
Home shall afford for itself riches,  
Riches upon more riches,  
To want victory seems in earshot,  
Districts shudder and sink  
With the angry roar of the daylight mountain.  
Fury has an ugly soar,  
Far and few are the inhabitants of eternity.  
On peaceful terms their worship has feared,  
This is fear and love of the gods.

Naveed Akram

# One Feels His Friend

One feels the drums beating in the sound of the air,  
Ears are popping, pulling the ropes of an eternal tension.  
Let go of friendship, for all friends will die before birth,  
The one who is Friend is indeed the one most beloved.  
He hears you, He sees you and the vastness of His domain  
Impairs the human speech, much like danger or death.  
The greatest calamity is a foolish mountain-trek, a worthy  
Satan, a worldly combatant, the fool of the fools.  
Those with degrees of the highest damage resonate and  
Glorify the worlds of the damned, a wall rises and returns  
To the ground with the hurt of a thousand stars and planets.  
You feel certainty kick and curl, loosen and shove, piece  
By piece the puzzle is orchestrated to judge who is believer.  
Let the drums spin, the devils lurk and grin, the demons cower  
And the mountain surpass beauty of the heavenly frenzy,  
It is the same, it is the same, from each corner of civilised man,  
And from each heart of a grim mortal, the cherished must win.

Naveed Akram

# One Flower

One flower overpowers everything that grows alike,  
Two seasons evacuate the public for as many seconds  
As the bliss surrounding us.

This year we grow our fields of barley,  
Crops will turn to the hungry customers  
So solid in their youth.

A sliding war erases the return  
Of so many soldiers burdened  
By the growth of so many flowers and plants  
So welcoming to the eye.

Rivers of tears swell up, dying  
Shall be the result of all this.  
One has a flower of religion and  
The growth overpowers the learned  
So that a new episode arises  
And begets new moments  
So prized.

Naveed Akram

# One Force

One forces the aeroplane to be a journey,  
An army of bombs slays the comradeship,  
One bottle bespeaks like the plague,  
One is better for the speech of a bowl.

Let the boys be buoyant upon the sea,  
Coffee is a swearing justice to them all,  
Fishes swim for it in their discs and deluges,  
With tumult and torrent as the visionary.

The clock has struck and run its course,  
Little comets be their awkward seasons,  
Letters of the compass become,  
Open their often-felt praises like the insides.

One forces the air and water to congeal  
And films are if fingers conjoin to see us,  
We strive into the floods of fire,  
Leaving the fins of the sharks in the distance.

Naveed Akram

# One Forgets

One forgets people who disappear only twice,  
Underneath the visage is a hidden fault  
To be masked for all eternity;  
Like the offices of the state that ponder on the crowds  
Outside.

One fulfils the only life that conceptually abolishes  
Fierce acts of destruction, those cats of worth.  
We are the faces of the crowd,  
Faults are within the spasms of this turban.  
We forget the crown on their head,  
Opening a finding atmosphere,  
Seeing within the zone of musical instruments.

One forgets the people who defy a lie,  
Only liars commit misdeeds of spying,  
Little oboes of the daily cast,  
Opening the gateways to oblivion.

One sees an idea from the picture on the page,  
Little crowds of ducklings, people of the children,  
Are clauses for the legal bodies,  
Like the aroma of kitchens and sizes so exact.  
The cooking is going to be eternal,  
Since food is needed even in heaven.

I want the food of the population,  
Eating all the ideals forcibly  
Like a lieutenant of the armed forces,  
Like solidity and flakiness  
So pure and plain and so simple.

Naveed Akram

# One Game

One game is southern breeze,  
Once the lamentations have subsided,  
When the clock has timed the changes  
And the space of a breeze has arisen.  
One game is enough to be sport-like,  
Sportsmen alter their pathways likewise,  
And offerings from the entire crowd  
Throw confusion like the icebergs.  
One matters too late, in the fumbling  
Of the fingers and the growing of plants.  
Where are the daughters of this world?  
Their own sons forsake each other  
In the realms of the magical worlds.  
This game feeds on an unity of words,  
Opaque, obscure and transparent sometimes.  
Let the sports commence as they once  
Galloped and strode upon the balconies.

Naveed Akram

# One Has Been Stung

Wringing one tone that closes  
Then arises with a thought that arises,  
It accuses me with its language  
And bemoans upon the bed of baggage.

My adage is similar to the languishing satisfaction,  
One bemoans and verily inherits the fraction  
One commands with one's tongue,  
The very same language of one stung.

Naveed Akram

# One Has Children

One suddenly bears the children of tomorrow,  
Begotten few are the begotten many,  
Filling the gas stations day by day  
Like cars of the fraternity.  
There is children traffic, all the time,  
Every avenue of the days and weeks.  
One finally becomes a hamlet in this unique clay,  
Inside the fiery brides is a fiery groom,  
Fading into the village with worries.  
My best right is the one I left,  
Cars of sisters and brothers are against the wall,  
Waiting, witching, wanting, and wishing  
Like the wives of the ancient world,  
Like men who enclose the animals of design.

Naveed Akram

# One Hears The Sea

One hears the sea in the jugular vein,  
One spies on tragedy if the ends are sane;  
If often it plays on the mind that letters remain,  
Let their contents spill and be wonder!

Once the roaming ramps slide and fall,  
A blessing emerges from the deep and narrow,  
Lifting us fully into heavenly fame,  
Twisting the days and nights of their splendour.

I share and slay the guards of the eternal house,  
Inside a heavenly desire resists the other desires,  
Once we slay and once the salt tastes  
So wonderful and bitter.

Naveed Akram

# One Heart Has Dreamt

One dream awakens the heart with titans,  
Once the lights are dimmed forever in the arts,  
When waiting has erupted like an angry unfit volcano,  
Dancing in the night with life and dread and shame.

One dreams a night for the formations to master  
Their formations, to master those we must strive;  
One dreams in artistic fashion as we enlighten the majority  
Of thinkers, those wonderful men of high renown.

The sticks are drawn together forcing the wandering men  
To wonder as well, towards the lands of imagination  
And the seas of endeavour, forming phalanxes  
That meander so swiftly inside their accused circles.

A dream carries our minds into the Pacific Ocean,  
And then to lands far, so farther than our joys and triumphs,  
Where dreams come true and mighty castles stand about  
In all their heavenly glory.

Naveed Akram

# One Heaven

The best of the people are among the few,  
Heaven creates a space for the ones who love;  
Inside this sanctum so like a happiness  
Resides a gauntlet and dress to guard it.  
Let people climb for their legs and arms  
And create blessings to forgive other beings.  
By forsaking their deeds they have ascended  
The ladder that leads to the desire and passion.  
A father passes by as if travelling for eternity  
And meets you in the half of creation.  
Then heaven arrives and you are in union.

Naveed Akram

# One Hit To The Brain

One hit to the brain is apt for it,  
One melodious tune is apt,  
As virtue increases with goodness.  
Opening the disease is consequential,  
The universe is the garden of delights.  
My one time belief is to manage the heavens,  
Like a godly ghost of the earth and stars,  
Full of some of those deeds in the flesh.  
My flesh is surrounded by flesh,  
My floating head becomes the current  
Of this vast earth, a stationary sea.

Brainy men are of the appeal,  
Master them with pride if men and women  
Are living, like the twins of degree.  
Let the masters of the family be  
At one with wise nature, wiser than the win.

Naveed Akram

# One Horse

One horse is once on the horizon,  
One fought would be a flower in the city,  
Living a lie too small and big,  
Loathing the bullets flying and spinning.

I see the horses of the champions,  
Their galloping erodes the heavens  
Like a city full of gravity and health,  
Loving the vacuum of space.

My horses are polite and objective  
Like the horizon they understand,  
Journeys are uptight and upright,  
Journey through the cosmos with their backs.

One horse combines with a person  
With buttons and keys that lower a praise  
That is a prize for the condemned,  
Offering little to the maimed ones.

Naveed Akram

# One House

One hall of the house resounds like shells,  
Parents did not conceive of thoughts of you.  
Now it was finished, fully from the heart,  
Greatness invades the massive world, the planet.

Wrapped in a cloak, the innocent man  
Looks around and internally he is inside.  
The cold breeze outside wheels forever,  
Worst winds are absent, helping people.

One house to the foreigners is folded  
And quartered like a convicted criminal,  
Engagements are suspended, the thieves  
Are about to take over, the innocence as well.

Naveed Akram

# One Imagines In Dreams

Dreams are dreams that die,  
Dying is part of nature offering my  
Sons and daughters to the right,  
And this family is too departed.  
Doctors of death and life entrance  
The liquids of water and ice.  
Our souls have sacred source,  
Our visibility inspires the realm,  
For we dissolve the salt in the sea  
With mighty land and sea,  
The briny world is a prophetic dream.

One imagines a real soldier,  
In his head is the helmet  
Staying on his skull with skill,  
Frightening the realities of relatives  
And the relationships of gold  
And silver, that transpire after a dream.  
This real soldier is a professional lad  
Of cunning ogreish might,  
Fjords are encompassing his vision  
In the world of dreams.

Naveed Akram

# One Is Superior

One sense of superiority overwhelmed me from above,  
I replied only to stationary objects that cast a light of dying  
Natural loveliness, and so I shook my head to warn us tightly,  
Breaking the bonds so uniform as can be expected.  
They were the component parts of a dragon,  
So flicking the switch to let the light on was sacred,  
For then a dragon may seemingly invent the tragedies of all  
By wiping the brain with its tongue,  
And burning boulders replace us!

For the sense of superiority was a fine emotion,  
He saw the bones of my soul, and he saw the cadavers  
Of the distant world, seeking him from afar  
Through an orb of disasters.  
All I needed was a chunk of bread.

Naveed Akram

# One Is Supreme

One plate is fixed to the ends,  
This wonderful object I can light up  
With my eyes, and then the ideas run  
Into the bridge, where faces turn.  
To the lasting effect we turn our faces,  
Bright light affects our stay on this earth,  
Under the feet is a relaxed leader.

Dark, and light, are fatal illnesses,  
Nights shall run out of feet,  
And days conquer the land with the wealth  
So adorned.  
My earth's work fetches a million products  
And chemistry falls to the ground.  
One plate is enough for the whole flower  
And the following is supreme.

Naveed Akram

# One Justice

Upon the table one comments on justice,  
Four corners taste the food of our liking,  
Just hearts hear my side of the stories,  
Very infinite is the beak of the fathers.

Money does not come in a hurry or late,  
Light was on, light was off, for my glory.  
Many peasants are retaliating now and then,  
To see the prophetic weapons this tiny time.

The wars were finer than jewellery, so blond  
And cool, like the Alice in Wonderland;  
My peasant is my friend of the other side  
Of this table that bears my sins of number.

Naveed Akram

# One Knows

One knows one can repel  
The forces of evil with cannons  
After the view is taken by some.  
The views expressed occur for us,  
At the beginning of wars we fought,  
Yesterday was a year, festivals came.  
At the top of certain relics  
Is a view around, the full one,  
The panoramic compulsion of years,  
A fully forming enigma of certainty.  
Empires are theories so bold,  
One is repulsed by their longing.

Naveed Akram

# One Lake

A flight on a lake is skidding like that,  
A swanning obvious one, a skimming release  
Of energetic gust and water, a water too late.  
He is burdened by me, by my singing song  
Of water and Handel like comfort an island.  
His live is a sensible one, a swan's life,  
Identical to a bird that poisoned myself  
By its wings and breast.  
Why deader poultry catches my drift?  
Because livers and heads too hairy  
Are on the front of my memory.

Naveed Akram

# One Leader Of The Night

One head speaks too loudly that it shatters,  
People have played their hearts too fitly,  
Wondering about the lights and nights,  
Feeling pity, finding intellect in their wake,  
Yet the emotions are too sightly,  
Fixing the morose feelings once again.

Loud chatter causes us to lose the winner,  
Winning is the opposite of taste,  
Winning the arguments is losing their play,  
For conversations are like discourses  
In the real night, superb hazards are then hurdles  
For a running man in search of a fight.

One head is blamed for the leadership  
As it corners the roads little by little,  
Finding the ideas of a smile too tight,  
Fencing like swords in the night,  
Swelling up the joints with justice,  
Like the rude judge with others.

Naveed Akram

# One Lies About Oblivion

One lies to please me into oblivion,  
Each orchestra has attacked,  
One mighty blow has encrypted itself,  
Feelings will now disappear.  
To study one book is to keep offending  
In the company of amusers.  
One lies to play and die with talent,  
The basis of English is the basis of facts.  
When does terror strike and teach  
On the fortunate day which became dark health?  
I am simply amused by the moaning,  
Groaning, hunting and white bookishness.  
One must teach lessons to the young,  
Inside the company of angels fluttering.

Naveed Akram

# One Man

One man has witnessed the plains of heaven,  
Another resides in his palace of woe,  
For this return a captain builds his ship  
To see further than the stars, the moon,  
The waves, the arts, the sciences,  
And the gods.

One man shall be ruler of the victory,  
He will be hanging, and this much is so.  
The days act, the nights speak,  
Forming dreams in the head and heart,  
To be tested by the majority.

One man is one woman if one does not fit  
Inside the prisons, the fools, the malefactors,  
The enemies, the spies, the strangers.  
And one shall taste the imminent fruit,  
Like Adam and Eve.

Naveed Akram

# One Merry Day

One merry day confesses after us,  
After we describe the goals we create,  
As we consider the arguments of life.

Then well-being connives and concentrates,  
Inside our minds, with fulfilment,  
Without our menacing traits.

This day concerns us as we delight in it,  
Yesterday conceives our ideas,  
Yesterday is not tomorrow.

Naveed Akram

# One Moment

One moment is a dire warning,  
One preys on the weak men  
Breeding in the weak fortunes;  
This health of the honey is sweet  
As sweeter crazes are about the sun.  
We live with toil at the bottom of the seas,  
Oceans manifest in the world like riches  
Of this majestic living,  
The life of a royal comfort,  
To be greeted by the wailers of sin.  
To be is to end the matter so well,  
Sins are mightier in your hands,  
For sins are in this sense a wondrous  
Objection to the one with crooked feet.  
I see the weird and wonderful meetings,  
Of brethren so close, too enigmatic  
That sweet habits are forsaken forming you  
In the ways of the spirit so collapsing.

Naveed Akram

# One Night Of Doubt

One night varies with the deeds of honour,  
Brave battles surge on with infinite recessions;  
One war is enough to wage in a scary salary,  
The money is the beauty, the riches are coming.

One night dissolves sin and all-happiness,  
The fiend is a considered being of unwelcome news;  
The demon digs hard on the shoulder, whispering  
Strange incantations of the incarnate hell.

One devilish son has overcome the daughter,  
Fathers and fat mothers open the files and ranks,  
Closing the doors to sad strangers of a satanic heart,  
Worshipping the clothes of a creative weird woman.

One day is apt to burst as the flames of young doubt,  
Those in power be strong, those in craziness be dim;  
Easily watch goons and ghosts for their differences,  
Some have acquired feelings to your doings of late.

Naveed Akram

# One Of These Pure Days

One day a woman has a wish to be a mortal being,  
And death she asks after too many years of living,  
But death has not arrived for her remarks.

One day a man decided to lash the slaves in the room,  
Their weeping was starting so it was a lash too many,  
And so the man who was master decided to hide.

These days the women of the men, the wives,  
See slaughtering as the benefits of an animal,  
An animal is not the human being.

In these days we see men who are spouses  
Listening to the opposite pages of a book,  
Mastering the labours of a day called dinner.

The modern world seeks the truth of purity,  
Masterful ways are beds of the soil,  
You lie in the grass, then the grave shall be the home.  
The modern world sells the books of the religion  
And these slim objects are your basket,  
Slitting them in half, sending them to the weeping.

Naveed Akram

# One Of Those Dragged

One wight laughed its loudest one,  
One titan stomped too far into lies,  
Their feet were dragged by the teeth,  
Opening their turrets like a dragging zone.

One wraith was passed far too swiftly,  
A little lead soldier marched along the waters,  
Fields had been dismayed with greens and blues,  
Feelings had been cherished by the laws.

One of the highest forces acted lawfully  
Due to the writhing of snakes and adders,  
A mountainous region of the globe  
Acted according to tastes of the plates.

Naveed Akram

# One Paper To Sense

A poem causes the mastering of effects,  
Under me destruction captivates the senses;  
Luring us in many ways the judgement stands  
As two paths meet into one too long roadway.

A poem has costed me for all its worth,  
Tragic play pursues me still, more than soldiery;  
The post of a shard is in me, mellow slaughter  
This makes on the horizon of thought.

Naveed Akram

# One Plaza

A plaza of flowers red and green  
Is found by the hundreds of gatherers  
Exciting their youth and delivering  
Their offspring in a few years.

For flowers of great knowledge  
Look girls and look boys of talent,  
Fending for themselves  
After the rains and the showers of gratitude.

My water bucket fills from the outpourings  
Of the clouds that bicker and proudly state  
Their reasonable knowledge,  
Then the flowers have attained children's agility.

My water purified me, as I drank from  
The fountain of life always described.  
This little sound appeared in me  
When sweeter events really happened by chance.

Naveed Akram

# One Region

Inside the region called Monotheism,  
I gladly foretold my own Time,  
Forever, I said it was waste  
To take on too much taste,  
Of the worst people all the Same.

Naveed Akram

# One Revolution

The clouds are paling and fading as destruction hovers,  
Loathe them forwards, headlong like a wolf of heaven.  
Take your harness to ratify the cultivation of sin,  
Loathe him mysteriously, likely ideologies are in mind.  
May clouds nightly fade into the right of the sight,  
Bold freak occurrences happen as freak work of the deity.  
Let the thunder accuse you of sin and the lightening may strike  
Your cranium as it did when you skilled yourself with trade.  
The strikes are on, revolutions bestride to double the rifles,  
Busily doubling again like real fires, really hitting, even acceptable.

Naveed Akram

# One Road

One road is like the follower of a messenger,  
It winds and turns like a bottle on the head of waves.  
The changing of the heart is a melody of nature,  
Its soldiers are marching towards the heavenly sky.  
The heart replaces and reproduces like a gift  
From godly sources, from heavenly spirits of intellect.

It is perfect and it is joy for the honest men and women,  
Inside the burden is blood, innocence bleeds blue;  
My part in this understanding is given to the grieving mind,  
Soldiers are like frowns and grimaces, fully endowed  
With learning and frustrations, full of honest pledges,  
Like the leanings of a building during an earthquake.

One road will martyr a man of miles and menace,  
Only the old road offers other rains and winds;  
Singing highlights the words of the places and roads.  
One sign is a cosmos, two signs are a creation;  
Wielding the sword will conquer only a major holding,  
But most of the conquest is in the form of malice.

Naveed Akram

# One Sea

One who speaks from the heart and his folly,  
Is one who conquers the old hearts and their acidity.

The wand abuses no other man than the one kingly,  
For I see and abruptly watch the majesty absolutely.

The heart then speaks to its august ruler and authority,  
Wonders have combined, for those who ponder with surety.

His time has instilled beauty and marvelous food,  
They convince the crudest of the continuing about a feud.

This feud has emptied into the sea of heaven,  
One sea is an ocean too strong and small in action.

Naveed Akram

# One Sees So Hard

One sees woes of foreign forelocks,  
To formulate these forelocks is hard;  
I nominate them after the race,  
A monthly prize awaits us in the stay.  
Monumental happiness has the moon,  
Refurbishing planets like ours,  
Refusing refreshments, of earlier nature.  
Siblings cry out, refulgent like bodies  
In space, in time, in seas of love.  
A referendum acts on the whole submarine,  
Wholly comfortable inside, but horrid  
To look at in its appearance.  
Water defines the work we cause,  
The sight of displeasure is near.

Naveed Akram

# One Shark

The friends on this island are cheerful to me,  
Like a seaman I stay where I am - at the sea.  
There are fellow fishermen who know me  
Just as they know you as a proper joyous person.  
The person in my heart is at sea, and his friendship  
Is everlasting, the sea is so everlasting  
That it waives at me with waves,  
The sharks so much collide  
That the sharks bite and the fish can see.  
My friends are not here to help,  
But barracuda sharks swim wonderfully,  
Just to harm the young at heart.

Naveed Akram

# One Soul

You only have one soul,  
From it is produced many souls;  
One can be woman,  
Another can be man,  
But inside the womb are people  
Who are far too young  
To see and deplore.  
Allah sees everything in our bodies,  
We disperse too fondly,  
We cure each other after wars.  
You have to use your soul  
And that creates controversies.  
Many show a simplicity,  
To be proud of.

Naveed Akram

# One Star

One star divides due to a godly dispute  
Yesterday, when today the feelings are lame,  
Long hair devises a cure for the nightingale  
As it visits your window and door every day.  
Once the star seems like the clock,  
My act is adage, a little family name,  
To be out-rooted due to the history and being.  
My half of the pure appearance is soundness,  
Sincerity comes in next with zeal and enormity.  
The half of my career cleaves and is sought after,  
It reduces its core, swells like inflammatory organs.  
One star has a destination of the right order,  
Flags, so, are outrightly majestic in the wind.

Naveed Akram

# One Thinks

I am a barrier to the sick and ill,  
My health is everlasting like the sun.  
It illustrates the beginning of laughter,  
Its smile is of purity and purpose.  
I have oneself and I have slept too deeply  
In my waking life, caressing the dream  
Of rituals and sacrifice, the oppressed  
Will object and praise as well tonight.

One thinks one should be taught indirectly,  
To love the swan and its beauty as if  
A teacher has spread a message, for birds  
Of beauty are a realm of the distinctions.  
In some of our disciples there is burden,  
Like the beautiful face and all it surveys,  
Linking the damned and the innocent to  
Their natural abodes, as if you are sinking.

Naveed Akram

# One Time

One time my next day becomes a future for me,  
In this righteous activity the solutions of the wood  
Make it burn like fire.

A deep understanding burdens my very intimacy,  
The magic of light enlivens the mind.

At this place I call, I see my life in a rainbow,  
At this rainbow is a pot of gold.

My time is up, my routine is complete  
And the future I have laid before me  
As if there was a day to come so bright.

Naveed Akram

# One To Know

One knowledge can be overpowering,  
Like stars travelling we stay and deliver  
The praise to one who finds it as a measure.  
The real treasure binds one's heart to love,  
With strings attached the heart is tied  
To one you love, filling it with heat and tasks.  
Observe the ones with lovely messages  
That annihilate us if the dragon or the ghost  
Or the devils want it, or desire it from temptation.  
One knows the passage to regret,  
A saviour will spin and win to confer with Him,  
We must be defeated if love enters.

Naveed Akram

# One Understands Him

One understands the relentless purges of the horizon,  
It resists our call after the worst nightmare or dream,  
Offering support to it creates disharmony on the globe.  
One understands the joining of such armies oftentimes,  
Resting is the business of the whole crusade inside,  
One created a child from the earth and named it a soul.

This speech from the proficient ones is relic and artefact,  
Frowning on the glamour is of the speeches and monologues,  
Dramatic openings resist us as much as the horizon;  
Global wars produce the leaders of a registered few,  
Existing makes me reduce the proclaimed honest men,  
One must understand a reading from the awkward commander.

Naveed Akram

# One Way

One way of acting is by loving your teacher  
So that you learn, learn and learn more  
In front of Your Creator; the very place of blessings  
Arrives at one's knees, as the knowledge is spoken.

One writes and one reads accordingly,  
The respect attached to the word inside  
Should outdo others who have mothers,  
But words must never change from the teaching.

A living expresses joy with words to coincide,  
The imperfect self is not now losing its lustre,  
For living has happened and been taught,  
Like this even if you are against Naveed.

Naveed Akram

# One Whisper

One beautiful whisper caused me to think,  
What a careless whisper it truly is!  
One sees the careful and brave in videos,  
Where are the young who persevere in life?  
To see the angry and the crazy in strife,  
Is a stiff observation that beleaguers me warmly.  
I want the young to succeed and tell the old  
That films are not so golden, not so intriguing.  
For one beautiful whisper is from the lords  
Of evil, who comfort nobody in their careless wake.

Naveed Akram

# One World Rescuing Me

If one world believed in me  
I would keep frankness and courage;  
My character would be deceased,  
Coming with coined disease that shattered  
The hearts of the hearts.  
If all the universe saw through my eyes  
My misery, I would repent and master  
The self.

If one world spoke against me my universe  
Must be rescuing me like a wheel  
On tumbles and avenues.  
I am like a wheel also,  
I am as fast as worlds in orbit.

If my character was to be a session,  
Little loud thoughts cast their shadows  
At the spots that learn.  
My frightening bread dough  
Would become leavened bread.  
A wheel has been turning for the  
Whole life.

Naveed Akram

# One's Crime

One argues over the statements of time,  
Many act with centuries of crime;  
But when buried are the young and old,  
We cry and liven to see the odd be controlled.

Naveed Akram

# Ongoing

There is a glad running game,  
Offered to winners already.  
They climb and stand, fight and work,  
Worrying like swimmers forever.  
They like openings and blockage,  
Feelings and emotions of splendid behaviour.  
What game can we build from scratch  
Like this occupation of sport?  
Hazards are nowhere and somewhere we ignore,  
Their running games create disharmony.

Naveed Akram

# Only Grace

Grace is the thanks you donate to the country,  
For the knowledge of a great life acquires a trust;  
One nation builds and reflects in this reality of light,  
The same light of a friendly person so encumbered.  
The friends are so special that their speaking climbs,  
Reflecting a burden of the ideal sentiments so calm.  
My friendship is exploring the deep cosmic brilliance,  
My stars are in their laughter of love and free energy.  
This much is certain of their destinies and sight,  
Camping on the reality is comprehending the grace.

For the gracious few who reflect on their rigours,  
We congratulate and clap like divine search;  
The hunt is so divine, so exact and perfect,  
Souls of the heaven are together in chivalry.

Grace is the perfect trait to train in the brains brought  
In the hearts, so many hearts are trained with sighs.

Naveed Akram

# Only Money Is Good

Looking into the flask we dine and cheer on,  
Like dominoes falling in unison, falling endlessly.  
The richer air forgives the soul as it sparkles and sprinkles,  
Forming real avenues of thinkers who are muter than before.

Looking into the eyes of a destroyer, we watch the diamonds  
Displayed by the retinue of gods who dislike warfare.  
It is their ill-health we ascertain and require for further deluges,  
The rich fall as men in action, the rich fall deeply into hiss.

This time looking is towards the frozen images of an imagination,  
One ruby can rob your heart of red heat, offering one blood  
That overtakes the blood of the mind, of the scary brain,  
Take the dose of evil once your dosage is larger with gold.

My evil man is not an evil woman, for her strong heart loosens  
The hearts of a magnitude, and of a virtual cloud of rain.  
The fight is on, combat of the wealth is made of a reality  
That death can never resolve, for the dying men answer their call.

Naveed Akram

# Only My Wealth

Only heaven, only mist, my sacred fortune  
Is ceasing to be, opening now into good fellowship.  
I have meanings, too many friends,  
I bless each when they arrive;  
But then a sacred fortune returns,  
I fear this occasion of the night  
When they stare into me, and see me.  
Offering me new heaven, all of the school of learning,  
They insult the grades of my living  
When the sacred fortune disappears  
For a time.  
What is this foam or leather? It is my luck.  
It is my hair when I look in the mirror,  
The locks carry meaning, but no!  
I find in my reflection a story,  
A story of a sacred fortune:  
It is ignorance of my wealth.

Naveed Akram

# Only Promise

Sadly, the only promise he made to me  
Was for my life to be safe, hazards absent  
And away, utterly nothing to do with life.

Hoping a new direction in life  
Is a happiness since you achieve  
Existence as much as glass.

The hazard of breaking this glass  
Really reports our perils, our dangers  
And our jeopardy. This is all I can say.

Naveed Akram

# Only The Slaves

How to regard a manner as decent  
Is only a requirement of manliness.  
It despises the master to see the slave perish,  
And the men have reawakened.  
Manners of a slave are laudable when man  
Is sufficient as a master, and love is a learning all common.  
To live a wreck and survive a storm is a slavery  
Of every man. Regard a manner in this city as sacred.

The key to the city lies in the minds of men who are leaders.  
The painting of a king is adequate for the retelling.  
It is a city in the air, and I call it Red and Yellow.  
Kings and queens are averse to these intricacies.  
We are masters, and they are slaves of the House.  
A Palace is built in heaven if you are good.  
Only the slaves are the masters in Heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Open A Book

To unfurl the articles of a book  
I read fashionably the one I partook.  
Craving on the combinations like flowers  
Sing aside each other, I gathered powers.  
Form a scholarly mind in the bottom of the soul,  
To force this is pleasant like the casserole.  
You cook a book in suns and moons  
That split up and become cartoons.  
Moods eject some moods to assist  
And are embittered by the checklist.  
Instead, open a book by the pages of a book  
To mean something or a fact or a look.

Naveed Akram

# Open And Smile

I open the door and smile,  
Like a circle and a triangle,  
Filling the balms of nature  
With laughter and praise.  
The smiling zone is official,  
A straight road will lend a hand.  
Soon the sadness runs  
Away to commit sentences  
Of trust, a smiling zone  
Has begun. With my long life,  
The doors have been expelled  
And those with sad openings  
Are sad men who partake in  
A slaughter, this month there is  
A sin too complete, and the sins  
Accumulate to be a blessed  
Condition, but not divine enough.

The strong men are with distress,  
The rangers and the archers fight  
To win their slaughter,  
Smile upon their features  
In this life of fantasy.  
Smile on the fantastic people  
Who live by and abstain from work.  
The strong work is against  
The nature of men,  
But strength is from within,  
Within a smile.

Naveed Akram

# Open In A Worry

Open in a worry, open with fits,  
Let happy work collide with this sitting.

May showers of laughter shine with rain,  
Letters of polite work are to gain.

The humour of a pest is strong when collected,  
It does not stain the carpet or be weak and strong.

The weeping of after-life is greater than might,  
Open in a moment of glory, open with fits.

Naveed Akram

# Open It

Open the parchment when you read,  
To keep a cure I heal with the word.  
It is a single word that is written  
And read in a greeting what is bitten.  
And my prompt assurance was in life,  
That Hell would bid me farewell, as an afterlife.

Naveed Akram

# Open Me Up

Open me up on June,  
Summer is a surgeon.  
The roots of my herb are  
Inside the body then.  
My secret is safe so,  
As my feet and mouth rise  
Into heavenly grace  
Or should I be enough?  
June was electrical,  
Lively, ordinary,  
Bones and body parts shown.  
I love being missed all.  
I just hate being it.

Naveed Akram

# Open My Heart

Open my heart in pure knowledge, and always  
Hide him, your ghostly  
Giver of death and glory, all heavenly.

Oysters are from the ocean, as if it climbs  
And you must hide it;  
The bubbles of the sea are like fishes then.

Naveed Akram

# Open That Door

Open the door to Paradise if your hurt is special,  
For then the polite soul creates itself in some line,  
To feel this line creates so many shortnesses,  
For the soul is nobody but the defender of his case.

The door to doors of peace feels harmonious as the pen,  
The pen writes and reads forever in this way,  
To meet inches with yards and so much is in swimming  
Along the straight road of water.

It is easy to sensibly pray and unite the soul  
This way and that, like a man or woman in strife;  
This door is too vast and distant, for the souls  
Of the last hour shall shudder after too much existence.

Open this door of faith so that it draws forward  
Like a bullet of the day and night,  
Fearfully the sound of its pain is immense,  
Fearing the bullet creates the peace of war.

Naveed Akram

# Open The Door

Open the door please, just to allow air,  
It would fry my mind with someone to compare.

Naveed Akram

# Open The Doors To Paradise

Open and close the doors to Paradise,  
Living and liking the task, of Paradise.

Snakes have chances when vomiting,  
Hell shall breathe, and there is no cask of Paradise.

The many beautiful oceans exist when poured  
From the cloudy canopy that we ask, of Paradise.

Some who decide are faces of delight,  
Those sports are audiences that bask, in Paradise.

Then I am one who is named a joiner,  
Naveed can praise only with his mask, O Paradise!

Naveed Akram

# Open The Freezers

Open the freezers now that curtains rise,  
Maybe the frost and the ice can overrun.  
Towards the aghast crowd a volley is thrown  
To deter them as we surprise, forming it.

These gases are strange and unique in the dale,  
Many such valleys have such whales,  
On the land is their home for most of the time,  
On the sea if they swim enough due to length.

May the gases believe you in these ways,  
Hearing them by the ability is a dexterity,  
One of those strengths cost all the men,  
Readers will excel at their bending and display.

Inside the gust is another alley of trust,  
Lulling the images of a colour that swerves  
We see more of the marvellous ways  
And the trust is building from outdoors.

Naveed Akram

# Open The Gates Of Happiness

Open the gates of happiness to astound the cherished soul,  
May forgiven people follow and let them repent further.  
Once the repentance stops close those gates they build,  
So that forgiving can be a virtue of the highest strength.  
May living beings experience the stopping and starting  
So rare in the path of life, so confined we all are.  
This is needed, forever in the mind, and gates are built,  
To enter them is like providing for your own soul.

Naveed Akram

# Open The King's Heart

Open the heart, and rain with blood,  
Who is your king in flood and in odd culture?  
Up with God touches his mind and crown,  
Defeat royalty and riches for the achievement.  
A craziness builds inside, when blood and ruin  
Stagnates the heart with the mind;  
Both destroy each other,  
Both of them will die.  
But the flood and the Ark survive,  
Forcing torture and deceit, living as well  
When your king roasted, dies of attack from God.

Naveed Akram

# Open The Mouth

My partner opens his mouth,  
Looking like a reposing man;  
Men and women inspire others,  
Bringing brilliant bags of decisions.  
To derive the mathematics  
Of relationships you must own fire  
With ice that melts and causes  
No more ownership.  
This operation denies  
The fault of surgeons or surgery.  
Similarly, luck of a typical doctor  
Justifies yet again too much healthiness.  
To open your mouth  
Is to talk about the world with words.  
My ownership is of myself  
And this soul of mine carries on believing.  
For to believe is too much faith,  
Pure are those in faith, the reality  
Of ownership is great,  
Purity lives within you.

Naveed Akram

# Open The Window

Open any window, then wind enters  
Hostile weathers do arise from the sun,  
As far as eyes see, the ultimate warrior  
Causes me to resent the sunny climate.  
Gorgeous faces wish a face of sorrow  
Whenever you glance at faces too long.  
How are your golden plans in answer  
To interrogation committed by the sun.  
Open any window, worry when there is gold  
In your lovely life, a love is near.

Naveed Akram

# Opening

Open this book after closing it,  
A page from a crafty pen is written;  
The ink and sheets of paper stay together,  
A dagger can not sigh on the word.

The book jests like a scrub and wash,  
Cleaning the mind so offered,  
The minds themselves exit the shrine,  
Worship causes us to listen, to shatter.

This volume concerns us with its joy  
And builds into a sandwich called knowledge.  
We are offended by readers who just stare,  
As they glare at the pages with triumph.

Naveed Akram

# Opening Our Doors

I heard so many voices, opening the door,  
Father does not know who they are, so we ignore.

Their appearance mattered to the public,  
As they pounced on the house, our home, what a gymnastic!

Under the roof, we delighted ourselves with the shared food,  
The straightness of the corridor was clear, in our mood.

But homes filled the area of this country,  
And our home was meant to be with pleasantry.

Naveed Akram

# Opening The Faithful Doors

Open the doors to faith glistening within the breasts  
Of men who you ponder on and worship with glee;  
Their faith is bigger than a thousand monuments,  
Fixing their stare over the negroes and westerners  
From the continents so diverse and feared by some.  
One faith melts, one faith boils like water  
Of the icy variety, and water of the golems  
Who fatten themselves with fires and wealth of hardness.  
Open the doors to the one who objects to prison,  
Offering us what pride is, offering me a golden pen.  
This pen I melt into golden objects,  
A little mighty weather has instilled me with polite wealth.  
Open these gates roaring forth with guilt,  
I must undo the spectacles of the east and west  
So that birds resent the philosophy of eagles  
That turn towards the sun in contemplation.

Naveed Akram

# Opening To Inhale

Gases are not solids when inhaled,  
Opening is closing, joking is laughing.  
To close I think it awkward,  
To open I might revolve and learn all politeness.  
The inhalation of the air is breathing,  
When do atoms mix, and compounds form  
From the synod of elements chiming like beauty?  
Little with fate as I, much more to do with the matter.  
Gas is to be inspiring a volume of completeness,  
The solids and liquids divide the space around,  
The void is a vacuum of height and brevity.  
It will soon know how to reside in torment,  
In torment is the vacuum of the void.

Naveed Akram

# Opinions Matter

Certain convictions clear the thoughts,  
Their prefects in our lesson are bolder  
And far by the worthy children  
That think they are clever,  
Those who might live among others.

Opinions have been a raised suspicion,  
Had not the beginning of opinionated reasoning  
been a solver of disputations,  
Whilst the lead has taken event and effort  
To quickly take a leverage over opinion.

Opinions mattered to physicists, a men who are also women,  
Their share in household affairs are to persevere in the physics,  
Then I amount to religion as my partner in criminal prosecution,  
In the chemistry I relate to my being.

Naveed Akram

# Oppressed

Kill any being that devours us,  
But we are attacked on all sides.

Depression sets in to equal the stay,  
And all of us are reluctant to engage in distraction,  
For the oppressed are underneath the plants  
Of a bygone age.

Naveed Akram

# Optimism

You never seemed at their times  
A positive proof of happiness;  
Wishes were neighbours of my father's youth,  
With its bad contrivances and mistaken acts.  
What is more miserable? The backing of a mum  
Or the fury of a father?  
My ritual of slashing the meat  
With a knife, forced me to kick and punch  
In the name of self-defence.  
It kept up the law,  
The favourite realms became polished verse,  
Their nonsense was to the view.

Naveed Akram

# Optimism And Pessimism

A man is an optimist, he produces  
The money and the head;  
My poison is the calibre of a straight  
Star in hands of the fierce and deadly.  
A woman forbade me to speak in the  
Crowd, her voice was powerful like  
The statue I accosted all these days.  
This manly listener was a soldier  
Of brilliant knowing, a tale was told  
Due to the healthy one.

The pessimists argue like sceptics,  
Loathing the partnership and the  
Fellowship, as well as the comradeship.  
We are all patriots so parade the cinematic  
Forces to their options in life,  
So that death encapsulates the frozen  
Hunters, the blameworthy fighting heads.

My philosophers are busier than the rain,  
Fixing and fastening, blowing and drying,  
Keeping and listening, taking and making.  
My scholarly friend is the joiner of bonds,  
And the heraldry of the nation in unison.

Naveed Akram

# Orange Palms

If you believe in orange, ordained hands,  
If signs are strong, mighty and ornamental,  
This day the strong winds have understood the pain.  
It was special defeat, a specific recompense,  
Like orders from the sky, conquest of the high.

This night is truer than the holier light,  
My eyesight is weak, gold is good gossip,  
For I am richer in the eye and ear, full  
Of woes to signify the conquest of my domain;  
This is the night in which there is no doubt.

I have punished those in power, signaled the strangers  
And the travelers, who embark on their trusted journey.  
Knots are untied, knives are spun, swimming in sweetness  
For our souls, enlightened by stupendous animals,  
He who created us did not need us, but we need us.

Naveed Akram

# Orchestral Death

Scarred and bearing marks of ghosts,  
The injured fellow abstains from blood  
And the noise of his straightforward heart;  
Mingled with the hare is the rabbit.  
A season to be jolly, a Christmas fair  
Has bloated with bleak conscience.  
My stringed instrumentalists portray  
A mandible of manic progression.  
They shut down on the rest of us,  
Finding calculus and distortions of willingness.  
These prayers conclude the ceremony of the  
Indigenous automatons.  
The scarred remains of a brass instrument  
Foreshadows the place with events.  
Music is this and the joy of it lives,  
Pronouncing a single note of deliverance.  
May we avoid the black deaths  
As we have forfeited!

Naveed Akram

# Ordered One

An order has been begged from a good opinion?  
The Exalted One is a judge so much that orders are in his dominion.

Naveed Akram

# Organizations

An ordinary organization becomes excessive  
In its use of words, to confound the other people.  
A gathering descends from the sky to last  
For a very long time in troubles of yours.  
The ordinary flights are cancelled now  
As they must gather somewhere else  
And faster is their travel for they take height seriously.  
The tall organizations bespeak from generations  
Of learning and meet to incur on the people mostly.

Naveed Akram

# Organized Force

An organized force shall belittle me when,  
The final gestures have been consumed,  
The little heavenly feelings are swallowed,  
The innocent children of nights condemn us.  
An army has surmounted us in our sleep,  
Unaware of the cruelty of the state.  
We are the state, the statements come from us  
In the headquarters we call.  
The police are again provisions for the civilians,  
Let them come for ever, in ways they want.

Naveed Akram

# Origin

What is the origin of a prize?  
Do men buy it for another prize?  
No, it's bought by the creams and almonds.  
One feels exhilarated by the dog howls,  
Sounds of love empty into the plain mirror,  
Rejoicing like capitals.

What do you listen to in the mirror?  
Is your prize a fondled object?  
Or do you feel red blood with a song  
That blathers for the righteous men?  
Why can the men do this old crime?

I see the summer's sun with a man,  
He is buying a deal from summer.  
This man jokes of his poverty and hell  
With some gusto, let him!

Naveed Akram

# Ornamental Art

A brood of ornaments relax on the table of dreams,  
Its lustre is the potion we imbibe and engross when in a state  
Of belief that is known to man.  
This instrument my father stole,  
I found in my prime of youth,  
And when man was I, the labours dissolved,  
As the music made an empire of focussed art,  
A form too related to beauty.  
My potions and notions deserve attention,  
For my beliefs demand respect  
As I believe I am righteous and pious  
Like that representation betaken at school  
And not my table.

Naveed Akram

## Other Houses

My house builds other houses,  
Opening fires and closing the clothes;  
Make it exist beyond the shadows,  
Surprise us with its expectant earnings.

My mansion manufactures a person of health,  
From health to journeys of fires.  
The suffering causes more to exceed us,  
Like the same puzzle recurring for the better.

My house warns our belongings,  
It surprises us once in a while.  
After the hill, is a mansion of love,  
Hills are like the mountains of our journey.

Naveed Akram

## Other Men

I may support the other men on the right,  
On the left are housed the uplifted crew,  
Dashing spirits and well-deserved rights  
Issue from their souls like a light that governs.  
I may support the cool men of such distinction,  
But the others are not so gifted  
And they tire me when they speak  
Of the rifles aimed at their noses.  
Who knows the brilliant weapons  
Of the noses and ears and eyes?  
I may support the other men on stage,  
But however much I object to their presence  
The lairs of the dragons are treated.  
My support for the lords on the stage  
Slowly finishes so as to craft another  
True story, of such wide action and thought.

Naveed Akram

## Other Nights

This night fed the other rights,  
Young textures of the sight.  
These solid lines blink and glow,  
Fitting with standards new and old.  
Many serrated knives kill,  
But this night one murders.  
Weddings and funerals let time  
Honour the way we live:  
The killing of a man is death,  
So soldiers die as well?  
This night and day, we calm  
Our minds in, feels quaking  
And morbid alliances.  
The night causes language  
To flow from among us,  
Thus the setting is absurd  
For the most beautiful sight  
Of unlawful killing.

Naveed Akram

## Other Side

To move to the other side of the globe,  
Create my vehicle like a carrying case.  
To instil the sword you must cry and die,  
So that first you succeed, second you triumph.  
To work with wonders and miracles,  
You must define the art of make-believe.  
In the circle of innocence you must describe  
The writing of the rhapsodes, ill men  
Who fought for words, their disease was small.  
To movements we replay the old crimes,  
Morals shine as the torturers of old signs  
Rely on the masters of a day in fight.

I have a globe of innocence this time of day,  
Nights are nights, daylight is the prime habit.  
I wanted positions of stupor and vivid delights,  
Innocent talks and conversations of right.  
I wished for the opposite trance, the negated  
Effect of another winter in the rain.  
What is the solution to the storm at night?  
A night is wrecked inwardly, to sights of glory  
Is the return of a sailor who is ruined.  
My reason for living is too polite in the ways of  
Men who travel ceaselessly towards the horizon,  
Where storms persist and the losers perish.

Naveed Akram

# Our Abacus

The goals we score are up to us,  
An accountant is needed for this abacus.

Naveed Akram

# Our Country

Their country treated them well,  
Like an animal is kept a good pet.  
Forms of employment missed us and wedded us,  
Concern for the violent debt whets our appetite.  
We see more landings of aircraft than anyone,  
Because we are near an airport.  
Five planes have concerned us most,  
The very ones near our home just an hour ago.  
We saw flight like that of birds;  
Birds are beautiful, and so are we,  
But do we see the air planes and their noise more often?  
Our country is concerned with us  
And other countries.

Naveed Akram

# Our Crucial Sense

We see according to our senses,  
The attributes of the sick collaborate  
To define an illness of the whole heartache.  
One soul instils the righteous men  
With ire and tests, so that an emotion  
Describes their strife in the crucial sense.  
One descends on the heart in the sleep,  
It calls the dream a work of the hints.  
The questions of books and the questions  
Of authors enter the millions of heads  
Containing grey and white matter.  
Words dissolve in solvents of young hurt,  
They deplore the friendly words of the stars  
And stars like the sun, our very star.  
The nonsense of beauty is to instigate  
Poverty on the righteous soul,  
The souls connect the chivalry to God.

Naveed Akram

# Our Differences With Poetry

You balance yourself on these lines as the sentence is clear,  
It differed from all the worldly possessions to the eye  
As each eye was indoctrinated, each eye blinked to the sight  
Of the sentences that were temporary, always exact and narrow  
As well as sounding a whole quiet exception.  
The power of poetry is great, as I have seen you with my perception  
As perceiving is all I do in the face of danger, the dangerous words  
Are an enemy to my own poetry. Your poetry is not my poetry.  
Rather it is an inclination to sour beliefs and irresolute structures,  
I am for one cynical, and I am also afraid lest a man decide to act on my word  
With difference, and betrayal.  
So off with your poet-hood, and me my own route,  
The guess of talking thoughts is upon us from the rear  
And I am in doubt as to the position I am in.  
I have no more argument. Enough.

Naveed Akram

# Our Eyes And Ears

Yet we revise our papers for the pleasure  
Of a single marriage, the best secret.  
Pleasant places and airspaces shall head  
The hair of a sudden astonishing thing.  
A slight comfort rewarded us when sold  
To eastern eyes, the eyes were hers.  
They were ears as well, ears to hide as well,  
Forming our basics and finer facts, too distinct.  
The pleasure of a menace retells distinction  
That seem ill and forgotten, but never.

Naveed Akram

## Our Family Joy

The next world buys us time for the place is noon,  
Noon is the time of this place, this very beautiful dwelling.  
We saw a world so similar when we found beauty,  
The work of youth is about when we force.  
The compendium of joy employs our energy,  
To cross off the activity we entice the men of energy.  
This world is not like the Hereafter in terms of joy,  
For we now rejoice to strengthen our bonds,  
The kinsfolk are certain of good leadership,  
This family is the brightest merriment.

Naveed Akram

# Our Fate

Our fate defines the way we live,  
So search for the divine court where  
Living dissolves in front of you,  
Miracles dine on your head at the other end.

The singing in the heart is what I hear  
Again and again, like metered poems  
And sung literature, the voices start  
To deliver their internal reckoning.

So heavy is the heart that it alone dies,  
The intelligent man is succumbing to you,  
The whole powerful crowd remark on this  
Distinct being called You the questioner.

The earth is spread before me when I die,  
A moon is caught by the throat and eaten,  
Then the sun begins to fall into the darkness,  
And soon my light is extinguished due to the One.

Naveed Akram

# Our Health

What is coating is vastly improving our health,  
The factors are manifold, so sudden and alert;  
The finality of a leader is expertly considered,  
Factors are like factorials in the making,  
Once the stupid rumour is apparent.  
The coating or varnish is expertly resounded,  
In the way of courts and laws,  
The judges matter for all those concerned.  
Our health shall suffer when we entertain ourselves  
In the ways of the knowledge of God.

Naveed Akram

# Our House Is Safe

I thought not. All the men who conceived a philosophy  
Would think it was not true.  
What? That houses and homes are in safety,  
And so much that we are residents in safety.  
No burgle or lift of products can upset the miles of chairs  
In which we rest.  
We have had too much to drink,  
Surely an action of archery is at large,  
When aims are taken at a house,  
And we are in safety.  
The home is death for a dangerous man,  
But we are in tranquillity, in security,  
Just like Goliath is when shot at  
But not when helped.  
Our house is our gift from God,  
He alone is to remedy our task for the future.

Naveed Akram

# Our House Of Prayer

With our house surprises are certain,  
The sure men who love me most are in here.  
The children have no longer been ill,  
And this time we have sickness.

The illness to know is too striking,  
It means times of the world are changing.

This time, we call them an angel,  
And this angel is deadly for our children.

The house is empty now of surprises,  
For the prayers will be answered.

Naveed Akram

# Our Life

Running the time of our lives,  
Giving us the freedom of knives,  
Is like heavenly thunder on the fields of joy,  
Like the living of splendour and not to destroy.

Life has a property we call Earth-and-Mars -  
Earth contains the mystery,  
And later the Martians land and cause decay.  
Life has expelled us from its compartments,  
Only I know this.

Running the life is of our laughter,  
Of them are the great and greater,  
The cherished ones of merriment and revelry for us all.  
You do not design life for them, they merely do it themselves.

Naveed Akram

# Our Living

I have all bridges and mansions in my land,  
And rich people stare, always as they stand,  
At the colour and love of us people,  
As we walk with manners and eat new food well.

Each citizen must keep his flag and folk,  
To arrange the cost of living with work,  
And keep spending the money on their family,  
So that people may flourish in similarity.

Naveed Akram

## Our Love

God is of a time with god,  
My real reason for coming is for you.  
God has deadly apparatus,  
Where do reasons lie for the taking?  
My god has brilliant ways of living  
Everywhere, just everywhere in the world.  
He lived in a way we loved, and he loved,  
Forcing us into the ground when dead.  
Our love lasts forever from him,  
As gods do reveal our intentions for him.

Naveed Akram

## Our Party

Our party passed off very well,  
The matter-of-fact speech was ceaseless;  
Being attentive to fingers robbed us,  
Silent and special and elegant as ever  
Was the brilliance of the gathering.

Cheerful and chatty were the jokes,  
Polite entertainment resided in our organs,  
Music outdid music of laughter,  
Like denials and denigrations,  
Quiet manners rarely sprang up in unison.

Naveed Akram

# Our Planet

The clouds and the planets with clouds  
Are giving us knowledge and raining with might,  
The leaves will wilt due to gravity  
And wise habits take on a believer's body  
Like a human as gentle as kindness itself.  
A political opinion states a mending of beliefs  
And the government has especially bemoaned  
Due to the clouds and watery regions,  
Our substance is water that luxurious,  
Not even diamonds can appear so.  
Just a planet such as ours is lively with fire and water.

Naveed Akram

# Our Religion

The religion of our very life subjugates the ancient heart,  
In remote prehistory, the heart stops and dies forever.  
One religion became a flag for the nonbelievers,  
An ancient piece of eternity sought for the beliefs of truth.

And so peace resumed, life entertained us all the time,  
But suddenly a worker dissolved the crisis of this age.  
The examinations are conducted throughout history as  
The turn of the century looms on us with its force and trivia.

My life subjugated others on the realities of the eternal sphere,  
This world has many peaces and many wars of the higher order.  
The signs have been shown tonight, letting us become living and dying  
From the heart that mutters praise for the Creator who sustains and cherishes.

Naveed Akram

# Our Soul

To see the life with still design is grand,  
I want the fires out, like fear too late,  
Like death that sighs, like a new brand,  
Light hovers faster than to then deflate.

My sword defines the person who will come,  
To blast and last, to fear and inherit,  
I want the loves, I want to overcome,  
So easy is this peace, for my merit.

Then death becomes my play, tonight and so,  
So light escapes, fed by this light right here,  
The source of loving men, and lass also,  
Lass over us, lass speaking best to hear.

Throne over us eludes our soul with fright,  
Life ticks, life stops, and formally this night.

Naveed Akram

# Our Souls Are Safe

Ghouls of heaven are beauty and modesty,  
Greater deities come from this ugliness.  
Their help is in hand, their aiding us is beneficial  
When our life is like a cellar, and not a roof.  
One house is forced to our self, and one home is essential  
For they have no more than one and one is all.  
Poor people are not rich in their paragraphs,  
In their sizes and style, life is empty and non-proud.  
Much is condemned by the rich,  
Where is the speech of the poor?  
The poor are ghouls, and we haven't any goals  
Or riches, but now we have.  
Our heaven is not hell, and our souls are safe.

Naveed Akram

# Our Star And Earth

Our stars are a star so shiny  
The earth is appealing its splendour;  
This side of the world highlights  
The times of a real experience,  
Silence has to seek a score,  
The moons are a moon of life  
So strange in silver, too forsaken.  
Be proud of your delight as  
The world has disowned evil,  
So delicately it demonstrates the good  
Of the whole of humankind,  
The philosophers of old can never  
Disobey ages of ancient nature.  
It never ceases  
Or owns disbelief in the general faith.

Naveed Akram

# Our Stay

I had known our stay,  
Intending to return and tempt a rage;  
In trouble the boys engaged in their ploys,  
With more space and age.

I see from their apology a word  
For the very illiterate,  
And exposed:  
One word shall seal the wars.

A family horse rides in with full glee,  
Headlong battles have been attended,  
And shorter times sell their energy,  
Letting rage and nightmare enter.

My language descends on us all,  
The know-er is afraid, and learns  
To be wiser when his wage  
Has depleted.

I see him shorter now that the duty  
Is recognized,  
Now that the sons and daughters  
Arrive and approach with enigma.

Naveed Akram

# Our Success

Our success is more pursuit for pleasure,  
Their fortune has been beheld by the ones;  
The cooks are of the satanic pillars  
Loathing a test from up above, the deity is shown.  
One finds the taste of the mouth in us,  
Opening entrances to the ones who count us.  
A sky is hidden and shown by its cracks and fissures,  
The knowledge is a finding and cost  
Of the soul and measurement is paramount.  
One cooked one day and for every day  
That a man and woman is found apart.  
The realest success happens in our mind,  
One of us is certain of the truest heart.

Naveed Akram

# Our Thatched House

Our thatched house perched where the sea meets,  
Our love mends as the sea melts and scalds the heated skin.  
Dew gathers clarity, then it thaws, like the sea of tranquillity,  
Cliffs are our sanctuary, melting the rocks into the sea.

Waves wield as pines hurt, sea waves smother the rain,  
Our thatched house is delighted in its Way,  
The path of discovery and enlightenment,  
Tossed boats work with anchors here, chained to the sea and land.

Naveed Akram

# Out And About

Out and about is the world of words,  
Love of this kind is the way of the sword.  
I have to marry the right phrase if you  
Might not deliver the reasoning.

A card is balanced, a word is martyred,  
To be abolished and rewarded,  
And then punished to suit the bill,  
Inside the entire earth and soil.

My agony shall elapse, when ease is a  
Pleasing concept of the soul.  
Well away is the right word, as deadly as  
My own health, that makes health boring.

Out is the word of the soul and justice,  
Just be my judge when times are rifles  
And guns of machines and of magazines,  
Out is the word of the soul and righteousness.

Naveed Akram

# Outburst

To prevent the outburst realizes me,  
Into the submission of powerful substance;  
One day cries after another night in ruins,  
Fortresses of bricks laid again and again adjust.  
One cries further than the truth tonight,  
And I lie in this sleep for the greatest tragedy.  
Dynamic and restful is my enterprise,  
Fulfilling my soul's endeavor one more time.  
The lies concerning my existence are few,  
Yet time has a tie to wear and a shoe to tread.  
Once the sole complete rule has been obeyed  
We will launch our armies at the troops on the other side.

Naveed Akram

# Outer Air

Outer air has been changed by god and goddess,  
Lose the yesterday calls and acts, for the ready.  
The air has switched its smell, the outer air,  
Which is being telling and showing a new message  
That contrives the invented thought.

Naveed Akram

# Outpost

I resisted the outpost, its plentiful cover  
Was the rain beating downwards in pity  
And pleasure, winnings and beginnings.  
The right of a man under fire was strange,  
Beaches turned slowly to the outside of air,  
Potions arose like roses of the feelings,  
These strawberries grew rich as can be.  
For this mortal lesson it was the sense of  
The lens, an angle offered by righteous men.

Eyes blamed eyes,  
Forcing me to think, with juice gulped,  
Cups were drained in a flurry,  
I resisted the men of the hot curries,  
Through the nose of the place I call.  
May we see an insight of cleverness,  
An intuitive kind of mind.

Naveed Akram

# Outrageous Feeling

Anxiety is an outrageous feeling of alarm,  
The sport of tomorrow combines with today;  
Anger takes over and occupies the mind,  
Defining names and eating through the day.  
Masterminds decline the matter of politics,  
Slopes of great danger are fearsome.  
Humans adjust to the scariness, but never.  
Kindness is a solution to the whole question.  
Security symbolizes my predicament,  
It seems to eat my head when cold.  
The shrines of worship shall fear them  
When the terrors of tomorrow arrive.

Naveed Akram

# Outspoken

It may be an outspoken act to achieve what you desire,  
But the electric impulses in the brain seek justice  
For they make you behave with people and their acts.  
The sight of trouble causes another man to speak out  
For himself, like an engineer of distinction.  
The heard variety of conversation is too beleaguering  
As opposed to passive talking, but what is the better option?  
My words are expressed according to my activities  
Whereas you congratulate me to your tastes alone.  
The acts to argue are those speeches made in the head,  
Then the perseverance of our times is sufficient.

Naveed Akram

# Ovation

Ovations are outworn on me, outwardly, out rightly,  
Entire stretches of swordplay dictate my rage;  
This lacrosse is kosher, I mean this faith is mine,  
Then the loss of distinguished knotty points is benign.  
Lactation of others survives knowledge, knuckled by some,  
Kicked by some, known by some, and stained forcibly.  
Festive points are payments, on the ridge of heavens,  
For the applause is far too strange and deplorable.

Naveed Akram

# Over You

I talk over hearts that conquer and be silent over you,  
Fixing the headache too late in life and family over you.

I open the breasts of the lame and innocent, letting leprosy  
Attack the enemy and not us so much easily over you.

Many have died seeing friction boil wands of fixation,  
Authority stated that death was illegitimate doctrinally over you.

These wanderers heavenly hold their arms and hands  
Seeing why they mutter and collapse eventually over you.

The sight of burdens are so swift that we have been conquered  
Lying down, in the snow and puddles of water floppily over you.

These men are suddenly attracted to feuds and rains of heaviness,  
Lessening the authority they can impose so fearfully over you.

Many have condemned the friction built by builders of homes,  
They are destroying us by the day, always in time forcefully over you.

The heads and hearts of the blamed are a solution to the wanderers,  
Loathing and losing, feeding and working on the fog manually over you.

Let the days of innocence be happier for me now that you have gone,  
The wonders of the birthday boy shall sing for my name mercifully over you.

Naveed Akram

# Overcome It

To overcome a disease is exploration,  
Climbing the ladder as if to fall.  
Some of the day is spent in disasters,  
What will you say? What is the matter?  
My spectrum of thought cannot take,  
The logic of ill-health is banished.  
Such pure worry, so beautiful the love,  
Often they love, often they parry the blows.  
Festivals of complete joy are again,  
The disease takes over your soul, and it stings.

Naveed Akram

# Overflowing Tears

Tears are overflowing in this realm of mine,  
Orbs of brightness reign on the souls of sires  
Who bludgeon the wrong men with wrong times.  
Tears overflow in their relentless struggle,  
Like orbits of a planet and the reality of lunacy.  
This caught criminal is brought to irate judges,  
With tears the execution is committed, like  
A goal scored in haste, as the mind envelops a race.

The sentence is too strict that once we return  
To it the birds do fly in certain jests, like jets.  
A common crying game is afoot, like the tears of lovers,  
Who in haste deliver their praise to each other.  
The orbs of the sacred heart are mellow like eyes,  
But glass in structure with heights that weigh.  
I too have sentences that dismay, I too observe  
Those beautiful kinds that deserve the formulae.

Naveed Akram

# Overgrown

There is no coverage of the overgrown,  
They recline and taste on the toiling tails  
With energetic qualms and perpetual gloom,  
With visions after visions of the blind heart.  
They destroy a century of findings in one  
Glorious battle, too finite for the extra charge.

I cover the beds with stale news so energetic,  
A cutting is made by a blade so sacred,  
Its tip is of the mountainous areas  
And the hilt is like an axe so golden and promising.

There with the senses  
Behind a transparent screen  
Is housed a house of the homes  
Inside some nests that grow like asps,  
Those beasts so fearless in the hells;  
I cover the bedrock on top of which  
Reigns the soil so majestic, august.

Naveed Akram

# Overwhelming Dresses

I sat quite still, like a beast at work  
For the father began to suggest a work;  
The dresses overwhelmed the mountain  
Of lovers that overcame the loathers of heat.  
See how we leave the birds and animals alone,  
Watch how the meat has been ingested  
And kept by the bellies to expound the pleasures.  
The fortune is amazing me as well as everyone,  
Strong are these lucky days, the days of fortune.  
My work extends to the world of food,  
The sort of holiday we came upon  
When the leaving had been accomplished.

Naveed Akram

# Own Place Of The City

Kevin was born in his own place of the city,  
The predators engaged in conversation.  
This haunted land was joined with him,  
An early enemy concerned him, wanting, waiting.  
In this ruined city there lived a boy called Kevin,  
Once his life gained momentum they engaged  
In conversation, forcing him to concede his secret.  
Those merchants of evil concealed their evil  
And wandered into the city forming bands of evil.  
Wanting, waiting, the vagabonds learnt what fresh news arose,  
Learning yet again, the giants rode their fight to conversation.  
Kevin was in a place of safety, as the giants rose  
Like plants of goodness, roots strong,  
And always like trees of old.  
Kevin never gaped at their weapons and words,  
For gigantic help forced him to recite the world.

Naveed Akram

# Pace The Beach

This house, this place I call a mansion,  
Was rippled with disgust as the rains turned;  
Cupboards vibrating, pots dismounting,  
The earth was shattering in the hoses.  
Quite close we ran into discomforts,  
Astonishingly above the horizon the rain came.  
It had shared a slight triumph so glaring,  
Confirming character of a walled dispute.  
My house is a mansion so early and polite,  
To pace the beach is my command.

Naveed Akram

# Page Of A Soldier

May the riddle of time be effort,  
The full moon is upon us alert.  
May sanctions miss, tears never fall,  
For days are outrun by the soldiers of all.  
Any mercenary has bought mercy  
When he has pledged his war with controversy.  
To oversee is blessed, my tears fall,  
Wedges of time shall appear to the wall.  
If food brought luck then mighty age  
Still brings luck, due to the soldier page.

Naveed Akram

# Pages Are Pages

He has gone. No activity, this is my letter,  
The one rustling in the shade of a tree.  
My bottle in the sea lives with me, exiting  
From me when seas are rustling like pages.

The drawers and cupboards are full,  
I move in and out of my heaven;  
In a conversation my fears depart as I lean  
Into an armchair with gravel on my shoes.

He has gone from the apologising and the waste  
Of the days and nights, pages after pages wronging  
The air, as conversations lurk and dissipate,  
Reports of clattering keyboards are prominent.

One day he came and turned his head to me,  
A shaft of light broke in the room (smelling of caffeine):  
My head lay on his head with the books of gold,  
I wanted his activity in a loving way once more.

Naveed Akram

# Pain?

There is pain and love for those in need,  
Anyway you are someone in love, someone bullied.

Naveed Akram

# Painful

Had we inflicted a painful punishment  
The ground would weep under the incompetent.

Naveed Akram

# Painful Competition

Forming a relationship is like seeking pain and pleasure,  
Jousting with the knights is obviously insane in this acre.

Naveed Akram

# Painful Danger

Painful and melodic agony creates a noise  
Throughout the plastic days of dust,  
The dusty dangers crop up with something  
Hoarse with hissing not purring,  
The snakes are here and they went  
To someplace else.  
The voiceless beasts of slander  
Carry on with shaky, prickly tongues  
To be so silky in skin and love.

Deafening sounds become squeaking  
As the snakes shrill and moan with pain,  
Tight under them, tight under their slither,  
Whispering into the resonant air,  
Worshipping the dusty roads that muttered  
Due to the air of tender meat.

Ready and warm was the air,  
Hushing the soldiers marching in,  
Quiet though they stayed,  
Loud was the manner of the hesitation.  
Many ranks fainted today,  
But dusk launched everyone into  
A mild coma.

Naveed Akram

# Paint Looms

Paint looms on me with balance,  
It always shivers as writing sensibly implodes.  
My actions resolve, my thoughts blow the wind  
As an image glides, a picture dies, and folly  
Is denied once again.

Paint will blow on the wind to add colours of custom,  
Purple skies, happy compositions and stories.  
Painters reside here, like innocent children,  
Whose fighting freezes, easy are the fighters;  
Their lulling is a decision from the head and heart.

One wilderness is like a skyscraper of the highest city,  
Until the days and nights dissolve in the solvent made  
By painters, managing the alert and the alarm.  
Paints of different hues mix, pulps are grown from the  
Pen that drives the pages of whistling and sounds.

Naveed Akram

# Pair Of Eyes

In the palm of your hand a desired maid  
Eludes the pair of eyes that stagger and twitch  
Repulsively to connect the cubes of authority.  
My wish would end if eyes cancelled like ice,  
This water emitted called tears is famous,  
And then holding them in an infinite grace  
Shall belong to the world and its sound.

Its world defines the thinker of the words inside  
Words that definitely make an impact of late.  
I want the world to end, in this working thought  
Of a seeing orb, in the hours we do despair.

The despair lasts all the time, all the praise is again,  
But let the thinkers hoot, howl and shout hurray!

Naveed Akram

# Paper Shredded

To see paper shredded is to doubt the sphere  
And the domain of my laughter in this prison.  
The cells are like the neighbourhood of worry,  
A tanned man will argue with the women of his.

But they are not here, there are no wise men  
Lingering or forbidding the molluscs or clams.  
A sacred vow is enjoyed by the relentless men  
Who forbid the other books of the other rides.

Because of your endeavour I can see a danger  
Erupting like the mountains called volcanoes.  
Mighty crevices are good for the escape as  
A gate is offered to win the heart of the heart.

Naveed Akram

# Papers

The folding of paper is like no other play than its own.

Naveed Akram

# Papery Wasp

Papery wasp  
Bought with painful metals,  
The nest speaks to  
Us in a whirring.

Gasps afloat  
In the distance like wine  
Has been poured for all,  
And everyone.

Stinging after stinging,  
The heartiness of insects  
Is the same, a feature of  
Nature well-taught.

The leaders of the nest  
Cajole ruinously,  
A visitor called Me investigates  
As a passerby, and passenger.

One seems to find him there,  
The real rings of smoke come  
From my pipe that softens  
The senses and is applauded.

Naveed Akram

# Paradise Is In The Heart

Paradise is in the heart, it is the house of the house,  
We are in peace with the hands of the very heart;  
My loves and likes think along the same regions and legions,  
A lesion of the brain is a leisure of the mind, as  
Regnal flight is a solution for the kings and queens.

Paradise is in the head of the prophetic men who utter  
Prayers for the lame and weak, whose hearts are meaningful,  
Loves and likes encompass the parallel light, the light  
Of supplications born by men who see the powerful night,  
As days pass, as days part, as days of the righteous men.

Paradise is in the hearts of messengers who forsake their children,  
For never does ruin touch, nor does effort waste, nor does effect  
Take place on the souls of the real, the doors of the dreaded,  
Nor the fight of the beloved, nor the fasting of the poor;  
We are in paradise if our beating hearts lust for the divine effort.

Naveed Akram

## Particular Crime

A disorder is a particle of crime,  
The largest one is in this time;  
Painted by the artists that mind,  
It is disorder criticizing the blind.

May we return to the instrument,  
Yokes of an egg are abhorrent  
When you crack them, these cells  
That require abandonment from bells.

Clay needs to set to make our body  
Talk to resonance and good insecurity.  
There are some distinctive shapes  
We map on our heads as apes.

Naveed Akram

# Partridge

To assemble a law fitted movements of liars,  
Marriage of the percentage that roared,  
With the ostrich at the back,  
And a house to knock and know;  
My pilgrimage is pain and promise,  
For I have a pillow for my beds and places,  
You are musical and lettered due to God.

My passage is ending this day for some who sense  
A real parentage, a flowing damnation is upon us.  
There is massage in messages, loose and rigid as well  
In the sizes of all manner of objects.

This luggage I forward to the state,  
My stations are morose and strict,  
My worlds in this world are numbered.

I am like a partridge or warrior,  
But both I am not.

Naveed Akram

# Party

You must fasten the knot in enough swirl  
To concentrate on a significant pearl.  
This pearl is fastened to a side of a shirt  
And this I wear for time and space to hurt.  
The part I play is to dance the night,  
Fortunately the real strong light is bright.

Naveed Akram

# Party Mind

This day is a day of spirits,  
My brother  
Sees a bird-like blessing  
As  
A ball rumbles in flight and delight.

My sister  
Is making a cake,  
The rest of the day is like old ground  
Fought by the police and poultry.  
We must see the outcome of our stomachs!

All this dead furniture,  
All this makeup and lipstick  
Of my mother.  
The day and night seem both black,  
For inside the heart we complain.

The rain beats like swan's colouring,  
Lashes of the face lurch,  
Party-members worsen the keeping  
Of an exterior castle,  
The suffered fed people or crowd.

Naveed Akram

# Partying

Entertaining is a toy, full of joy,  
Mightn't it rain with cosy friendship.  
Bawdy words come along on the day we met,  
Uncouth manners lead astray the very gaiety.  
The festive mood partakes in revelry of love,  
A witness decocted the loving party-eyes.  
Lawbreaking becalmed nevertheless,  
The party air wicked, parties were never like this.  
Partying eyed those who worked on terraces of food,  
Nutrients mixed to combine our blood, this whole sludge.  
Entertain me no longer, entertain my friend who lived  
A long time ago.

Naveed Akram

## Party-Lad

You are perceptive, so sensitive to light,  
That it endangers your being and makes calamity.  
Exciting and smelling of jeopardy,  
The night will be seen as dancing of two nights.  
The blackout lasted so bright with aromas and festivity,  
Aware were the hungry hundred diners,  
In the night so perceptive, and sensuous with food.  
I have eaten on nights that climb light,  
Yet eyes suddenly vanish from the scene.  
Be on the days, be on the nights,  
Like an endangered man of gate-crashing.

Naveed Akram

# Passed Away

The leader has passed away,  
Sadly to say. Why does he be a father?  
It is due to the children's actions  
And their moments of joy,  
One day he lost them to the other side,  
And today he is in joy  
Where heaven lies.  
The leader of the family has something  
To say. That is all he must say.

Naveed Akram

# Passengers

An energetic flow has emerged for the innocent,  
You are death when in stubbornness;  
Gorgeous pain subsides forming us in splendour,  
The death of a man struggled once more.

The flow so travelled is like that of pain,  
Internal pains are collected for the passenger;  
Customs have rules for the splendour,  
A passenger requires heraldry to despise.

Naveed Akram

# Passes

One of the passes in my spy world  
Combines with the many odors of the place;  
A short girl stands from the buildings  
That are seen as conspicuous as the men  
Of great talent and of great reason.

Every time an act is embroidered with spoken  
Blessing, new meaning has been accosted  
And retrained, to refuse to know.

One of the outlandish spies in my country  
Of corroded beliefs has accomplished a minor  
Event. I do not know of the reality  
That they know.

This eating happened after a lie had been  
Spoken, the very business of a grinder,  
A wrestler and a spirit.

Naveed Akram

# Passing

I hope you are angry for the food,  
Losing crimes on your name is bad,  
Living a lie shall bring in the fields of worry,  
Instead of questions and answers.

Many have dissolved in the frontal assault,  
Offending us from time to time,  
Like the happening of events,  
And the passing of transactions.

Naveed Akram

# Passing The Night

The night passes in different ways,  
I shall call them in other ways.  
Thinking of my pride, the state of it is kind,  
In your heart is a beating, and all away.  
In your heart is hard beating from afar,  
Like the night that passes from too much work.  
A fast day is about for all to rise to,  
Like the only fist of truth, only you.  
Of us there are few who matter  
Compared to the ones with hearts too successful.

Naveed Akram

# Passing Your Test

Words are dangerous when won,  
Their meanings prevail beyond the desire;  
But these words entail the loss of people.  
The old men are the old generation,  
Wordy men of loose emblems and desires.  
Their overcoats combine with pleasure  
And hats are trim, hats pass their tests.

Word after word tap on the heads and hearts  
With overcrowding, overwhelming hallways.  
They are tails, this is the world of words,  
The loss of people is a wonderful dispute.  
But bring the imagination to the backwaters,  
Brightly blow your words at the wind passing,  
For passing tests is the most successful man.

Naveed Akram

## Passionate Time

With such time of passion, we tread and bury  
The crowned queens so quarrelling with kings of nations.  
Their wondering heads wear those fitting decorations,  
Round their skulls of glory.  
Our hearts light with fervour, and glory utters a sound,  
Unstable are the hearts of blood and gore, to make noise.  
Round their skulls is sheer glory.  
At the feet of the princesses are lots of tiny queens,  
Just princes work with sad eyes to distribute effort.

Naveed Akram

# Passive Breathing

Air passively transports the parts of dust,  
They read us as particles of dust and link.  
May air be inhaled and astonishment kept  
In our fortune and pleasure, the real measure.  
Air I breathe to exhale, air I contentedly measure  
In my bags of might, inside the borders of my body.  
If you need oxygen then deliver,  
For this element needs determination and a powerful  
Sensation is felt by the chest.

Naveed Akram

## Past Messages

Can we undo the messages of a past  
That is like the sun no longer prevailing?  
Yet the lessons of simplicity are exact,  
Their points of simplicity encase the might.  
The past envelops the space of a century,  
Warping the festivals of the heavens as  
Light travels towards the heights, the weights.  
Mindful men connect and hide to convince  
The might of the nations to reconsider.  
To shape words the rest of the century  
Must pervade and perform like no other.  
Time is the trusting factor, a dimension  
Of brilliant light, and solution to the misery.  
A past event shines tonight, like the weight  
Of a yearning so brilliantly sighted.

Naveed Akram

## Past Woes

The passport to the past centres on distinctions  
Because your door is free, like freedom itself.  
A cucumber tasted is tested for its nutrition,  
An orange will be sour, and different.  
Then diverse histories give certain emotions,  
Like different foodstuffs and tested meals.

One has memories of the past events, elected  
By the mind in some welfare, the widower must find  
A distinct reason for crying, and loose lorries  
Will barge and push for the travels of the year.  
It invades the memory of the past,  
When it is needed, and when it compels.

So the passport to the past is your mind,  
Remember because you will be rewarded by  
Yourself in ways of prayer;  
Memories of the years are like centuries,  
The life is bold, like the beholding of spirits  
And the entrance to the city is timed perfectly.

Naveed Akram

# Pastureland

Pastureland is soft now that the rainfall concluded,  
The ley became softer when the storm elapsed.  
Exotic yield redeemed the granger and hooked onto it,  
Shafting the crows as the payoff, the final payment.  
A pasture was formed for the stomaching of goods,  
The cattle tutored us into cogitating on those deeds too prominent.  
May we render deaf the animate being refusing us  
Our food for our cattle, so brave in importance.  
The ley is concentrated in nourishment for them,  
Inside this information system we turn up soil.

Naveed Akram

# Path Of Excellence

To enter the path of excellence  
May surprise your laughter.  
To your asking statements  
My answers are the solution of madness.  
You fought my goal, and it returned  
To the beginning, the sport of all.  
Is the reminder too big?  
Is damage a lonely occupation?  
Maybe a fencing party is adequate,  
Goose is the man in looks.  
May damage concretely partake  
Of a lasting peace.  
In those looks there is madness,  
Jewels design a little health.

Naveed Akram

# Path Of Right

With a wild gaze I tread the path of right,  
Keeping souvenirs along the way, so as to test  
My strangest habits, from them the disease awakes.  
I await for the lunging of a soldier and the peace of the traveller,  
The travels range from far and wide, all along the coast.  
My keeping is certain, to bring it is certain,  
For I am an argument, too enslaved in arguments.  
The prayers of a day old are written on my face,  
These words invoked beckon the angels  
And they come to my soul with blessings so abundant.

Naveed Akram

# Peace Began

Peace began since the time of partnership,  
Peace is stunt, peace is wanting of feats that deny  
The lusts of a crowd, feelings are a dream  
To accost, feeding the happiest wars of words.  
When asked about the peace of love,  
There is indignation of a national spirit.  
For there are loves and losses as well as  
Lusts and louts, forgiving you as mountains  
That stutter with rocks.  
To talk of peace commands meanings,  
I am a dream within someone's commands  
Like the parents of knowledge and hearts.  
Understand this peace, and brothers kindly  
Describe a feeling with emotion.  
Near to time the peace of love emerges  
To join us, near to the time of peace.

Naveed Akram

# Peace Is Uncertain

I rank among the best of soldiers  
Who fought on the frontline.  
His soldiery is superior to mine,  
But he was the Home Front.  
We all chase the enemy for crying,  
Then we address the civilians  
With aggression, and false action.  
The crying over the enemy is like war,  
The enemy and us are at war  
So peace is uncertain.

Naveed Akram

# Peace Now

In the course of time  
A child was taken up as before,  
Who made a living answer  
And should have peace now.

Farming his bit of land  
He was the young, that should  
Be sent to college  
For a long string of tales.

I never saw a child  
About curses and souls,  
His fancy was but for heaps  
Of laughter, in patience.

Fifty times a day he wept  
For work was a fulltime wrong,  
He flung the paper into the bin,  
He had ways too tough.

Teaching made him linger  
And so he reformed to the best,  
Pride and gratitude he became,  
An adult man was his inclination.

Relentless times sought him,  
Yet he still did not suffer  
Like the children of the farm,  
Who never suffered.

Naveed Akram

# Peace Of Nature

Animals of the sun and moon live and arrive,  
Their dying is the quality of a strange lord.  
Admired and loved by some, hated by others,  
These deaths are not goals for eternity.  
The real beast within shines a relic of stains,  
The hearts fold and collapse upon expiration.  
The laws of the natural grounds are disobeyed  
And obeyed. Like love, is there strangeness?  
The acts of nature combine so well,  
Their creative talents are overwhelming.  
The whole season shall mention our calamity  
After a knowing man who seeks the peace of nature.

Naveed Akram

# Peace Of The Night

Peace is a soldier of the heavenly night,  
Hope is arriving from the mothers who deny  
The child of the righteous kind,  
But then turn into divine nature of the highest kind.  
For when do greedy ones become lost?  
For where do the natural men become humans?  
In this clay we shall become loaded with sin  
And this sin thrives along the line of force to  
Be called motion. Existing by the heart  
Is laughter of the hero and his baby-team.  
Peace is a war-like substance if denied by the  
Fathers of mighty habits, of mighty caresses.

This time, school must be freedom of the song,  
Life angelically inspires the ones on the floor,  
The ground will be joined to complete a fall,  
The floor seems fleeting and bold, other-worldly.

Nature keeps its trust with musical wishes,  
Lost by the babies of the wind and wine,  
Music is about with war and feeling of joy,  
Musical men seem troubled by the anagrams  
Swiftly joining us.

Naveed Akram

## Peace-At-First

The return of peace subsides for the day,  
Dainty dames are reachable, not to betray.  
A manager of sayings is upon us just now,  
An array of accounts have been supplied with know-how.

Peaceful times demand a newness for the cows to utter,  
Never pointed out, the animals with fodder need Butcher.  
Peace arrived with a burner of logs, the very mire  
We shall connive for the bulldozer, the very bushfire.

Naveed Akram

# Peaceful Warrior

His bravery is marked on the tablets in spiritual heaven,  
Same ways are propounded so moderately.  
The three ways are set to prosper:  
Bravery, courage and valour.  
This will be physically greater than the angels  
That swerve their flight in divine fashion.  
I own this kingdom with angels  
Like a warrior superior to their rank and file.  
My bravery is like his, the bravery is like his,  
We are in luck so well, with this bravery.  
Our souls stain the skies with blood,  
And this is a red substance like the sunset,  
Like the sunrise when luck is at your window.

Naveed Akram

## Pen With Pencil

Rough edges of the pen shrill my mouth of the month,  
Amalgamation of a product worth competing for;  
The foreign enemy resides in the clung pencil,  
As straight sides of the square clamber into shapes  
We have pride in, deciding and consisting offerings  
We simply defy.

This month the morbid death defends the tongue  
And the throat for its worthiness.

A pen engages with the pencil to make progress  
And hint at victory.

Naveed Akram

# Pencils And Pens

Banners of strength are all adequate on the class,  
Yet written people become ashamed of us;  
To construct I will learn the beauties of adulthood,  
And teach by the pen what you know not.

Naveed Akram

# Pennies Of Action

Caught in the middle of action,  
One contrives a mentality of instants,  
The philosophers swear their allegiance  
To us who lie and adorn the walls.  
My mastering of the pennies is grand,  
After the millionaires, after the solution.  
My matter is my energy, old ages  
Shall connect me to the present.  
One is caught between the solids  
And the liquids and the gases.  
In this medium we call ourselves  
The obliterators.

Naveed Akram

# Penning

Pen the thought released by the mind,  
Mind your language until you are blind;  
The sneaking up illness is present,  
When chaos is disorder and heaven-sent.  
You are now congratulated by those who know  
What the accomplishment becomes when you bow.  
The bowing is abhorrent when danger is working,  
Those who spoke were the winners of lurking.

Naveed Akram

# People Are Boring

But people bored him, as they spoke,  
Full of journalism and careers, and he spoke  
Only a little for those with the volumes of material.

I have to understand the makings of a viking,  
Gifted up to the bone with legends and tales  
Seen by the naked eye, and pure as pie.

I have described to your felons the monstrosity,  
And all the selling is the buying,  
For one so powerful as the pie-maker.

I see a wonderful lie in the beauty of times  
Strolling by like women or men who unite  
And not nullify the ranks of such mild men.

Let being happen to likes and dislikes,  
The people of the books are again in decisions,  
Leaving a little space for the roses and scholars.

Naveed Akram

# Perceptive Youth

The zeal of perception is vaster than the lake of peace,  
Forces gain the hands of collective might, to overthrow their tin.  
The tin connects to wires of metallic flesh,  
And electric help fires at the roofs of decorations.  
What is the celebration now that you survive?  
The survival of the worst sinners pervades as youth,  
The growth of their bones manages my uproar.  
A young man and frolicsome children adore the folly  
Of a station of law, that law that counts beyond the books.

Naveed Akram

# Perfect Performance

Performance is perfection of youth and its suffering,  
Violation of the cleansing spirits shudders us into downfall.  
Calmness is still the life we hold boldly with purpose,  
So be mindful of the largeness and the bigness so deserved.  
Divine priests tend to the sick as the young and old collect  
Together and provide the books and wisdom for all of them.  
This is apparent, this is stronger than the will of our minds!  
Shall not the angelic kingdoms burden the world with action?

Naveed Akram

# Perfect Star

It instructs him to shoot a blindness from himself,  
To see doctors, and all the ways of a human that have been.  
To be golden, to be forced and welcomed, is like a perfection,  
But then a rule has been in collision with a star above the head.

The dances in the night sky wander to the utmost reaches,  
A pole star surrenders, victoriously the constellations are blurry;  
One blurs the vision of another human when he or she is in rage,  
Thus his or her rulership is questioned, then the stars are above.

Naveed Akram

# Perfect Throne

Mountains of words congregate to form an eruption,  
Sentences let the sword of destruction have expansion.  
Five words are written: luck, patience, wealth, modesty and adventure;  
These five contain the pleasures offered by him - they are familiar.  
Breath inhaled, spirit popped, love arranged, and scent displayed,  
The encounter of a wise-man never dismayed.  
His wisest attribute speaks highly of the throne  
We trained by the justice of the alone.  
His backbone never breaks, never takes  
The inside of disbelief and betrayal, this never makes.

Naveed Akram

# Perhaps My Father

I brought a candle always seeing it,  
Remember the flame of my father,  
Memorize the spells of disaster,  
Find me the key to the city of my soul.

I had a lit fire in my view and vision,  
Wrong tales were retorted when in sight,  
I instead believed in strength as an occupation,  
Keeping last night with worries and anxious cries.

Disturb me not! Disturb no brother or sister!  
I have missing a few relatives but they care for my candle.  
Let me cover my head from the very start!

Naveed Akram

# Perhaps Petals

Perhaps the petal and its perfunctory task  
Carries a beautiful pride, a ape may be suffering;  
The petals of pride fall deeply and definitely  
Like a falling meteor, and landed astronaut.  
The beauty is sustained by the natural plants,  
Bark of trees suffer like the land animals  
And their spirit of awe is obligatory.  
Climb the ape-tree and find their food  
To be perishing after many attacks.  
The proud life concerns us at better times,  
Intelligence sustains, intellect is absent.

Naveed Akram

# Perils On Skin

The perils facing people find us,  
It is like cause for alarm, too much time.  
The lair of peace divides us the same,  
The epic of war is upon us, more than ever.  
We are vulnerable to attack by the lovers,  
A poisonous breed of loving attackers.  
The insect bit a warding bite, a full wound on the skin,  
Thankfully due to mild spit, a roof needed.  
The perilous act of selfishness overtakes our skin,  
The skin is risked by the other side.

Naveed Akram

# Perpetual Thoughts

Perpetual public crowds swarm the sincere areas,  
Slippery slopes are for them, a royal hound deplores;  
A profuse gathering eliminates me and the rest,  
Robust royal battalions begin to shrill and be silent.  
Round and shaped like circles, the array joins the people,  
In a moment of a revolution, in the moment of thoughtlessness.  
The tight-fisted wander and make me a shut-mouthed man,  
Threatening me is the tiredness of individuals.  
A ruthless scheme is about, tiring us more,  
Shocking and secretive are the results.

Naveed Akram

# Persistence

Persist in this reckless accusation that you swear,  
To accompany the insane criminals of these woods.

Naveed Akram

# Person Who Cares

Anybody likes it if the rest don't,  
The opposite of lads and the future of lasses,  
Like the beds of flowers with the look of trees,  
I thereby sign the quest as an objective that defies  
And learns and cares.

Naveed Akram

# Phase Of Praise

The world has a phase  
We call the feeling of lists  
And bold names, featuring art  
And deaths, and old items.  
The world collects me as I travel  
To the outer shirts, a wearing  
Of the adoration we find in  
Fidelity suiting praise.

The world is a praiseworthy grassland,  
Fences are sold to the highest bidder,  
Whose sins are catastrophic, for the grass  
Dims, delivers the spores of joyous size.  
A fever erupts, delving into fires,  
The world is in a phase of worth.

Naveed Akram

# Phenomena

The musical times corrupt the phenomenal few,  
My asking is like a statement that many blew.

Naveed Akram

# Philosophical Life

I understood the reasoning and philosophical life,  
Like minds display some august reasoning  
Inside the islands of doubt that confine me.  
The knowledge of the Common Room infects  
And leaves us plain, with flight of the roads.  
I asked to see the reality of a day that made  
A seated pleasure, often the weeks mattered  
To the blamed and resolute, why did they strike?

I am a standing pillar of the hills,  
Spied upon by the real lovers,  
Reason and chance cater for my needs  
As the yellow rivers of this nation  
Are bleeding with red blood,  
And so the reading of ages is bound  
To a book of great zeal.

Naveed Akram

# Philosophical People

Where moons are peeping at your nose  
Running with vigour and deep knowledge,  
You perform a dramatic leap, frightening and deep,  
Like the lakes lighting the fog.

When reluctant people swarm and swim  
We observe the requests of fair ones,  
Philosophical men who empower the muscles  
That wet their beliefs from under the nose.

Thinkers weep, and their causes tearfully drop,  
The causes are stronger than the weak;  
Thinking happened from the brain of wit,  
Rising from the whole head and heart.

Naveed Akram

# Philosophical Star-Gazing

You're literally not speaking  
Of atomic debris  
Colliding with storms of thunder  
And large lightning.

Galaxies clustered and trained  
In the ether  
Are meaningful when  
Swallowed.

No thinker awaited the stars,  
Forces of the universe unite  
In the palm of your hand.

Naveed Akram

# Philosophy In My Mind

That idea in my mind is indispensable,  
Thoughts conquer another man's philosophy,  
The ideal way of life contrives justice and scholarship.  
May we tread in these puddles of knowledge,  
Must we stammer, resolve or curse when hitting solutions?  
The problems are bred by innocent helpers,  
A penny spent excuses our anatomy,  
And prison sells its shadow on us.  
The idea, the idea will flow with rushing ones,  
Philosophy argues and argues spectacularly.

Naveed Akram

# Phone

Care must be taken on talking when and why,  
Careful people talk best on the phone and lie.  
Cared are the individuals who laugh and cry,  
Over the phone where the words do defy.

Keep the infinite wisdom on the talking-machine,  
Your wishes I strive to keep as blown over the phone.  
The quarrels I love become and come from up above,  
And the arguments believe as more than just love.

Copy the opposites and distract him or her never,  
Display the words in a strong, strong manner.  
Fading from the stick of joy is going to carry an argument,  
But certain players are constantly in love with cost.

Naveed Akram

# Physics

A little clock dashes me with tricks,  
I see numbers of the day with the week,  
Cities are smaller this day,  
Sizes of monuments astound me,  
As their rights are fewer than others  
Who exist.  
The gold of this driving and sailing  
Looks like the travelling,  
Moving is little, moving from claps and calls,  
Less of the second desire.

Such efforts from such people  
Cause ready work,  
Opening a day to the sunshine,  
Indeed the days are decided,  
Like the effort of a ball that rolls  
For more than a day,  
Then approaches rest.

Naveed Akram

# Physics Has Power

Never do spies flower the seeds of life,  
They walk like the sun and stars to enlighten  
The burdened ones, their offspring spent the nation.

Never do criminals walk under the sun to pile rocks  
On ghostly buildings that house forces of the non-living;  
The dead have risen to play forces of games of forces,  
These men see dangerous eyes, and fruits of labour.

Never do judges feel free to obliterate the laws of the country,  
Just by entering the conversation between spies,  
Forming a link with honest workers,  
Who are employed by the honest ones.

My flowers are again in the world flourishing,  
Much like the teeming galaxy of stars  
Revoltingly managed by the powers of Physics.

Naveed Akram

# Physics Of The Mounds

I smell the physics of the skin that is necessary,  
It is stained by the natural surroundings offering me  
A polite continuance, for this ruined heart is of love  
That flees fairly, fleeing fairly, fighting wearily.

I built the castle of this telling admiration,  
Breathing in old love or the forgiven hurt,  
A far greater gravity has approached the cosmos  
Through the light we send to this everywhere.

Built anew, next to the buildings called mounds,  
A silty chamber embedded in the cliffs  
Has been the mounting pressure of late,  
Bereaved of the might it once stored.

Naveed Akram

# Pick Up

Pick up the long thoughts  
Along the days of yours.

Pick up the fellowship  
That stayed afterwards.

Marry the right person  
Who is straightforward and kind.

Discover the real wisdom  
That makes you.

Naveed Akram

# Piercing Music

Piercing notes attached to the ears  
Reside in the inner recesses of the mind;  
Once a spectacular moment is heard  
The roof of the house is like a garden.  
It elaborates and instigates a trial  
For the bitter head, a solution to your ease.  
When music is so sudden we seem to recline  
And take control over the notes so orchestrated.  
Let the ears be conditioned to the essence of thought  
Engendered by the music we so love and admire  
Like the chiming of church bells to celebrate the Lord.

Naveed Akram

# Piety

Jests of piety are uncommon,  
May the children believe in the celebration.  
Caution, cavalryman! The century is odd,  
A morse code is caught by some abroad.  
The bald man is full of holiness and piety,  
Everybody sang towards a song of notoriety.  
This is impiety to believe in as belief,  
Still the relief of a baby is chief.  
May the property of trees speak growth  
And abundance, the very both.

Naveed Akram

## Piety Is Hard

A pious man brings a gift for the lame one,  
It is a rosary with thousands of beads;  
His tortures do never seize him,  
For he prays so acceptably in the eyes of His Lord.  
Guide him, the lame one needs guidance  
For he is a sick person with absolute health  
In the body and mind as well.  
He bleeds tonight from your inflicted wound  
As he became a thief of the night.

Naveed Akram

# Pillars Of Destruction

I destroy the pillars shattered,  
To be fair I contrast with the good  
Offered to me as the plates are hot  
And sticky, feeding everybody who eats.  
I seek the offending broth,  
One essence pervades, and accomplices  
Are about to wisely stutter,  
And shatter the glass.  
This glassy object, that made me  
Swear my strength,  
Enraptures my soul as if the world  
Denigrated my people but not me.  
The pillars are like medicine,  
Fulfilling the ancient task of closing  
The brain with medicine so solid  
In its mimicry, the same task  
Has to be agreed.  
Why do reasons come from afar?  
They close the mouths of some  
Who dare to strive in the ways of some.  
Destroy the pillars and replicate  
An act so well delivered.

Naveed Akram

# Pillars Of Peace

Pillars offering praise to longings  
Stand in the way, removing and refusing.  
Remind them for their work on medicine,  
Longer to shut down, long hearts will drop.  
Remaster the logic of a forgotten day,  
The steeple forgets us as it looms above.  
Step to it, step to it, like a dancer of course,  
Steep pathways deliver and bring peace.

Naveed Akram

# Pinball

My own expectations threw the ball,  
How concerted the effort became after the ball.  
The contrary feelings bespoke and beamed on the lungs  
That breathed and forsook the steady fluctuations of the ball.

A rolling ball receives the souls of learning  
And the circle of knowledge arrives on time.  
My machine is exact, bearing fruit of the life,  
This is hereabouts, there is a circle of light so round.

Naveed Akram

# Pint Of Thoughts

I found a sour pint of milk,  
Flashing and smiling like an act of money.  
Five hundred tubes of milk, sweeter,  
I purchased from the provider of happiness.  
They were thoughts, greater thinkers make,  
Like those philosophical creams always pondered.  
I found the sour pint of milk,  
And used it for thinking purposes,  
Drinking it whole, for nobody,  
For the first time.

Naveed Akram

# Pious Beauty

In beauty is an element of piety,  
The skies open and fall correctly;  
I am the manager of the aspects  
Controlling heaven and all it connects.

The light from heaven bisects the view  
And displays the horizon, washed anew;  
I have a nose that bleeds from the height  
Of a tower or tree failing us, and our eyesight.

Beauty questions my understanding of the tree  
That rocks in the winter and also summer, in binary.

Naveed Akram

## Pious Ones

I saw a man so pious that he wept for me  
And this meaning was written in those languages;  
Nothing of medicine and surgery was committed  
On me, for I bleed and am wounded like any man.  
I saw a piety in me that wept for him,  
On seas of ice we skated to be wise and learned  
Throughout our stay on Earth.  
The wisdom of a man is superior to his audience,  
And so we wept for the One who created us,  
Tears of brine destroyed the flames of Hell,  
And entered the gardens to fill the pools  
That were so much sweeter than they were before.

Naveed Akram

# Pity

Go where there is pity,  
Then your eyes can master  
A life of luxury, of pain.  
Each of your eyes have praise  
For your soul, and live with the foe.  
The foe is destined to fires unimaginable,  
Fed by the flames of honour,  
They feed on jelly of flesh,  
As numbers are made and letters are withdrawn  
From the pages of a book too strong,  
That is a book of wondrous pain and strength.

Go the pity and learn a goodness to help  
And enchant the funny soul, a man is him  
But a woman has been also a soul.  
What do the souls cherish? Heaven or Hell  
Are individual countries that I trek to,  
But do they join? Or do they have borders?  
Why do patient people have a case?

Naveed Akram

# Pivot

Pivotal work created magnitude of blessings,  
He was obedient on me ever since.  
The faster you pull the rope, the more you squeeze  
And your grip is reduced to the point of nothingness.  
A man has attacked me from within,  
Offering my work of the mind a rest  
So as to join a bond between us.  
Cracking the hands over this arrangement  
We separate and lead others astray,  
For the pivotal work has much suitability.  
Join us jokingly to interfere as a man would  
Over a child's habit or son's habit.

Naveed Akram

# Place Of God

In this place of godly work  
I play, as if tomorrow reclines  
And approaches me, listening always  
For the cure and prosody.  
My living eternally and externally  
Combines the worlds of words  
And contrives happiness for all,  
Through indignant worry,  
And throughout history,  
For it wends its way to everlasting grace.  
This place is holy, one of the holiest,  
And my majestic endeavour applies,  
For the sins are made overnight  
And lists of helpers work and play.

Naveed Akram

## Place To Party

The merriment spreads across the place,  
Capturing like magnetic objects, this is the superior job.  
One languid participant relaxes in the corner,  
Like someone achy and without vigour of the party.  
The air is jellified with sweat and perspiration,  
One jester relies on the sweet air that he cancels  
His home-made stunt. Instead of abolition,  
The drunken party-goers arrest the menu  
And divide the spoils of war,  
One other lanky jester motions to the sick  
To feed on something extravagant  
And not concern themselves with the present hovel  
They are in.

Naveed Akram

## Plain Pain

To describe a plain hamlet is to be in pain  
From this coastland and trade, governing the sweet  
Hills, always asking your pride.

To describe, we meet each other as artists,  
Speaking their tongue is a challenge,  
The opposite of offerings has changed,  
Concentrate so as to obviously usurp  
The leader or keeper.

The overlord expensively overlaid a button,  
These buttons collected in their progeny,  
Their progeny is bleating, like lambs  
So well with their health that sobbing  
Has occurred, they almost mimic us in their  
Splendid joy of oil that swims too fast.

Naveed Akram

# Plains Of Arnon

Juvenile dragons circle the plains of Arnon,  
With lethal breath the trees blaze for some time;  
They are now producing other breaths,  
Obligated to hold their breath for it is fire.  
We must demand the signs from the deity of fate,  
Death, and judgement.  
It is of little interest, it is of no help!  
For the levels of fire are great.

Arnon leaps into commodities of smoke,  
The very bare ground scorched forever;  
To craft the air with smoke is grand,  
To meet doom this way is grand,  
But towards the cities of dragons we head,  
To find a pleasant air in addition to a saviour,  
He might be a hunter of gigantic souls.

Naveed Akram

# Planetary

Towards the planets drift meteors and boulders,  
An evil setting is in place, we are beholders.

Naveed Akram

# Planetary Laws

While the planet rocks to the sound of music,  
The rampant arguments are like speeches  
Of speed and singing, the final flair of voices,  
A sudden change in appearances.

When you understand the falling and rising  
Of a man who enjoyed the peace I had given,  
Your devils and demons and ghouls shall praise  
The sad one, the satanic one who goads the soul.

To understand the rejoicing is to set apart the voices,  
One voice is like speeding and facing,  
One voice meanders through the tracts of language,  
Little praise is donated to the purposeful ones.

I have to know the known wisdom and all education,  
After this the stronger forces reside in the laws,  
With law after law,  
Without us.

Naveed Akram

# Planets' Realm

Make the realm of invisibility a sphere,  
On this travel like a planet to the other stare.

Naveed Akram

# Plans From The Heavens

Reading the heavens creates my earthly home,  
Renting the house is full of the mansions of the day  
And night, light and dark, white and black.  
The visible rays of the star above collapse  
And after colliding with the odours of society  
The molecules freeze and melt at the same time.  
Reading the heavens creates disorder to correct  
And defy, to disconnect the order of events  
Is mere dizziness, the overall effect  
Most loved and sacred.

They are scared of inhabitants on this planet,  
Searing heat elapses on the days that darted,  
Cold weather encases the golden globe  
Fixing its stare at the ideal circumstances.  
The eyes fixate and cherish the lonely world  
Of a dozen days and nights that are prolonged.  
Let the readers or stargazers be amazed  
At the brilliance so concocted by that that created  
For the benefit of the whole plan,  
A plan that has been mastered by the primordial.

Naveed Akram

# Plant A Tree

On another sorrow plant a tree,  
The tree springs to brave quests  
And shakes its powerful tendons  
With a calm salutation of love and ease.  
But then this brave and courageous  
Shrub has conspired as always when  
Fire is in the mind outdoors,  
When fire speaks with gusts of gore.

On another man's sorrow mount a wheel  
And let it run downhill with every speed.  
The people must chase the beholders of  
Truth, the true questions behead  
Conspirators, like the cattle and sheep  
Always in pain from their flinging papers.  
The paper is twining and writing itself  
A disease of the spring and summer.

Naveed Akram

# Plants Hurt

If a plant has hurt inside,  
What does it feel?  
Every night it seeps in pleasure,  
Rolling hills have none.  
If a flowering plant captures  
Light photons it emits them somehow.  
Through colour and vision,  
The effective nature is then reserved  
For other-worldly brothers in acts  
Of revenge.

What does it hurt for a plant?  
Maybe the muses can never sing  
From the petals and leaves,  
The stalks and twigs encasing it.  
Pain is not the essentiality,  
Plants are devoid of voice  
So far this month.

The effective plant must be decomposing,  
Wilting is an issue,  
But does it hurt or receive pain?  
The brothers from Mars feel  
Like reparations,  
Yet war with the botany of living  
Is a worthwhile cause.  
Plants end their lives from too  
Many wars with leaves and letters.

Naveed Akram

# Plastic People

Plastic looked to people as towers were tall,  
The wood has driven away the night  
With few dreams of trees,  
And the stunted growth of living beings  
Storms on us, it shuts down desire.

Awful nature has trees in the open,  
And nightmares will shake our head;  
The sounds of midgets are like werewolves,  
They are short half lings, caressing stupidity;  
The plastic is of an innocent place.

Naveed Akram

# Plausible Belief

The belief is plausible indeed, like the sailing boat  
And the sea gliding beneath, so full of water indeed.  
We obtain water from the clouds at night,  
A city is lit by its own lanterns,  
This night-time a solid feature is obtained  
By the rocks timing their own path  
Through existence,  
Like the waves of the oceans shifting  
So brightly with majesty and honour.  
These joys are trumpeters  
That object to our stay on earth  
We have been created from.

The certificate of grace is the enlightenment  
Of our future, the great deal of the century.  
These oceans and lands are of the globe  
And the economy of watered humans is faster.  
The grace has settled in various villages,  
Where the pens run with ink and words  
Bouncing off walls of bricks and mortar.

The belief seems to be cherished,  
It seems to be perished,  
It deems you a coward and a bravery  
At the same time.  
What do you believe when messengers  
Irritate your bowels and cry for the ways  
To open up like earthquakes with their residue.

Naveed Akram

# Play Most

I hope to play most  
Hurt the improvement of affairs  
That still examine and link  
I ought to be careful now

My brainy friend decorously denies  
The truth of the matter  
He is clever to lend a hand  
My point influences the imagination

I live further where the truth hurts  
Losing is the finishing of society

Naveed Akram

# Playing With The Wolves

The wolves are out to play when they desire,  
This soul needs comfort to state the reign,  
Our souls are always the same to conspire.

To revel and seek festivity is worthy of barbwire,  
Inside the soul we house a strict after pain,  
The wolves are out to play when they desire.

Strength and virtue are to be selected by the choir,  
Workers are around us in actions to ascertain,  
Our souls are always the same to conspire.

Strong men are never to think the exact attire,  
That works well for people to attain,  
The wolves are out to play when they desire.

Searching for attributes or names is so entire,  
The walking and breathing of men is to abstain,  
Our souls are always the same to conspire.

Versatile effects are reselling, reworking with hellfire,  
Anything is in the production, in the campaign,  
The wolves are out to play when they desire,  
Our souls are always the same to conspire.

Naveed Akram

# Pleasant Heart

Hearts are a pleasure to behold,  
The pumping of blood is enjoyed  
By those with the life of this world,  
A world so marked with peace.

May hearts proclaim their boldness,  
Hearts speak inside the mind  
And the soul lets go, letting  
The heart be in its own cycle.

Shaking my heart, the frail body  
Remarks on the fineness of this life;  
It is the organ of life, and love,  
And we secretly adore through the heart.

Naveed Akram

## Pleasant Radio

It was on the first storey and floor on my offered road,  
That glass shook to written pieces, displaying zealots  
That interfered with drunkards of the painful memory.  
Marvellous stations on the radio defeated my dinner,  
Their roads were the same emperors of the single men.  
These would take the windows of chariots far,  
Carrying the streets of a day inside cars and vehicles.

Off the book, a first floor stained the blood of the mind,  
Telling my chiefs this tragedy, sitting on the roof,  
With houses called mansions on the radio,  
Keeping and throwing, throwing and keeping,  
That glass shook to written pieces, seeping into bodies,  
Then the records were still playing,  
The music still delivered its pleasure.

Naveed Akram

# Pleasant Spectacle

A courageous and pleasant spectacle is abundant,  
The puny sights are tall with a boiling degree of heat.  
I see squarely and fairly the real lights, offered by the reality,  
Offering me some assistance into the steep cliffs.

A cliff-hanger has brought me here,  
Moaning a short way makes it teeny-tiny,  
For my end is an obstacle to the future,  
The witty and wide are the breathless.

Let this cliff-hanger exit and return to the place  
On which I decided my place, the spot of precision,  
The precise rectification, a precise meaning,  
And not unjust calamity, the opposite of meaning.

Naveed Akram

## Please Me Now

There was something harming me  
Not embracing me with kindness.  
My progeny shall weep over my fixed glance  
I held in the picture of my youth.  
The mask enlivens my circuitous living  
As I pray to the deity that I may survive.  
The proposal has happened to adopt me  
As a wandering loveliness so adored.  
My life, my life is not ruined due to letters  
And words in my name, so please me now.

Naveed Akram

# Please Stay

Those who return and confide in God  
After entering heaven will stay forever.  
This let a baby say and want to say if  
staying is a possibility, come with it.

The mother would have it in her arms,  
Her roses do not mean as much,  
Yet her eyes are aware of it,  
And babies do not talk and stay.

Beautiful baby, why are you happy?  
If happier is me then you are happy,  
And please stay.

Naveed Akram

## Pleasures And Remorse

Underneath the pleasures and remorse,  
We find discovered remains of eternity;  
The innocence found inside is eternal,  
Opening barking dogs and stray cats.  
The animals so blessed by the infinite abyss,  
Are sacred when they are pleased  
And force is effective and versed in splendour.  
Some of us wonder like the criminals inside prison,  
Their sprites effectively wander and crawl  
To free them, and establish heavenly grace.

Naveed Akram

# Pleated And Creased

Pleated cloth becomes lean like meat,  
Divulged by the major pure men;  
The very rich take some rage with heat,  
The hot weather causes the hot dinner.  
A creased cloth carries new weight,  
Solidly built by the buffets,  
Too much with eating and anger.  
Their oily hair was wavy and glossy,  
Sparks flew, dangers were dispelled.  
The intelligent eyes rocked and loathed  
From the direction of the travelers.  
A hulking man with calloused hands  
Swept in and looted the meager table of joy.  
With his puny strength,  
The opposition was a man who loathed  
And swore and bantered.  
Pleated cloth found eyes  
Eventually.

Naveed Akram

# Plums And Peaches

Offend nobody on this planet,  
Fill in the form of life,  
Offer the wages of an exemplary career,  
Kick the backs of a wrong stranger.

May we offer the right results,  
Mighty winds well up and dance,  
Eddies cause us to strut,  
Maybe the walking is profoundly grand.

Worlds create us when it is safe,  
Plums and peaches can have juices  
That we ingest to strengthen our opinions  
About the way we live and learn.

Naveed Akram

# Poem On The Edge

Going to the edge of the world,  
I learn of better notions and motions;  
Jutting out are rocks so rickety and strange,  
The universe is strange to the touch.

My learning is a leaning against the wall  
Of this universe so greater than my mirror;  
Mirrors are swinging on the ceiling  
As the walls are like walls of steel.

Naveed Akram

# Poems Of Dust

Wretched poems of dust and matter shine,  
While the atoms of distress and stress decline.

Naveed Akram

# Poetic Story

Poems enjoin one to the truth that stroked a bomb,  
It blew at once when the last day erupted  
Like the soldiers at war and the stars in the sky,  
Floating are their orbits and forgiven are their paths.  
The planets have spoken of their future,  
Life hails with a hand that masters the youth  
And the young worlds of forces and pressures.  
Poems enjoy your correspondence for their strains,  
And the music of the story belittles the brain  
As the mind concentrates and enjoys its line.  
Let poetry be the spectacle of joy and pleasure  
That entails an understanding of the highest kind.

Naveed Akram

# Poetry

Poetry is a soul.  
Pose a question to us all.  
Housed in this soul is a jewel  
Of jewels, of levers and learning,  
Of granules of gold and yearning.  
Of him and her is a soul,  
The poet and poetess of the world.

Naveed Akram

# Poetry And Philosophy

Poetry is the strength of the soul and philosophy,  
Scholars know their books of life and their calligraphy.

Naveed Akram

# Poetry Is

Poetry is a thought intentional,  
It inspires the rich english on us,  
Its stagnant nature is of the expression.

Poetry seethes in new qualities,  
Of the wealthy in words, the talents  
Propound a virtue of the soul.

Poetry explains the just happenings,  
Offering new hope to the majority,  
While the poor are fed great answers.

Poetry instills the love of this world,  
It shakes and quakes due to clay  
And mud under our feet, so as to make.

Poetry carries the words of our deeds,  
Banning a real thought from the reality,  
But instantaneously apologising from kindness.

Naveed Akram

# Poetry Speaks To Me

Poetry speaks to me in ways of goodness,  
And it achieves a little summary, of looks and appearance.  
Inside the soul is sin and worship and gold,  
Fire has been mentioned after ice to be cold.  
But the reality of speech contains worship,  
From it stems the pen and action of religion,  
The sacred bibles play on their spirit to be.  
Much has been subjected to the fires,  
Much happens after relentless persecution,  
Yet golden poets work miracles still.

Naveed Akram

# Poets Of Excellence

Poems say so much to me,  
Like openings of a letter that cry,  
Also acts relate to their themes,  
As flies still surge in their flight;  
Earning the words causes regret  
Always of the moment.

Poems master the principles  
Thanking me and you for brilliance;  
Poets feed on the entire community,  
Towards the harbour of excellence.  
My party parries the shots of the place,  
Again the turmoil spreads on this second.

Poetry matters to the lame who are lepers,  
But that is all they have on their heads,  
Heatstroke martyred the saints of poetry,  
For their deluge of words and phrases astound  
The righteous and the slain,  
Connecting our souls to the other side.

Naveed Akram

## Poets' Poems

Poetry guesses at its mistakes,  
One poet conquers ailments  
That words define, with breaks,  
And then the poems are settlements.  
We love beauty of face and decision,  
In the way is leadership of heaven,  
One might have ultimate precision  
So that the factory joins the given.

Naveed Akram

# Poets' Occupation

You insist on some occupations to grasp,  
Yet lying has happened for some time.  
The understanding is full, fulfilling us,  
As men who bear the pains insist on us.

The warriors of controversy shake us  
Around the jugular veins, where there is a deity;  
The deity is wrong, fulfilling nobody  
Just as skies are around to tempt.

May we insist on the men of old,  
Poets who are strong and never gaining;  
The ends of the story are folded  
Into many chambers of the heart.

Naveed Akram

## Pointing To Them

Here was the town hall,  
Looking down into the street  
Of stars and warlike stories,  
Filled libraries, and ponds of life  
Puddled and puzzled,  
Pointing to them permeated the skin,  
Printing haphazardly the rehearsal.

I gathered together wool and bones  
Of sheep, to connive the story or spell  
That witches observed  
Due to the earth of the soil,  
The roots of all, and those realities  
Stayed further than the rest of life.

Much has been buried by suns  
And stars than the streets of music  
And gallantry, the books and mountains  
Of monasteries.

Here was the town hall, yet again,  
Gaining gangs of steel fighters  
In the front region, as well as back.

Naveed Akram

# Poisons Of Children

The poison of a posture relaxes the faith of a day and night,  
Inside the warner's heart is a glamorous opening and closing.

Blood will draw you near, feeding the vampire bat or the mosquito,  
Frightening the user of evil itself, scaring away victim after victim.

Farces enlighten the bold bodices, the beautiful jackets of gold,  
And larks crop up in places of the united earth, unexpected places.

You must fly towards the goal, witness the pleasures, fix the memories,  
Lifting the pen of sacred ink hat glows blue and black accordingly.

Do not be far off you heart of great gold, defend your ill children gently,  
So blood will reenter the folding universe of a distance and displacement.

This is alone and hurt of the other children, awkward and finer than sugar,  
As I grow my children also grow, feeding their mouths and mine with sugar.

And so the poison of life and love is flowing in the veins; arts and sciences  
Flow from the vessels and capillaries, feeding the bats and rats and flies.

Naveed Akram

# Policy

Policies are like murders upon this humanity,  
How did we call them liars when all of them pray?  
For when the distress nears we engage in sin also,  
Finding a new deed is like committing deception.  
The reality of a day is upon us with a sinful air,  
Let us commemorate the days so young in our lives.  
Then old age is realised, forming wetness in the air,  
So we understand the air as we speak, the weak one.  
Old age is like a proud knowledge merely to live,  
We are alive now as we speak, in communion with the Lord.

Naveed Akram

# Political Hanging

Fade into hidden knowledge,  
From a book that speaks to the heart,  
Opening a chapter in your part,  
Forever, the heading is a beverage.

Fast is the start of the private work,  
This means a mystifying go ahead,  
We carry a large and special bread  
For the eating and ingesting in the murk.

Any combat has been breakneck,  
Like a sword in pain,  
On this is a warning  
Not to warn, and not to be fast.

Naveed Akram

# Polluted World

It was noisome and a nuisance to the community,  
Pollution of the highest person as well;  
Unique dramas enveloped and enshrouded us  
When climate was overpowering.  
I was tense and worried from the bluffs of God,  
Indeed his wrath adorned the skies,  
A garland of noise, a ruination of sight  
But wrong writing, distance was already measured.  
The world was festooned by wrecks and devastation,  
But this day was a polluted planet of twisted word.

Naveed Akram

# Poltergeist

Jutting in the brain is mayhem, collapse and breakdown  
Of remembered material, of past offences you doubt.  
Policies are rare and stupid on the issues of concern,  
Ones to do with diabolical agony, demonic cadavers  
And other horrific incidents we do not name.  
The body collected dust and bacteria, it was a victim of murder,  
And what collected became nothing, it was just awful!  
Decaying corpses shall never enter Hell when ghosts sign on,  
The poltergeist works in wonderfully anarchic customs -  
Tearing and terrifying, searing with heat, lifting its presence  
With care, and demolishing eyes of the beholder.  
It defies your life, sucks the blood of your inner arteries and veins,  
And eventually you die in the guilty state.

Naveed Akram

# Pomposity

Pompous talk carries benefit for the cranium to break,  
Its use was essential, yet abandoned now, but how?  
Mildewy relics smash the head, like an ache of redness,  
The blood will turn into cake, or whatever the brain decides.  
Hidden and covert, a blunder has occurred on the neck  
From an attacker not existent, but why do they roar?  
Blood gushes out of a wound in the head, and heart,  
For what do combinations of cells exist?  
The bombastic conversation has expired  
Leaving the heart with a really sound noise.

Naveed Akram

# Pond Water

In this howling pond  
A myriad of streams spends  
Time within times then.

Naveed Akram

# Pond Water Life

Ponds are in the country of sin,  
Loads of partners of crime,  
Salt in the waters of slime,  
Just in the end it is kin.  
Carts are managed by tin,  
Avoid the lady of time,  
Afford a payment of the same,  
Forever, the carts are folding in.  
But when does the folly stop,  
If it did help me not,  
If it was sorry for itself?  
When the foe was the top,  
Where he gave us a lot  
Of the ten minutes enough.

Naveed Akram

## Poor Book

A book closes due to poor health,  
The knowledge contained is wealth.

Naveed Akram

## Poor In Health

They were poor in the health and wealth,  
Young doctors cured as well as counted them;  
Some became dead, some were resurrected,  
Yet most were alive and dangerous.  
They were very patriotic as words could describe,  
Learning the finer rules of the pen,  
Drawing fewer shapes for the survival.  
Great rebellion struck their hearts  
As the world was cleft asunder by the wicked  
Approach of earthquakes and tempests.  
They were poor in all these respects  
But one new matter existed -  
They cancelled their debts.

Naveed Akram

# Poor Lady

About the poor, one couldn't laugh,  
Poverty is not profound, it looks ordinary.  
A voice is emitted, with business of family,  
Why don't you look at somebody?

How delightful a woman in purple dress!  
The voice of an angel that electrifies,  
The middle road of the desert, sown by the Lord,  
And the archangel of distress, fixing one's anxiety.

Lying on the sofa, a soap has been eventful,  
With the open desire of a woman, the big thought.  
There is snobbery, was her thought, but bigger  
Thoughts are illegal since the events stop.

This woman is in a dress so dimmed by the lights off,  
The sleep means something has happened,  
The conversation meets an end before begun,  
I am a poor young man of this world called Earth.

Naveed Akram

# Poor Men Speak

Poverty is hideous and nevermore, its hand creeps  
Into the heart of the body that you possess,  
Riches bitterly combats your proclamations,  
Rich men starve at the feet of their kindred,  
But you are awakened by the songs of the birds,  
As poetry says power is better than poverty.

Your throat is hunting the words for a poor man,  
His rich life vanished, forced by chances and gambling,  
Then his wooden crown crushed his head like a turban  
Surrounding the face, offering a fearsome remedy.  
Your poverty is stricter than the feet you walk with  
And you shudder at the beasts depriving the pathway.

Naveed Akram

## Poorer Ways

All those lanes of poverty  
Are a revelation from another land;  
The seas dismount the wild crust,  
Unleashing hurting particles of water.

Those with a fraction of strength  
Instil the remedy of a relentless way;  
A sea dismounts due to the lands  
That it erodes and demands.

My poor people have a poorer taste  
Due to the factions and parties.  
My weaknesses outlast them indeed,  
My strengths have become too fierce.

Poor are you who defuses the bomb  
Inside the lane of regret and solitude,  
A smoke is forcing into the corridors  
Of a well-spoken gentleman so definite.

Naveed Akram

# Portly Man

Even when I portray a portly man  
My instincts have begotten further ways;  
His portion is over time a calamity,  
In portraits, into porridges, and soups.  
He is positive with the popery,  
But never does he sermonize us with delight.  
Instead the resources munch him,  
Respire then and squint fatherhood.  
Munching is a sin, but negligent,  
A sin too small, a transgression of slight nature.  
This portly man surprises with confusion,  
The liquids of time abase him now.

Naveed Akram

# Position Of War

Positions of war are becoming fast  
Offered to men of steel, and welcoming spirit.  
Killing is a fine art, pain is anger  
Much like a pain in the head and heart.  
My heart is suddenly caressed by lead  
Bullets.  
My microscope shows germs, and nasty  
Little nuts and sugars, more like a patient I am.  
Let angers mount and foretell like the actions,  
My position is clear, and clearer by the day.  
Much like the reasons of a war  
We fight, and lose the fight, far more.  
Fast soldiery is required for the upkeep  
Of future wars and battles committed  
By the non-traitors, a pick of the few and many.

Naveed Akram

## Position Of Yours

Positions of grand grand work are yours,  
If wishes are accepted by the grandeurs;  
So cure a little illness of what endures,  
Find the enemy then inside that insures.

Naveed Akram

# Positions

I am trying to believe in kingdoms and horses,  
For one jumps to the next level with zeal,  
As fast as the travel of a chariot or steed,  
Relationships will reenter the position of your soul.

Yet they differ on their subjects as if a knowledge  
Opens the foot of doors and the leg of windows.  
I have a clumsy system of work in my code,  
Tomorrow will be ill, today is downcast.

I fix my eyes on a condition that prevails,  
Touching the souls and mountains  
That swept the earth with their cold  
Candour, withdrawing from youth as it burned.

Naveed Akram

## Possible Causes

If possible causes are rigid they give complaint,  
Designing the universe is too late, as it is faint.  
My container is hesitant for we live by pots that cook,  
The light from the night-sky overwhelms like a hymnbook.  
The song of life muttered only when it sang  
From a singer, a really sound man or woman that rang.  
To ring a solemn mystery in the ears of a parent  
Judged minutes and seconds worse with involvement.  
The intoxicants stay in the blood, too late,  
Nobody struck a face too beaten, to investigate.  
My hymns are found in the cosmos in this creation  
I call the one made, the one made by completion.

Naveed Akram

# Postulate

Do not perceive the differences of youth and old age,  
Keep apart the deceitful from the honest population.  
This demands you postulate a doom for the losers,  
Falling into your chair, keep honest helpers.  
Life's beginnings made news, it straightened the path to logic,  
May we enter a new condemnation in the memory banks, for the example.  
This swears an awkward age, swooning like birds of flight,  
Babyhood created prideful, jubilant belongings  
To be corrected when it was thought necessary.

Naveed Akram

# Pots Of Food

The chamber pots are going cold,  
Food inside seems to get bold;  
For heat is the miracle of the wealth,  
I greatly stare at this layer of health.  
The pans and pots fall down again,  
Cutlery has shrieked always in pain.  
The audacious mind is a special tension,  
Pull the leads and wires for cohesion.  
A little betrayal is a little worrying,  
But the kitchen speaks to you, annoying.  
I have a plate and solid goblet of gold,  
Beaming with light, delight as it is told.  
My dinner and lunch punches and kicks,  
In a match of distress, and then he licks.  
Taste must dismiss the outer despair,  
Tasty meats are rolling in the mouth in here.

Naveed Akram

# Pour The Water Of Love

Love will pour river water into the mouth,  
In a slumbering delight, the soul is sold.  
By the jewellery of hell and always of devils,  
The beads of love are counted by all us angels.  
On the calm white skin, the great veil is lifted  
And we count more beads of love to enlighten life.  
We sing and the woods sing, feeling sleep  
In a second, fully counting the beads of love.

Naveed Akram

# Power Of Death

Death is too powerful, it describes me  
As a scribe too easy for books in death.  
Smaller than life, a mistake emerges,  
This mistake becomes conflated with errors  
Of great centuries, and so death rolls on.  
Remove from your possessions  
The meaning of death and sacrifice.  
A villain vanquished, we slay with damage  
So that deadly people slay each other.

Naveed Akram

# Power Of Folly

Folly's first power is violence of the swift air,  
That air laughs at the that cloud so mashed into potato,  
Then taste appeals to us from time to time,  
Blending into our hearts so wide and gaping and deep.  
Do not be mean to my heart that hurts forever,  
My considered ideas of hurt and heaven fail.  
This plant in the wild attaches itself  
To the flowers of the past, a test has been passed.  
Why does folly seem like flowers in the mist?  
Due to us, the evening roses bloom towards heaven.  
Do not be stubborn, do not die forever after the grave,  
Evenings are sound as hiring a grave to sit in,  
For death mixes with us tonight with circles of gain.

Naveed Akram

# Power Of The Night

The power of the night lingers like dark vapour,  
Impressing the mind with its avoidance of light.  
My powerful profession falters, my innocence renders,  
Mine is the glory of the acts that accompany the words.  
Might we discover a righteous applause in the solemn time,  
Mighty hands are put in the earth's way, many strings are tied.

Shall the power of the night overwhelm a stagnant community?  
Will you deserve its residues and interrogation after so much?  
The black dear heart is upon us with its testing and wrestling,  
Finding the night with its stutters, and its murmurs, and senses.  
But where is the whole action comforting our sight and life?  
The days will roll like a stone of the heavens in its pathway.

Naveed Akram

# Power Shines

Power shall shine in amounts too loud,  
Lowest crimes reflect the light of the crowd.  
Power has action and burden, full motion,  
Why does power see also the reason for transaction?  
It justified the world's tragedy, a most wanted man,  
When do humans see light to redefine a life-span?  
It allowed us to restrict the pain, pain is no compulsion,  
For suffering collects to exert an initiation.  
Powerful men live by the phrase too spoken,  
For they drive in medical suits and use perception.  
Power is a siren far too confusing,  
It will haunt your moments developing.

Naveed Akram

# Power Wins

Power within shall win in the end as it is shallower  
Than the powers that be, winning is the ultimate deed.

The arm wields a word of the same, a language of heaven,  
The very surprising dream, a sentence of a summer day.

Hands connect to bespeak with pain, angers collide towards  
The walls of a fiery gaze, so that magic powerfully emanates.

The fire of the soul is upon us in every way that beleaguers  
The brain, a proud ornament of the visual senses.

Powers bespeak, their venom is alive to the heavenly ding,  
The dong of the whim and the swish of the tail and wing.

Flying to the moon, keeps a conundrum alive in deeds,  
Beholding the everlasting light so witnessed by some who dine.

Naveed Akram

## Powerful Position

Positions of power rely on taste of wealth,  
And all they require is good good health.  
Position yourself in other's shoes,  
As their mind may clear and confuse.  
Justice has been the ideal life motto,  
Forward they march and dance also.  
A mind and body work perfectly  
Your deeds are done with ability.  
I wrap the soul with might and sight  
Of beingness and oneness with light.  
As I am in a position of confidence  
And I was always given acceptance.

Naveed Akram

# Powerful Pride

My absurd gesture retrains the heart,  
It beats like a language of foreign words;  
My acts unite and entail a destination  
To which I travel to release my pride.  
Many accusations are afoot with such precision,  
But where is the crime of a sauce and dinner?  
My criminal friends eat and betray,  
Clever signs accuse the familiar ones,  
My criminal foes accost the different men.

My guns of the horizon are shooting,  
Bringing a solid fortune, a solid fountain.  
My absurd gestures are belonging to the heart,  
My heart is believing slowly its pride.  
The slow fires of the heart mount,  
Like pride releasing its power.

Naveed Akram

# Powerful Questions

Power has a question to raise over power,  
And nobody answers it.

Power rests our clothes on the line,  
And lets our sleep contain dreams.

Power is an image of distaste,  
And a find of extreme disgust.

Power has a bang  
And is held in a battery.

Power must  
Be a knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# Powerful Reasons

Since a man and woman are made in totality,  
Such is the outcome of your tranquility,  
You have a statement and an answer to everything,  
All that mistakes and all that is breaking.

Yet your finality is supreme to question and more  
For want of success,  
For peace of mind!

Naveed Akram

# Powerful Whirlpools

Powerfully my forbiddance claws and buries you,  
You dust the floor in search of food then.  
Reflect and refract like light waves,  
So that by yawning the hunger pains diminish.  
Whirlpools on whirlpools collect and whisper  
In the wish that water beams on purity.  
Massive sides of squares are lodged in this home,  
I have the bitter sulphur fumes  
In this bitter age,  
Of work and no play, the saying of the adages.

A procession seems futile with age,  
I claw at the floor to fall on my knees,  
Before his shoes my mercy is found,  
Just now this wrath I have suffered  
Keeps me thin and weary,  
But then I cancel the cancer within.  
The cancerous time is over. My fight  
In the heavens speaks to me  
With lasting kindness.

The oval shapes spoke their names,  
Falling and flying in fear of the supremacy  
That laid no finger, but always spoke  
Truly of our lives.

Naveed Akram

# Powerful Words

How can the words of power and poetry  
Be among the literate and dismayed?  
Leadership carries its own fatherhood,  
When flowers cause poetry to bloom  
Like the here and now of the senses.

Your socks and feet feel emotions,  
The house you felt in the past is strong,  
So words and powers are like poets,  
The open grounds feed the country  
That is united among the very magnets of distress.

Naveed Akram

# Powers Of The Stars

Medical men support me,  
On this path I travel forward.  
With psionics I have power  
To loath the enemy with slug throwers  
Far too hefty.  
To be any when is to be the universe  
In spirit and in a recognition of your talents.  
I want to prolong my life,  
My dimensional abilities have psychic prowess.  
You need the starways.

Naveed Akram

# Praise To The Goals

Praise to the goals of our existence. It is great -  
For this plain action is a location for that emptiness.

Words and the meaning attached began once before,  
There the person-in-charge saw mountains and much.

Pleasing him was much to the taste of the drink,  
Juices began to overflow, overwhelming the men.

These words carried a mountain of knights,  
Always in charge of the destruction, and all!

These sayings begin to change shapes, the building  
Of lovely wishes ground to a halt in its growth.

Naveed Akram

# Precious Me

My precious names forgive me,  
In the sea of death is a police;  
The watery wild begs much misery  
To disappear, and concoct a little.  
My names are like musical notes  
Of the sea and the land and the air.  
The praised names convince me  
That my fathers and mothers are sound,  
Some are here, some of us are then fully present.  
My name is my friend for all the times,  
The divine songs falter after too many times.

Naveed Akram

## Precious Pages

This faint page of letters shines after a light is entering its layers,  
For the thin pages of this book chime in silent manner when folded.  
Then the knowledge of the authorities all-mentioned climbs to completion,  
Beautiful thoughts and remedies are transferred to our minds and eyes.  
Our eyes are sustaining their shape as we read and tell of the glamour  
Dissolved and then absorbed by us, by the ultimate being who is the reader.  
The complete praise to be given is silent and from the heart,  
Hearts cling to the words that can not be matched or sustained by most authors.

Naveed Akram

# Preferred Sleep Tonight

Did I not prefer the sleepers, the fit for love?  
After crying out, their charms exceeded a plague.  
For uttering the worst sin called in Love,  
In a dream once they saw Heaven, then he enquired.

He is the one who enquired into what was seen,  
Of the uttering, of the companionship.  
What was this action? While they acted?  
O Lovers! Live among others like charms!

Naveed Akram

## Prepared For Action

To design the fate of others, and disbelieve in effort,  
For the very reason open, and then perpetrate crime,  
And then hold the scent to a dog which hated it.  
You have been the optional one, the weird one,  
The dead one, a manly one.

Too high is a seller of rights knowing out and out  
That peace can be made in the very result, yet,  
I will predict he is madder and not sane:  
He thrives on food and drink then dies! !

Futile worlds and fed up children are in the very way,  
They have been provoking the crimes of this very way,  
I derive tasks and decide blame and seek revenge,  
All in the hope of horror and scare.

Be a solid loser in the games of ancient nature,  
As old virtues seek golden rules and hopeful disasters.  
Your nature in the present day is different,  
And I hope you live, and live again!

War is the last resort, your action is goodly and fantastic,  
Overly I state my case, and finder is lucky of immortal thread.  
But because immortals do not exist I have a friend,  
And one of the mortals.

Naveed Akram

# Present Time

I have time with illustrations the slow way,  
Strange, slow ways abound in the understanding  
Of a day on half-expectations, of knowledge  
That reigns supreme, wisdom then shelters us.  
I have exact dates for my statements,  
In a strange place and idea of the mass and size.  
I am a little older than my hands,  
To know everything is my spirit  
Forcing the boys to know the old,  
And the old is faced to understand the present.  
I am a counter on the board with divisions  
To decide, to swing onto and collide.  
My skin has touched no date  
Other than that of today, the present.

Naveed Akram

# Presents

Your presents do surprise my presence,  
Inside their beliefs is the same - absence.  
My destruction will gain an imagination,  
Too gifted is my surprise, like a jack-in-the-box expectation.  
Inner worries come with flight  
As much as flight of might.  
The gift is too big,  
It quarrels with my gig.  
I may wonder for exactly a minute  
How lucky I am.

Naveed Akram

# Price Of Craft

What is the price of Craft? Is there anything compared to skill?  
Or does the song singer beam with gladness and sadness  
Instead of sheer love for the acts of an expert?  
The withered trees are turned into long planks of wood  
So lovely to the eyes of redness and sawdust.  
But in for the world, we see the love of the trained one,  
Lonely as a heart can be, lovely as the tainted flower  
Adored by the springing of it in the rich plain.  
Some can flourish like the ploughing of the ploughman,  
He is conscious of how much bread spins from a pursuit  
In vain. There is shattered bone, with slaughtered friends;  
One spends on gold and silver, like the endings of golden  
Men, whose death abstains from life so enriching.

Naveed Akram

# Priesthood

Caught by the eyes of a priest,  
My life went west and east.

Naveed Akram

# Prime King

The prime problem accosted the solution,  
Saying truth and all the souls of laughter.  
For lenient pure people are proud of their origins,  
Powerful roots are of the boredoms  
As solving is the past affair.

Righteous kings dream of the heavenly castles,  
Spending their gases and liquids with gestures,  
Prime numbers debate with secondary causes  
To arrive at something, but kings are of the illnesses,  
Feeding their cares with lives of the wars.

Naveed Akram

# Principle Of Torrents

The principle so torrential was a mere flick,  
Bitter to the taste, as tools are solidly round.  
My fierce believer devours devoted beds  
Fulfilling ease of torrents so then we dive in.

A principle of the voluminous works is a strategy,  
The purpose of the book of trainees is served.  
My bitter half avoids calamity this side of danger,  
And so principles define the underlying enemy.

Naveed Akram

# Principles Of Magic

You grasp the principles of magic,  
Purses of doubt emerge from the music.  
You magically transform me with ghosts,  
In this light has been an energetic realm.  
My lamps of lights are hidden from my grasp,  
Yet the front of my face is also hidden.  
Masks guarantee safety of an absolute being,  
Magic created and sustained my niche.

Naveed Akram

# Principles Of War

Their principles are sound and worthy,  
Acting like a person in triumph;  
Only people of destruction speak just now  
Of the triumph and war together.

War continues problems and laughter,  
Inner fear is a war of a just kind,  
Jostling inside the stomach are jelly and jewels,  
Without us, without us and the time.

Naveed Akram

# Prisons Of Blood

The prison of the sands stands still,  
Its drum beats to broken beauty,  
The thumbs of unity are with fingers  
On hands of justice, the sentences of  
Adjustment contribute to the masses.

One sand-castle is one mansion,  
A year strives like the year instead,  
Horses are rifles, swords are hands,  
But unique burdens are the brothers,  
Sisters and all the higher family.

The prisoners of stone ship their contents,  
Like monsters of the devilish ocean,  
Gardeners of their crime, in the fear  
Of life that is death, always their death  
If fear is enjoying fierce battles of blood.

Naveed Akram

# Prizes

Given, lost and stolen, the prize of women is the past,  
History strikes their sacrifices, held by some who last.  
The good and anxious are wordy of earth's wonder,  
Fixing ultimate achievements, feathering the feet of a headmaster.  
School should be fast, well-understood, as living is tough  
And lives are made by the divine for they are blessed not rough.  
The lawful lasses and the lads of tomorrow shall collect,  
In a frenzy work will profit then subside like the waves that connect.  
We are from women and gentlemen who understand what is fair;  
Inside, we do care as destruction looms, as fools are in the air.

Naveed Akram

# Professional Judgement

Hating an abhorrent man will judge him,  
It is yesterday since the hats of scholars  
Were donned, and worn by the scholars.  
Followers of a teaching or doctrine find  
A simple peace, full of joy and happiness.  
They donned their caps for a final time  
Since the time of celebration.  
The hats of a profession were ornaments  
And their professors acted wisely.

Naveed Akram

# Profuse Understanding

Profuse understanding was at least a gesture  
Or colour, the speaker was broad-shouldered  
And had lizard hand with painting and colour.  
Was a chameleon or a comedian, the man on stage?  
Rest the tip of the name on a beverage,  
Wrists were appalled and liking the pits of venom.  
It was stage and laughter all the way,  
My colour shared different tinges,  
Textures of the clothes skilled me.  
Come to the city of where you are,  
Let the acting be speaking and more,  
Likewise do not speak utter truth!

Naveed Akram

# Program

I live in a sea of computers,  
Often I slay the programmers,  
Offering them a slice of cake  
Before I do.  
I had slain my option, I had.  
I have been very odd, but I'm not  
Your coding, and I am very awkward  
When it comes to managing  
In a triply devastating idiosyncrasy.  
Binary is the method of talk,  
I examine his word with mine,  
My robotics are advanced, but artificially sound.  
Who is he? He is a user, a very exceptional user.

Naveed Akram

# Prolonging Life

Those who prolong their life are in error,  
They describe a language of their own,  
They err in the ways of tigers and big cats,  
Surely the shrewdest are them.  
They see forces unseen, to know is to be expert,  
As this concoction resounds the degree of help.  
The desire to live on sings on and mutters  
To itself from the mouth onwards,  
Throats consider their prize, when do they?  
Then drag a morsel through the pipe that can consume,  
It is called my oesophagus, and yours too.

Naveed Akram

# Promises

Your promise is sound like a niece,  
Upstairs the rooms are plenty,  
The reward compares to Peace,  
I and you are lovable and a discovery.

My complaint subdues your walls  
As they crumble and thud to the floors,  
Risks are many in these rooms of balls,  
A craft of heaven lines the corridors.

May promises keep for some elegant time,  
With love I guarantee the house no grime.

Naveed Akram

# Propaganda

Nations denigrate the enemies,  
All countries of an esteem shall have abilities.  
How will leadership see fresh news  
When we ask for messages to amuse?  
The belief resides along the time of life,  
It is again and again, the health and knife.  
One anthem after another, always,  
Sentences will join to make essays.  
This I disagree with, the leader is foul,  
Wonders inside vex and irritate and growl.  
Let nations split as special news reaches the good area,  
Then the birth of a land has been propaganda.

Naveed Akram

# Proper Genes

To find the property we are possessing  
Is a huge treasure, a lot of readdressing.  
My fortune is still in the chest of drawers,  
Like the man who faces his gnawers.  
Proper genes are property of men and women  
Who dislike the awkward fruits of eradication.  
This treasure in the home is a swinging hammer  
On the solid and created men of glamour.

Naveed Akram

# Proper Prayer

Pray for the other man, holding his task in your hands,  
Due to the expedition of the soul and its colleagues;  
Fixing a pressure wherever the habit is profound,  
Making sure the survival of another human being,  
Is totally correct, walking is of this morning  
With happy air as you have corrected, finer people  
Who witness your cruel number of teachings.  
Prayers bring joy to the believer,  
Like no other prayer has been performed,  
Other than the one you have accosted for the sake  
Of the One you have believed in, trusted and never forsaken.  
Pray for Him who indulges in no sin, carries venom  
And eats a part of the plant, a part of the dessert  
And one condiment a day.  
No other prayer is to be performed,  
Just only your soul is in turnabout.

Naveed Akram

# Prosper

The animals play with the wind,  
And letters sound as spies;  
You cleverly earn the wages,  
Justice may stimulate you.

Lots of people hate each other,  
Blue skies plunge you to death;  
Understand these measures by God,  
And you will prosper.

Naveed Akram

# Prosperity Has A Soul

Prosperity is the soul of this birth,  
One has success in the experience;  
Then experiments delay the quest,  
And life begins to unwind like indifference.  
One sees a vision of dreams and light,  
Fetched by the toys of this oblivious state.  
Leaning on the stairs to heaven is a bark  
From the fire breathing dragons who  
Are the open enemies of mankind.  
Prosperous crowds align according to rank  
And trust, feeding on the illnesses of the past  
Like a civilised lot, full of endeavour and practice.  
This birth of the soul is a feeling from the crowd  
Of voices discussing the fates of a generation.

Naveed Akram

# Proud Alien

The universe corrupts the aliens of pride,  
Forming patches inside, always the amplified.

Asking for the statements to be allowed  
Is forceful on us as humanoids of a crowd.

Naveed Akram

# Proud Coast

He believed me when I said to guess  
The right natures of a woman in command.  
Without the mathematics of rigidity  
We cannot find the woman of dreams.  
I am not bland, nor do I demand  
The exact price for a good or equipment.  
The cowards of a city are like no other,  
They receive their prize to depress the majority.  
The cheekiness exhibited by the right women  
Are like the land with war, and the sea in action.  
A fire is killed by women, but the men of elation  
Pride themselves in their coast land.

Naveed Akram

# Proud Of Virtue

I must be a proud father to lie down next to ghosts,  
What shall the highest men say to my folly and vice?

What virtue stings the autocrat in the same vein?  
I must be strange to fight in the lines of our weakness.

The ghosts are in this sacred union together with genies,  
The wishes of a day are like the wishes of the night.

I may want a direction in my dreamy sleep, altering the phases  
Of reunion and pleasure, of companies and societies.

Will wood burn tonight, in the holding of the hand, in this mind?  
Kiss the hands of your neighbour when he approaches you.

I will impose order on the community when I am done,  
My roar is like the lion and his address to congress or parliament.

Naveed Akram

# Psionics

Psionics is medicine for the mind  
For the psychologists, for the intelligent.  
A space craft is inside the tortured soul,  
One robot to rule another,  
A simple body docks with another  
By the knife, and it is wise,  
So perceptible to deliver the right and sapient  
Move, the surgeon knows.  
Psionics is all the toy,  
It is for my boy.

Naveed Akram

# Psychotic

To provoke a river, a river of psychosis,  
Is to madden the puberty of religion;  
I braise a brick of meat with oil to sew  
The rivers of juice into the morsel.  
To grip is to be busy with seconds I love,  
Rivers of love ask us in displeasure.  
A psychopath has realms of imagination,  
From the rivers of impurity and hate.  
Let me outwit the conversationalist,  
Who staggers at my speech of psychotic words.

Naveed Akram

# Public

These fallen angels work miracles afterwards,  
Commending the public views and opinions,  
They exaggerate and play on the tongue  
Like the small men and all of the golden trances.

My fashionable companions result in more views  
To be given a picture of perfection, always again.  
This religious war has masked the real war,  
One fights botheration and its triumph again.

These fallen men offer their valuable sums of money  
To see the triumphs of the day they wear,  
The clothes on the wall are fit for humans,  
The fellowship they grandly admire must perish.

I see larger men in the bigger rituals,  
But they fail with light on the sparkle,  
These big men have finished the bigger task  
Of joining with the public escapes.

Naveed Akram

## Pull The Skin

Pull the skin as a beauty forming grim,  
Baths tore apart the skin of a forelimb.  
Though labours battle to damn the concert,  
Something collects where he lay with discomfort.

Skin is the work of a life to connect,  
Controversial agony is to correct;  
The currents to greatly wear are spotted,  
This skinned animal I saw was guarded.

Naveed Akram

## Punish With Whips

Punishment encases my soul with the doctor on the right,  
On the left is the physician of health and happiness.  
On his brow are stitched ideas and impressions,  
So thoughts are travelling.

My punished self interferes with the warlike man  
In the mirror who refrains from pain and pleasure,  
Wars have been swished away, wars have been events  
Of giants and monsters that rivers can change.

Punish only the faint hearts, punish them with whips  
And lashes of the wrong error, of lashes they hurt most.  
Interior and exterior angles are gaining their ticking clocks,  
Players of the highness are following the disciples of eras.

Naveed Akram

# Purchasing Power

It's a steal, good value-for-money,  
The reasonableness is evaluated by him.  
His job is to rate the products that harden into being,  
Escaping the authorities, escalating into other products.  
The bountiful world of money-and-toil,  
Gardens lavish with flowers of trouble  
Are innermost in our happiness,  
Capital is all that is desired in the breast.  
We are proud as humans to walk the Earth  
In search of food to equip us from our tortures.  
The path to a good purchase is to refrain from cheating  
And undoing the deeds previously invoked by the good soul.  
It is essential we buy products we decide to employ  
For the furthering of our goals.

Naveed Akram

## Pure Gazes

The pure gaze that last kept me  
Vexed my indoor life as much as anything.  
I collected the old keys and thimbles  
Unlike the odd disasters so played.  
A gazing woman is nearer to heaven  
Than the men who notice them in the sun.  
The star itself is sweet for sisters and brothers,  
Who have shrilling and remembering  
In the wake of time.

Naveed Akram

# Pure Imagination

Pure imagination succumbed to the broadcasters,  
They were not so sleepy in their prime computing;  
The extra sense of sound and light bore evil  
And more polite sport and more underneath this.  
One superb thinker established the help of someone  
To order the ideals and then animosity.

The swish and ripple of a good night was glad  
Of us when we wore the barrels of guns  
That spun handsomely to wash away the rainy blood.

In a determined effort to be first place,  
A less calm night ensued and threatened the ideals  
Of an idyllic philosopher and scholar  
Residing in the head and heart.  
Do not be mean to my top chieftain,  
Do strengthen yourself with your new weapons  
Of stretching and twisting.

Naveed Akram

# Pure Pirates

The food I take is pure,  
Islands of worse shadows are external  
And I match them with worlds that sold a golden piece.

To chew is production,  
And I love a shady man or woman who is devil enough,  
And I sink see and sell the ships I mastered all the time.

To be a pirate is laughable,  
But laudable not,  
But I am.

Naveed Akram

# Pureness Of Stars

The stars will reappear, suddenly,  
Just like the sun and its planets.  
The stars embrace me when fatigue appears,  
A dormant spectacle of the stars.  
I got tired of my music that sang,  
My bodies are numbered one, the old age.  
Roof of my tent is absurd, on this side,  
As the rain and the sun glimmer and splatter.  
My star called our star persuaded us to care  
About the pureness of purposes conceived.  
May your jewels of the soul be a fortnight away,  
Must we just end this hope forever?

Naveed Akram

# Purer Soul

My mind was pure when I was nothing,  
The house of my soul carried everything;  
And so selflessness extracted a meaning,  
And so doubt never entered the spirit;  
For we are soldiers and slaves of a lead pencil,  
Inscribing the livid words of rigour,  
The regimentation is special now,  
The hearts are inculcated with pride.  
This mirror called the heart is housing my soul  
Like the other hearts of such loving moments.  
This mind is feeling purer than the other spirit,  
These minds are engaged in conversation  
That is promised, that believes in holiness.

Naveed Akram

# Purity

Purity grows from the heart, of the heart,  
Just like the heart it bleeds from pain,  
And it is succinct in its appearance,  
Lots of love are made from it,  
Open fire is tossed onto those in hatred  
Of the pure ones, the peaceful presidents  
That change their age throughout life,  
Who order the children, gaze at no sin,  
Fire a person from profession.  
Purity is an order from the faithful,  
And my heart reaches out for them  
For they are pure.

Naveed Akram

# Purity And Faith

I want to perfect my purity  
But faith can keep it too.  
To create stars of wizardry  
Requires healing to ensue.  
Gracious solemnity finds us,  
We want pure men to be solemn  
And so wisdom shall ensue.  
I want you to learn with realness,  
I desire the perfect answer.

Naveed Akram

# Purity Is Paradise

This purity stains my accepted one,  
Weeping uncovers a double tragedy,  
When we are weak, immovable, and in a slump.  
This pain is overreaching me in its height of life  
And living then engaging, so engaging.  
I live with people who condemn, denigrating the work  
We survive, as goals are scored on the imagination.  
Employment stops and work begins at home,  
When a struggle is sought to undermine the body  
As it weakens into strength of the soul-  
Its destination is Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# Pursue

I only pursue those followers who delve  
Into the unknown.  
Their final happiness aroused my anger,  
So that nature was just nature.  
Knowing is like wisdom,  
A knowledge brings new joy.  
The blissful solitude of some places  
Angers my happiness,  
When I am alone.  
At last the bare bones of my body  
Are left for someone to trace.

Naveed Akram

# Pursuing Virtue

I had never beheld a snake  
That walked upon its belly.  
I saw animals and plants so sudden;  
Outcast and ashamed, I assumed  
My amusement was to behold.  
The snake of hell was an outcast  
Due to its weight and I just smiled.  
The snake ran into another man,  
Who listened and got swallowed.  
Denying all that makes the present world  
Seem visual, everlasting and quiet.  
But the stars of heaven cry out for your life  
To behold the respectable occupations.  
If without foot or heart or head,  
You would surely strike the ground  
With death, and then be consumed.  
I have walked further than others  
In my quest to deliberately pursue Virtue.

Naveed Akram

# Pursuit Of Strength

Please exhaust the iron men,  
If strength means oblivion;  
The roads of philosophy are few,  
But their ideas stride forward,  
Like a march of hidden nature.  
My army is without me,  
And within me it strays,  
Making iron men obey and prostrate  
For their strength that stings.  
Words concentrate their efforts  
On us when we are obliged to reply;  
But silence created knowledge  
For those who pursued it.

Naveed Akram

# Puzzle Solved

Forming a puzzle in front of my vision,  
I have quests and solutions for them;  
The inspiration from the Devil is immense,  
Strict peace is observed without him.  
The demons are against the solution of a puzzle,  
For the evil of the deeds are to be kept.  
One puzzle is like two pens at work,  
This conjures the vision of a dream to write.  
Visions are displayed by me and my thoughts,  
I see the quiz of times and see their demons.

Naveed Akram

# Quality Of Hell For The Non-Believers

Hell has a quality of its own in an universe,  
The multifarious attitudes expressed will traverse.

Naveed Akram

# Quality Of Life

Going to school carries statements about your life's quality,  
Going away from the country is like going away from the abbey.

Naveed Akram

# Queen Of Words

The queen of the day is a mine or world,  
The wordy person is a richer mayhem,  
Those perpetrating sin are collected in sums.

The queens of the world that sing describe  
A lordship to the whole western world,  
Keeping hundreds of cold skies to the other self.

This day a king has delivered a sum of riches,  
With a diamond on the throne so united in doses  
That control the major realms of this world.

Inside the day is another day, a whole way,  
The kings are absorbing the boring men,  
Their busts are joined to the tasks of the museum.

Naveed Akram

# Quelling

The dark uncorked blessing those innocents,  
Yelling became devastating after the thieves invaded.  
To quell them made a station on the pass,  
One channel made burden and forks in the roads.  
To ride this chariot believed afterwards,  
Marvels astounded blurred visionaries  
Who sought the truth and all it contains.  
Dig their trees and graves to devastate them  
And the dreams of awkward stages.  
Do not be certainly hesitant,  
And say No to a man in blue who invades  
And shatters the richer beasts who legislate.

Naveed Akram

# Questions About A Fairy

I shake from the heavens as I glance at the teeth  
Of a fair man, his face is like the brightest blue.

I see a fairy in the midst of the marketplace,  
It is a strange human of inquisitive state of mind.

It questions and questions the knowledge of the  
Merchants, feeling each honest lesson for the ideas.

It returns to the home of heavy nature,  
Where it creates a treasure of the oddest sort.

I shake from all that is good, I find the wielding weapon  
To slay a frank fairy, but the verses are enough.

To see the other route is to worship the light,  
And I retract eternally from this creation of the crescent.

Naveed Akram

## Quick Steps

My quick walk is showing me to dance,  
These steps quake and shake my breath away;  
My shoes stain the floor with the days of training  
As far as the judges can see of what is seen.

My calling and my dance are as I write my shoes  
And the feet they surround, forming music within,  
Like the breath that catches so well  
After the bands have vacated and left it.

My futile nights connect to see, after the light  
Enters the room of the floor that dances,  
Liking the musical weather  
And loving the magical feeling.

Naveed Akram

# Quite Happy

I was quite happy here,  
I would go demented after nerves  
Have split, like cells and molecules.  
My life is like liquid gold,  
The golden rules of high heaven  
Make a sentence look dumb.  
The icy wastes of society are looking  
At me, for the sight of people is proud.  
My happiness results in pain,  
When people have gone demented.  
Gold is about to turn into silver,  
Silver must be a plate of parades.

Naveed Akram

# Rabbit-Holes

Going through rabbit-holes, mighty white rabbits came,  
Going into them was a curtsy and just too clever;  
For the slither and the outrage astonished me  
That tough weather had mixed with many rabbits.

Some sequel to the story of animals mattered too late,  
For just then popped out a white rabbit for the magical air,  
Yesterday they were extinct I thought,  
Today my wading into rivers of soil was too late.

Naveed Akram

# Racoons Bustle

Rabbits of worry converse within,  
Racoons bustle with the thoughts;  
I am radiant with energy, the full light,  
Answering the silence of my surroundings.  
This is reality of a commandment  
Given to us by the successor of goodness  
And future prosperity, the real success.  
May animals of anxiety be given a gate  
Through which they must travel,  
Ending at a gate again to amaze.  
The reading on the wall is obscure  
And more has happened for me,  
Tonight the real checks are being made,  
How do we concentrate on nights like this?

Naveed Akram

# Radiant Being

The successful one pleases our reality and experience,  
Inner light happens to him eventually, with radiance.

Naveed Akram

# Raging Heat

One comes from the north and south,  
The west and east, the winds of heat.  
They travel according to signs upon signs,  
Underneath the blushing cheeks.  
One of the reasons we die is certain,  
It is due to duty that we die and live.  
One comes from each knowledge,  
Each person has wisdom of some kind.  
But they appall, and they applaud,  
Accost and approach with lasting guilt.  
One comes from the raging winds of heat,  
When hurt is healing a minor modernity?  
When does the wind ever anger the south?  
Why does the upper region be so certain?

Naveed Akram

# Raid And Be

I keep an eternal being with my bread,  
Eaten and digested by the young and ready.  
Raiding the library requires a felony  
To oust the victims of our blood.  
We keep an easy window, after the praise,  
Howling as the fowl can,  
Lulling the lusty rivers of dungeons.  
My keeping with religion is a factor from space,  
Yet the bees are out to deliver their fear  
And the reality shall beam on the smiling faces.  
Those splendid and wondering ones shine  
In the sun heat to follow,  
Then the senses of the wind are narrow,  
Lifting the stares of the midwinter.  
Let their spread of action be of butter  
On the toast of hell that serves heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Rain To Meet

I compete for the prize forsaken by some,  
Blind are they who burden the losers.  
For prizes and chokes are the main items,  
Some can breath and others wait for life.

Chopping the meat, we still are believers in  
Their claims, the claims of food and drink.  
For prizes and chokes are the main items,  
Many inhale to see the justice of a century.

It is time for famine, the clouds are ready to burst,  
We are saved from a brilliant time of hunger.  
Chop then the meat, chips of arguments hate us,  
As meat is stewed afterwards, coiling and heating.

May the prize be a strong reward of life and death,  
Punish those in their cause, the comb of the hair;  
I have hair on the head needing shaving and stroking,  
All because rain has arrived, rain has charged us.

Naveed Akram

# Rain, Rain

Rain, rain has spilt from above the skies,  
Little has been in the head of sleep  
From the night and the day has also been in sleep.  
Rain, it spelt a wrong session of work and shine  
From the sun, from a star that inspired us with wind and rain.

Rain! I say to clouds and sun, do rain  
And still I wept from too much sleep,  
The slept one is me, and I have been in reign of my day  
And night.

Naveed Akram

# Rainy Days

I keep the anorak of rainy seasons  
When I am sad with ants in circles.  
To antagonize my sad feelings  
Worsens the interrogative remarks.  
More rain has arrived and I am in rage  
For the complete life is affordable.  
Brittle birds of flight shake the air when thundered,  
And the light of electricity is shone.  
The storms of briny origins are so complete  
That some of us wear the anorak I wear.

Naveed Akram

## Rainy Task

I am already a man who desires the task,  
Indeed, a relic of the watery stream canes  
My back with the futile weapon emerging  
From liquid smudge and marshy masks.  
The sad mud is asking questions of the soul,  
International helpers forbid the other state.  
My men already rule the lands of good hope,  
Coping with their past like rains and showers.

Naveed Akram

# Rainy Weather

Rainy quietness stole the lights of darkness,  
These drops of water written in the rivers of milk  
Came with the renewal of a life's doing.  
Rain affected us when we saw the lights of the dark people,  
A man arrived from adventure to loudly proclaim  
What women wanted from afar.  
The best of the heroes realised a settlement  
Of offerings, and the reality of a soldier is complete.  
The rains came with a blessing with hope of return,  
Angry torrents of water bestowed a peace forming into  
An angrier cloud, the one cloud that gave birth.

Naveed Akram

## Ran He?

I saw a running man diving into a lake,  
His deadly work preyed on us when awake.  
Guards will solve this riddle of some,  
Some of this puzzling action is a stratagem.

Naveed Akram

# Random Jumping

Randomly jumping was habitable as dying,  
Planets with belts of minerals confined us,  
But the dangerous pilots were for ghost ships,  
And these were bizarre from the heart.  
Murder was down on the electronic pencil,  
Uncharted asteroid belts felt their dire feelings,  
But the pens of the head were against them.  
It was lucky enough to venture and connive  
A season of fighting, dying, lingering and such.  
The risks were huge and standing under them  
Was like entering a new cluster of galaxies.

Naveed Akram

# Range Of A Missile

The range of your weapon is of a long bow,  
Sinners arrive at the district that shudders and sinks,  
Shrinking from the evil that encamps,  
Neither the willowy nor the heavenly  
Shall camp their fires at the dressed earth.  
The range of your weapon starts to be famous,  
Even numbers become themselves  
But odd numbers are filthy rich,  
For the memories exist.

To see my grazing animals in their pastureland  
I must meet them as meat to be carved on  
The dining table. It is the delivery of food,  
And food has a master.

Naveed Akram

## Rare Object

One ball of ice shares another rare object,  
It decides like a leader of the wastes and plains.  
One asking sentence is apt to recede like the wind,  
In ever-decreasing circles, and planking action.  
The circular men are the shaped deliverers  
Of faith and action, in all its purity.  
One ball is bouncing too hard if we are to wait,  
Licking the ice will break our tongues in  
All of this honest life and death;  
The world springs like a work offering mankind  
The daily habits of a thankful servant.

Naveed Akram

# Rational Ants

From the volumes of total strength  
A lesson transmitted a whole death;  
One mighty foot descended at the attacker,  
These ants wore a tiny prison of poison  
Wrecking a fortunate end and destiny.  
What do these fiends construct?  
The ants antagonize and answer  
A few rude joys, offering a majesty  
Of wealth and learning to the escapees.  
This train has journeyed from the lessons  
Where teaching asked a question from the heart  
And the head was heavy with thoughts of your majesty.

I see volumes of work in the tall buildings,  
Bolstering a new set of worshiping places  
That descend on the heaving masses  
Of this whole rational thinking.

Naveed Akram

## Read It

Read the meaning behind the lines of truth,  
So that your fortune grows, adjusts and produces.  
Read the fellowship between a man and a woman  
A woman and a man, the same that were together.  
A vow has been managed, both are satisfied.  
Marrying the people after agreement  
Is loving and sweet, it is a plain love-affair!  
We read between the lines that we read  
To achieve our role in life that surrounds  
Us.

Naveed Akram

# Read The Pages

Pages have succinctly blessed us,  
Our angels are praying in force.  
Pages, their content is studied,  
Like reading and a writing dead.

Naveed Akram

# Readers Of Many Words

The readers of many worlds beautify the work of humans,  
Their words are in front of their faces when their faces are at work.  
The lips are shaped along the lines of justice and freedom,  
Mouths utter frank phrases of the offences of brevity and sanity.  
We welcome the readers of the held prisons that subjugate,  
For our prisoners are freed into the world of words once their faces  
Shine in front of the faces that enjoy the world of words.

May we read all the business of a salvation, of a cure and interior  
Face of a cube, a cuboid and box of different forces that shine.  
Mighty lips of the head will strike the speech so exemplary and fair  
That the obese men and women shall swear to the sky, that faces  
Have turned to the messages of the passengers of this journey of life.  
Pleasing you is pleasing me, and my leisure shines tonight in anger,  
Reading the words of a man who asks only questions that cause us  
To believe.

Naveed Akram

# Ready Men

The ready man is a liar of strength,  
Loathing the tavern so strong with odours  
That shrink and deny themselves,  
With sopranos in the distance,  
Licking their lips with light and darkness.  
The reading of wishful men is like a word  
That leaves the page with so many minds at  
Work with it, leaving the pages so made by God.

The reading of genius is so stronger than martyrs  
Who delve into devils and demons with their bravery.  
The ready man lies inwardly as well as outwardly,  
Little are they who stream into the seas of words.

Naveed Akram

# Real Colours

Despite your satsuma the real colours matter,  
Restart the savage beast with red colours.  
Spikes, with satyrs that reside in your garden,  
Are gory and gorgeous, making the satsuma of blood.  
The restive operatic folk learn anew for want of blood  
And curds of hatred, vampiric sub-stations await.  
The orange colour is of horrors and entrapment,  
No sweetheart created or admitted this colour.  
May the real colours inhibit the offspring  
And the opus of life and its workings.

Naveed Akram

# Real Energies

May the energies of the stars at night be dim,  
They strengthen the soul with infinity.  
The numbers in the heart are rolling up  
Their character to evict the town-dwellers,  
The real city is the realest weapon of choice.  
My atoms are scattered and randomly displayed,  
Too many in one place, so many in another.  
The crossroads exist in the sky, falling,  
Like the stars at night and the stars at day.  
One star shines too vastly, like the heavens,  
That is our wonderful sun of such warmth  
That souls beleaguer others with fright.  
A lesson has been taught to the few who doubt,  
When do they see the realities of stars?

Naveed Akram

# Real Family

I cry afterwards from too much too much fortune,  
When the time has begun, when clocks will tick.

Celebrate for your real relations too far too successful,  
Betray that if you distraught, if you desperate.

I cry afterwards from the ideas yellowish of fever,  
With weeping my crafts are displayed, are missed.

The celebrations did not stop when my family was roaring  
Like damsels and lords, altogether happier too strongly.

This job is looking again to be happy,  
But machine can not rule out my family.

Naveed Akram

# Real Hearts

Then the reality strikes you in the head  
And the heart has complained  
Due to pain and suffering, mighty feelings.  
This heart commands our hearts  
And lets energy be called what it is.  
The real love commences as if earned,  
A heart has belief, full of admiration.  
May the exalted one be heavenly with love  
On this world we possess and demand.

Naveed Akram

# Real Insight

Insight and penetration have elegance,  
Centuries of ceremony gain our acceptance.  
The mind is a sane object in the body  
To recall the sanity of an age and custom.  
To swerve in thinking objected to wisdom  
And its appeal, charisma and beauty.  
Let the intuition of running and sprinting  
With thoughts of brilliant ache  
Define our real surroundings.

Naveed Akram

# Real Lord

The reality that is before us quietly glistens  
From the heart that utters what the words are;  
Speech capsizes, thought overrides, as before,  
As a real gesture of benevolence.  
The real friend is the one who resides  
In the heavens with such politeness.  
Speaking through a minor action  
His thoughts have travelled straight like light,  
Filling the cosmos with objectives  
And turning items that seem to glisten.  
Mutter the praise of your Lord,  
For letters are apt for the task ahead,  
A destination awaits us for the reasons are clear.

Naveed Akram

# Real Mammal

A second and first position is to be frightening,  
My holy person muddled it in half,  
Asking a pain of trust that may crumble,  
Inn of pleasant heart and head was inhabited.

We are the first to build an inn,  
Insert him that monk with a minimum of trouble,  
Opening a door against the law  
Of examination.

Of examined people, I am godly,  
Like them who touch a finger on the nail  
And their reading of the palm buys nought.  
Of god there is some who live along others.

Slight privacy is accused of us,  
On an ostrich I assume,  
Onwards the bird flies as much as an animal  
Of all the monkeys and apes.

First is the position of poisonous man -  
The real mammal of trust in God.

Naveed Akram

# Real Man

I relate to the underworld,  
And talk of the dream-world  
I gave to the friend in the hospital  
A long time ago when it was unacceptable.

Reading the minds of the mad  
Is like describing a man to be with manhood.  
Does he own his dreamscape?  
Or is he thoroughly to reshape  
His life.

Naveed Akram

# Real Sailor Of A Ship

He jumps from ship to ship,  
Bedazzled by the sea's water;  
Spectator of the mists, his boat urges  
And witnesses the miracles of the surface.

Beheld the servants of the deep,  
Window shopping has arrived  
On the shoreline, spotting trains  
Is bright sport for one who shops.

He will go blind, by looking down,  
Not averting the gaze that conquers,  
He has existed as a globetrotter,  
The astronomer of the seas.

Naveed Akram

# Reality Of Life

I gain a reality of greatness  
When I look into your eyes;  
My forgiving nature has ornateness,  
As decorous as a king, the wise.

My blend of life and affairs  
Will gradually bring in lust,  
The same as our armchairs,  
The very grade is a must.

Naveed Akram

# Reason

Of the births, mine is special for the reason,  
It mattered on my mother's bed - all the treason!

Naveed Akram

# Reason Behind Madness

The reason behind madness is solid and plain,  
One feels like the prisoner in his own lane;  
I seek the path befitting to the sane and lonely,  
Feeding the poor should defend them only.

This period of distaste creates disorder and sin,  
I have to sense the person inside to even begin,  
I have to see the person as if he springs,  
His legs are always the hoop that brings.

Naveed Akram

# Reasoning

Reason saw me fit to fly into controversy,  
Flights of passion and wit surrounded my soul.  
The enigma stole my feelings away like dreams  
Of a makeshift place, ethereal place, joined place.  
Reason was my friendship and rivalry,  
All this for the spite of a devil in lawns of fire.

The rational being supposes entrance,  
Irrational numbers surround the presence of justice.  
A clearing has been an adversary in the  
Joining of thoughts,  
A solid tract of happy feeling overwhelmed all.

Naveed Akram

# Rebuked

If you denounce my spirit,  
The spirit within is so pure  
That purity will never be perverted.  
Openly, the living miracle has been achieved  
Towards the end of the string we finish.  
My weapons target a man of worth,  
Denouncing and rebuking the spirit walking.  
May rhythm of skill be resulting  
From this awesome quake, so vivid  
And disastrous, after the work of Hell.

My spirit is pure and clean  
From the knowledge attained  
In youth and in old age.  
Living with the miracle  
Carries no blunder or race of unkindness.

Naveed Akram

## Recall This

It was beyond recall, a sentence was too long,  
You are gas, and I am liquid, like something wrong.

The remembrance of God is too important,  
Purity is like memory, purer people are adamant.

Naveed Akram

## Receive Love

Receive your love from me, whatever it slides,  
Is a lightening bolt going to take you away?  
The speech is distinct, this love is always there,  
Almost speaking becomes worse as an enemy.  
In this weight of love, we draw from this vision,  
The vision of lights is a beast for those in action.  
Dreams are composed of this, distressingly,  
Less torture of the will is required once smitten.

Naveed Akram

# Recklessness

How deeds are told by the reckless  
Is law for the tensing of muscles  
To ache on, to ache on and list  
So goodness will demand angels.

Why do they cry when the weight  
Is so bigger to walk with? so bigger  
That lists are endless, too fun  
And they do contain something like horror.

Naveed Akram

# Record Of Mighty Arrest

Recording names of stupor corresponds to success,  
The dossier of might, a charter of demand.  
We mimic the italics of names all around,  
A dossier has been published of one's cross.

The evidentiary record, the archives, the registry,  
All amount to this same collection of names, proper.  
Shot at the face, we take in hand and put to notice  
Sure ways of arresting and sending to the places suited.

Naveed Akram

# Red Blood

It stains my cloth, the blood is coloured red,  
More saying heightens that which comes dead.

Naveed Akram

# Red Fountain

Why does my stay be staring at this red fountain?  
I grin, but do not discern the special colours;  
Cascading joyous light emits through the gushing water,  
Rushing, like the illness of a fever that burdens the joy.

From far away I see red fountains; watching the deluge  
Is like opening faculties of music, then concerts abound  
With hues dimming as the notes of sound are mixed,  
Feeling the fountain of blood that swears to insults.

Naveed Akram

# Red Red

My condition is red, my condition is red,  
Then blueness enters the fray like ghosts  
That go whoosh, and then go like growth.  
This danger is evident in the signs of disasters,  
The general wrong or accident;  
My concern is over the welfare of citizens,  
My country needs me as I do,  
And the accidental men arrive with ambulances.  
Then the cars of the feet are approaching  
The traffic lights with better company.  
Fit are the nurses of my condition that means  
Paranormal work is afoot,  
Forging a link into past triumphs,  
Of the sword that resists, and the words of lies.

Naveed Akram

## Red Red Blood

It was a passing fancy of the heart,  
When the red blood converges and resists  
The purge in a direction you inspire.  
The heart has a pink flavor  
We must digest with all our souls.  
The real heat concentrates and expels us,  
Like a real village of the united spirit.  
One heart is apt to discover truth  
In a world we deliver from the mind  
That philosophers call a region of the brain.  
Once the nagging thoughts ridicule me  
I remark with sophistication on those who  
Possess odors of perfume and music.  
It was fancy of the inner life  
That drove me to flowers and life.

Naveed Akram

# Red Roses

Offer him roses, exactly the same roses  
You picked in the middle of the day.  
Light is travelling from them, forcing its way,  
Like the roses in colour, in bloom, in love.  
The colour is red but not light,  
Just scented like the red rose.  
We form levels of straightness  
Of our comfort and condition.  
The eyes feel sumptuous yet our bodies do not,  
The roses must dazzle the individual.

Naveed Akram

# Regained Tonight

Death has regained its trance for tonight,  
My frailty is strong and is alright.

Naveed Akram

# Regality

Regal men offer their praises  
To just my kindness and ease.

I have to restate my intentions,  
As solid pens are like fountains.

Regal men are offering their praises,  
To the prayers I can only speak.

For the prayer my speech is a trait,  
Inside the envelop is a remark.

I find him absolved and rendered,  
My impediment is attached.

Let lies go to waste, and senses,  
So that the regal men offer their praises.

Naveed Akram

# Regret The Prison

Forests of regret find him, find him in prison,  
This is yours too, a discovery of division.

Yes, he is in the workshop of labour,  
He is not me at all, but a lover.

We regret the folly, we are hurt, we had lost.  
But now our tribulation has taught, has cost.

Naveed Akram

# Relaxed Mind

A relaxed mind brings fortune to the rest of us,  
Minds are alike, minds evoke emotions with the soul,  
Finding is the art of thinking, making new thoughts  
And worlds of ideas that spring towards the planet.

My making is a design from above, a simple cup,  
A similar story, a made film, a beautiful action from divinity.  
When does the weather of the soul beat on us?  
Heaven's rain is my relaxation, forever,  
And ever. The real soul relaxes, reality brings my promise.

Naveed Akram

# Release Me

I release you with me, this time,  
The sea is an ocean beneath following division.  
It was the eighth second in that hour  
When someone knew danger of the deep.  
My daughters and my sons relish the song  
Of the deep, over you and me.  
I put my feet in the deep, high in the ocean,  
Walking like a spaceman, in the hours.  
My release shall intimidate, fully awaking you,  
The sea has brethren so desired and sprung.

Naveed Akram

# Relentless Doing

Relentless expression of doing,  
The gods do not want you with destruction,  
Rather it is irresistible to break the bonds  
Seated near to the heart, and to let the disease  
Overcome love itself, so there is no defence.  
In excess of damages your strike is doing  
A wiping of the heart, as if shadows of the heart  
Are making repair, the repairs are manifold.  
I, healer, am against your doing of the gods,  
And doom may result when it is desired.

Naveed Akram

# Reliance On Murder

Your reliance on my vision instils murder,  
The murder comes from the dirty mind.  
Murder is the culmination of centuries of work  
And fulfilling is the question, so wonderful is the crime.  
May we relish the golden feeling attached to this trick  
We see around like the sun and its planets are also around.  
Rely on them for your basic needs,  
Your needs for knowledge will spring back.  
Then murder of the dragons is even not desired,  
Even the massacre has betrayed the man of special virtue.

Naveed Akram

# Religion

The religion contained a new prize for all of mankind,  
Inside the entrails of this treat was a monarchy to be defined.

Naveed Akram

## Religion Of A Child

It is religion that you speak your life for,  
With a voice of angels, with certain talk.  
Your mother is very great at living with God,  
And she is becoming thin, unhappy, and glum.  
The search is for a time, the search is mine,  
For the God who loves my mother,  
And I speak almost continuously over the doctrines.  
His attributes are his names and knowledge,  
My wisdom is my mother's,  
So I pray like my mother like my father,  
And feel hope for the religion to speak to me  
About why you die in a job called life  
After earning the sunset and sunrise.  
I can not cooperate further,  
For my childhood is small and it is gone.  
Pilgrims do speak like my soul,  
And the pilgrimage is not with my parents now.

Naveed Akram

# Religion The Trust

We welcome the past to ride a fortune,  
Fixing places of worship, the elaboration.  
Much complains for the memory to last,  
It is about remembering a major fast  
That leads to grace, character and money,  
Honey is this, money is this and insanity.  
We ride on the train of life, a school too tight,  
Mighty rivers flow from your garden of light.  
They are religion we trust, of civil obedience,  
So righteous are their deeds, then the innocence.

Naveed Akram

# Religions

Open us up for the religion,  
You have realised the relics.

Enter our formation,  
Be friends with me.

Let divine help come in our way,  
We practised our ways for too long.

Much of the reasoning behind us  
Is of forming relationships.

Offer real help, offer us real help.  
Let matters stop of false reflection.

Naveed Akram

# Religion's Devils

The devils of religion face the music  
That reads itself like a spinal chord.  
The really clever demons prevent the ions  
From escaping the flesh.  
The dealing of humans prevails  
Above the work of hands employed  
By Satan.

The demonic man has been asked:  
Why are you on this place called the manly world?  
It writes to the place called the sky,  
That demons are plainer in sight  
To be weddings and institutions of evil.  
The real satanic business is kept tight  
And spilling it is from the cups of the servants.

Naveed Akram

## Religious Dress

Extra religious nature shall taste sweeter when held,  
The clothes of stress are like dress, unparalleled.  
One worships the ghosts, delicious food has been consumed,  
Many spoons and forks clatter to bring the costumed.

Naveed Akram

# Religious Family

Sisters and brothers are one of those precious members  
In the family. Their role is infinite.  
They shock themselves with delight.  
They read signs and play with them.  
Their signs are obvious,  
Useful to the parents,  
Forcing action of the family.  
Heaven can arrive around the bend,  
When the families die and their hell is dismissed by God.  
Mothers shall look forward to heaven, and their husbands  
Are found too in heaven, or shall I say Paradise.

"My son is big at religion, " says the father to his child.  
For this prayer to be answered, the boy must be big, an adult.  
His life at the moment has laws broken, the lawful one is not him.  
For he is criminal in his action, in his life and love.  
He spent a time with another person, and did not get married.  
He did not like this now, and not seven times a week.  
He must pray and be forgiven, would say God.  
God loves the boy's father, however, and thus the boy is forgiven  
For he is big at religion.  
The father has his prayer answered.  
Afterwards, the father cries for his child as he has lost him to the elements.

The story is such that it makes us cry, and cry and cry.  
To find the mother, we must find the father and his prayer.  
We find she is forced to marry someone else  
But the daughter is forced to object, due to her religion.  
The daughter is confused and wants to know why this happens.  
The mother blames the divorce on her son who adventured and died.  
The father's prayer was answered but his wife went astray,  
and his daughter was too big at religion.  
The daughter shall grow and grow to be a happy woman.  
Both parents died due to cancer.  
It means the average family would die in the ways of religion,  
And not religion die in the ways of family.

Naveed Akram

## Religious Life

She comes into my room for the religious  
Experience called prayer, holier than anything.  
She comes out from the Mountain of Joy,  
Tells her juices grow from the fountain.

I said I died a year and a night  
When I left the fountain.  
I am older, now  
In heaven with delights of chicken and wine.

I rejoice, in the gardens of dense vegetation,  
Choosing thoughts of greatness.

Naveed Akram

# Religious Nature

Why do you sleep when time has finished,  
And cheese is a food for the sheep to make,  
For the cheese as you know can bind you;  
For cheese is recommended more than milk  
And milk is what religion transmitted and given,  
To forget and forgive the children say milk will be given,  
As religion will thrive as regions of life can gain heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Religious Path

I was going to the path of a religion,  
And this meant verity of a kind incomparable;  
Agreeing to this path meant it was an origin,  
I call it a road so allowable.  
Acquired by the leaders of this generation,  
We achieve a bond so relaxed and loving;  
Some of us abhor him when he is a declaration,  
I find him a ruler so much like a gathering.

Naveed Akram

# Religious Table

A table wooden to the bone cushions my side of the bone,  
Tables and chairs, chairs and tables work hands and feet.  
My real furnished appearance stages a welcome,  
By talismans so religious and bold, and also stronger than the furniture.  
The bones of a skeleton are brittle when time takes time,  
Bone is sacred, bone is like a table of splendid nature.  
My body is furnished with eyes and ears, faces so dear,  
Letting light be knightly on the skin, with skin and skin.  
The bones of religion collect by night and day,  
Relics of the past demand recollection, everyday.

Naveed Akram

# Reluctance

On your part do not lie or tell stories of deceit;  
As for those who do, with them is wrong,  
So follow the leader as you may,  
And even the soldier can evade the young bull,  
Which is all you're unwilling to take-  
That bulls are younger than you.

Naveed Akram

# Remarkable Light

The colour the light bears changes according to our wishes,  
It is like something of our persistence, our very perseverance;  
It was the yellow of the light, the white light burnt us,  
As genius opened its patience as we perceived,  
And the beautiful light obtained attention.

In you is a sight, in you is sent an idea  
To recognise the overbearing light:  
It was like some sort of laser, a banner,  
One of the words was lost.  
In you is this remarkable light from the eye.

Naveed Akram

# Remedy

Remediless fascination governs the scope of vision  
As far and glum goals wilt from the sudden gas;  
Of earth there is soil and air, but not now in gases.

Your hate collides with docile and bleak wetter people,  
This writing invades, but yesterday bespoke of wisdom,  
Goading a trunk of silver, golden fluid revolved on spheres  
Of mud that clotted like blood and its solutions.

Your love invades the premises, new axioms of hate  
Deserve us, when we wetter people strive for the rain  
To die and the sun to drench us with light mostly;  
Let frowning dissolve, from a glowing smile.

This meanness is meant to be tenacious,  
Water flows forwards and backwards;  
Liking woods and spirits of the gases.

Naveed Akram

# Remember Me

Remember me and look at deeds  
Imagined from the air of management;  
Deal with mighty powers in an instant,  
Hurt nobody now that you're alive.

Hope is in session with the birds,  
Of true feelings the empire is comprised,  
The empires of presence,  
The empires of life.

Remember me and include me in this world,  
Of this reminder be of the dozen  
Who knew the wisdom of thoughts  
And the wise men acquiring them.

Naveed Akram

## Remember Them Well

The twigs resented being called kids,  
For to steal from rabbits was a start.  
Then they repelled and attracted  
Due to laws of nature.  
I found a force in the district of the clouds  
And trees to remember them well.  
I saw a channel of water far too blessed  
And divine, like fright and nature of a high sort.  
The smell of the stars became a torrent,  
To excel and dismay.  
One conducted a crime, a little afraid of shells,  
That collided with eggs and toast,  
Feeding the fear and scares of a higher day and night.  
I saw the hotel begin to overshadow and light  
The way to the top of this divine world.

Naveed Akram

# Remember Your Medicine

You remember my coming as an act of trade,  
Smoke arises to burden the ones who convey;  
A mirage has more degree and events  
Than the only trade of neglect.

My moistening of the flesh is absurd,  
So do not be mean to my entirety,  
Instead do the worst of the trying  
And internal worries counteract the medicine.

Naveed Akram

# Remembering An Arrow

I put this cipher to my memory  
In the hope of elongated archery-  
The proof of worth is in the arrow,  
A blade may construct as narrow,  
It is an arrow of waking worship,  
Cinematic performance of a buildup.  
The world has listened to my sound,  
The sound of an arrowhead beating background.  
My age grappled my weight  
In overspread charm to evaluate.  
The arrowhead is sharper than the quiver,  
My lover, my loving friend is going to shiver.

Naveed Akram

# Remind Me

Always the reminder is in the head,  
We compel others to the taste of downstairs;  
The underground world beckons the followers  
Of an absentee, this sense is called nonsense.  
Why do we clearly reveal secrets to those above?  
My accusations absorbed by the real one  
Exact vengeance on the real people who relax.  
May we diversify this bridge of speed,  
The forging of the wandering few commands us.  
Let a remembrance be grand, and over us  
A certain collection for the addressed.

Naveed Akram

# Removal

Remove him from the role he imposes,  
So that connections be made for those who propose;  
A leader like that needs removal, for a time,  
And then this exile has been with us  
For a long time, one of the spreading years  
And the solution is simple too much.  
He must leave forever, to be murdered  
By the people, who walk like earthly animals  
As fast as strong statements.

Naveed Akram

## Removal Of Envy

It is the removal of vice and envy that gathers knowledge  
For the heart to display and congratulate, like a buzzing word  
That never dies, and a wand of heavy cavalry, inner peace  
Can arrive. For we mend the bones we see with rivalry, collecting  
Space with each day and horse, finding majesty after majesty,  
Destroying poverty, as we describe the reality to our children.

For when they are born, we master the upcoming happiness,  
As if the birds do not sleep in this real homecoming, as if humans  
Walk this earth in full regard and well-being, without costing a pain  
Of danger or the lash of the sword, or bring a ruined heart to hear.  
We see we can fit in with double news, absorbing the lake's contents,  
And approaching nature like the couple who meet and connive a death.

Naveed Akram

# Removal To Please

He was removed from the area and idea,  
Revolving around a bee that buzzes by;  
Itself knew the deathly shallows of speech  
As the wording of the cold blade seemed justice.

Open the doors to my removal if you so please,  
Letting the insects and spiders respect speech;  
These words are narrow and remain like guesses,  
Not concepts or ideologies, or instruments.

The shape of the pen regards your life as sacred,  
Defending you with the curling and breathing;  
Kinship ties are kept intact with every passing  
Season. The seasons stagnate in the end.

May your task be grandly muttered, obeying  
The call of society, and the welfare of children.  
With a stroke of a pen of genius  
The fairness can out stare a real lip.

Naveed Akram

## Repeat The Words

Repeat the words you cared about since you were a child,  
Yesterday these sentences meant nothing, just mere points;  
Then ideas came to fruition, like a fixed price,  
One that wants the same gift, the same appeal and charisma.  
My words are with respect about respect, as if you died today,  
In this wheel of fortune I condemn the weak and distressed.  
My angles are the same as words that struggle with loves  
In the same nature, the very natural business of my youth.  
Kind are the phrases that adjust and believe once forgotten,  
These angry voices subdue the ordinary individual, the one.  
May sides of victorious energy complete a real wheel and circle.  
My repetitive and obsessive habits command respect for the times,  
Never are the words alike in one sequence, forming them is easy.  
I confer with Indians and Tigers of the jungle, I see them in print,  
Letting us see notes of you and me and him, the people are singing!

Naveed Akram

# Repentance

God has caused the souls  
To ask lovely questions to other souls.  
Thus, souls are called persons  
And they are unique,  
To be this unique is to be  
Equal with men and women.  
They must punish rightly,  
Correct actions are necessary,  
Lest folly divides the established city.

This city is made to agree,  
This city of faith shall live forever,  
Due to the Covenant  
That all people sustain  
Through the blessed city.

My city defines our laws  
From laws that decide,  
Laws we do not create  
But what are given.  
By God.

Let pens be writing  
And let pens mean everything,  
But nothing can we praise  
Other than the Holy Book  
Of our lives.  
Speech is the sound  
Of our communication.  
We are always to be forgiven  
If as people we repent.

Naveed Akram

# Replace Me

Replace me with another person,  
Replace my efforts with his,  
Remind me of the pleas you made,  
Produce us further if you wish.

Promises are primroses, only they are sweet,  
To look at and keep, forming the sunlight,  
Making me dozens of helpers in return,  
So produce us further if you define us.

Influences come from the page,  
Sleep shall snake its way to a wonder  
Where production of words occurs,  
When the efforts between us shall preserve us.

Naveed Akram

# Report Of Belief

So he lay a very long while,  
At once shaken by thoughts of money,  
Thick clots of congealed blood  
Rushed in to make a guarantee or report,  
They were clinging to the hung man.

There was light enough, jumping to the moment,  
She went to the sleep, he went to belief,  
They wept under the moon this night,  
On having trinkets to hide.

I cannot make belief in such mild hearts,  
For heartache came with an unbearable fit of shivering,  
The loops in life stalely demanded attentions,  
Mentalities stemmed from the petals of the moon.

Naveed Akram

# Reptile Ghosts

You are reptiles and ghosts,  
Goblins that master their kin  
To a family of hate and sloth,  
Licking their loves with hate,  
Teeth have gnashed their findings  
Of treasure and ghouls.

A right has been slain by the stinging  
Reptiles, a marrying reptile,  
A respectful one who wants none,  
Who wanted their trousers like guns,  
Bullets and plates of words were strewn across  
The riverbed, and water-currents overwhelmed.

You are a reptile of zeal and triumph,  
Ghouls do not deaden the plight,  
Respectable laughter is the key of the scrum,  
Serenading is the swan of beauty  
Across another world of love and hate.

Naveed Akram

# Requests

So twist your head in this direction,  
With some obedience, without disagreement.  
Change this reality if you dare,  
If, if you stare and escape this request.  
The learning has belief of a simple heart,  
You twist with humility, your body changes  
Yet you do not. Obey and reply to this  
Like a creature can profit.  
There are so many requests,  
I discovered and memorized my book  
To find answers to these questions-  
These requests, these requests.

Naveed Akram

# Reruns

I found her watching reruns from the money of mummy,  
But daddy confronted walls so innocent and fine,  
That beneath the daughter of this ideal age was a party  
So old and greater than merely wishes and mutton.  
To do their bidding was the running of skies and rains within them,  
The money had shone onto grass and sea together,  
Waters ran into the hills of the air and sea,  
The mountains were mounted by them,  
The waters were rivers of summers and springs.  
I have a good stock of the reruns,  
And money is of mummy and daddy,  
The rivers and seas cannot contain it,  
Yet they dissolve into the hills, and when the dying  
Has passed for eternity, the eternal questions arise.

The vivid life of a system shuns from the belief  
You contain inside,  
The beliefs are concentrated in our drinks  
And money does not belong to us in the Hereafter.

Naveed Akram

# Resented Dreams

When the dreams of sudden energy  
Contrived my garden of joy  
I too flowered and blossomed  
In my very youth.

As the profession I had shared with people  
Wore thin, I concocted a remedy  
For I was a doctor within,  
No dreams or illnesses.

I relaxed on the night of remembering my patients,  
The dead were laid to rest and the mortuary  
Stank of innocence, the dread  
Filled the life of the sick.

May resentment be a tragedy  
When resenting someone is like murder  
Of another human being,  
The same man or woman of the streets.

Naveed Akram

# Resigning

Do not change the philosophy of your marriage with thoughts,  
Rather, contempt shall arise from other quarters,  
And thinking a certain madness will rebuke the Lord.

I can only suffer in my heart, as a bleeding organ of life,  
Ions of flood and blood, and managers are in a pool.  
I still do feed love, and my resignation is object able.

Naveed Akram

# Respect And Holler

Respect as far as little talks, looking,  
Swaying and seeing, to blindly walk.  
Gosh, the manners mastered are exact,  
Often we sell products of beauty.  
Gagging geese stutter and remedy others,  
With their squawk, hollering and howling.  
Let living be red, blue are the skies,  
And blood is the same as life gone.  
Love is the blood of life, in this respect,  
Often a liver worked by living like us.

Naveed Akram

# Respect His Books

I respect his face of hair and skin,  
The butterflies cluster around his noisy head.  
The faults he wears currently are extinct,  
Those wonders in his heart shall never be sin.  
We connect and collect to understand Time,  
Yet the seconds pass quicker than drops of rain.  
Forming us is forming the dragons of beauty,  
Gradual serenades arrive to lift our worries.

The arguments are of the well-made sort,  
Elevating us in their esteem with well-trodden words  
Which icily gauge our troubled minds  
So that philosophy has taken root  
In the very piercing soul.

I respect the readings of oblong books,  
Philosophers stand out with intrepid and perilous  
Adventures of the thoughts.

His face is entered from afar,  
The man whom Heidegger is escaping  
Due to his mind.  
The minding of the business is offering me  
Sane, wild, built ideas  
So dreaded by students that sing lofty words.

Naveed Akram

# Respectability

Respect enlivens us fully to the purse of delight,  
Death endangers us fully, when lighting surrounds;  
The way to salvation brings slants of disgust,  
The opposition is a devilish crown, so much great work  
Goes into it, after the crowns and deeds do fetch  
Inside the food, so stomach is not ill,  
Buttons smash, after smashing has subdued.  
Respect happened for me when I was full,  
Loathing me and my family, after the show.

Naveed Akram

## Rest Is Leisure

Rest and leisure accompanies the days  
As well as the nights in some maze.  
Why do sleepers find it always  
To keep on repeating their rest in days?  
Due is the unconsciousness on a sleeping bed,  
Mighty dreams occur for the time ahead.  
Then wake up to the musical morning,  
Make this verse I have written your only warning.  
Pity is the only way you speak of others,  
When suddenly you are in sleep, the blanket smothers.

Naveed Akram

## Rest On Their Souls

Rest on those soldiers who fight a way called war,  
Like them and loathe them as much as law,  
But altogether celebrate the taste of battle  
That is pungent on the mouth of the passer-by.

Rest on the lovers of unrest, of cauldron, of stupor,  
On the lovely rest that requires our understanding,  
A loan has been committed of strength and justice,  
Of war and peace, and of law there is one.

Rest all days then and there for always those who die,  
For their laughter is smaller when fresh with life,  
They want to retreat into the wilderness.  
They would love a little loneliness and misery.

Such is martyrdom to those who object,  
On the last one warrior who fitted succulence  
In his mouth with a chewing action -  
The blame is on him, when he will be general.

Naveed Akram

# Restaurant Eating

Will the restaurants argue on this issue?  
Can the fork and knife be argued with the teeth?  
A moment only too soon is measured  
To eat the correct fill.  
You are meticulous in eating with us,  
And the fried rice has begged our consumption  
So that taste has completed its task  
As we bear our stomachs with wreaking food.

Naveed Akram

# Resting-Place

Dreams have come to bestow depictions  
Of a husband and wife with happiest memories.  
Memorize the verses suited to the task,  
Never deviate from the truth, and everything  
Is in common, the name of God reigns indeed.  
The Fashioner made the soul to reflect a deed  
That lasted the whole of existence.  
Its force resounded in the galaxies,  
You painted the heavens for it.  
The latest painting was exhibited  
When the dreams subsided and they were exhibited.  
Let the imagination of eternity be a king's  
Resting-place.

Naveed Akram

# Restless Souls

The restless souls of men reside in the galaxies,  
In their twists and strains a falsity has appeared  
For the stars are like droplets of sweat,  
And the constellations are similar to medicine.  
The surgeons are at fault with your streams,  
The blood vessels seem to burst like rain  
Descending on the liver that waits and feeds  
On your distresses inhabiting the realm of stars.

Planets will save themselves with the moons  
To collide safely and soundly at the end of Time.  
Space is like the rains of the heavens, it feeds  
On flutes, rivers and sound that disperses and sets.  
The rest of men walk along the roads of stars,  
Feeding books to the altars, spending luck again.  
I have ascended due to the images of this land,  
As the land recedes into the night so effortfully.

Naveed Akram

## Rests And Reasons

A mad man is hurled into oblivion,  
His entrails scatter like ash and soot;  
My sanity appals the majority,  
But inside the sane man wins.  
Jostling in the wind is a man of steel,  
Stronger than the steel itself,  
Straighter than a sword in full hurry,  
And windier than the rests of luxury.  
A man of strife is among the few who deliver  
The news of a day they admire,  
Inside their horse is a transport and service,  
The servants are occupiers of reason.

Naveed Akram

# Resurrected

Broad resurrection unites the arisen of us,  
A single uninterrupted plain of white flour  
Has transformed our diversity into garments  
That we wear, wearing them has cooked food.

Naked and barefoot, the inhabitants compel us  
As cloistered explorers, colossal in us,  
To be silly in evil, silly in pride, not in good works;  
Blue-eyed mammals combine the rest with day's cleverness.

My classy sir, this combination excites me after the word,  
Chubby cheeks are not enough, full of colour,  
And they are full of colour that I see as the word,  
The words compel us to be closed; where are they?

Naveed Akram

# Return Harm

To return to the harmful carries wit,  
Inside the island is a world hated,  
Feeling like the gun that swings to and fro.

One bullet shines forth like death of tragedy,  
Open doors collapse and close forcibly,  
As the soul has vanished from the island.

A case is made, a bellowing man starts to go  
Up a ladder standing by the wall of dreams,  
And he falls by slipping and descending.

The guns weigh heavier than this world,  
And the bullets are their servants of despair,  
Fully crude, fencing like proper warriors.

Those behaviours are like seeds of the air,  
One decided to believe and trust the man of  
Real dress, the one in a uniform of full darkness.

Naveed Akram

# Return Of A Man

Return of a man who spent his holiday  
Resulted in purges and monuments of way;  
The man who lunched in an Autumn  
Is bringing peace in the form of food and activism.

He caught his peace and won,  
Without union or priesthood or abdication.  
The destroyers are some who work on it,  
Then peace reasserts itself with a benefit.

Peace has come, peace has won,  
We live in wait for the man who can deafen;  
He described our faith as an union,  
With it there is none, with us is a constitution.

Naveed Akram

# Return Of The Chariot

The return of the queen defies the resolutions  
Of nations in war and in honesty of substance.  
The return of the princess is subjugating the presence  
Of lords and ladies that define our way of sight.  
One has much to learn of the frailties,  
One feels the emotional crisis of the years  
That deliver the good help, the goodness of life  
And all its compulsions, its compelling characteristics  
Are the mastered characteristics of a nation.

The return of a chariot that discerns your walking speed  
Is the return of the royal household in waiting and dress,  
The compulsion is still existent to be the beholding,  
To be the beaming and deeming of the very rich.

Naveed Akram

# Return To Disasters

Return to the arena of disasters,  
Inside me a quake appeals and destroys;  
My opposition is adamant, against me  
As I plunge into seas of blood  
Expected to learn, and live.  
The sea of hope is far away,  
Like the liars of ancient nature,  
This time we see the deceit, so appealing  
To the senses.

Let us be hopeful in this event,  
The events of change are among the weak ones,  
Stages of horses are against us,  
We deliver the offal of animals and mammals,  
Features blindly are following me.

Naveed Akram

## Return To God

Return to God, find dozens of those lords,  
That bind our souls as if they own the role,  
Just ice is splendid work in one whole bowl,  
Let water bend the light as He affords.  
Returning to that lord who is on boards  
Shall blow that brain, shall fade and laugh and cajole  
The man who frightens houses of patrol;  
God minds the listening of the awards.

My lord shall dropp from Heaven as a boat,  
Storms cover oceans, right when He demands,  
Thus, the head shall not vanish from me now.  
Ride seas of water now that am afloat,  
From Heaven, God and lordship, with commands,  
The boat is floating on the sea anyhow.

Naveed Akram

# Return To Life

Now return to a life of the straight zone,  
Return to the powerful region when people  
Acted like their ghosts, watching, waiting,  
Speaking and feeling with emotion.  
Now spend your wealth on treason and weaponry,  
Speak like the devil who wears the shame  
Of your deeds in equal standing to sin.

Life is morbid, life is fascinating, like the mortuary  
And its inhabitants of cadavers  
That roam in their oblivion and vacuum,  
Seeping of your outrage, and your sins  
Amount to their splendour.  
Life is splendid without the fear of walking  
Or wanting the same sword as your comrade.

Live your existence like a wayfarer,  
A stranger who rapidly displays his effort,  
Wilfully engages in war to protect his  
Patriotic company; the life is morbid without  
Wars, that increase the morbidity,  
And decrease the sin, so that strangers persist  
In the mists and rain, in the stormy same.

Naveed Akram

# Return To The Forest

Return to the forest from where you belong,  
The nightmares are endless like a continuous song.

Naveed Akram

# Return To The Mountain

Return to the once strange kindness that was in the bag,  
Lifting it from the home of its leanings,  
Keeping the backpack and all of the knowledge,  
Letting it slip was wrong for the venture.  
One sees a kind helper or man of expertise  
Leaving us behind, as we trudged and crawled our  
Ways to the monument,  
Fixing our gaze at triumphant skies of dyes,  
Feeding hunger to the eyes  
Like a wolf and the skin it cares for  
Within the cage of the soul.  
Howling and whimpering are its deeds,  
For kindness wears itself a token  
Inside my bag of pondering thieves,  
The pondering must be continual and abstract  
For these wolves in clothing.  
Return to kindness so that kindness  
Is the zenith of the mountain  
And the pride of life that errs.

Naveed Akram

# Return To Youth

Return to the convenience of youth like me,  
My enemies are absent, even in my dormitory.

Naveed Akram

# Revenge And Good Time

I had nothing to do with revenge,  
The entire France began with numerals  
Counting the costs of revenge,  
For enough force had evolved  
Through the ages.

I had been in Hell. Playing instruments  
Of sound through the ratings,  
Those benevolent lovely questions  
Kept coming.

I had nothing to do with good time,  
Playing a trumpet lost me appeal,  
So that the French could equip  
Their heads with the revenge  
For an innocent man,  
King of all innocents.

I fancied living for the chances and months ago,  
Reflecting my memories of Jaundice  
And the real diseases of the painful kind.

Naveed Akram

# Revered Hills

Revered hills are dedicated to the slings,  
They wrapped the mud and big clods  
And tossed their heads at the invulnerable to this day,  
Feet hoaxed their stare, toes smashed and glared  
To the unthreatened, just like the awe of those wrecks.

Secular hirers fed on relations relaxingly,  
Religious impostors revelled with cursed beings,  
Devils of the danger zone fled with disease on their heads,  
Feeding a frenzied enemy for their ills,  
Licking the wounds so endearing,  
Liking the mood of lovely hell,  
Leaving the motley company of great whelks,  
Those sane funny men with slingers and skirmishers.

I see untouchable beings with their lives on the run,  
Profane images rend their way to destruction,  
Imprisoning those devotional practices,  
The church housed them, leaves from a tree  
That burgeoned into the barks of a weird oak.

My company was solid that day of the whole stigma,  
Spiritual women and men ambushed the feeling,  
Feeling was touched by the loners who swore  
That love occasioned some day or some night.

Naveed Akram

# Rhapsody Of Talismans

Rhapsodic men could hear the succulent activity  
Inside of them, their women sought for them nightly,  
Inside the homes of a hundred years and one.  
Symphonies could be acting and singing their way  
To the top of the ladder, to the top of humanity.  
The talismans they wore affected me afterwards,  
For magic strained into gold, and magic items  
Were produced of incredible quality and place.  
The sonorous alarm outside was a weight  
On the shoulders of the masses, who were crowds  
Of men and women in unison and harmony.  
Tranquillity entered the minds of many who fled,  
Those flocking were hurt by the medical and surgical teams.

Naveed Akram

# Rice Is My Friend

Friendship is the column of yellow rice  
Cooked by the scrawny man who loops  
And twists in wonderful collisions.  
His cooking adores castles in the brain,  
The offices of taste shape listlessness,  
And the mouth carries shaped eggs  
Into the bargain of our despair.  
The battlements are running out of blood,  
Sons and daughters are launched from high,  
Landing after the meal of this column of rice.  
Friends eternally disgrace your habits,  
Yellow rice is the allergic commodity,  
As this curtails the taste and strings a fellow.

Naveed Akram

## Rich Air

Very striking and rich. I don't know  
How the waves of light corrode the corpse.  
I imagine the hearing of a couple,  
If rumour holds like rum, this very square  
Shoots each man of war-like proportions,  
Inmate of oblivion, asking for more cash,  
Inmate of selfish tasks and affairs.

These united men shallowly walk the water  
After regards as the liquid helium has mixed  
And amalgamated, fusion of recent activity.  
Seconds decide sessions of radioactivity,  
This is a bomb zone!

Naveed Akram

# Rich And Poor

In me a sense has felt like each,  
One causes others to wonder of strange beliefs,  
In a feeding are the poor,  
Poor are the opposite of the Rich.

In this side of the valley,  
The Rich are better at living,  
In opposition to the laughter  
Of the Poor.

Poor is not Rich,  
And Rich carries no Wealth  
Of Heavenly Times.

Naveed Akram

# Rich For Silver

From one voice a whistle is sounded,  
The thirst of silver is allowed  
So rich sounds and ideas are loud  
Like the whistling noise I heard.

In my mind's eye, a silver coin  
Appears due to wages and health;  
Here is where the money stops,  
The replacement is huge, such as sound.

This real noise is sounding like a thought,  
The thinkers quell these thoughts  
Yet we are aware of these long substances,  
In the eye of a soul, the rich soul.

Naveed Akram

# Rich Or Poor?

Fortune may kill and shrill in ways unknown,  
Yet you wander on the roads so alone.

Naveed Akram

## Rich Pursuit

An inglorious pursuit is at hand surely,  
Shame is the order of professions that lie;  
A lying beast shames the liar himself,  
He blesses us, then he passes us in our suffering,  
To be a pursuit of truthfulness carries no blame.  
The complication is absurd, more than brilliant,  
Pennies are attached, and the rich people find it.  
They play backgammon, fully professors;  
As beautiful as grapes for their knowledge.  
Richness is a special joy of talents and master ship,  
Ingoing guilt is at hand, finding the right goal.

Naveed Akram

# Rich Sailor

Fought by the rich, a sailor has a ship  
So awkward that he is richer than the clip.  
A father mastered his flag much like a master,  
The mast of a ship is like that of an abandoner.

Fought by some the sea is a place of sequences,  
The waves undulate like curtains and offences.  
The walls of a ship work like oars and paddles,  
Then shapes and squares appear with angles.

Naveed Akram

# Rich Space

Famous among the rich  
My green gun was shot on them  
Just like stars and planets  
And the eruptions of Time.  
And I was pleasant in giving  
My time I owned to the present  
After I had travelled so many years in space.  
Space and the stars gathered me!

Naveed Akram

# Riches And Poverty

Callous as of now, these filaments emerge together,  
Breakable on the dozen, finery of the silk is astonishing.  
My riches has coherence, defects amid the strengths,  
Decorous buildings are like palaces of gold and decisions.

Clumsy falling blocks entangle superbly the roadways,  
Childlike men understand the disaster around,  
Chunky poverty surrounds us with never-never land,  
The land of the doing and saying, the doer is astonished.

Naveed Akram

# Ride Into The Night

Ride into the night for love's brightness to appear openly,  
Snatch the crowd so boldly with the hands of right;  
These days we distance the believers, so hard with fright,  
May seasons of heavenly kingdoms reign and fight.

You own possibly all there is to know and conceive,  
The god within you strikes hard and constantly;  
Riding and laughing shakes, violates you when the night,  
This goddess accompanying my time hears the sight.

Those worshipped presume a deity is above,  
But the nights of loving and light cause spite.

Naveed Akram

# Ride Of Pain

The stairs of a pain are long when awoken by strangers,  
To outshout is again a pain of suffering, of abhorrence;  
Please wake and jog the intramuscular strength  
To abhor our pages, be this all not boorish.  
Narrating this is not good, a dwindling soul shall worry  
Because the pain is bigger than any spurting fountain,  
All microscopic complaints must be discarded.  
Do drape the past with our solid fret,  
Do barricade the simple history of the soul,  
Your slight hazard is questioning,  
To outshout your complaint is microscopic,  
So the weakness has demanded a ride on a horse  
Astraddle.

Naveed Akram

# Ridicule

Gout that strives at you manages pleasure,  
Due to homogeny of ridicule on the side.  
Danger of honest honey matters most,  
Gout arrives forming a honeycreeper.  
This illness I confine to the organs  
Envelops my mind most, then my feet and joints.  
I am hominoid like the blessed men and women,  
Piercing us with pleasure, pictures so pickled  
With distaste of picnics.  
Piety is the taste of death that gout brings,  
For we are deathly on the side of angels  
That caress the objects we design,  
And there is more ridicule to come.

Naveed Akram

# Right Work

The look is of right work,  
The workers move and change  
Together and apart.  
The wages are fixed according to the effort,  
We leave them to powerfully state their grievances.

The look is of work too beneficial,  
The developers of work will benefit  
As they are employers, bosses and chiefs.  
The salary is not a problem,  
And I leave you at the toil of the tall.

Naveed Akram

# Righteous Life

The life of righteous and chaste women  
Belongs to the sensitive arguments;  
You bring in new points and units of prayer,  
Laughing in the ways of men who keep.

They are to persevere and never apologise,  
Words are sent to the other side  
For this other side to differ and respect  
The mountain of spirituality.

The joy of more age is significant  
And in this place of monuments  
The royal people agree with their king,  
Opening me with complaints.

Naveed Akram

# Righteous One

Fond of leadership and fond of dedication,  
My why do we understand this action?  
Offered to a leader is then to relapse  
Into a putsch, a fraught ability and collapse.  
My genius knows his will is greater than the order,  
What is this order? Why is it my daughter?  
The leaders cancel our debt, and faster,  
Justice brings full cancellation of the master.  
I see new laws bringing new hope,  
What Hope! What love does this bring and cope?

Naveed Akram

# Rights And Rules

The friend is the dwarf, nowhere is the man with stripes,  
For his superior officer died with his rights and rules,  
Acts came to use the official guise, with elves to prepare  
The food.

One fiend is blessed with enchanted weaponry,  
Blood overruns and steps back with disgust,  
Bolstering the brain with visions of danger,  
A lusty form of unforgivable speech is uttered.  
My eye raises itself and abhors the mirror  
That talks to the enemy of the dream it conveys.  
This real dream marries to the other side,  
Now heaven and hell create themselves  
With pride and folly, yet it is artificial.  
And so the friend is the dwarf, nowhere is the man  
With stripes.

Naveed Akram

# Rights And Wrongs

The edge of a right is again in command,  
Open the doors to wounds and deliver the praise.  
The country sells prices high, the region of birth  
For many of the land of the people.  
The actions and acts resolve as speech,  
Common speech has raised the audience,  
But royal speech will speak fully like the military.  
Ideas drive me to command the loyal, dignified,  
The backs of a jar damage the held law  
As it splits not showing the description on its front,  
This image of beauty so broken by now.  
Rights are right, and wrongs are levels of stupor,  
Yokes of the egg shall mix and create the omelette of taste.

Naveed Akram

# Rights Of A Country

Where are you in this highly acclaimed world?  
Inside which country do you hurry?  
A middle is in the country,  
An action is committed further than the rest.  
Those sacred articles must appear,  
Opening the gates to their respective counties,  
With the chiefs to be seated a little like golden men.  
Offer the golden men some silver,  
Oppose them if the gold has a fold.  
These acclaimed sergeants hinder  
Nobody until the war has been won.

Let the world never be hindered,  
So that people become people.  
Lots of deviance must be severely punished,  
Lots of crime is seen on the scene.  
One is not criminal from the first word,  
You are given rights and human rights.

Naveed Akram

# Rights Of The Individual

I see the rights of this individual,  
Making me crazed beyond other limits,  
The banquets are the insightful,  
The reading carries only autopilots.

The blankets are abbots of the arrows,  
Defending me, like the abbey today;  
The sign on this defeat is my bedclothes,  
Bouquets are dangers in very array.

The ashtray is away from bravery,  
Some banjos have walls to make them anew,  
The ashtray made me dirty ably,  
Some offered me the height of the bamboo.

I see new worries in this heart of mine,  
To care is too much on the borderline.

Naveed Akram

# Riot

To the return of kingdoms I can bear,  
Justice though may reach an aftercare  
That resides in dreams of the dead,  
Death has no motion to be ahead.  
My cousins are in contentment as well,  
The whole crowd forbade the hell  
We families had to endure so much,  
The yelling and seasons are such.  
A kingdom may become a land of hope  
When the rioting stops, when we can not cope.

Naveed Akram

# Ripples Of The Soul

A ripple has shaken my soul of light  
More than the hellish depths of certainty;  
Well-instructed, my guided soul is abject  
And the ripples of the water are like flaws.  
The help of a devilish plan shall cause  
The resentment of an age that masters  
Bold men who are in heaven so late.  
An open eye is a bag of leaves and gold,  
Seeing like the seeing, feeling what is felt,  
Like the opening of cans and the closing  
Of sanctuaries that bespeak the custom.  
A ripple has encountered my soul with light,  
Light enters the fray with loaded fright.  
Spoons and forks are righteously fought,  
Like the supper of an island in retaliation.  
It is the depth of the food and drink  
In this world of gold and light that shivers  
And slightly burdens the young man who strives.

Naveed Akram

# Rippling

Rippling patterns swirl out from my feet,  
Sliding over the edge of the party of breathlessness,  
The far side of the world is a shelf on which to gaze  
And be harrowed by the collisions occurring from suns.  
On the day of a terrible water, here is the dense cloud  
As it weaves its odors through the natural cliff,  
Lending to the world a serene beauty,  
With nostrils pinched shut, and rivers falling over  
With the gusts of the vale and the murders of the men.  
A submerged storm trooper is gaping at you,  
With arms of regret, as you swim past the ocean of fire,  
Bullets have been leaning on your shoulder,  
Living a salmon and trout, swimming through the river  
Of lovely sounds, coming up quickly with breathless delight.

Naveed Akram

# Risky Business

The side to suicide was grim as pies of ice,  
Calculating the moment would be torture;  
The effects of the insanity were stronger than most,  
Another feeling was attached like the meaning of piety.

Someone wants to die and then live forever,  
Let them suffer less than us if they live on,  
For suicide is a risky business, and you are the lord  
Of your moment, the one so dark and distinct.

A side to your features is like history itself,  
The machine of death keeps running,  
But you decide to use it and work more  
For the living and the dying, the dead.

Naveed Akram

# Rituals That Appal

Cumbersome rituals appal the mind,  
The wits are affected by this ritual.  
The mind is troublesome to the eloquent speech,  
One speaks loudest when affected.  
The whole piety of a speaker is about,  
Wanting the air of a seminary.  
A doddering dwarf has reminded us  
Of his walk in the holy region.  
The rituals of his stupid speech  
Are around the house of words.

Naveed Akram

# Rivers Of Wisdom

How do they work on this hour?  
Fiction discusses their faults  
In the ways of the Hereafter.  
The living hours of the clock  
Unwind to produce the love in  
Our hearts that live closely  
With heads of steel.

What hour wends its river to shelter it?  
Waste, disease and ruin  
Come knowing of wisdom  
That swears and prestigiously argues  
For the faults to be uncovered.

The illness of the century floats  
As the glum panic awaits,  
Forming fruit of steel and balls,  
The very acts are against us.

May ill limbs be biased like some points  
In life, the reality of ever is upon us.

Naveed Akram

# Rivers, Waters Of A Variety

Left to us is a lake of anxiety,  
Understand them, see how the liquids roar.  
Water is an ornament of details,  
It is the hearth and heart of some troubles.  
A sea works fine with someone,  
I am fine and fair with the sea.

It has walls, walls too magnificent,  
O Medium of the heavy rain,  
Bless us anyway to make much too much ruin,  
Inside the chamber of horrific water.  
Water is the holy blessing of deeds,  
The fountain is near, my friend.

I observe from my flowers in the head,  
And tiny drops are unleashed by the millions  
As one single magnificent, marvellous fountain.  
Jagged and muddy so clean is this true monument  
That is worthy of anointing me.  
This is the gargantuan fountain of hearts restored.

Next, we trek and see ahead the path  
And its journey to live among the river  
Of Eternity.  
The river has never kept a blood  
Or a sport so fine as Me.  
O Medium so great, do discover my soul.

So then there appears a Waterfall,  
So slothful and hard at worry.  
The peace and tranquillity finally emerges larger,  
It is larger than the fountain, heavier.  
The way of the river is angrier,  
But we shall descend as a waterfall.

Naveed Akram

# Road To Defeat

Open is the road to defeat,  
Under the bushes is meat that thrives,  
Over the heat is the heart of calamity  
And so cares are kept aside.

Offer a reality once to travelers,  
Understand the question of authority,  
Then relate a gesture of regret,  
That shall shake the very recesses  
Of the mind, so that soul appears blessed.

My fortune can cause a calamity,  
Opening the path to despair,  
Yet we pride ourselves in calamity  
So that disaster can keep its hounds.  
Let them nod and bark like fires  
Of this continual life and existence.

Naveed Akram

# Road To The Stars

I am on a road of spirit that is animal,  
The mammals all spend together their findings;  
We have a trek for our adventure,  
Finding and exploring is a blessing,  
The real adventure stays as a bright star,  
Evil-doers gain access to the stars  
If good people invade them.  
The road to another star is fought by everyone  
Even the common man, even royalty.  
The journey to the universe is like crossing  
Many planes of existence,  
Accepting them is a justice.

Naveed Akram

# Roadways

Roads are making sense to the citizenry,  
Can they travel long distances?  
Can thoughts enter a ghastly mind  
Which melts under the sun, in the brain?  
Roads will enthuse the community at large  
And affect their moods and climate of opinion.  
Shall we certainly reject the injured?  
They, the leprosy, are against roads.  
But we are the fit to celebrate the country  
By going to it, by managing safety on the roads.  
Each road is greatly admired and minds are helped  
By the heat of the sun and all it emits.

Naveed Akram

# Roaming

I roam  
The cities of your silences  
The nights are running out of darkness

Morning creates my enemies  
After the rain of the shining dawn

And you want us to love again  
In this waking abundance  
So clever on you

Naveed Akram

# Roaming Hearts

To roam behind curtains steals from the heart,  
The intellect suffers from obvious ailments;  
Stringent are the tasks awaiting those hungry souls.  
For this heart bleeds, and that heart stomps,  
Feeding the blood of the heraldry,  
They work again to strive and conquer,  
Their halves are halved again,  
A sacerdotal oath has arisen.

One energetic lad falls prey to enigmas,  
The lad and lass is synergetic,  
Forcing their deluge on the others  
Who respect those with respect.

The shipload of dresses rules over the woman  
Who has grown into tides and wishes.  
My lads are from her actions, the best  
Of the wrestlers are so mindful of the pleasure  
That has arisen,  
Fearing a day that traverses the hard rock  
In the background.

Naveed Akram

# Roaming Numerals

Roam down, small shape, into the world,  
All this geometry seizes us!  
They disappear into the wild torrents  
We call life as we know it.  
Then the stage is set for abolishing fine  
Shapes.  
Then mathematicians confer to find a perfect grade,  
To be always in our hearts and heresies.  
This is the study of numbers,  
And this night warms the day  
When sadness collects and happiness expires.  
But our knowledge of the shapes  
Makes us superior and well-loved.

Naveed Akram

# Roaring Mass

It began with blue seas and roaring avenues of tickling sound,  
A constant mutter of risky rain, fluttering notes of music that crashed.  
A sea had been a boy and girl of the lands facing outrageous weather,  
Under the dents of the bends of the coastland, fully eating with munches.  
The very real presence of thunder was a squall from heaven and hell,  
Laughing and sighing, proceeding to burst the stomach with illness,  
Like furious nature and all it contains.

I had the sense of swimming in this gaseous soup of liquidity,  
The roar of the waves caused the heart to matter to differences  
So hard and long into the books of ancient nature.  
I saw my head work into the hatches and blotches so eternal like blood.  
My voice was the sea and all it contains,  
Towers of water fed the masses who stalked the depths of this monster  
So livid with anger and madness and insanity.  
I saw him pass through the sludge of extinct bad weather,  
A roaring shout was brand new after the crying of masses.

Naveed Akram

# Roars Of The Sea

Amid the roars, the sea  
Creeps through my fingers;  
I shall meander through the yellow beach,  
Casting stones on the Devil.  
It, the sea of evil, creeps  
Into the shell, or human body,  
Where my attitudes think  
And my discontents arise  
Like the morning and afternoon,  
But not the night.  
I have cried all my life,  
And this sea emptied into the sea.  
I will weep once in heaven,  
Where the devil is absent.

Naveed Akram

# Roasting

The seas of roasting chickens  
Gang up on the mouth, to slaughter  
Them is wise, more intelligent  
Than themselves, who watch and listen  
In ways of the Academy;  
After tonight the walls of heaven collapse  
For their taste and the taste buds work splendours.  
Much eating occurred after me,  
Most of the wasting accomplished nothing.  
My boiling soup acutely spun  
Under the weight of heaven and hell.  
Those chances slim,  
These windows thinner,  
And my soup a broth for dinner.

Naveed Akram

# Robbery

The robbers rob and the thieves thieve,  
Like the warriors that bled from too much  
That they foresaw and had felt a need to expunge,  
For the heroes of this day shall turn into odors  
One does feel arise from within.

The proud claimants damage their willpower,  
Towards the sun they stood and sat upon the high,  
Liking the dames being led to their deaths,  
And then forsaking all else in the faces.  
Your token arrives from another planet.

Naveed Akram

# Robin

This foliage bolts fibres of wood,  
Trees are the life so cultivated by Robin Hood.

Naveed Akram

# Robot

Forget the reason and the unreason,  
I say against all recommendation -  
That your talk is failing and never never good,  
What is the machine I call you?

Naveed Akram

## Robot In Action

He invents a toy for spirit of golden happiness,  
Ill-treated is it? I vouch on it.

I swear the swerving manoeuver was great,  
Grateful are some of positivity, not negative  
Like major braininess, like a robot.

Robots can walk down ways,  
With effort of their own in possession.

Sweetly it moves moved by itself.

I can not forgive for it repents like cruel rules,  
And straightaway the ruler is Us.

Forgive the Robot if it forgets,  
I certainly force like one, little me.

Naveed Akram

# Robotic Acts

He hasn't told me what to be at fault,  
Just acts are the only goal for our existence;  
No one really felt the marriage of our lives  
Unless they had reasoning and powers of health.  
Unburdened by imagination, the robotic few  
Accelerated their conversations with acts.  
In the same place they blacked out,  
The other side was fiction and the plain  
Side was fact, an imaginary bargain had taken place.  
Something was in the place of someone,  
Fifty percent reacted, the other half considered  
Disputes of the dust and the disease.  
There was a malfunction in the air of talking  
And electronics bashed the bashers.  
These were robots of the higher sentiments,  
With being in the open, wonderful seizures!

Naveed Akram

# Rocks Thrown

A short rock became my rainbow rock,  
As I threw it fully into the lifeless pond,  
Quiet now that it entered, as it was a vibrant  
Sight worth a declining hand.

The putrid flesh of the rolling fish reeked  
Of the flesh of whole affairs, to forget was to deny  
Their throats, as they half-lived and spat their waters,  
Biting and incising the hands of the thrower of the rock.

One bitter stinging fish was seen exiting the waters,  
Putting poison into the airs and hunting me down,  
A rock I sent and unseated the poor reeking fish,  
Bringing it down for the house of death.

Naveed Akram

# Rolling The Eyes

Stephen struggled not to roll his eyes,  
Built on the ground, his legs sprouted.  
Being friendly his fire came from the heart,  
Guns were from his soldiery a lesson  
To the brave and the oxen who invaded.  
His eyes gained sight every now and then,  
After the shocks the eyes repainted the scene.  
The shocks gravely impaired Stephen,  
On the sloping ground, on the carved land.

Naveed Akram

# Roots Of Men

If you're hiding anything be certain of godly men,  
For they have been dismissed from alert rides,  
The finishing journeys and the hated tribes.

One sees the physical ailments and designs the power,  
Froth and descriptions alert one another for fun,  
Let the power be certainly said like the wind.

Fur is sucked from the roots of love and power,  
Let the bears be the skin, and let them bury us  
With their pardons and compliments of old.

Naveed Akram

# Ropes Of Dignity

Pull some ropes of dignity,  
Up in the heavens and planets.  
Push into green pastures  
Open are the fields so large,  
The real weight of a leaning man  
Is due to gravity and his graveness.  
Hear the chimes most lovely,  
Sounding like the heavens and earth.  
Most grave sounds of loneliness  
In this quiet room, the sky.

Naveed Akram

# Roses And Bravery

Roses are them who flourish like seeds of the wind,  
The winds are forcing their lairs into the grass of happiness.

Free him, the brave one, who is the holiest prize of the world's bliss,  
Find him, in the meek world where he is a merely finest human character.

Is holiness a form of desirability? Is it spherical or saintly?  
The world of the ground is not the sea. It is the earth and stones.

Hear him, who understood nothing to God, as a good man might,  
As mightiness has understood calamity and bravery of another comrade.

Is the circle of light a perfect stone which carries no concrete nature  
Other than its hardness and softness at times. Roses are them who flourish.

Naveed Akram

# Roughly On The Ground

I set him roughly on the ground,  
I first thought to loosen his tie  
Then the baby crawled into a barn  
Of its own, so he set off, like a flame.  
Quickly the baby backed into a corner,  
I saw its flesh, and I had thought it grew  
Deeper into the ground as the years supplied,  
Agility had accompanied his traits,  
Asking too many questions,  
But knowing the rough ground  
I saw him own.

Naveed Akram

# Routing The Fight

All over at last, all over  
Like the man who fought  
A thousand courages with eloquence,  
They formidably fought like stoves  
As furnaces of sheer steel.  
The religion of ecstasy  
Intruded, eliding the vowels  
With their arabs on the march.  
Butchering blatantly they fought  
Hard garrisons like debris cluttering  
The ground with growls and ash.

My feet are stained since fighting  
As I viewed the scene of disgrace;  
Kneeling was an art in those days,  
Selfish men eluded the greater dozen,  
Deserting the smashing culture,  
Liking the roasting mutton like no other  
Pain in this world of worlds.

Naveed Akram

# Royal Accent

Royal people are fitter to have authority,  
As they cannot find fault with companionship.  
Howevermuch the world has fullness  
It has a completeness, and is not selfless.

Naveed Akram

# Royal And Moral

Yes, the leader of princes is a lightning bolt,  
And women gaze at the righteous man  
Who thunders at people in poetry.

No, the many-sided triangle of mathematics  
Is not real when encountered by the nation,  
For it is like an odd shape to matter to the scientist.

A prince is uniformed by the army, and the scientist  
Is all black because of the night and the stars  
That shine like the women in the country.

Who thunder-claps now? Is it women who applaud  
The men of royalty? Or does a pious gentlemen  
Pray for moral teaching to happen again?

Naveed Akram

# Royal Queen

It succeeds on the basis of wellness,  
Yet since we learn on matters of health,  
The story is the same and the very same,  
I agree.

It fails on the thinking schedules,  
Yet as we all learn on the wealth that gives power  
To us all, the very same thing can be said:  
Keep a work out and keep a nicety with.  
I do not see!

Naveed Akram

# Royal Treatment

Not any royal man desires the worst for the kings of metal and brass,  
Just are men who walk among the sins and trigonometry that amass.

Naveed Akram

# Rugby And Drink

Good fogs are maintained by drama of nature,  
The drums of the ages are upon us,  
As well the noise of scrummages  
Are found in the rugby fields,  
When living has an art for the boy,  
Why does he count on us?

Good people learn a home,  
Giving a long-cherished night  
To themselves in sleep  
In meeting with a god of sorts.  
Lasting forever, the drink is ours for the price of it.

Naveed Akram

# Ruined By Sitting

Do you discard the ruins of sitting?  
Let us walk hand-in-hand down the river Nile,  
Like centipedes or milestones, whatever.  
This learned man is wise as well,  
Judge him by his intellect as if to magnify.  
Rally support from afar, busy butane,  
Opening doors to the world of tricks.  
So pronounce the letters in my heart  
So that by doing this you keep a learning.

Naveed Akram

# Rules Of The Game

The rules are broken when games are played,  
Rules mean absence of the rules, as they are afraid.

I have aid for the players when I expect them to try,  
To try and preserve the rules, and work with the ally.

Rules are strict, but not in games, for they live  
Inside a game forever in trial, no one is abusive.

Naveed Akram

# Run On

Run smoothly against the slopes overheating the legs,  
A castle is built for the kingdom to arrive at the doorstep.  
Many hypocrites define my actions as insane,  
However much I warn myself on encountering them.  
A chasm attacks me when my darkness is thin,  
The deep ravine of sights reminds me of more light.  
Run in a broken manner to become a man,  
Transfer the guilt that was built by becoming a man.  
Again fix the eyes and ears for the enjoyment too slim,  
Open corridors of pain too fine, so involved everyone is.

Naveed Akram

# Run To Death

Run to death, run to the place of nights,  
With all its pleasures and scares;  
Taste of it this death as it stalks the night,  
Ready to weep into the cells of the floor.  
Repair now the destruction wrought on the globe  
Of a better world, the best world in the galaxy,  
A space is called an universe too cold and hot.  
Such terror in the skies is an abyss of telling  
And secrets are conspicuous in the very hot and cold.

Naveed Akram

# Running Wisdom

That running away is from the death,  
Death justifies itself by accusing, staring  
And poking the eyes out, with sting and wing;  
Tomorrow the dying ceases, as we strive  
To belong to justice and the way of dreams.

Heartache is a rigid fort worthy of mortar  
Of the morals including the verses,  
Bricks are laid with inscriptions,  
On the arch we describe, the running  
Is of a tap in blind usage, the trees  
Are holier than usual.

My trees are like the knowledges of wise  
Men, some arrive and some host  
The parties of lectures, the lectures of signs.

Naveed Akram

# Rustle

Permit the rustle of stupidity,  
Once your crime has been fashioned.  
Never awkwardly craze or beleaguer,  
The plague of life has forbidden.  
A smooth masterpiece is surrendering,  
A loving signal has been achieved.  
To results we honour the best,  
The best of us have honoured.  
A relic of innocence has been condemned  
After the artifact has been broken and split.

Naveed Akram

# Sacred Doll

To him is sacred literature as he stood  
Wailing like a sitting dog,  
What is the language of speaking?

An abject tongue, an object of resentment  
Claimed the background of music and sound.  
Answers are beheld by the sitting dolls.

What is the literary component of a man  
In loss? Is mankind helping the kingdom?  
My tongue is my mother's tongue.

Work returns speaking to me like work,  
The distilled water is upon his shoulders,  
And so the sitting doll reaches forward to the dog.

Naveed Akram

# Sacred Men

Fathers are the sacred men of this generated world,  
Feeding the proper virtues with their awesome zeal;  
Loathing the compartments of ultimate reasoning,  
The devils become strongly evil in their playing.  
A spreading joy envelops the gathering of crowds,  
Fathers win their children after the fighting and sitting.  
A little platter of crabs and apples would be motherly  
For the rest of the community, this community of windows.  
Fatter and mathematical are the men of the world,  
Women simply reply to the questions offered to them.  
This joy has entered the spoiling region called war,  
Peace ensues unerringly, like the sessions of criminality.

Naveed Akram

# Sacred River

Why do reasons say their mind?  
The creams of the sacred river love  
My abundant sight, as it swims from  
This moment of joy to the instant of respect.  
I have all that commands life  
And its brethren, the brother has been  
Allowed to ponder on the weakness  
And the strength must be learnt.  
Satisfied are the different men of women  
And women of men, women of women  
Relax and men of men contentedly pursue  
The rights absorbed by acts.  
They chase one another for more news  
Of their consideration.  
This active workout shall embrace  
The new religions we have to see.

Naveed Akram

# Sacred Story

I am from a family of heights delivered to past  
Lives, living within evolution like the speedboats.  
I absorb the sacred story, I travel to the furthest part,  
Real commentary has been blown by the buried men.  
I father, you mother, will burn the tender hearts with music  
Enjoying royalty, radical royalty of the utmost memories.  
I have sustained the blue skies with surrendered children,  
Their hands wave with brandishing acts of inhalation.  
My feet are bound to the cross, my hands see them  
In the distance, with nails struck in the core of the moment.  
I have children while death has encroached upon being,  
Detaching me from being that erupts from volcanic rock.

I am having treasure of gold rings and silver necklaces,  
The wine of the spirit is upon my tongue like golden items.  
My halving arts are like a heartening man of indulgent creams,  
Like a king who acts upon solutions of the dreamer's food.

Naveed Akram

# Sacred-House

Go to the houses of light and emeralds,  
Their speech entertains and heralds.

Naveed Akram

# Sacrifice

Nothing has been occupying my minds,  
I have all the requirements for them to be classed as two,  
For I have double-vision as to the religion of my thought,  
I am not guilty and I have no stigma,  
Merely the goat has been slain by its owner  
For the worn garment, and the delicious meat it endows.  
What is century after century of sacrifice when a life has been  
Rectified for all the days in it?  
Why do we keep lunar years for these praises and festivals  
When every year seemed to be carried?  
Where is my food, O mother! Why does the goat hurt when it is dissected?  
It is a child that speaks hostility and not a stranger can even desire this speech.  
We can sacrifice all we want, when we want, and however we want  
As long as rivers and oceans shall curve with water.  
Water makes it abundantly clear, like the blood that wreaks from the neck  
Of a dead goat. Always the sacrifice is made on this time in the calendar.

Naveed Akram

# Sad Death

Sad are people who lie and give death,  
Your sin is special, even though murder is not,  
And deathly bridges are traversed by the spirit,  
To accuse no one wrongly and no one is in fight or trouble.

Openly, gate has been served and automated,  
Made and consumed by the people who eat,  
Their living is again the standard of meat,  
The standards of meat are greater and superior.

Gates must open for the guests who change,  
They fix a notion on whoever is proud of joyous occasions.  
Gates after gates are opened to the glad,  
And speaking those notions may damage the very gladness  
That doors bring, that gates sing.

Naveed Akram

# Sad Summer

This sad summer sun is too small in brightness,  
It fades towards the other end of the day,  
Loathing it requires patience, of the highest order,  
Facing me is this weather, of sunlight and light rain,  
My living gave a heart to the wilderness.

This quiet ending to the day may cause trouble,  
Or this patient man in the whole of this kingdom quietens.  
May he leave us, when the hares and rabbits jump in the season we see,  
This sadly brings us to a close,  
The mad hands of fate close our meteors to a drop.

Patient men are losing their anger  
When they have to wait and listen  
To all the apostles in the sun, under the sun,  
And we deprive others when we speak ill of this fabulous star,  
This summer, the stars or planets remind me of nighttime.

Naveed Akram

# Sadder Dreams

Sad dreams dig deeper,  
The wells of sound are unleashed,  
Everyone hears your call,  
But the dead dreaming falls.

Just after the saddest nightmares  
Become your dreams at night,  
A clown of just appetite  
Unveils, forming hidden gestures.

Sad dreams are so deep,  
That final jests are from circuses,  
Not circles or the triangles,  
But deep down in the mind.

Let dreams inherit a realm  
So entrancing that enchantment  
Escapes your mind  
For the enlightenment has progressed.

Depths of heaven are the depths  
Of dreams, an example has overridden  
The senses, justly pouring froth  
Called plasma in the heart of the mind.

Naveed Akram

# Safe Agency

Agents are lying, governments are disposing,  
You'll need your ID, and then be arrested;  
Far away is the prison, an implant is your partner,  
Slavery disembowels you, vomiting you,  
Your lying is apparent, the agents are again,  
Where is the information?  
My liar is near, his informing air is there,  
When he questions me he lies.  
I have to lie, my conscience does not lie,  
And may I die, into a thousand pieces  
Just when a government resides in its chair  
To haul me to safety,  
And it did!

Naveed Akram

# Safe And Sound

Safe is the place of our realm,  
Invited to there are some,  
Some who still say they are fine,  
The very few in the world to define.

Goodness has a social traitor,  
A foe or bully, an enemy not to enter.  
The genius has great and good experience,  
Who spins heavy blows at science.  
A science is the safety of our race.

Naveed Akram

# Sage

Describe the scribe who wrote a page of piety,  
Inside the book of holiness, in some pottery.

Naveed Akram

# Sages

Sages mark with pens a scribe's thought,  
Masking their mighty thinking and philosophy  
And producing scholarship to ruin a devil's jest.  
Scholars are bending the rules  
And failing the test of success  
For they hasten to their graves  
Due to deadly words and deeds.  
Their wishes are sounding notes of music,  
And the written word has been shown  
Always by sages.

Naveed Akram

# Sages And Scholars

One third of this passage of writing can be read like a scribe. The sages have outstanding master ship of the verses. And one scholar never betrays another no matter what words he wrote. Even if the stars came down upon my soul, I would not stop or resent this period of waiting, the period of activity best left to the normal mind. One third of this passage has been read.

Naveed Akram

# Sages Of War

Opening the books of sages is like engaging militarily,  
This country needs you, when it is time for war and ability.

Naveed Akram

# Sails Flapped

The sails flapped over us,  
The moments were dropping,  
It was wrong to be pessimistic,  
In ordinary human events.  
Our housekeeper was away,  
One hand hovering our ship,  
The other a source everlasting bliss.  
We were done reading the houses,  
Down fields, across alleys.  
The sea was our glove twisted,  
Its integrity seemed to be absent.  
Down into the sea we dropped,  
Over us a calculation or goings on.  
We were to swim further than this,  
For my eyes were seeing doubly well  
Now that storms aroused the passion.

Naveed Akram

## Same Bed

Same bed and yet they're poles apart. She's plagued  
By ghosts, to all intents, while he's progressed.  
They no matter what tried to figure out sight,  
Like loaves of bread they were locked in peaceful fight.  
Huge but soft, the bread sliced thin,  
And they were separated powerfully enough.  
Afterwards, the way he looked at her  
Caused adequate fright to be two inches thick of cloth.

Naveed Akram

# Same Dreams

One of those self-same monsters  
Was counting sheep in the disturbances  
Surrounding the collapse of a deep sense.  
And my dynamic imagination felt like  
Reading the woolly animals for their brains,  
My own disturbances tired afterwards.

Do all women sleep with rules and attributes?  
The sharp aroma of coffee awakened in the mind,  
Almost hearing noises with eyes and ears.  
The tang of orange-juice deliberately sorted  
The habits of a century, fully reforming the stay.

Then I fell asleep. I can't remember those  
Dreams when he pretended to sleep.  
What colour of butter had been open?  
I placed a tray onto the heads  
With mouth wide open.  
I fell asleep with sleep being a provider  
As much as gold and silver of dreams.

Naveed Akram

# Same Forever

The same poetry has occurred forever,  
To barge into walls is like bringing poems.  
The basics of writing believed in characteristics  
Of style and knowledge, too many poems occurred.  
Walls and more walls make rooms  
In the whole world of homes, the very domes.  
I create a missile of hate to be shot at the rich,  
Who happen with poetry all their life.  
A sane man is also rich as poetry can offer,  
Offers of successful nature are again made.

Naveed Akram

# Same Stomach

The same substance mutters its healing properties,  
The film now forgives you, from the last.  
The films are adding to the wrestling few,  
This danger defends you with surprise,  
How much of the sanity is seen by ill men?

We went out with the sea as it receded,  
We cried with chins and tears full of them,  
They rented the house of the face,  
In this face we smiled and cried and cried!  
For daggers are still the winter levers,  
Often the resolutions are put.

Then a sameness enters the room full of stench,  
The dirt of the corners is healing faster,  
Goodness enters once again,  
Liking the licking of the food that is dug,  
And so the stomach falls downwards.

Naveed Akram

# Same Weapons

The same weapons have been taught  
To me and everybody that learns of war;  
The ropes of tragedy are cut to the death,  
Forcing climbers to admit defeat.  
Jostling around the gym, a fool has deserved  
Fame for what he did.

The warlike friend is a man of humans,  
The gnomes are not armed, yet are fair.  
How did the men of fairness achieve alacrity?  
A rope has been mounting on the conscience,  
One to climb and attribute to God.

Naveed Akram

# Sand

A sand is a past second,  
Uttered by infinite pleasures,  
Hatred comes from it,  
Leisure is obtained,  
Heaven has made its home.

A flight of sand is in action,  
The act of staying alive,  
The very deadly image we came from;  
I maddened everyone  
Like a mad man not.

Naveed Akram

# Sand Around

I overflow like a fountain in fantasy,  
The story objects to the minor virtues,  
But they differ and demand, a route  
Pertains to the truth, and we have lace.  
To lie and tie the grace systemises  
A failed operation.

My sand-holes are preferred to pits,  
I convey my soul through the desert,  
Turning the tribes in my head, so very  
Simple, so very crumpled hats and gear.  
The lowering of the head is obtained  
By the frequency of thrills too great.

Naveed Akram

# Sand In Hand

If sand is in my hand,  
And cages contain our rages,  
We become power of rivers and seas,  
Clashing with their built-in waves.

The gate is a real state  
Where we have wings  
And where he sings,  
Forming a flight of the reality.

The hour is late, and my flower  
Burgeons with crazy petals,  
Each alive to sounds and hearts  
Lingering in the heaven.

My haven is to be taken,  
Like the heavenly swords  
And the outrageous burden  
So fixed in our young tools.

If sand is in my hand,  
Then the sworn enemy retracts,  
Descending on the nucleus  
Of active regions.

Naveed Akram

# Sand In The Air

The sand in the air whirls and swirls in ever drums,  
No one sports the men who lie dumb on the pavement,  
Living is a livid one affair, calling the death of the secret,  
A man is called deceased when he nears the pairs of youth.

The sand has commanded me to think about the desert,  
My coach is ready for me, a passenger sits in it with me,  
We arrive at the shop in the desert of the wonderful sun,  
One blesses the stages of the one who sows tragedy.

My sandy air compiles a message to the world about godliness,  
For the power is trained and the work is unmade,  
Filling me with worries of the day when night has overtaken,  
The driving of the rains is fortunate or cheerful in this desert.

Naveed Akram

# Sandstorm

Caught in a sandstorm we strive onwards,  
The sand is awesome, the sand is massive;  
We throw our weapons down swiftly to seal  
Our pact with the desert people, the nomads.  
They catch us because we are living forever,  
Inside us is a soul to matter, more than grains of sand.  
The whole storm shall make us proficient in acts  
Of innocence, the nomads know us;  
We are able to unite and be nomadic  
Without the weapons of our choice.

Naveed Akram

# Satan

Their eyes adjust to the sight of Satan,  
He agonizes my stomach so as to deaden.

Naveed Akram

# Satanic Nature

Why is satanic nature in hazardous condition?  
For we write on the stomach our wind and exclamation.

Naveed Akram

# Satanic News

The news is a block of ice, and cold water,  
Satan has news of evil nature, he is a garroter.

Naveed Akram

# Sauces In The Mouth

Satisfy us, the sauce is laid on the plate,  
To sound like a train we munch on the crockery.  
All of us are tame, men sweat due to food and water,  
This ranch of dining musically swings with munching.  
My food created the salmon in my mouth  
To move in lovely rhythm with my tongue.  
Its territory is tested, like all good men,  
But the inner taste is subjected to the pleasures.  
At the end of all this is bitter and sweet food  
Being kept in batches for the stomach to design.  
I have been satisfied by the ranch of food and dining,  
The sauce is hot and sticky in the very district.

Naveed Akram

# Save Their Flesh

I fear no people other than those facts,  
Inner delight arises from nations.  
Let lazy ideas spark and direct,  
Open them and raise them after all.  
Your fear is not like mine,  
Lost in delight, your nation is now empty.  
May fear design a future for facts,  
So let people learn and learn more.  
I fear the bodies put on our face,  
Ounces of flesh are saved.

Naveed Akram

# Say To Me

Say to me my song in tomorrow's time,  
At the table preach to me the wisdom  
Of your book, the many-sided volume  
That turns into food or lunch.

My laughter is well-eaten, after so much,  
This brotherhood amazes me,  
And I sing from the bottom of my heart  
The real strength of my soul  
As it turns into gold.

Naveed Akram

# Saying No

I say a No to life if I'm a doubter of trades  
Or a rejector of wishes for another being;  
Throughout my career the lesions are separate,  
Brain after brain resound in the heavens  
To consider the foes of our night and day.  
Such views are of the hard wars,  
Opposed are the contractors and their parties.

I say their votes are cancelled due to hard facts,  
And they recommend me as a solution.  
Religious values are a plague to the minority,  
Calling knowledge and varieties of ink.

I say the sieves of learning are brutes of the striking  
Values that distinguish strength from virtue.  
I gang up with European values,  
These strictnesses exactly manage my realistic habits,  
Foretelling the shows to my rising dialogue.

The dialectic of the century is about to be expressed,  
My facts are worthier than yours,  
But you may be credit fixed to the coin,  
And these words carry me further than the waves  
While your coins are fixed in time,  
Like values from the otherworldly type.

Naveed Akram

## Scared Man

A scared man released me  
When he became yellowish,  
An ornate jewel beamed on  
With light so noxious and bustling.  
A battered man met him just now,  
Ancient in age so great and small.  
Wet fingers touched and the water  
Was radiant in the walking sense.  
My everlasting eyes saw their cotton  
And textiles like a rock of stone.  
The scared man was a scarred man  
So remote and spherical like religion.  
His dry eyes swung and rolled  
To see more blind action too slow.  
A scared man is a wilder beast  
So trained by the blobs of this world.

Naveed Akram

# Scary Illness

Had a man walked the lane so prized  
He would have noticed specialists agonized  
By the scene too complete, too sacred,  
We scared them with our illness hinted.  
My walking out of bed carried weight  
Of a body in time with dates and ready to accelerate.  
He the man of utter distinction called his own,  
His family forgave the illness of a lifetime alone.  
The men of the women called nurses gathered  
In the hospital, taking over the job afterward.

Naveed Akram

# Scary Walls

Black and white passages are carried  
By winds of change that are distinct.  
The scribbling on the wall is about  
The wind that delivers its scariness,  
By the chambers of disregard and ugliness.

This wall creates a muttering of the walking,  
The scary just wall is about the courts,  
It composes the mind with justice and ugliness.  
The criminals are the factors of the heights,  
The height of the building is upon us.

In my journal of light is a justice, a jousting  
Session of the chambers in the past;  
The judge arrived, the judgement is joining  
My hands with their hands, as the wall  
Surrounds me with its full authority.

Naveed Akram

## Scene After Scene

The scene inside the scenes of our masters is wilful,  
And actual sin has elated returning trainees,  
From these hearts have the boats been.

The minister says new stories of falls and dashes,  
To a man it runs from the dreams of madness,  
Eighty-five mistakes have dissolved the arena.

The story of the investigation blatantly told  
Us the ancient knowledge and facts,  
My scene opened from too many openings.

Naveed Akram

# Schisms

Going to the ends of the world  
I take on new meanings and realities;  
The further work entails a schism,  
For wisdom has approached my door  
And it has opened for this wisdom,  
Forming afterwards a cloud of doubt.  
This is compensation and reality,  
There is a black ocean and cold dream,  
Was there any further colour or light?  
The end is a just man in the full health,  
The ends of the plane universe  
Create a new barrier, and it survives.  
The meaning of this life  
Is of a bird and an animal.

Naveed Akram

# Scholarship Is Poor

I fancied myself a scholar one day,  
With uncaring money the books displaced the books,  
Which was assuredly first class, with no expense,  
Like the cheap and deep recesses of Hell.  
My boasting and reducing was incomplete,  
Wasting money just was that funny with serving.  
Various humans dissolved into a fluid of gases,  
The teachers shamed the warriors, for the scholars brightened.  
My scholarship came to rest as I plummeted  
To the ground after the results had hatched,  
The results were too poor and I am too poor.

Naveed Akram

# School

You go to rotten school quite late,  
And hope to ask to write  
How rigid is the life we state,  
How awful is this right.

Your college mends a life so bland,  
It nurtures why you live,  
The living has the main demand  
Because of that overdrive.

Naveed Akram

# School On Fire

Caught in a fire we stray and commit blasphemy,  
Lulled by the flames, a man is always in a sin.  
The Hereafter must be dying away like a rind of cheese,  
Opening a future closely and certainly, for the peace.  
War is on fire, war is a believing unit of action by men,  
There is fighting, there occupies a community,  
Fulfilling demands of a sport that spreads innocence.  
Jostling crowds of natural birth are extinguished  
Just like the flames so violent, so heavier than Hell.  
Our path is strange today, inventing a school  
From scraps and then inventing a school of God.

Naveed Akram

# Schools Of Talk

Decency is a place of the decent ones,  
Talking in grandiose manners and unthinking talks.

Talking is aspect after aspect after aspect,  
Telling and saying the stated factuality over it.

I am less yet more and more and also less,  
Soil of turmoil and tumult I abstain to not mess.

Bravery is the key and virtue of all,  
Bringing systems of delightful nature and call.

Naveed Akram

# School-Time

Going away is stronger than most occupations,  
The jobs we permit are special and not disruptions.  
Going to school needs fervour and solutions,  
The problems are stronger than professions.

Naveed Akram

# Science In You

Science is earned by honest men of work,  
Intelligent beings are striving and striding, not going berserk.

Naveed Akram

# Scientists

They were scientists named after chases,  
Giving the gallant ghouls of ghastly guesses,  
Blood entered their veins from the head strokes,  
Experiments riddled their brains for busts of steel.

They were all understanders, this second,  
Sights did play and the doings were supreme,  
Liquid after fluid rented the house for springs,  
And the pushing of this astronomical setting overtook.

The car for its driving was a car still, yet  
Understanding was for the men who did,  
Sinking into seizures of saintly help,  
Science overestimated the facts lately.

Naveed Akram

# Scoring Goals

I have a goal or score to make,  
In the end there is a solution.  
Their activities range from slow to fast  
And the stages for excellence are many.  
But teams must be picked, dangers solved,  
Before a successful action arises from the soul.  
Inside the bones of contention is the formula,  
With this formula a goal is scored and the game won.

Naveed Akram

# Scourge

A scourge causes death to open enemies,  
How hard are those who whip and punish severely?  
A threat cascades into the death of a man of blasphemies,  
His throat hurts from exertions and everything nearly.

The misery of life is clearly made by those in-charge,  
A scourge politely masters us in full daylight;  
Sincere reflections are received and then enlarge  
To accumulate and enter, and also create a bite.

You must not act when the paradigm fixes,  
Think over this standard example so named,  
An arrangement of sense and butter mixes  
To complete the sauce so flamed and famed.

I agree with some secrets, in the conversation,  
They echo in the scourge once delighted in,  
Fixing and mixing like top secrets with abbreviation,  
Echoing and finding new tours herein.

Naveed Akram

# Scraping

To scrape the ground believes in my one soul,  
Fatigue and vision saw the real rocks now,  
Toys spring entirely, forcing somehow,  
My stones exert and exhaust me to coal.

For one second, I stray like one patrol,  
Evading her, with souls that wince in row,  
Reflecting devils one heard with a bow,  
The innocence of some is loud, you troll!

A gap appeared for me to free myself,  
The hole was big, bigger than you and me,  
To hide from them all, like suns twitching all.  
I see now this, and those who turn to self,  
The will to live inverts one's destiny,  
I like devoted ones, the playing ball.

Naveed Akram

# Screaming And Half Dragging

The road wound around  
The base of a mighty hill;  
A man roared with pain  
As there were also the  
Sounds of breaking glass,  
Half dragging him with deals  
That were harder than nature's  
Head and trumpet.  
They, the irate shrilled guards,  
Saw into the believer's torture  
Young at the centre.  
Screaming and half slapping  
Was heard with acting ears  
Separable from the mainland  
Of dangerous wastes.

It stopped.

The plans at the base of the hill  
Transferred to offensive odours,  
Defence stalely mattered  
Hiding in the bushes of the night  
Allowing life and death.

The screaming stopped  
Ever since the help restarted.

Naveed Akram

# Screaming Toys

They toy with wars enough to scream,  
These wars devastate me at best;  
One weird one is speaking to me at length,  
Diving in to my weird brain like today.

They are the toys of our role,  
Roll on, and roll on,  
Far away the tragedy lingers,  
But this man is the astronomer of us  
Who spies on the ground and air.

I have so many toys now that you  
Are gone.  
I have too much to learn from you,  
These seeds carry me away  
Like the breezes on your land.

My toys shall be caressed  
Now that you visit us  
With your glare, that enjoys all,  
But what is to do?  
Our lungs need oxygen and I am certain.

Naveed Akram

# Scrolls Of Mankind

Tied together the letter aroused mankind,  
Letters lit up, words astonished the gases,  
Then winds corrupted the pages,  
On the merits of the daughter in lane,  
Who merited and had faith too lasting.

Then the letter was erased by chances  
That astounded, fully developing and eating  
The times of our lives, living like the death  
Of mastered slaves, heels were dashed  
As fully as can be.

And so the letter ended, with chances and risk  
As fathers of the disbelievers;  
The poor girl or daughter won the race,  
With light heart the energised meal had entrances  
As livid as earthly tombs.

Naveed Akram

# Sculpture

A creator is aboard, feelings are strong,  
They are sinful, tears run fearing the worst.  
The creation is a statue, with one wise eye  
And another one to see, so that creations appear.  
The sculptor made education real, and so much to know  
Appeared before us in a performance.  
The creators are splendid at their spectacle,  
Proofs are made with violence, predators are loose,  
The statue will move, but not move.  
A maker seems to sew a stonework even,  
With the right chisel, the right skill and doctor.  
This created, we all feel well inside,  
Just like a living statue, a statue to stare at.

Naveed Akram

# Scurrilous Talk

Scurrilous talk of your nation creates absurd consequences,  
In this sedulous statement is banished the humours of God.  
My fruit evades my creation of the history, that banishes  
The lords and ladies, the profound thinkers of fraud.

I have talk, I have grace and all it encapsulates,  
The real religion created me more than my trees and plants;  
I am the one who accuses and avoids scurrilous talk that accumulates,  
Much like the aliens who deprive me of gold and grants.

Naveed Akram

# Sea Encounter

I caught a massive shark  
and kept it beside the raft  
half out of the nightmare waters  
with its head dangling from the  
hook.  
It gaped at me and didn't attack.  
It didn't even flinch, or roar -  
It was silent as a shark.  
It desired life with its weight  
Being big and bigger,  
Thrashed and assaulted  
by the sea creatures. Where are  
the other fish? In the sea  
where they dashed and whirled  
and slept. This one  
has now ended like a ghost.  
The other fish do not mind:  
It is covered with ruined scales,  
Hard and close-packed.  
Its gills were consuming  
the abhorrent oxygen  
- the scaly gills,  
exhilarating with blood,  
that can damage us somehow -  
I wondered of the flesh,  
rubbery and not fleshy like other fishes  
Of the deep blue sea.  
I wondered of the different skeleton,  
That dinosaur skeleton,  
the colours that were the same,  
the same colours that would permeate it.  
Eyes were no goodness, but  
Evil was their intention.  
It lunged -  
I don't know how!  
Perhaps the flip would drag me under,  
And keep me busy paddling  
Enough to sink me down  
And devour me.

But I was wise and wary  
To survive the whole encounter.

Naveed Akram

# Sea Of Land

My animals are swept from the sea and land,  
They inhabit the outer realms when awake  
But die when asleep, the peace is so immense for them.  
My friendly parrot is upon my skull,  
It needs my companionship like the rain and snow.  
The sun and stars visit it in its sleep,  
Yet it succumbs to me every day in my speech.  
The animals also need me as they need my parrot,  
The birds are flowing in the air, and my parrot dies.

Naveed Akram

# Sea Parting

The sea shall part before your eyes  
And you will not learn of darkness.  
The heart grows fond of this miracle  
As length of the rivers do not match.  
We are in safety, we are in a house  
That worked upstairs and downstairs.  
Some lights are delighting the company  
In the house or palace of wonders.  
This night the lights are out  
With the sea parting forcing us to drown  
With the lights off, with the house in floods.  
The real saviour is the man in the house  
Who is the landlord, the only warrior of water.

Naveed Akram

# Sea's Soul

To the sea is the soul of the unwanted,  
May strings be strummed from the absentminded.

Naveed Akram

# Seafaring

This all looks beautiful like roses in the morning,  
My hands are around the place of sailors  
Who address the waves of brilliancy and delight.

The ships sail according to the instructions,  
According to his majestic mightiness,  
Returning from America, from the land of dreams.

This is beauty, its manifolded designs, like the holes  
Of the ship in transportation, and the ship of halls,  
The ship of shapes, and the ship of sailors.

This was before the round circles around the mast,  
Obvious aliens since happiness of ghosts, still sinning,  
In the outer seas, fulfilling their haunting as ghosts of sin.

This is grace, this is the book, of the higher captains,  
Of seafaring crew, genuine rockets of the weather,  
Of seaward desires, and of the obvious aliens.

Naveed Akram

# Seafood

These things that they deliver  
To the doors of houses, saying the wickedness,  
Seemed absolute and final.  
If they be presents or cod,  
Other fishes of the sea and river,  
Still the gifts prosper for them  
Like that to eat of cheap suppers  
And lunches and breakfasts.  
Theirs was adoration for the food  
Too good of the water, the fish  
And other shellfish.  
I wanted once to be in love of seafood  
For it let my pocket be full of coins.

Naveed Akram

# Seas

Seas are lining our lungs with oil,  
That sought for hearing and roar,  
That vastly deplored the veins of blood,  
Of a human sailor,  
Of a friendly man or woman of the winds.

Throw him off the edge of death,  
Find him swimming to shore,  
As a righteous man stoops to pray,  
As a woman combs her hair all her life.

Waves upon waves meet the soldier,  
A man as quiet as danger,  
One of them who live amongst anger,  
And they are in jeopardy of silence.

Naveed Akram

# Seas Of Living Beings

Seas of blood have amassed from the flesh of living beings,  
Their donations have died when they have lived,  
And their desires are like the solidity of the towers at night.  
My diseases are only viruses, illnesses and destroyers,  
Forsaking me with their tongues, jealousies and larceny,  
I have too many ailments to count, too many that define.

Oceans of evenings collaborate to master the few  
Who reside in the mornings, soldiers of fortune  
Are dying in their lives, like the butter and wine  
Spilling the wastes of the flesh, the innocent ongoing trade.  
Seas of milk are replacing the offending men who collapse  
Too wildly in their endeavours of alacrity.

Naveed Akram

## Seas Of Strictness

Twilight brings nearness to the sea,  
Travel to the stems and the saws  
Of this obliterated land of water and ice.  
This sea, these seas are mightier  
Than battalions of strictness and search.  
Those wandering boats circle and stand,  
Vacant on the mouths of peaceful sayings.

The sea rushes riotously with careful prods,  
Upping, obeying, concerning, believing me,  
Like the toads of the valley caught in a hurl.  
The turf of the oceanic waves sternly occupies  
The wayward minds of sailors beseeching  
Truth and justice according to naturalness  
And according to the sound of the belief.

Naveed Akram

## Seas Of Words

Words concentrate in the form of phrases,  
Working joy into the heart, forming gusts,  
Enemies are blown to and fro, like the tide.  
The sea endangers us at times, due to illness,  
But the sea is only ill when angry, roaring in its smiles,  
Acting like loving kisses, of weather so severe,  
And the severity is immense because we matter.  
The words of the seen nature remark in the end,  
Guiding us along a beautiful country of seas.

Naveed Akram

# Season After Season

Rustling leaves must be sounding like autumn,  
Judging the ground we walk, and also  
How we trudge along life after death  
Has happened to the summer season of Joy.

Leave us when it is winter, as it is cold,  
As the fright from temperature is solid,  
And the life is barren and it is desolate -  
Where trees are like the weird sort, the terrible sort.

It is now Spring, when life carries a deal  
Of much greatness, of greater forgiveness.  
There is light in the branches to liven our hearts  
And fill us enough for summer; we had the sun again.

Naveed Akram

# Season Of Truth

Spring has truth so brilliant of dread,  
Read into worn clothes, maybe your bed.

Naveed Akram

# Seasonal

I love the fall and climb of the seasons,  
Living among the weaknesses is polite;  
I learn of the righteous acts that divide  
The days and nights from each other.

Many sides are to the triangle and square,  
Shapes so plentiful in their despair;  
The seasons can change according to hurry  
And haste of the warriors who design the year.

This year, one fell into disrepute and disharmony,  
Tonight the legality of the situation cried  
Far too long in tears, that tense moods  
Obliterated the season of light and darkness.

Naveed Akram

# Seat Of Pleasure

Seat of pleasure, run with me to victory!  
You must be down and depressed  
To see my torture and sin,  
The very vexation can be dismissed.  
This spoiling feature is a sadness  
To be replaced by the whole mood  
And swing,  
The ladder is suspected of being a ground  
For the layers of sin,  
You must then expiate and deliver  
The results, after so much respite  
And so much foul play,  
That you simply cannot run away  
From me.

Seats of pleasure have the ability to quake  
And shut the mouths of those in display,  
Mankind will never never be aware of distress  
That calls upon the late and early believers.  
Please those who obey,  
And discard the only authority  
Of deceit, a wet day is a fortunate  
Telling to be lost for all eternity.

Naveed Akram

## Seconds In Prison

Seconds are the deadliness of this century's prison,  
The prisoners are like the artefacts of religion.  
Second thoughts are the residences of the very poor,  
More effort defines the antiques inside the mansion of honour.

My seconds are like works of art that diminish  
In the hurts of the century, the instants of time.  
My historic house is a learner and teacher,  
Devout reactors are of the destruction.

The studies of this day are of the night,  
Modern men read from the scribes who  
Are really like sages of the sight,  
Their mighty pens are like eyes that recite.

Naveed Akram

# Seconds Of Contentment

Seconds of thought understand me,  
I have fathomed the real attitude so great.  
My mind is made up to you,  
I have agreed, I have understood this recent message  
And my favourite weather is in the air,  
On this sky I behold a little slogan.  
My manhood will suffice, and my thoughts are great  
Of now.  
My slogan in the sky is about my thoughts  
So those that believe in my deity are in me.  
Thought is great, thought is like a thinker's thought  
Much to the marriage of contentment.  
I am satisfied by you when you see me,  
So underway is the adventure  
Across my seas, to remember me in all sight  
As far as you can reflect.

Naveed Akram

## Seconds Tick

Seconds tick and tell the time of your own,  
Their men have adequate supplies,  
Theirs are theirs and their wine of grapes exploding.  
Many times the justice balances the nation  
After a reality strikes into the blamed brain.  
My brain explodes after a second of joy  
In the weird ties and weird science of compulsion.

Let time be roses and sweet wine, with heavenly spores,  
Judges of stripes and colours fall into slots of graphic quality,  
Lasers fend for foes of frightening openings;  
Let time obey the soldier, so that offences gather like fences,  
Enthralling the cars that roll into your funny tummy.

Naveed Akram

# Secret Mission

I had secret missions, under the snow and land,  
Into the war I forget my news of loneliness  
And schedules of peace shall overwhelm me in amplex,  
In a battle of prowess, offered by the Above and the sand.  
Secrecy is the key to survival, and my deal is a complete one,  
Inside this feature is a top belief, a magical relief, and a tonne.  
The exploded ones are my explosions, and the brothers are made,  
What do you say to these chances? These applications are betrayed.  
I have a secret, and that is to delay, to be patient and innocent,  
It is a crime these people make on the bloodiness of the achievement.

Naveed Akram

# Sections Of A Book

This section deals with politics,  
And this one economics.  
I am a book of longevity,  
Inexact and imprecise,  
Like people who want long life.  
They decide with self-interests,  
As volumes are written on them.  
Reports form hold on information  
That came from longevity,  
Loathing some of the reports  
As politicians argue with economists  
To form some new empire  
In which we live and work  
In happiness.

Naveed Akram

# See The Darkness

I faintly see the wells of the darkness  
That swallows and rises as we dare,  
The dear prison keeps me awake and pretty  
Like the winds of the heavenly springs  
Seeking the pleasure of the royal kings.

My certain habits manage their character,  
Like a bird that swallows its food;  
Kinsfolk are the breeding sins,  
Father and mother cries out to young  
In their state of restlessness, so divine.

Naveed Akram

# See With The Eyes

See if the eyes can withstand the hearing loss  
So minute and innocent, like the folding of paper;  
To this strange sight the delivery has been aided,  
One that survives sweetly describes, as the eyes fold.  
Often the goose is laying its eggs  
And I must be master of their tactics,  
Little yesterday was the day of luck.  
Your tennis bade me well, forgetting the youth  
Of grunting, the youth of sporting that sprouts.  
Heavenly ways design streaks of light  
That gather their sporting ways and collect danger  
Of the climbers of mountains,  
I must be on the crests of waves,  
Not their troughs.

Naveed Akram

## See Wonders Of Different Sizes

I see the wonders offering me existence,  
I shine on the essence of hearts,  
Opening their breasts and cleaning their blood,  
Turning is concealing that wonders.

One, and then two sizes are sought,  
Heavens market those heavens,  
These follies are against the audition,  
Lines of candour are astounding us.

One or three children escape frighteningly,  
Foolish men circle the heavenly spheres;  
Hell is upon them in the end of deserts,  
Children are against you in this world.

Naveed Akram

# Seeds

You plant flowers and birds come,  
They eat seeds to remark on some.

Naveed Akram

# Seeds Of Truth

Fiery proof propagates seeds of truth,  
The truth carries me further than the seed.  
An automobile shadows itself and betrays,  
The truth of happiness is a long peace.  
The car is a vehicle that longs for the heads  
And those sitting in their heads,  
And those interfering with gods and men.  
The fiery knowing is against the sign  
We recognise and chase for all time.  
The time is a clock so difficult, wading in swamps,  
Engaging in worship of the Most High.  
Proving me is like proving religion  
And all it contains, sweating on the backs,  
Caressing spaces of laughter furiously  
And all this to satisfy and bring contentment.

Naveed Akram

## Seeing My Acting

Seeing me can be a different issue,  
Hearing me delivers your sound as well.  
Painfully, my sight is drawn to the other side,  
By reading the pages of a book called theatre.  
The cold air in this arena makes me shiver foolishly,  
Actors betray us when they speak of another dialogue,  
The dialogue is in fiction, dialogues are meaningful.  
My seeing reduces the other side, this rainbow,  
This lights my stage, in a manner of majesty.  
The seeing of me is like a simple direction  
To the right of the stage that is a performance.

Naveed Akram

## Seek An Adventure

Seeking the truth is a man's adventure,  
Believe in treasures of knowledge  
And only we are fit to attain piety  
If the commencement has been achieved.  
Inside the energy has begun to resolve  
The only hearing one of us feels;  
The infinite philosophy quietens the mood  
For the one who wrecks living is the non-thinker.  
Offer him a prize when he shall bear the pain  
Of a learning-period, of a hospital of life.

Naveed Akram

# Seek The Verses

Seek the verses of another man like mothers,  
The fathers write on the block of wood in earnest;  
Seek the writing of a day and night that glows  
Fuming with spitting gases that deny the rights.  
One warlike future is ousting a leader or dictator,  
But the war is a battle of goodness and joy.  
The war is loud and silent, distant and near,  
Little like boldness, a lot like audacity.  
My war is so wrong that beauty is shadow,  
The falling of the monument collects danger  
As dangerous as death, the reality of the wars.  
Seek the verses of writing and reading, innards  
Have squealed towards the right action.

Naveed Akram

# Seek The Words

Seek the peace of your soul from the One,  
His patient beings are walking the grounds,  
It is a feast on this world where lonely travellers  
Enjoy food, calming themselves down with justice.

Seek the peaceful men through their prayers,  
In these majestic words are the storages,  
It is where knowledge can burst from the heart,  
Like words of words, of beautiful obedience.

My seeking for the peace of words is a trial,  
I find the crowns on kings to be richer than words,  
Even in lives of steel there are palatial sentences,  
With encrusted diamonds, stories of thoughtful words.

Naveed Akram

# Seeking Heaven

Do not seek me with the heaven of seeking,  
Do not falsely associate partners with my God.  
I have a secret of the abundant grace involved  
In the attraction and repulsion of the electron.  
One atom is enough matter to direct the creation,  
Why do you speak of wonders above the heavens?  
Take care, strangers are strangers, and you are one,  
So take the cautions of this world as the molecules  
Rotate and react, fully and partly, justly and brightly.

What did you find in my eyes and bones when seeing me?  
You watch my every movement, you see the oblivion  
In my brain, the fury of my lungs, a detail of the heart.  
This is my hand and my foot, that is the man with soot,  
Labour is the axe to grind, paperwork is like poetry,  
Willing itself, working itself into a fury of joy.  
So take care, and the poets will question and riot  
On the territory of the highest men.  
One spear is like the foulest weapon of the soul.

Naveed Akram

# Seeking The Truth

If you seek truth then your woes are missed,  
The beginning of words is at an end;  
Shadowy truth beguiles you as you turn  
The truth into perishment, only hearing us.  
When we accuse others of forenames that hurt  
The surname attached is resembling a picture  
Inside the body, only you say this.  
Long distances the blood travels for your help,  
But studies into this reveal your history.  
If the truth bargains for you, then listen  
To the truth of some who say no lies.

Naveed Akram

## Seen Him?

Caught in the middle of crime,  
The thief waits for his next skill.  
Your days are numbered like his,  
But the days are too far away.  
My thief worked all day, just all the way,  
Always seeking money from the rich,  
Gaining new food and tools for his protection.  
The last sky was littered with food of his house,  
The house was bitter with talk and losing.  
He was a thief in the very sight, the thief.

Naveed Akram

# Seize Him

Guards seize a practical man and subdue him!

Naveed Akram

## Semi-Evil

Name the man who supposed he was a father of crime,  
Name him the one who is semi-evil compared to the chime.  
This chime is a song to the millions, the very tongue quivering  
After a taste of bad weather and noise, this is bewildering!

Naveed Akram

# Sense After Sense

It was a sign of the senses,  
It was dry, dastardly and sour,  
The moistened lips retracted and spat,  
For we are on unions with thoughts,  
And thoughts are swimming  
Due to other feelings and emotions.

The senses are a bright collision,  
Telling thoughts of longevity,  
Feeding the mouth like food inside.  
We are the detectors of the truth  
For the truth will be endless  
Like the truth of the heavens.

To look at deathly faces,  
We see the metabolic pathways  
Of our youth, and the teeming  
Thoughts connect to the other side,  
Feeding the soul with chemicals  
Of gold and silver, this day we complain.

The senses of this day are the night,  
To look and feel the observations  
Shall turn your face, and the true  
Understanding will swim due to the tongue,  
To spit out the true statement  
Is like offices of the spheres.

Naveed Akram

# Senseless Prison

It is senseless prison in the night,  
Optional and asinine collection of oneself.  
Once mindless manacles, the same trap for me.  
I find the irrational act an act of hypocrisy,  
Fettered like me in the same way, in the same trap.  
The soothsayers bring change I think,  
They want to know and never impede,  
The diviner shall concoct the remedy for this accusation.  
My shackles are asinine, assorted thoughts throughout,  
Why do the augurs of the city not specialise in me  
And my thoughts, the sombre action of civilised nature?

This is a dark cage, one of the hated, drab prisons  
I see dolefully and mean to extinguish from my heart.  
The dreary heart, the heart that is confident  
Shall be rescued, if my manacles are stolen from me.

Naveed Akram

# Sensible Thinker

A sensible routine works well for the thinker,  
More of him resounds in the galaxies even pinker.

Naveed Akram

# Sent To Pain

We were sent to the halls of pain,  
Then a bulky mass of water collapsed;  
Our heads were drenched, sanctifying  
The brain and spine, so far we were hurt.  
Then a painful punishment ensued with ease  
As the backbiting, and authority as the temptation.

We were at the castle of woe, the dungeon of danger,  
Sudden acts wore their shoes with such teaching,  
This last hour was upon us, and the warning alerted  
Our heads and our hearts were seen by the hearts.

We delved into the warnings,  
These special signs  
Collapsing like the rainclouds,  
Craving for the food of the mouth,  
Keeping a soul to the death;  
Emotions curled and frowned.

Naveed Akram

# Sentence Of All

Hunt a sentence this day to the next,  
One can not find a finer one  
Than the very joke I have reasoned with.  
What is this joke? What is that joke?  
I can not see anyone with flowers,  
But I see everyone with words  
And they differ: ever so much.  
A sentence such as this is enough  
And what is this humorous one?  
It is the very subject and predicate of our souls -  
"Sentences are written not said."

Naveed Akram

# Sentenced To Life

Four have a solution and they are right,  
Five more are in the way of life and are right,  
Seven can be many to some, and too many to most.  
I have you known ten many are too many, and too many.  
Dead is a man who is not.

Naveed Akram

# Sentience

Intelligence strives for completion of tasks,  
Inside the holes and work, the very flasks.  
May we steal the treasure of all time and infinite space,  
Then intelligent beings shall perish, along the walls that disgrace.  
Let us be some of this hyperspace, willing to work,  
Reluctant to stop and even by a bulwark.  
The structure called space empties us ruined,  
We have what is blackened.  
The very river of light curtained and cautioned,  
Like a lamp has talents on us when deafened.  
Intelligence or sentience carries us further,  
Like an alien or human, like future and past patroller.

Naveed Akram

# Separate Him From Me

Religion has calling powers I want to agree,  
Demand as droids would long to be,  
Metallic worries all glued and embedded,  
Much to mindful science and that died.

Naveed Akram

# Serving

To work in the system you ensure a marking scheme,  
The british public outweigh the huger bosses  
For smiling improves in the course of time,  
Since the support is more solid than golden premisses.

To reduce the business of a century divine men show  
Weddings to the majority of people who dance with the devil  
As the rain enters the fray with golden amulets and pendants,  
Fixing our blame on boats and blemishes, arisen from the lake.

The services we enjoy are exact reminders of the talent twisted  
By the boats and memories of this beautiful earth, the earth of earnings.  
To swallow a battle with forces is greater than funding the premisses  
So endearing and demanding, for fortune's hand commands.

Naveed Akram

# Set In The Ways

Set in the ways we recognise,  
The ways of men are not condemned;  
Do not harry me intentionally or frustratingly,  
Harry me never in this world.  
Set the standards of health and live beyond,  
Beyond this life is another death,  
Death shall appear and recognise you.  
Harassing me is like giving a death to me,  
So please understand the ways of slaughter  
Before you harry my body and mind  
For your very benefit.  
Men are smoothly appearing before us  
With women on their shoulders,  
Children are hanging not harrying  
So please do not condemn their appearance,  
It is another death.

Naveed Akram

# Setting Sun

The Setting Sun said too many evenings,  
Adored by some, loathed by some, it shines still.  
It is an established beauty of the stage called the sky,  
Radios mutter the Sun as it rises on the day of my bed.

Houses feel together that go towards an enemy,  
Hearts and heat are the stars, this Setting Sun is ours.  
It is an established beauty of the sky, full of heat,  
And inside there is a core, problems so real.

Naveed Akram

# Settlement

A settlement has been praised by the loners,  
My individual salary is not slavery but good itself.  
The real energy I must certainly communicate  
Is like the flower-seeds of a future far too bright.  
The real ones that enter the room are like the length  
Of a human, and certainly a small man is a human.  
They converge to see through the light of day,  
Going to the goalkeeper is a good trick.  
The settled populace penetrates like a worshipper  
Of common decency, the very answer to society.  
I felt your wages rise this day, and a historian is enough  
To be called a flag of the nation, a real economist.

Naveed Akram

# Shackled

We are shackled by the devils and nobodies,  
Yes, our pulling and pushing can not help.  
The real pushes enter the system of penalties,  
Slaves join and nightly the internal talk begins.

Reality is the drawing of death with a weapon,  
Tight control must be made of them, the sinners;  
How did gaining be a prosperity of the devil  
When people suck on the ice-cream of heaven?

Naveed Akram

# Shake Me

Shake me with your eyes that scream  
In sudden swirls and whirling pools enlighten  
The soul inside my heart that swells and bloats  
According to the existence of this world.

Shake the lives of men and women who laugh  
And shudder according to taste and preference,  
The authority from the distance is what I think,  
The shaken title of a lord in honour is mistaken.

Love those who shake their pride with delicious  
Aromas and splendid mightiness of the word,  
Love a sage who pretends politely to poke  
A fun job with joking and laughter of the seasons.

Naveed Akram

# Shameful And Successful

Shameful and successful, half of the humans  
Gain the upper stories of the higher conjecture,  
Yet the books fly off the horizon, angering  
A flight for the gods,  
Gods are so many now that primary  
Characteristics offer a contest.  
The shame of a day eccentrically flies  
Into a rock of the higher disorder.  
One brain is apt to be apple,  
Bananas join in the game of death,  
With life existing elsewhere.

To be fit, you must offer spheres  
To the mind of trouble.  
I must be ashamed of the higher model,  
The higher nature emits trade  
For the fortunes are bitter.

Naveed Akram

# Shaped

The magnitude of a shape can be reflected by the shape,  
This small animal of some use can argue with us.  
Under the microscope it is delicate, and easily deformed  
Into different behaviours to make it look living.  
We live and you live, but how do we all live?  
Due to something in the cosmos, and everything on Earth,  
But Earth is a provider of a bigger life span and me.  
The smallest animals are not plants but cells  
Of magnitude, of severe lack of trust for each other  
That they have somehow abandoned each other.

Naveed Akram

# Shatter Tonight

Shatter and matter, frown if you like,  
Frighten the neighbourly people to overstate;  
Physically the meanings of odes are sincere,  
On this end of the dance we surprise the ends.  
Mathematics dissolves the crises creeping on us,  
Our overspreading tax surprises the world.  
A ptarmigan can be eaten tonight  
When hunted for the whole statement.

Naveed Akram

## She Loves

She loves those sailors of the holy deep,  
To go is too much of this blade that hurts,  
My distant scene is loved by those alerts,  
This life misreads and damns the rest asleep.  
I cheaply date this point as early keep,  
May work destroy us in the small efforts,  
I can not see the dust that one converts,  
To be a book I laugh and not then weep.

This time destroys me after those that stray,  
I wonder fast along the way of rights,  
My doom ignites the present on this path.  
This anger seems to disappoint away,  
The smoking ape designs and blows backbites,  
For quick and dangerously absurd wrath.

Naveed Akram

# She Shrieked Outside

She shrieks in broad daylight,  
Opening her wounds, to the day.  
My window seen in the wind is grand,  
More than a plain sight of abundance.  
We shriek collectively, like an animal of the grass,  
To mixtures a care is made by the dozen, we just shriek.  
A man is again in white light, black nights will perish  
Due to the heat of the day's sun, a strange flame of a film.  
He will not occupy me, this masculine star, this microscopic orange,  
Always awesome, bouncing in light of the stars.  
He shrieked due to blindness, answering my suggestion  
Made by my son and daughter, in the house, in there.

Naveed Akram

# Sheep Of Sleep

One sheep is a prized animal,  
That may have spoken words  
We cannot distinguish but it can  
Trust with its own form of intellect.  
One sheep gifts us with stupid lessons,  
That recur infinitely with patience,  
Spreading the message of truth.  
One sheep is now so precious  
That we donate death to itself,  
Fixing the wisdom of its entrails.  
One sheep is not one lamb  
Bearing slight news of torches  
That shine young light,  
The sheep are forgotten  
When the lambs are born,  
For we are with the children  
Of this world, now that you are death.  
Death is a solution to the weak and strong,  
Both of them will die forgetting a trance.  
The flock is to be kept hidden,  
Like a shepherd good at rearing sheep,  
Goodness is attached to the sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Shepherd And You

An echoing blue will enlighten you,  
So the shepherd arrives to greet his sheep;  
One day you will set to light a heaven  
And give money to the dead who leap.  
Pitying, I surrender to him the goods,  
To see a world in a cube and wish it  
To outrageously curl up in bad news,  
He visited, I know, the green, green woods.  
One has been plucking a flower,  
Those same wicked children have gone,  
I lie and say my share of the hour,  
The very same hand has been uplifted.  
To enlighten you, we are in the palm of  
His hand, like a meteor of the winds in a cage,  
Daring to profit like writers's clubs, or bad  
Accusers who frighten those in a rage.  
Let the shepherd sell his flock to the nearest  
Shower of raining bullets, my meteor is to escape,  
Like one weirdly of late, the one nearest,  
And the one that keeps avenues of tape.

Naveed Akram

# Shimmering Silver

Shimmering silver combines its sight with life,  
I seem to think and consider first, with this knife.  
I have a woman of gold, a place to surround,  
The kings and queens are our companions around.

One place is too many sites in the world,  
Offered by the master of delight, offered and swirled.  
This world is a dream-world so workable and right,  
Then watch the whole event with candlelight.

The whole night is selling objects too lovely,  
My hazards are numerous and I am free;  
Then the knights of the table gather always,  
Learned too much in the cause of the birthdays.

Naveed Akram

# Shining Animals

A ship of animals constructs a sword for its weapon,  
Yet we decide and constrict like bleeders;  
The onset madly depicts adamant relics of pain,  
Painting on sordid areas, our acre of fish is again.

The entire message demands blue waters  
To be impaled by daggers of white,  
The shining of stars scattered by the whole head,  
Jutting out are star systems of planets, all read.

□

Naveed Akram

# Shining Light

I like to drive into the light  
With a wailing sound in the night.  
I like weapons of the frightening kind,  
To dwell within the cities of the reign.  
A haze embraces a patched rock,  
Guilty as the very frocked girls.  
Mighty snakes and serpents of old  
Gather their energy of brightness  
Lulling the sadness as it unpacks.  
A future loop will progress into the entrance.  
I drive at night looking for stupidity  
To shine its head where it lies.

Naveed Akram

# Shining Stars

I weigh a ton, I am at rest,  
Why does the star above be strange?  
For it shines on my head,  
Even at night with dark lusts.  
I find it friendly and fiery like stars  
Of the ancient religions.  
I see it in books with water and wine,  
Why are the stars so strange?

My weight is like winding paths,  
Orbits of the worlds,  
It finds the message of the stars,  
For the writhing messages are false.  
My weight at night is strange  
Like the white stars of old.  
Even at full nights, we stride and stroll  
Little by light in the full light.

Naveed Akram

# Shining Worship

I have a letter from the air addressed to you,  
And in it I dare to fix the regularities and parades,  
To you is the regular practice,  
From my heart the intellect is won  
Like the shining bull and shining star.

I cause him to be swallowed and uprooted,  
For he is a tree of brotherhood and learning,  
When the tree grows I shall grow,  
Relaxing me, for I am Naveed of questions,  
The same interrogation will happen after this life.

I wrote the causes of this world in my journal  
And was lost in thought, five times the thoughts  
Appeared, and the road never diverted  
The senses, for it was pure to travel in gravel  
And the graves could be shadows of great work.

Naveed Akram

# Shooting Ducks In Space

Dancing arrests belief in wonderful planets,  
Worlds of open enemies control the realm.  
My oblivion is like the void so blank,  
Agony and ducks contrive more of the void.  
Dancing ducks are afloat in certain horizons,  
From the eggs, from one side of the die roll.  
Let us be friends, and let my enemy live,  
Then this void shall reach beyond conception,  
And I call this Space, where the looting is on.

Naveed Akram

# Shopping

A shop is of beauty, as a greater building  
Of worth and gifts, the plenty of grouping.  
We save our money and spend our glory,  
The very riding of the vehicle is sorry.  
Once the building is complete and complete,  
It designed our life as we see fit with our feet.  
Us, the customers, shall glorify you,  
A shopkeeper is against the very zoo.

Naveed Akram

# Shorelines

Beyond the shadows cast by the trees,  
The realities of the shore were seen;  
Its sand was whiter than the rain,  
Promising everyone who learnt its strength  
With firmer days of gradual excitation.

There were always to be alternating lights,  
Darknesses were the immediate ends,  
A considerable time had to be behind us  
As the shores twinkled and trained their sister shores;  
The journey was in this sense a part of the parish.

My deep breath bitten, I went to the edge of humanity,  
A graceful entry to the cliffs meant a bringing gift,  
The shores of golden sand were superior to me,  
As I lifted the ends of the earth with my handsome face,  
And lied to all of sea and air and land the same deceit.

Naveed Akram

## Short Torture

Open him up, where he lay,  
Dissecting his brain is to say;  
The torture is incomplete,  
My tests are never to beat.  
Open up the sweet air  
With a little venom to dare;  
Let the years go by with precision  
On the understanding of a declaration.  
Proclaim peace as much as can be  
To satisfy me.

Naveed Akram

# Short Worry In The Twisting Lagoon

Short crises chasten the pools of love,  
Their flowers bloom with blood on the lips,  
Letters of the petals are shrunk and spun  
Like dinner on a disaster and its plate.  
Sunny smaller creatures ingenious for their love  
Of food that quakes, shatter shovels  
And loose change.

A lagoon plants its labyrinthine animals  
To seize the throat as the righteous men  
Feed the hearts with words of sound,  
A lagoon has much inactivity  
Now that languor is the justice.

Fleeting worries imbue the righteous men,  
A straightforward task begins,  
Many tales are won, justice has been spun  
As the deities have never died  
Unless they have sighed and not  
Existed.

Naveed Akram

# Should We Do?

Should we do as we please  
In this house of shelter?  
The roof is above us when we speak  
And is my life so fruitful?

The real picture contains a house  
So cold and dank.  
The sacred blessings are concocted  
By the best of us, so we think of our home.

Naveed Akram

# Shy Souls

Some of us shyly creep into existence,  
Doubtful of wide-eyed heaven and its sayings,  
Letters unravel towards the clouds,  
With poised mountains and spotless oceans.

I am a curious soul with memories of you,  
In a heaven there are some who say sometimes,  
But some say always and just anyway,  
Lest they fall into disrepute and evil designs.

Naveed Akram

# Sick Danger

Danger us when sick, solemn is the quest,  
For we laugh abundantly and loudly, about the best.  
The dangers from the breasts cling to mortality,  
A home occupies the soul so wildly with ambiguity.  
The dangers of altitude are so swearing,  
Thatched roofs account for the comparing.  
One sea concerns another sea, full of tranquillity,  
Those in perspiration are always in actuality.

Naveed Akram

## Sick Of Woe

Sickness is the sweetest woe,  
Lovesick men are older than the snow;  
For it shrinks, exploding the scene,  
Welling in eyes, overcome by gleam.  
My lovely elves are lovely in ears  
And mainly the lovesick over the years.  
Their sick hearts collect too well,  
So go to mountains to just yell  
And find a good-looking elf shy away  
From humans huddled in a ray.

Shadows cry, moons light their candles,  
Bodies pour out their love, when dying handles.  
The lovesick depend on the lovely men,  
The lovely women disturb the ten  
Who live to the day we die and live,  
Their ministries expound a living when we give.

Naveed Akram

# Sides Of A Triangle

We provide what we divide in thoughts of you,  
And so the subdivisions collect and reside from you.  
The acidified sides of the triangle are three,  
Collect these points and lines for applications.  
The crucified countryman is a lesser man,  
Cyanide inhibits me as a man who has pseudonyms.

Those names are certificates following one after  
The other, a glory is made from the other creation.  
Glide then to the gestured ground so slack and happy,  
Frying the creative spirit, flying with a fortified soul.  
Massacres seem afoot, but then where are souls  
Of united spirit?

Naveed Akram

# Sighting

I ask for a chance to sight a bird,  
May winter run away afterward.

This season is just some of the year,  
What may pass can disappear.

My season transmits its pride to the park,  
And the nation changes a season, very dark.

Let evil be somebody very dark and grey,  
Not the present season, not winter anyway.

Naveed Akram

## Signs Of The Believer

Under us are signs of the believers,  
We walk upon snow and ice too cold.  
The ice age reigns like winter,  
Always in shine, ever in weather.  
The waves of pure delight overcome us  
When we march against the lands.  
The land of cold is like the land of old,  
We are fortunate due to the age of winter.  
Under the signs of winter are moments  
We adore and recollect, for the innocence to remind.  
This realised me, and my family in winter,  
Understanding the heat of the summer.

Naveed Akram

# Silence

Silence is the art of living,  
Abstain from the torture of life  
So that language sets a mark  
On life.  
Silent beings remark on the infinite void  
Called the universe  
That God created, in six periods.  
Hell has been refused by the blazing fire,  
This blue fire of hell is not earthly,  
Yet silent beings taste never anything  
But the void of the Earth,  
They peacefully conduct their affairs,  
For the golden art of silence is a safe moment  
To accomplish.

Naveed Akram

# Silence Is Magic

Silence has a rigid magic  
The obvious one  
With red and blue and green  
In lights  
In darkness is the black  
And I for one am silent over everything.

I have deep feelings about the silent mind,  
Once it defends itself and bereavement is absent  
From the soul. When you demand a soul,  
And his or her body is intact.  
My silence deserves extra praise,  
Like a godly help would receive a living honour.  
The honour of silence is sacred.

Naveed Akram

## Silent Words

The word silently worked like fire,  
The laws of joking quality do speak.  
The word of some joy is again in speech,  
Nonsense matters, no sense is about.  
When I produce a statement to an effect,  
Please retry your thoughts, for the effects.  
Deathly burden contrives another burden,  
This is the effect of death and ruination.  
We make ruins into palaces and they built  
My layers of the mind like a cave and its interior.

Naveed Akram

# Silver

Silver is a wonderful element,  
A fierce wonder, much honoured;  
And its help is great, forever,  
And forever. I give in to silver.  
For silver I take the number of days  
To be many for the occupation of mine.  
The silvered men and women  
Are never the forgotten people;  
So choose silver, and wise are you.  
Silver is the best metal  
Too hard to possess.

Naveed Akram

# Silver Ring

I wore a ring of silver elaboration,  
Undoing the wept tears that followed,  
Each time it brought new tongues  
And happily bestowed grace and reality.

I saw a finger to adorn with the ring,  
I felt a wild attitude so innocent and tame,  
But intelligence was collected  
About the item of some distinction.

A real fairy overwhelmed the public,  
Reaching into the cerebrum,  
Coating the veins with elixirs and saints,  
Fighting with gusto and guise.

The fit men who spectated their findings,  
Saw to it a redress of the order of the wings,  
And flew to a distant occupation  
Where rings of silver were unseated.

The silver ring sang its last note,  
Pursued by dragging innocents,  
Friction occurred to the letter,  
The silver vanished and its stature was dimmed.

The real ring was really a royal gesture,  
Full of definite darkness,  
The royal kings were safer with laws  
That touched the act of jewels and similarity.

Naveed Akram

# Similar Act

Similar actions make an act for the brilliant,  
Bright stars shine loudly and fine like an accident.

Naveed Akram

## Similar Worlds

The world married to another world,  
Pleasing us with its thoughts always.  
May it be forbidden to slaughter someone else,  
Placing blame on others for their own misdeeds.  
Heaven created a slaughter to be known widely  
And then the slaughter was not known widely,  
Instead there was no slaughter.  
For it was the world that held slaughter in its own hands,  
Worsening ties with some people elsewhere.  
A shining new working planet evolved  
And flew one way and only a way that was an orbit,  
For it was not a flat world, but round,  
Like the balls it contained of spherical shape  
Most pleasing to the sight.  
Each world was a majestic creation  
And these worlds were similar.

Naveed Akram

# Similarity And Difference

Ladies have a problem with contortions,  
Yet these are secrets of the highest stage,  
Filling the universe with tears and expert sounds,  
These are the very sounds of beautiful laughter.  
You see objects with persuasive manners,  
Filling the cosmos with absurd teachings,  
Then a fiend will hide the horizon from view,  
You slightly master the faults and views.

Ladies gave us a problem with sight,  
Light had resolved the issue in our eyes,  
Little have they known the difference,  
Little are the many similarities,  
My lady acts together with herself.

Naveed Akram

# Simple Enemy

Simple enemies collide when drunk as drunkards,  
They play with their souls like a game of billiards.

Naveed Akram

# Simple Fight

Simple men destined for fancy fights  
Find the treasure chests  
In their evening rest  
Frowning on the cuddly toys  
In an eventual rest.

I have some resting to speak about,  
Fines are startling me in a final elixir,  
Finding arts and their principles  
After too many years,  
And men could hear the fighting.

This resting settlement is a settlement,  
Villages start to rock and righteously rock  
When strenuously fighting with other rocks.

I have no rest in sight,  
I am simpler than the ritualistic days  
After my death,  
After my life.

Naveed Akram

## Simple Life

O breath of simple life, aid my understanding  
That in this dawn of minds and souls I shall be prolonged.  
Inner light shines forth from the first man,  
This breathing is precious to some expert angels,  
Mine is the task of delayed conquest, of riches.  
If you desire a being then seek the upright phenomena,  
The real sound of the real spirit that gouges out  
Ripping fever, poetry incomplete, and ruinous disease.  
It is inside your heart, bleeding silently like a soul,  
The secret poet abides nested inside, with philosophy  
And conversation about wisdom and learning of the womb.

To be apt is a suitable action, to conquer is an invasion,  
My armies are housed in my building next-door,  
It is my ardour they seek, like a leader of space and riches.  
The courts are royal enough, those dads in their chairs,  
Feeding a ship of late laughter, they turn you into gold.

Naveed Akram

## Simple Like Grass

Simple lads of the grass grow long like grass,  
Jostling with the wind of the two rivers;  
Join them in their songs of great happiness,  
Like lasses of lead and silver so hard and tough.  
Lads and lasses come away from each other,  
If bones are for bending then bend strongly;  
For the lawn's grass is made of boys and girls  
Too early in the summer when hardship results.  
I enjoy these tales of an age of fair people,  
Boys and girls are like their friends.  
Lots of men and women collect in the gardens  
So generous in their offerings and joy.

Naveed Akram

# Simple Speech

The utmost pressure arrives when a word is a simplicity,  
Speech compares with the physical behaviour and toxicity.

Naveed Akram

# Simple Treachery

We are simple treachery,  
One watches the time relentlessly.  
To begin with times of change  
Is to catapult into the future.  
We are simple treachery,  
Gifted are we, gifts crown us,  
So that you hear me say.  
Beware of the wrong chemical,  
Abstain from treachery,  
So that a traitor may not guarantee its  
Pledge, and no runner can sprint  
His or her best.  
The simplicity of parts is supposed  
To be with natural jest.  
I begin at the pleasant end  
Of the staff that consoles me  
In the end of life.  
Do not be treachery,  
My son do not watch the heads  
Of state in derision;  
Insults will be truthful in this brain,  
But my word is never without  
Contours, and so my word is right.  
I begin with trading and end  
With crime, but let the traitor be  
Only its space and time.

Naveed Akram

# Simple Universe

A ray of light shimmers in the dark,  
It has travelled for all its time;  
Light has divinity when you perceive it,  
Looking at knowledge is the matter of Light.  
Force the mind towards enlightenment,  
This made the universe a splendid place,  
The galaxies are sending us wisdom.  
Light has contrived colours,  
It shapes the way of the world;  
This ground beneath us relies on the heat  
Of the sun, and the appearance of this sun  
Is overwhelming, far more glorious than the planet.  
Let the rays of light continue to thrive  
In this simple universe.

Naveed Akram

# Simplest Life

Life is called simplicity,  
Its layers of kindness exceed  
Those qualities of right.  
Life is the food of sight,  
Living can boil the water  
Of our happiness and fight,  
Keeping the wet strands  
Of hate intact, but still  
Living like astounded light.

My life is not a burden or  
Brother of animosity,  
Nor is it a sister of doubt,  
But a father of love, and  
A mother of kindness,  
Leaving the darkness with  
Divine pleasure on the tongue.  
The language is fought and won,  
The words stream into being  
And the worlds are ignited  
To reach our eyes of the night.

Naveed Akram

# Simplicity Wins

To define the meaning of certain words  
You must pass tests controlled by the nameless.  
You celebrate dangerously lengthy speeches  
But prefer asking what to do for your actions.  
The meaning is clearer every day,  
As you walk to and from work, considering  
The folly and misdemeanours of others.  
Crimes are never to be committed  
By the lawful ones who mean more to be free.  
Anything to be complicated is considered  
Loathing anybody who is simple,  
But simple wins.

Naveed Akram

# Sin

Sin is a flaw of the soul within us,  
The head resonates whilst sin accumulates  
And needs washing.  
The hurt is measured beyond belief,  
Just as we also hear belief in its accident.  
One sin relieves oneself, all too far away  
The evil staggers with straight reliance on stupidity.  
Sin needs no blessing, nor any sort of delight  
For the force of a river is upon us.

Naveed Akram

# Sin Of Man

It seems empty of a man to sin,  
Seemingly quiet is a man;  
He is callous at times, temporarily,  
Only to fall into flames on a certain day.  
My exemplary standards are to be conquered,  
By those who endure the caverns all.  
Any black hole is deadly, in space or heaven,  
Then bad notions enter the mind and soul,  
With children at the front.  
Man's lesson is learnt when studied and read,  
Descending into books with the head.

Naveed Akram

# Sin To Astound

Replicate the sin to astound God,  
Our genes shall spread forming lakes of indifference.  
My sin is not huge, not huger than what partakes,  
In this existence lies the cure to all ailments.

The ale and beer must be hazards for some,  
But most consume the liquids completely.  
Sin is measured by the pencils of neglect,  
Inside the little book of sin is hidden your name.

Naveed Akram

# Sing In The Evenings

They sang in the evenings with sadness,  
Underneath the trees of the old legends.  
Yearly, a new bridge was formed tonight,  
Night's fame joined with our lasses of the night.

Towards the centre we proceed and connive  
A secret pleasure, falling away from me.  
I have seen a legend been old, like the regime  
Of the future and past, but not the present.

I am a singer of perception, shrivelled in height  
As the cold night is full of treasures,  
Then my turning is my wailing  
And the wishing of you creeps in.

Naveed Akram

# Singing In The Hills

I have hills to sing to and lie beside,  
For the pen is for erasure as much as sin;  
The music of the clouds is of the mountain,  
The self is a profession of polite health.  
May we sing the work of an afternoon,  
Compiling the literature so earned today.  
My thoughts are the same everyday,  
Like an oath has been pledged for my life  
To succeed and play happiness.  
The record can be pathetic, and boredom often  
Sets in, to delight the fathers and mothers.

Naveed Akram

# Singing Is A Virtue

Singing is a better declaration,  
Its founders have earned the proud help,  
Sing their words with some talent.  
For the terrors travel onwards,  
Watching is behind the tree of living,  
Behind it we see terrors travelling.

Music has emptied its speech,  
Musical men and women entertain  
The masses whose food is charm.  
Neglect is the opposite sense,  
One word stands to the ridicule,  
Raiding the speeches and rights.

One singer outlines the trades,  
One meaning burns the tears  
For the forsaken one is you,  
Like the offerer of praises,  
And the meaningful one of loud noises  
That beleaguer the surrenderer.

Naveed Akram

# Singing Romans

We can sing forever in lines that are old,  
In lines a gift has touched the souls  
Forcing sentences with meaning  
Through the throats and minds.

Inside the old legions is a great legionnaire  
Who lost his mind callously and blindly;  
Repairing him would be a gift for the times,  
Forcing our lines offers him a slavery in the sight of men.

Our dealings solely swear that deeds are in this world,  
Joining the world with minds that speak the tragedies,  
We can sing in this life to the effects of this world,  
Repairing a Roman will perfect a livelihood.

Naveed Akram

# Single Tennis

I was hitting me tonight with a huge delight,  
Hugest natures in me as I went by all night,  
Discussing the work and locking of help to everyone,  
To this comprehension must we spare the rest of done.

Naveed Akram

# Sinking City

The city is sinking, the louts are awaiting  
Their destructive days, the city is linking.  
One returning visitor has announced the city  
And its earthquakes, how a big house rumbles.  
It topples teasingly, going halfway to Hell,  
As fast as fury, as slow as slaughter.

The towns and villages are like red birds,  
From my view it is appalling, for the city is  
Dwelling with visitors of the upper stratum.  
My sayings are vast and fast, honest and modest,  
Like the returning customer of real piety,  
The pious man is awake in his slaughter.

The whole year is shrugged by the town-hall,  
A spirit dances, they involve in you face to face.  
Let the year be new, let the flames cast memories,  
Of fond memories, of non-foolish kindness.  
The city and its walls stumble, tremble and crumble,  
Due to the weight of the sun and stars.

Naveed Akram

# Sinking Sun

The sun sank rapidly, and he liked looking straight,  
So that the sun would dance and emit flames;  
It brought an understanding to the forehead  
About the burden attached to so few people.

With a quick glance the liking and loving desisted,  
And assistance was required for the extraordinary;  
The sun sank far too quickly today,  
Far more than any one day.

Naveed Akram

# Sinning Arrows

Over their shoulders they pulled the load,  
Fresh people have fresh news of the time;  
They resist the temptations, their illness  
Is spear-like for the moments of distress.  
I have a head and heart produced by the lords,  
With iron scales my armour resides in heaven now.  
Across the narrow chamber a stinging arrow  
Makes a travelling career, fully informing.  
They saw the gaunt faces as the rays of fire  
Broke the banners and the sinners of fire.

Naveed Akram

## Sins And Sin

Calamity is the sin of eternity,  
Killing is the art of this sin.  
Jostling my shoulders, the people  
Are a crowd so rowdy  
That they are punishing me  
And it is sheer disbelief for me.  
For to kill my design, it needs  
Courage and killing is my art.  
Calamities rock the world more than  
Me. Some of us rule the world,  
More than me, and they kill the sins  
For eternity.

Naveed Akram

# Sit And Wait

Must I sit here and wait, for sayings  
To be spun, when later the dealings  
Are finished, and I am left waiting  
For the whole year to come.

Naveed Akram

## Sitting There

Quickly I sat and repelled talk about myself,  
The mountain cats stung me and sang aloud  
Their song of strong tears that seemed to be burden,  
Like the wrong talk they obliterated from me.  
I sat and quickly stroked the page with my pen,  
This time the worries of years overtook the pen  
And the writing from my ink was stolen.  
It will accompany the load of the mother,  
Items of clothing are banned for the father.  
This wretched state of the way we lead  
Is due to the seating arrangements that were made.

Naveed Akram

## Size Of Fruit

The size of apples is an amount,  
Feeding with frenzy is a habit;  
The lusts and frenzies along the life  
Must be huge and significant.  
This fruit inside my heart is ripe,  
And the strong bones mature  
To make fruits and more shrubs.  
This body is heartened by your zeal  
And someone is somewhere in heaven  
Tasting and never cooking.

Naveed Akram

# Size Of Humanity

The size of the stupor is size of humanity,  
My Saturday and Sunday are good food;  
This is language and the stigma of a rudeness,  
Food is truly marvellous, as real as rainbows.  
My ruler is upon me with imperatives and commands,  
Like an emperor of Japan striding fully with  
Luxury and wealth in the room of usual strength  
And length. My sister and brother hides,  
Full dress is worn by the government, full hissing  
Reminds the ruler of trouble, the same rumble.

The size of mankind is an atomic size,  
Compared to our beloved cosmos of black silk,  
This livid heart of the mind, a realer reading of  
Space and time, by the rules of the abject men  
And gods, the goddesses are late and worried.  
Agents of the huge strong bloated start  
Convert their currency to ill-health.  
My empire is yet to give ailments of strong poison,  
The cancers of the old style, the winters of summers.

Naveed Akram

# Sizzling

Sizzle the cloth of its fibres,  
To cut a razor you are unable to,  
But it burns your fibres and the cloth,  
As an open weapon of warfare  
Like the fighting and the bands of people  
Who die in war,  
Who live the place with guts and glory.

Naveed Akram

# Skilful

Lack them, the skills are demanding,  
Fortune established its hold so commanding.

Naveed Akram

# Skilful Doctor

Function if you are enough skill,  
Or work on nobody in front of you.  
The words dawdle the air as you speak,  
We have understood them now for you speak.  
This palaver describes my speech as solid,  
Liquids do run thick, liquify your body.  
Overpowering speech is a collection of words  
Promulgating action and acts of speech as well.  
This policy has remained since the weather  
Changed last week, lasting peace has remained.  
We are authority, we have skills no person retains,  
Both us and you are learned in doctoring.

Naveed Akram

# Skill

Skilful penetrations seem too hard a task,  
Too hard are their paths to understand,  
For then the masters of thought shall believe,  
And the professors of philosophy shall see.

You lose faith in me,  
And my understanding,  
So that by taking effort, you destroy:  
Burden has made me tired of destruction.

You have lost your way,  
Are you younger than the rest?

Naveed Akram

## Skills Taken

Gods are with the anger of good men,  
They skilfully play with the soul  
So men do resist when played upon.  
But choosing the jobs we commit  
Lets water and food,  
Collects credits and deeds of good  
For the gods who make us resist.  
There is courage where anger rests,  
Innocent strength married with wisdom  
Is the source of polite bravery  
That skills are generated.

Naveed Akram

# Skinny Limbs With Fire

Skinny limbs only saved us,  
He grunted with disgust as his arm  
Touched us, forever in this way.  
He yelled, and a ripple of explosions  
Were heard over the way.  
The wild, untamed creatures denied  
His authority, and they became flames.  
The fire of honour was immense,  
Just as fire is honourable after the laws.  
These values are exceptionally overridden,  
As far as death prevails.

He paused, and grinned, with the words  
Of power, the exact words recorded by sages.  
Those limbs that saved us were very thin,  
But what fire roasts the skin?

Naveed Akram

# Sky And Moon

I see the sky and moon in the bright night,  
Inside I see and hear them crawl both toward us,  
Thus, our moons are complete and the azure sky also  
As it forms for our privilege of seeing and gazing at noon.  
The noon is apt to wander into night before anything happens,  
But this black ocean will stop at the stone feet of mountains,  
Huge volcanoes that burst in the night and day,  
Forever in this way, jolting our brains with their thunder and night-laughter.  
Many gods and goddesses are against us now,  
Immediately we lift our eyes to the clear sky  
As named by the gods, as called by the priests.

Naveed Akram

# Sky Of Heaven

My wing like shoulders were devoted to a knowledge of collection,  
Tender and holy, the flight made contact with proper manufacture;  
Ladies denied the tactics of the sisters, pounds of money offered  
The men with wings but nobody felt satisfied with dollars.

The current prize shouted for horror assessing the honour,  
This honourable person of religion flew higher than a bird of prey;  
The people swayed in flight as the shoulders of a wing like nature  
Welcomed courage to the air, bravery was full to the brim.

They are not books or religion entirely,  
But they fly and levitate like no other person flies  
Or rises into the collapsed sky of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Slain Friend

The enemies of your slain friend are frequent here,  
Crowding there, the soldiers of Satan appear.

One devil is like a dozen soldiers of the opposition,  
A friend is in the heart, but never leaves according to the logician.

My body is aching with crowds of blood and gore,  
The mind sees us when the enemy is near to abhor.

Naveed Akram

# Slamming The Feet

I slammed my foot and required breath,  
I gulped down liquid and spat out venom,  
This time the atoms were destroyed and raised  
Licking the floor with the blood on it.  
Acceptable losses ensued as the fever lurked  
Withstanding the pressure of a day that united,  
Spreading the ideas of a youth in minor collision.  
To see the quenching thirst blamed us,  
It blamed us to see the quenching thirst,  
As the overall children occupied the space of redness.

Naveed Akram

# Slave

About the boasts we tame a few,  
Boasting corrupts us like devastation.  
Visible pages with inscriptions describe  
The endings and derivations that matter.  
My owners boast for my slavery to be redressed,  
Boosting this commands freedom, joy and hope.  
We are slaves, they are masters,  
Fixing this assertion, blowing a drama,  
Finding some drama is like some illustration.  
The boasting of liberty is mine now,  
My slavery adjusted the peace.

Naveed Akram

# Slavery

I free the slaves of the desert,  
They march through sand and stone;  
Walking too much is prohibited,  
Once they fail, once they crawl.

A freedom is sought, fully aware  
Of the possibilities, the wrecks;  
Anything of conquest is both  
Understood and learnt.

Like the slavery of times too long ago,  
We too gain slaves to be taught liberty.

Naveed Akram

# Slaves Have Descended

The man cost piles of money and honey,  
I could see lights in his morbid mirror;  
Then I clasped him in my arms to wet  
The day as it cringed at the whole season.  
The men who acted stank awhile,  
Fleeing was believing and verbs were costing  
The government too many words,  
The slaves revealed a memory of their own.  
They were made for that day and night,  
Cruelty and wrath descended too mightily.  
They caught sight of religion,  
Their teachers were behind in health.  
Then the slaves of the region that cried  
Created a suffered bridge to cross  
And enlighten others whose freedom  
Cost them dearly.

A man cost piles of money, too many were  
Like honey, holidays crept up and cringed,  
With lashes and strong sores on the arm  
And leg, too fast were their beaches  
Inside the ocean-time.

An escaped convict was a slave to the rich,  
Rich hearts found their sorry tales  
With repeated submission,  
With the jail to ride, and devious fevers  
Enraged the populace, with tactics  
Of the bridge,  
Too early a start in life for the knife.

Naveed Akram

# Sleep

Must the sleep occupy us so long,  
Or should we weep to wed our ease;  
Noone must know unless sayings would run  
Our friendship, and living is again, so peace is important.  
Your ideas sail through the mind  
That keeps a sort of sword in it.

Naveed Akram

# Sleep Is A Song

Sleep is a song driving you forward,  
Little dreams knock on the door  
Returning to you on the conditions.  
Tonight the year is righteous for me,  
Killing the divine men and women  
For its shadow creates annoyance,  
As the moon does cover us all.  
Heaven is my loss, heavy in pleasure  
Like the force of heaven as it shudders  
In the act of exhalation.  
So exult the Lord with vigour that shines,  
Indeed the Lord sees everything under the nose  
And near the jugular vein,  
Lesser people shall shudder from his sound  
And his sight.

Let shadows be an interesting reward  
For individuals of happiness,  
The same helpers of heavenly splendour.  
Inhale the airs and sounds  
Of a place and palace, shredding the skin  
Is not here.  
Under the nose is a definition of that soul,  
Respect now that you have gone.

Naveed Akram

# Sleep Of Peace

Sleep is innocent, sleep has a spell on us,  
It is wrong to be unconscious for too many hours;  
The destruction of dreams is inspired by battle,  
The battle of life has been gained by the unrolled eyes -  
We have woken up with unspeakable character,  
A necessary boulder to throw at dreamy lusts.

Sleep is a conquest, but it maddens me in the extreme  
If the customs of the day are inhibited;  
Understand then the comfort of the cherished hours  
That the clock ticks from its hands and face.  
I am dumb if I express my sleepy feelings,  
Never are they felt by the inhabitants of daily life.

Naveed Akram

# Sleep Some

Sleep for some thoughts in the sleep,  
Doze into another million dreams forever.  
Sights will become the wool you wear,  
Your area is a victorious lot of cloth.  
My bed will resound with the voices of  
High threats and congratulations.  
Then I imagine angelic company of  
Comedy and tragedy, plays of the ill  
And music of the fine weather.

Sleep more tonight, if your illness is polite,  
If the sleepiness takes its plague of course.  
Your sleepless soul will displace the atoms,  
One atom is a foolish sort, one molecule  
Overshadows the lot, a solid will become liquid,  
And then gaseous sights, full of dreaming that  
Carries on like care and dread, how beautiful  
Is the lot of wool and cloth combing your  
Inner delight, so wonderful is the divine self!

Naveed Akram

# Sleep Until Sunrise

Sleep asks quietly why you shall rise  
In the morning.

At evening time, the sleepy nature is  
So strong that nothing is present.

We are not at present.

Naveed Akram

# Sleeping

You are sleeping in the bedroom  
Foes are in your sleep like a boom.

You need thieves to disappear  
In accordance with the law so rare.

Naveed Akram

# Sleeping Is Heaven

Soft feelings are surprising when the hardness,  
Heaven feeds us while we sleep, the creeping up.  
When do special dreams enter the world of sleep?  
Some of us sleep, then dine in our thoughts  
About sleep too obscure. The slant appears  
To be excelling the sleep. When is there peace?  
Softer hurt awakens us from sleep,  
The hurt or small pain is itself suffering.

Naveed Akram

# Sleep-Walker

In a ray of light,  
I feed the polite look,  
A famous farmer of twigs,  
Like a dove or a sparrow,  
Whichever fits the flight of the farmer.

Inert gases are in my bed,  
In the night is a collection,  
On the post is a sign,  
In the mind has been madness  
Of a mare or an ordinary horse.

The sleep is like a blind man,  
And I can see more than anyone,  
More like a walker of sleep,  
More like the sleep-walker from above.

He who sleeps most wins,  
And those who walk outside will sing in dreams.

Naveed Akram

# Sleepy

What sleep arranges us can be the one,  
The one that meant how special to thicken.

Naveed Akram

# Slept Mind

I free the minds of those who sleep  
In a trance for all time, the very weep.  
Weeping tears are falling on the horizon  
Affecting my train of thought like magic gold.  
The seeing of the ocean is an event  
On the day we stood still, in emptiness.  
What is creation of civilisation in the sea?  
Is it love of a monster or the sea?  
Love is the sea as we are colossal  
And loving the trees of the ocean is pleasant.  
The monster within created itself,  
But the sea is a monster created by tears.

Naveed Akram

# Slept Well

You slept well after all,  
The bed had flexibility;  
Boredom blurred the binding  
With unconsciousness.  
Answers slept after itself,  
The sleep itself, like openings.  
Your face beamed onwards  
In new collisions of beauty.  
Follow your mastery of magic  
As you pass promises and sentences.  
The dreams corrupt youth  
Yet your old age represents  
My love for food.  
Supposed victims of your blood  
Convict me with judging ugliness.  
The sleep of eternity slays  
My company and my resentment  
Over the facts.  
Your visitor is me as I can not live  
Without learning loves and your dreams.

Naveed Akram

# Slideway

Walk on the same side,  
Robotic men do float on the other side.  
My electronic helper relates to me,  
But private things are not said.  
The gravity we rely on  
Also the robot relies on.  
We have legs, he has arms  
And let soldiers work like army.  
The march goes on with considerable mind  
To charge in front of expert pedestrians.  
I am one of the few who rely,  
I am an electronic kind of feline.

Naveed Akram

# Slippery Slopes

Broken and barbed, the calmness bestowed bumps,  
Colossal springs emerged for the questioning of depth;  
Arrogant princes slew their brethren offering pride,  
Chilly as sea-monsters in cold waters, the brothers of evil  
Remained like the infantile beauties.

Screeching chariots were ripe among the few,  
Princedom repelled effectively damaging the youth  
Of their fire, rough and selfish desire, the real rocks.  
May arrogance and pride be built in one week,  
As slippery slopes hide.

Naveed Akram

# Slogans I Speak

Guess why travesties must be spoken for the plenty of people speaking,  
Because I loved my life and loving was the soldier of promise,  
Because worse selfish desires complete a remedy of the past.  
My anger is keyed towards fighters of the young age  
Who live in unison and life hacked worriedly forcefully.  
Due to incompetence the saviour of all is discovering us  
As we speak, to light and darkness is our cast of spells.  
Believe in the readers of spells as founders of faiths too many, just too many.

Naveed Akram

# Slope

I go up slopes with humour in my legs,  
I go to the slopes where rigour is turbulent;  
My books in the head display a situation,  
My book is relaxed with its condition,  
Its second-hand condition, doomed and final.

I go to the gradient of the service and pleasure,  
For the moment is happy as the hills,  
For the brain destroys like a shark in water;  
My sloped hill is a goon and ghost for the  
The time it stays in the head, in the heart.

I repent and repeat to distance myself,  
I go to the hill, the mountain and countryside;  
My walking is my running, mine only,  
For my legs and hands feel pressure and pain,  
Like the cylinder of health and the circle of hardship.

Naveed Akram

# Slopes

Spicy slippery slopes inhabit my ebony arms,  
And my legs live with the inhabitants in armies  
Of the immediate surroundings,  
Carefully they survey and forecast with the forts  
Blasting at the raiders and their crewmen.

Grim hazards face feverish ways offering some  
The abundant helping hands, swearing  
Their religion is the best,  
Feeling the emotions of a day in doubt.

My life exceeds the lives of the evil men,  
Goodness expunges the ease of the heat,  
The easiness is extremely armed with difficulties.

Naveed Akram

# Slow Death

To go slowly to the fountain you must crawl  
On all fours, for the region is aghast with noise.  
A talking man ascends and decides to ascertain  
Your movement, forgiving you for your sins in the past.  
His priesthood is forgiven by you, you are in authority,  
Your mind crawls upwards and unleashes a leaf of a book.  
The spell has been cast to damage him, an ascending man,  
Who shall descend into the pits of his creation.

Naveed Akram

# Slow Sunrise

The slow motion of sunrise  
Wept into the supplications addressed;  
On a quiet open way,  
The shadows streamed to their full,  
And ate away in their full.

The middle-way accuses me,  
Deception is no weapon for the ideals,  
Understand the religion  
That tongues are kept for  
In their magnificence.

Telling of crimes and virulent acts,  
Shows us the way to salvation,  
Moments are festoons of gales  
With them, ask their private life.

Naveed Akram

# Slumber Of Old Age

Fading into speeds of slowness is the work of laze,  
Fatigue extravagantly creeps on the back  
To connive the head into a wrong slumber.  
The heart is so wonderfully felt, and concentrated with blood  
That the family is always wondering about the hearts  
In the household.  
Laziness is the backbone of slumber,  
When sleep meets speech of mighty words  
That dissolve the soul with the life.  
Sleep is not needed unless life is brilliant as well,  
Forming the wisdom, forming the old age.

Naveed Akram

## Sly Moves

The sly fingers crawl in their drastic moves,  
That way we stay and leave, in lies.  
My slightly vague somersault is an  
Apology for the acrobatics of gold.  
This finger on the top of the hand  
Glides fruitlessly, in its warmth  
On the seabed, fixing the height  
Of the ocean as it sleeps and deceives.

My straight armour collapses in the doing,  
Forces are relatively smaller than most.  
The arms of a man in the cavalry belong  
To the equestrian soldier, a diver of the sea.  
He blesses and caresses into the definition,  
An ocean removes an infantryman,  
It stains the mind of the brain, with unity  
In this life.

Naveed Akram

# Sly Thinker

Sly thinking relieves some,  
Let this corsair be empty of sin;  
Emergencies embroil me with sin,  
Arranging my furtive abilities.  
A libellous affair has been ruined  
By the one calamitous occasion.  
Inside the inappropriate war,  
There resides a warrior of commotion.  
He is ill-fated, a monastery encases him  
After the attacks of the war.  
Sly thoughts have achieved this  
As the clandestine war is at an end.  
An irregular battle is called war  
When the sins are barging in.

Naveed Akram

## Small Conversation

You swore the conversation was small,  
Depths of desire were huge.  
In a flash there was a crossing of the canyon,  
The next visitor neared.  
His depth of understanding and harmony  
Became like no other man.  
The climb of a mountain was before us,  
To gain altitude quickly was a shame.  
The climbing conversation was an argument  
So I swear the beginning of this was meant to be small.

Naveed Akram

# Small Flowers

The familiarity of a flower is so small,  
I love to admire and drink this alcohol.  
I may at first be appalling, so splendid,  
Yet now the mother in you is abdicated.

Never in this mind of a lovely lady  
Do I see applause, like the raining indecency  
Of a mild season, one of the efforts,  
May appalling weather have comforts.

Naveed Akram

## Small Life

One slithers in bad luck on one day,  
Underneath it all a person seems fit  
To argue, fuss and try the basics of life,  
Like the day and night, in races.

Offer to them colours of delight,  
Lull the fighting of a year,  
Understand them with distaste  
So that history is unfurled  
And the whole world can defy it.

My matter is with them  
To understand their will  
That they bespoke on their days  
That were nights of displeasure.

One sleeps in continuity  
Once the judging hour erodes  
The basic design,  
Death has asserted its role  
Once death is certainly small.

Naveed Akram

# Small Limbs

A child carries small limbs  
Compared to the people who are gigantic-  
The adults, who have cared for their own feet  
And their own Heaven.

Small, tiny feet,  
Abraded all over,  
Hurt and scraped by the dirt and stones!

The unversed people reject you,  
Even when you drop  
Iridescent light  
Where you have positioned your feet.

You parade  
Through the straight roads,  
You brave the dangers, without flaw.

Naveed Akram

# Small People

Small people must marry one after another,  
To keep small and happy together with one.  
Their life is one busy, happier than a mother,  
Cunning I call it, if short is a habit to be won.

Smaller than the rest, a crowd has emptied  
The disease caught by the ill-folk,  
And mastering the cure accompanied  
Another cure by another bloke.

Short massive half lings are trained to kill,  
An author by essential qualifications,  
Who wrote that killing was an art still,  
And that war was the problem of actions.

Yet war was solvable by the masses,  
Intricate and statement-perfect,  
Hungry, agreeable as damned the lasses,  
Who came over like something different.

He who pursued a battle to its end  
Can matter too late as an affair of reason,  
Often it is the warlike committee to intend  
A desired end that confers acceleration.

Naveed Akram

## Small Race

Small car-race is bigger gust,  
Letters proliferate with carrot-engine;  
The monster inside gardens a hose,  
A gate to the elephant desires itself.  
But potatoes ingested make a good  
Race for the finish, working the  
Sandpaper, whining, gurgling as if.  
My ship is certain, a prison will consume  
Individuals unwittingly, so car-races  
Dismay the ordinary crowd.  
A fixation causes the school of drivers  
To awaken in a sleepless night  
Of continuous joy-making, bodily  
Discomfort arising before a turn is  
Made due to godliness.

Naveed Akram

## Small Seeds

One has a small seed in the plants of the world,  
It has watched over us when we sleep and pray.  
The wise women of the land abruptly speak  
And cause the wise men of this laid land to listen  
Fully in accordance with God's wishes.  
Both of the wiser people shall obtain a remainder,  
And a reminder, for the solutions are separate.

A true arrow is unleashed due to bad thoughts,  
And this envelope of sin has accomplished no partnership.  
The one who has a seed to sow shall damn the blind works,  
Shall never float on the crests of the river, as its bed has friction  
With us and our souls, that long for more of a demise.

Let the unscathed be damned once the energy has been retained,  
For wishes are to be made aright by the one who sees  
Whatever is and whenever is the event.

Naveed Akram

# Small Television

The small television was on us and them,  
It could make more for the years than dust  
On the books and rules of the pen.  
Writing for its sacredness compiles a larger area,  
In the attention of the hearts around.  
One small machine tends for laughter,  
Comedies fling and flow to frighten and subdue  
The real acts of a day that admonishes  
And reprimands.

The once appreciated excuses are afloat  
Like a drug of the venom and poison and wound.  
The real blood spells like the love of the world,  
Knights of blending and kindness  
Lambaste the ironies of our society,  
Trying to see a kind man and woman together.  
One is better and one is mine,  
The fuel of the bars.

Naveed Akram

# Small Trees

I am little like the small trees,  
These are at least bigger than flowering plants,  
The richness of theirs is far superior to us.  
Since they are richer and we are taller,  
The magnificent colours shine as they do.  
Greenness is our nature as trees,  
Whilst they are always colourful  
More than us.  
The tree of bigness is a lethal organ,  
One we sit by and watch growing older.  
Then the small trees subjugate the other trees  
Far smaller, but we are supposed to respect  
The bigger trees, they are certainly not the biggest.  
The best of us are longer in health,  
Whilst I am little for I am a small tree.

Naveed Akram

# Small War

There are small portions of this shadowy dark world  
Where males rise from the breasts of dark and desolate hills,  
Their soldiery is difficult to dig by their dreary nameless state  
For a cloud of incense surrounds those who tread on with journey.  
The writing of a book progresses and sustains the growth of Nature  
Within the sparkling cups of dire knowledge, the wisdom of those who start.  
It is the death that we return to, not life, for death is a destination  
And life is a throne already occupied for a limited time.  
I am yours, and you are mine, inner solid help has found commune  
Forming us from within, sustaining the roles of yellow fever called War.

Naveed Akram

## Smaller Artifice

It was a cultural blessing, for the face of leaves,  
Unwrapping themselves with a silent mind.  
The face was upturned to relics, to artifice,  
And to sentenced weaponry, the bleeders.

Then a smaller circle, an attribute of rate,  
Spun its presence to win charismatic appeal,  
The favoured ones diminished like a small tower  
Raised by the cross helpers, the utterly cross.

It was an unshakeable bond of wooden legs,  
Hardy folk were enemies from a far off generation.  
The older anger was the subtle anger,  
This blessed house had many years in the circles.

Naveed Akram

## Smaller Instrument

The red Martian plain suffered from murder:  
Up he comes to analyse a microscopic sample,  
In a dry ocean, in a chamber of madness,  
Like the murder and blood of Mars.

Dripping visions explored, expiration affected  
The balance of measurements,  
Some thunder struck the galaxy  
In ways we cannot find or deliver to Earth.

Naveed Akram

# Smell The Fragrance

Come for yourself here and taste the fragrance  
With your nose, far removed from the smell of fatality;  
Peace, you gifted souls! Peace until the desires are shown!  
I caught the ball of light as I lit the horizon,  
For entering the minds of others was contemplation.  
This deed has forgotten all differences  
Between contending dogmas and truths.  
Come for yourself and drink from the elixir  
Called life, its dealings are numerous and exact.

Naveed Akram

# Smile Endlessly

Smile in the mighty mirror of amazement,  
It is your face inside that is a day of years,  
Every morning and every noon the sun  
Shines to glorify the creatures under it.  
Music has washed the mind clear, so faster  
Than the sword, or the sorting of numbers  
By the computer; a loose string is a factory  
One obviously sends to the other side, a soul  
Is dust, a being is sounder than the evening.

Then smile to separate the heart from heaven,  
This time obviously send your tears to the stars,  
A part of the star is above its master, it shines  
As sinning and shunning, but shining is beauty.  
This time smile according to the created sun,  
Music will wash the hounded brain, a silk is  
Touched by the spiders who spin it inwardly.  
My sword is the deed of the word, a drastic  
Choice for the human who smiles endlessly.

Naveed Akram

# Smile, Don't Scorn

One smile is enough to smile a mile,  
A crocodile should not scorn the exile.

One river bows to the future of that isle,  
One sees the seas and finds them in the meanwhile.

One young lout has gaped at the horses of guile,  
When the lifting of oceans has been so infantile.

When will the Nile speak of the elephants in file?  
Some have conspired and written on their lifestyle.

One smile is enough to smile a mile,  
A crocodile should not scorn the exile.

Naveed Akram

# Smiling Thinkers

Applause rippled through the people  
Who beheld changes of the smile.  
It made all difference, all calamity,  
As calm entered the arena of thought.  
My doing is well and my objects are few,  
Drama is the thinker of the age.  
I have disputed and waited for more  
Anger to revel as the smile has returned.  
The leather armchair is enough for me,  
Which links to the stars and fights goals.  
My master is out there in space,  
Many special outings are being made.  
The real purpose of the discovery  
Leans into the chair, the basic belief.  
To contain the relationships,  
We must outdo the pains of the smile.

Naveed Akram

# Smoke And Fire

Smoke lifted its head along the boundary,  
Past experience was of the fiery hell or jest.  
This fire of the night ignited from youth,  
A place for fire was a place for joyous quiet.  
Then the talents of a day were spending on lunch,  
Opening the festivals of a honesty so sent to us.  
The food of the hole was ploughed in the world,  
Gadgetry was a simple weapon on the fireplace.

And then a joyous spread of fat entered the weapon,  
Kicking and picking with flames of yellow and gold;  
This fire of the world was an expensive joke  
Sent to authorities and restaurants in the eerie atmosphere.

Naveed Akram

# Smoking Fires

The smoke was like incense,  
The fire was like seizures of heat  
With scents of hell and sires,  
Who died with hot people,  
These sires were even the devils.

The follies of youth start to work  
On and on, moving into drinking  
And eating in the restaurants of spice;  
Little amounts to little,  
For that they do what they do.

The smoke of the food is immense,  
Begging is no use for us  
As the splendour of this day  
Has white overalls in disarray,  
Instilling hatred in the rich people.

Naveed Akram

# Smooth Cream

The smooth nice ice cream is tall,  
The rice of the skinny men is small;  
But noisy heads poorly meet their dames,  
Like privileged men of such higher names.

This mean queen opposes mastery,  
Funny to the bone if always misery.  
I sign the document of your grace,  
Fetching words and clauses of this race.

My sleep is slept, my old pose is near,  
This old pose is poetry of the tear;  
My stroll is short, my thin little fingers  
Control me when the thought lingers.

Naveed Akram

# Smooth Slope

On a smooth slope we sleep,  
Throats are in anguish,  
As the dreaming is in concussion.  
Some sleep in a bedroom of higher  
Pleasure, also they have the bed.

On a gradual sea the welcoming  
Has events in the main season,  
Slopes are sacred due to gravity,  
Open their light and travel further  
Than the man at the dead-end.

It will be the fall of the century,  
A smooth slope seems to be an  
Accusation, of feeling and of effort.  
One begets not, one beams on others  
To refract the light, and reflect the sight.

Naveed Akram

# Snake In A Bag

I carry a venomous snake in my bag  
That hangs over the playing field,  
Sorrow entered the district to see me,  
Offering food to the mouth that stretched  
Its tongue, offending and defending  
Inside the field of influence,  
Watching internally and waiting  
For the surprise that stalked and walked  
Fooling the supervisor,  
Again and again.

My occupied territory, my occupied territory  
Said the same useful degree of help.  
My slaves encountered the frost  
And the neat icy lanes were harder  
And harsher to marry into the dark habits.

I had my snake as a charming creature,  
The serpent of venoms and poisons alike,  
Slaying the victim with ferocious fangs  
That it liked, forever in its glare and tear,  
Full was the serpent over our cadavers  
In sight.

Naveed Akram

# Snow Has Fallen

Snow has fallen due to the war,  
Snow may fall each year for awe.  
Piling up, it soothes the healing heart,  
May your skin be alert and corrupt.

My children have played each day,  
In the eating act, in the playful ray.  
This day my daughter has fallen,  
Duty will be found in the tundra and pollen.

Snow has fallen, due to the Winter,  
Finding is tough and frowned with splinter  
Of the fence and wall, in ceaseless walk,  
To overcome the dark so outrageous with talk.

May we be saved by this day in Spring,  
A redeeming awakened the very ring  
Around the air, where my daughter lay  
Like a fallen child of the hundred they say.

Naveed Akram

# Snowy Plain

To trivially plod through the snow  
I carry on with the mud, the appalling fitness  
Is against me, as I submerge my feet in the cold.  
It is rainy now, too dangerous, and my stiff nose  
Goes oil and gas, goes triumph and defeat,  
Many shall win as many degrade it,  
Triumphant music is in the eerie silence.  
My music magically converts mistakes into successes,  
Taking the snow, also contriving the footprints  
As design is proper in a land like this one snowy plain.

Naveed Akram

# Snowy Season

Snow is a sentence of feeling,  
It is language of mighty thought  
And the thinkers have much demand  
For the snow to indent the window  
Of their chiming lone tongue.  
So they speak to the God of Snow?  
No, the Sun-God is the worst to call.  
He shall murder and madden as much  
As mercy is not shown. His plumber  
Has goings-on in the window  
With a cleaning instrument.

Naveed Akram

# So Believe In My World

The celestial thoughts are concentrated in your heart,  
So believe in the one truly favoured by the very start.  
The big ocean is the door of the soul and the body,  
Huge earth mounds connect to fill the void and story.

My world is dark, your world is upright, so thank us all  
For we have light at tunnels and chambers too tall.  
My shaking is of the foot, my heaven is of the root,  
A sentence of youth is fully cruel for I am feared by the loot.

We have life darker than the sun whose rays are ineffective,  
My worse habits enlighten the old and destitute, for protective  
Are the roots of my father and mother, the joiners of command,  
And the enjoiners of the moral heart, the dear rules of demand.

Naveed Akram

# So Eloquent

I work in a library of plain novels,  
Within five hundred yards of a prison,  
That buys a twinkle in the eye of life.  
My words are actual like liars,  
My phrases are joining as monkeys  
In swift play so that motherhood  
Accepts them as soldiers or troops.  
With the work of centuries I  
Consider the holidays of much jamboree.  
With actual accents my speech  
Condones the speaking prison of lights.  
And to spend on them is deifying  
A righteous man who lifts up sights  
For the funerals of the believers.  
Normal men have fun in the side of roads,  
While the majority of thinkers  
Do not gyrate in their mind's eye.  
My words are novel indeed,  
My speech contains the aspects  
Of starts and stops so eloquent.

Naveed Akram

## So Finer

To bear a dress one picks from the academy  
Is to deliver a speech for the other men who are men;  
The laity speaks with a duty to be heard,  
One expert has spoken on the tasks of beauty  
And suffering.

I see the flown wings of an older generation,  
Their suits are in the middle of golden dresses;  
Ladies so finer than themselves shall sway  
In time with the music that is concrete and sad,  
Innocence is sad.

To be caution is to be godly, and this message made me  
A monument on the glad surfaces,  
On those narratives we call upon  
In the middle of forefingers,  
Those glaring feet of fingers and dresses.

Naveed Akram

## So Flamed

Sometimes thought could say nothing,  
Smell of burning arrived, fully in action.  
Then she thought of a saying to pleasure,  
Letting flowers fall, feeling nobody but shaking.

Sometimes he went fast, sometimes slow,  
There was a little match, tyranny called itself.  
He felt himself transfixed, fully exploding  
With the confined place, so differing, so flamed.

Naveed Akram

# So Many Thoughts

So many thoughts may argue for sustenance,  
But one of their hindrances betrays the mind.  
Thoughts should bring haunted happiness,  
Thinkers will be more in the faith of laughter.

So many words enjoy themselves in throats,  
Forgetting them installs happy relics and joys;  
My offensives are of the generals and colonels,  
Tacticians surround me like the fires of words.

The thinker is the holy philosopher, of ancient  
Times and traditions, one is fully demanding  
Them and their only thoughts of this future,  
This modern piling of arms and strategies.

The thinking men are understanding of time,  
Of this time we attack the tacticians and generals,  
Hoping to gift my happiness in its moods,  
The heart will speak like the final woes.

Naveed Akram

# So Much Ground

So much ground grasped, a grammar  
Was an embassy for the precognition,  
Supernatural foreknowledge.  
So much ground was grasped, with words  
That constituted a meaning of forms,  
The superior intellect.  
So much ground made sense, with thoughts  
Inside minds to roll and rewind, like genius  
So inspired by the doings of Superiority.  
So much ground had died, without us  
And within our hearts through which to see  
Like a proper devout religiosity.  
So much was in the world that we created,  
And this I know for the people who managed  
A deed or two to be praised.

Naveed Akram

# So Much Money

My money is simple  
And I love the real human  
Who kept it so much.

Naveed Akram

# So Rich This Man

One rich man is two hundred,  
If his hair grows he rejects his fruit;  
When heaven lies to him,  
The hellish hounds march towards  
The hundred rich men and fall  
Behind them, when speech was a  
Craft for the innocent.

The freedom of thought complied with souls,  
One rich man is a heavenly rascal  
With deeds after deeds.  
When freemen speak of slaves  
They must object.

One richer man has seen God,  
His freedom is quenched with ready  
Lines of praise for his Maker,  
The Creator, and the Sustainer.

The value of godly names is strong,  
Opening a venue for the young,  
To play and play along.

Naveed Akram

# So Very Divine

With you I feel so very divine,  
Believe me - crime is lost this day.  
I want to be your old lover,  
How I wish and entertain a sincere belief.

Darling, I saw you feel finer than queens,  
The throne as your seat,  
Someplace to dine and expire,  
Liking the queen hood of dangers.

When I saw you for the absolutely first time,  
Beliefs evaporated from the mind,  
Hope gave me a lesson to map,  
Worship became of you this very time.

Naveed Akram

# Sober Month

In a month so sober,  
Is fright afterwards then.  
Sweeter than happiness  
My girl smiles so well for  
Me and my children now.  
The south is upset now,  
Joy carries on acting.  
The gentle nature of  
Our north is like nothing.  
In a year we seize him -  
The one who celebrates.

Naveed Akram

## Soft Accent

In soft accents the language results,  
From what you say and endeavor,  
Leaving the wastes and treasures,  
Feeling your own puzzle at the eyes.  
I have to cooperate once the astonishment  
Heartens the blood, as the blood is my residue.  
I had meant to be pleasing to the eye,  
I was sorely disappointed due to ill-health,  
My reasons for living were reduced  
And afterwards the garrison was a bundle of joy.

After supper the same day, we began in threes and fours  
To decide the fate of our ancestors.  
We looked agitated when the handkerchiefs were rinsed  
And with water the ladies of the night mistook  
Us for children.  
I have trouble talking to this woman,  
I have reappeared for the main question.  
Give the brush to my hair,  
And comb like I do,  
This was another garment of desire.

I have possessed the fine jewelry,  
Another garrison of guardians are afoot,  
With their campaigns of reality,  
And stupidity, and lust.

In softer ways known to men,  
I might need the lady who dims the lights  
And folds her belongings one day  
To see me finish the way I do.

Naveed Akram

# Softened Voice

After a softening of the voice,  
And a trace of a smile that roamed,  
One man smiled and replied like  
A reptile of the lagoon, a dreaded interior  
Of the souls outside in the forests.

The common room too was foreign,  
A prospect for the illegalities seemed critical  
When parties stopped ignition  
From the bath of notes and joiners of faith.  
This reptile had sleep for the hallway of this reptile.

Towards a door, floor and archway one door was  
Flight and right, the right of the flight,  
For escape seemed destructive for the illegalities,  
Right away, in a district  
So perspectives matched.

The door has opened with nearby cities  
So swollen with inflammatory organs  
And tissues of the hard elements.

Naveed Akram

# Softly Singing

He names the songs he sings,  
When liking is not loathing, and the breath  
Falls like an enigma called a comet;  
A ray of light hangs in the distance, facing us.  
Meeting eye to eye is an endeavour,  
Worthwhile is the exploitation,  
Dwelt in sorrow and esteem, just another sign.  
Maybe thoughts gather creation  
Forming wisely, gained by the created beings.  
How expensive you feel in this splendour!  
How does the comet soar in your mouth  
When you sing softly to yourself  
And brandish the sword so won?

Naveed Akram

# Soldier

Too so much happiness has happened,  
And soldiers are happier but brightened;  
Read the salvation on the faces,  
Do not see their abuses.

Naveed Akram

# Soldier Of Beauty

In this still place, a very shower  
Is sprayed on the cloth or crust;  
Does then the soldier blast the sky  
With his discharges, now that he is free?  
Behold him! single in the field  
Of happy triggers, singing like a trooper  
Of shots and disintegration,  
Over the pomp and glory of his armistice.  
Child of an ignorant war,  
His path touches sentinels at the back.  
We are in willing admiration  
Of his war-like beauty, full of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Soldier Of Light

Forgiven, forgotten and spiced all a lot,  
Light will bring more to every little pot  
Of gold.

Silver is great, golden bricks can throw further  
And further is the bullet of Death.

Inside is found the bullet that wakes you up,  
A very wealthy man is me.

Naveed Akram

# Soldier's Walk

Fortunately my truth is hidden,  
Drink this, drink that, but do hide.  
Let the soldier ply from his walk  
A hidden spy, the whole season is jolly.  
In one alley of speed, the war has arisen,  
To aid the world of falsehood,  
So as to drink the whole world  
And leave us with green land, all dark.  
Some fortune is forbidden us,  
Of a lightbulb we command and comment.

Naveed Akram

# Soldiering

My superior force excels in every way and stage,  
Open the newspaper with the soldiers' front-page.

Naveed Akram

# Soldiers In Rage

The soldiers may look to their good souls,  
In the senses we meet a capital city,  
For in the senses we seek a joiner of faiths.  
The leaders of golden hideous rages are  
Finding their way to the blackboard of chalk.  
The silver trees seem to brake and surge  
In growth that masters the open storms.  
Those with electric energy are faultless,  
Winning the wayward warriors from columns.  
My soldier is against the authorities of gold,  
Offending the truth with defenders of the faiths.  
I see many rivers in the wild trees,  
I saw many symptoms of distress in peoples.

Naveed Akram

# Soldiers Of Light

Soldiers of light equal the luminosity of stars and their planets,  
Parents are also like stars, generals of might, offering amulets.

Naveed Akram

# Soldiers Of Success

The soldier of success is a summer,  
Of decibels flying into spring of summers,  
Kisses are to the previous sins,  
Caresses begged are caresses captured.  
My mirrors delve into the future,  
Striking the earth with soils of water.  
The clay can inhabit seasons and weathers,  
Greedy men and women inhabit the globe.  
Courage is a car that enlightens the soldiers  
Of success, and these courageous hearts  
Sink, and they sink beyond the hero ship.

Naveed Akram

# Soldiers Of The Heart

A soldier crows an intimidated man,  
With the consciousness of an ordinary man;  
Admiration strikes at the crib of a wonderful man  
Who never afflicts the other person.

Revulsion converts into satisfaction of the soul,  
As the soul avows to reconsider the situation of the face,  
Declaring nobody to enter and shake the promise  
Given. A soldier does not know his autonomy.

A soldier constructs cubes and shapes of dice,  
Beginning to snap at the showers from the sky.

With avarice more is drunk, to be this authority with water  
Is to be certain of the Hereafter.  
The sovereignty of the heavens and earth  
Is not like a dreadful awe,  
But damnation strikes at those who disagree  
With the powers of the land and heart.

This is not avant-garde, it comprises the youth,  
And seems ungainly to babies of young stature.

I want my cloudless deaths to be hearty.  
I want this death to be done again.

Naveed Akram

# Soldiery

Fading into a trance, my soldier of hearts is absent,  
His beating of the muscle creates accomplishment.  
Faster than religion, his heart beats like a drum,  
More like on the battlefield, not like Adam.

Naveed Akram

## Sole Ruler

Going to the governor is really informing,  
Standing by him we gave him reward;  
The leading was unquestionable and laid,  
Like a pet being handled by a godly being.  
The information was ingrained as a pointer  
To the sole truth of this name and game  
That he accomplished due to force.  
Beneath the beings of boredom were beings  
Of gifts and spirits that spelt a hissing sound.  
These serpents slithered silently as well,  
To catch the feet of liars and non-liars alike.  
Going to the governor was an episode of a drive  
That incited others into driving their souls.

Naveed Akram

# Solid Tree

A solid construction is paler than a modern one,  
It worsens down to its roots like a diseased tree,  
The face it wears compares to the whole face,  
Its counting of the leaves makes a construction.  
Bricks have bonded, mergers have been seen,  
Down to the skin of the soldier who obliges inwardly,  
As the throat barges a wrong gesture of slight hardness.  
One constructed the faults of a strong disease,  
Uplifting the sadness, then so much sadness occurred  
Like the towers of the dark lands, or the land of seven  
Reasons, the land called fairyland, that wears a face.

Naveed Akram

# Solitary Mountain

Secluded life stings to the bone,  
Opening the thrusts and accusations;  
We feel like the emotions of the past,  
Positions of strength are laid down in writing.  
Books of strong appeal are awaking from the ground,  
The graves are ill and can never be kept by weakness.  
This life results in seclusion to see,  
To hear the solitary life is allowed,  
Cheering and shouting is afoot,  
On the mountaintop is a result of cheapness.

Naveed Akram

## Some Authors

Authors carry a sting of the century,  
Before their ablution there is something ably  
Committed that abruptly mutters  
A word in writing for the admirers.

Mixtures of sentences are imbibed  
By those in charge of words described;  
Authentic material shall be displayed  
In due proportions like an arcade.

Let writers be professional like us,  
Let them speak also with adorableness;  
The acute sight of some can bring in  
The words to matter and to then begin.

Naveed Akram

## Some Days

Some days elapsed after moonlight nights,  
No fanatic or untimely saint became lights,  
For the conspicuous fancies ran risk,  
And again, the days became rather brisk.  
Some were given the signs of home sickness,  
Such rare sentences became a bonus.  
May days be merrier than the boorishness  
Of certain craziness, of the ball's bounciness.

Naveed Akram

# Some Ghosts

Some ghosts just drifted and kept safe,  
Their case was the throats of some guile,  
The twitching never ceased, never the style  
Of events in this welcome air of residues reddened.  
Blood was sensed by these special ghosts,  
Blackness seemed oblivion, for the rights were sent.

Throats had been slit so the road meant danger,  
Danger rolled into view, for the advantage was gained,  
Forever in events evolving, little ribbons aerated the room.

Some were north, and some were south,  
This clinical entry and exit remade a metre  
To be exterior and private to the nature of some.

These gashes backed up the day,  
A little blood blackened the stay;  
Broken twigs mastered the ghosts of hideousness.

Naveed Akram

## Some Have Kindness

Some abuse others due to lack of kindness,  
Or they shout into their ears with abusiveness.  
Achiness is the solute of the body,  
I calm some of us who speak with nobody.

This busybody is me, the fine world,  
A swirl is created in the air, you have swirled!  
My job was to protect yourself and myself  
Leaving my own soul and yours on the shelf.

The books of Latin and Greek are too fine,  
Like the expertise I have exhibited, I have aligned;  
Please me now with your sudden news,  
It tells nothing of any breakthroughs.

Naveed Akram

## Some Little Present

He brought some little present inwardly,  
Light picked up from behind fortunately,  
Then he tucked my arm under his arm  
And ran to the park of all the monopolies,  
Enlightening the burrowed sights  
With as much condition as examined papers.

In the confusion of the moment,  
One heart sank a little from the fray  
Like solid bullets hacking, attacking.  
This day a fasting day, this night a momentous night,  
If the worries of the periods were sinking under  
The snowfield of light, and darkness spread like  
Little light,  
Into the eyes of the storms that winked at the hundreds  
Of men in the hailstorm.

Naveed Akram

## Some Love

When is the blast of some love?  
Justice will burden us in a glove.  
Innards of poverty destroy us,  
When the love will overpower realness.  
To hurt the hand is overpowering  
Offering us a captain of the flowering.  
Ways of conjecture will weigh  
Over the burden of brothers anyway.

Naveed Akram

## Some Mathematicians

Some of the mathematicians reside in bed,  
Their occupations demand a religion to make,  
Their prayers state the ultimate ends,  
For the experts of the field too much.  
Some of us demand a thought to unleash  
A whip too righteous and straight.  
These lotuses are red and dear to light,  
It will fly in your face, faces demand money.

The numbers in the ranks of the people  
Are nobody and non-stop madness.  
A being concentrates like the big bulls,  
One reaches into the void called cyberspace.  
Two thoughts react to the chemistry,  
An addition and an elimination causes us to  
Unleash the numbers and symbols of our times;  
Like the oils and lipids that are too saint.

Naveed Akram

## Some Names

Any ants that lie here are refused by some,  
The approval of a fruit created and amused some.

This angle is among the rich and famous,  
Like the advertisements they have accused some.

Attacks rapidly attempt hearts to enrich and master,  
Underneath the learning of our soul so confused by some.

This animal of an apparatus we justify in this season  
Creates us as from scratch, we are bruised by some.

Let the alcohol wear off and entice the food-admirers,  
When less alcohol wants more food instead abused by the some.

May we cruelly talk and converse to extract teeth too bitter,  
Such is creation in six days, such is the name I mused from some.

Naveed Akram

# Some Say With Pictures

Some retell the past with pictures,  
Paintings have been a memory of the strange ways,  
Never do tastes shudder at the news of the rules  
That are laws of the opposite side,  
Knowing a wintry and silver light.

Some say the brief ideas of an icy road  
Succulently combine into the numbers fresh  
With anxiety, words have formed without you,  
Words are worlds of the heavenly ways;  
Let those who desire a latitude be there.

I command people to listen and preach  
To their enemies, like the friendships of the  
Paintings they have adorned their walls,  
Such murals merge with the memories  
Of any sort of absent sense of mind.

Naveed Akram

## Some Sinners

Some do sin in the pool of brilliant price,  
A price is on, a prison shall swallow.  
A man with rice is offering the dames  
A little of everything, a little of a lot.

This special wiser person describes  
The wonders of a son who dies for himself.  
He lies and spies, he espies and aspires  
To the realer righteous and pious masters,  
Whose invocations involve the invalids  
That invent and swing to the swaying song.

My sins are not his sins, the sonly man was  
A jewel for the mothers of the realistic song.  
A reality is spoken by the righteous men,  
Their spokes of the wheels are revolving in eyes  
Of gold and silver.

Some do sin in cement deciding the laws  
So fixed in basic talk, in a system of lies,  
Thoughts are derived from decisions,  
Thinkers have been more like innocence.

If the sin stops then desist in the pathway  
Of a sonly man who offers a right to the  
Authority of a day which works mortuaries.

Naveed Akram

## Some Sort Of Miracle

Some sort of miracle has been transferred to my  
Straight heart, beating faster now that my frown  
Has disappeared after so many paths in the way.  
The deed creates a feeling and emotion, of miracles  
And bandages, fluids and secretions that master  
The man and woman with pious knowledge.  
The deed speaks almost like the path of a circle,  
This circle causes me to alter the whole life when my  
Circle contains many circles, too enlightening like  
Thunder in the heart of the storm, too fearful of us.  
Some of sorted men have contained a force so wise,  
Their fluids crown the heads with merciful belonging,  
This prayer sits and sells its purity without us.

Naveed Akram

## Some Stars

Some star grabs the token first,  
Leaving me in haste and darkness.  
The spreading wings of an age of vigour  
Have made the flight possible.

It creates a rocket and mobilises the being  
For a time and tune that lasts forever.  
The wings dissolve once this time,  
By no means do flyers ever escape.

The galaxies, madly in love of you,  
Create a feeling entertaining the people  
Who stop and stare to see many sights  
That glare at them, as a fortune desires.

Naveed Akram

## Some Who Care

A defect seems appalling to some who care,  
Surely the experience is solid for those in care.  
Dangers surround us when we are awake,  
Leading us astray, opening the wall.  
My defence offends me, destroys me and you,  
The thoughts are slender, fully absorbing,  
To the defence and the prosecution.  
My disappointments are numbered,  
Kicking my mind, and my torso.

Naveed Akram

## Some-Of-It Is Something

A liquid melts so slowly that tomorrow arrives by the adventure. This meaningful pity sounds doubly clear. The something we ourselves admire adheres to our work. Our employable brain is taxed, by the thoughts in religion. The table has been just born. The round-table is an earning point.

Naveed Akram

# Something Excels

Something excels us, while we work and play,  
Underneath the village river of working day.  
A man has arrived from a deep forest  
To share and process the complaint he made before in earnest.  
Goggles are worn to protrude the talk  
Of a woman and a man that disbelieve  
In the way the world has offered more praise.  
May we connect to find more ways than one  
In the things we do.

Naveed Akram

# Something To Test

I have passed my tests as of now,  
This exam increases in audacity,  
Due to processes of wildness,  
Yesterday the nights delivered  
Like the pillars of darkness.  
I sought the wrong reasoning  
As I sought it with courage,  
And the letters of the words  
Corrupted the messages from their exile.

I have maintained a cost,  
Prices damage the authority  
Of my everlasting spirit  
Which I do not know something about.

Naveed Akram

# Song-Days

I sing a song so loud to liven up the day,  
There the song ends to capitulate and stay.  
The music of rhythm spoke a genius sound,  
Where were the notes of music this round?

My mother sang songs to brighten up my night,  
Tonight was a tournament, of sheer delight.  
I would sing along, so longer than anything,  
Yet yesterday the song was sung by her like everything.

My singing finished this place,  
Opening the hearts of others in any space.  
This favourite musical poem permitted me  
To sing like my mother, and have all to see.

Naveed Akram

## Songs To Sing

Songs are some to stand and sing,  
Ulcers in our daily rituals are not to bring.  
He is amicable, lovely, like sudden danger;  
But they remove his song from the shop as if he was a stranger.

Swallow this song, and inform him more  
Like a man is informed about his qualifications.  
Song is not disability, but the root of law,  
The many people allow reform from justifications.

Naveed Akram

# Sonnet Of Describing

To love a better person best describes  
The light achieved by some who make us laugh,  
My concentrated wand now mends a half  
Of all those wands that manage some big tribes.  
To like is solidly winning the bribes,  
May work still foster brilliance of staff,  
The very drive of your one photograph,  
Inside we starve, bending us in the vibes.  
To like this situation mends my coin,  
To work I understand those worst of us,  
I love that person who is wary now.  
Inert disease reacts to this - rejoin!  
Most guessed are shepherds once they do act less,  
And now we spring to mind to disallow.

Naveed Akram

# Sonnet Of Happiness

A life with you is like residing in peace,  
Innards crawl like the windy hills inside of you.  
Forever, my tranquil quality has mind and chew,  
A life has happened on sandy shores to release.  
Soft are folders in their minute bliss,  
As finders, as readers of an awesome too,  
After man and woman can defend two,  
In the beginning was light and hiss.  
Yonder is a place of happiness,  
It is called beast and courage  
Of a far living of host.  
There, is a remedy in the readiness  
To cure, bind and have beverage  
Of a far distant post.

Naveed Akram

# Sonnet Of The High Sun

At noon, we stride and walking together  
The peace is stronger than the war of now.  
A man shall face his maker and neighbour,  
Then noon turns dust to stone, due to the cow.

A worker finds one's heart aflutter since,  
May charges be just sent towards disgust;  
My cuckoo crawls and sings for that old prince  
Who seeks a land of birds, crazy trust!

This land is of those birds in flight across  
The seas of fortune, and of course destroy  
A noon, when called by some, and not at loss  
Are these delights: destroy the very toy!

Our land is awkward and designed by birds  
That fly at noon, to shoot across some words.

Naveed Akram

# Soothing

A soothing feeling describes me,  
For I am fairer than the work of a world,  
The former worlds require my attention,  
An infinite expanse is a sale to me.

A description of old age gains my bread,  
The late worlds are better and fairer,  
For men of the Earth design better with more virtue,  
The expanse is sealing us with authority.

My sale of the universe is over,  
And I am glad of the love in my life of old,  
This living as one person is honest,  
The universal hatred of some is absent.

Naveed Akram

# Sorrowful Palaces

One could see the sorrowful blackness,  
Amber-tinted as the reddish-brown odour,  
A bromine has elapsed, forever in marvels.  
The trustworthy brothers and sisters elaborate  
On heraldry of theirs, family units cut across our path.  
One could be in a cracker box, full of spite,  
Developing virtues only if asked; and flu is around.  
The round circular audience is stating its appearance  
In the halls of heavenly palaces, where there is theatre.  
An odour erupts to be gasped by us, a loud and hilarious  
Path is encouraged by the wealthy,  
Richer men show their plates to the clouds of wool  
As rain torments and ferments,  
Seeking the badges of the barterers.

Naveed Akram

# Sorry

The sorrows forming on this face were still,  
Yet you are gaining pride everyday,  
To make yet more of sadness and anyway,  
Like suns and stars of this lone world so ill.  
My liver and dessert is all freewill,  
In this one herb is sweetness this birthday,  
As if the roles of life a carriageway,  
As if we stay on then we shall fulfil.  
My job is certainly the same old job,  
It strikes out at sin and makes me old;  
In fact, the sorrow still betrays many.  
I seek the sorry matter by doorknob,  
Departing from the room someone blindfold,  
Relaxing out, as if with antennae.

Naveed Akram

# Sorry To Hear It

I am sorry to hear the greenery is about,  
The blackness of the sea replies to this;  
What I have suffered is of the sea,  
Your tongue shall speak forever.  
Never say a wicked word for it is thrown  
To pieces, splendid steeds interrogate.  
Its paces, its actions are numberless,  
May the hunt flow like the raging wind,  
I am sorry for the causes, the consequences.  
My war with the sea is between you and me,  
To begin it will end it, shall it?

Naveed Akram

# Soul And Disease

To accumulate a disease is so uninteresting,  
It eventually misshapes your soul and health.  
The talk to care for you is not over,  
Old and new images fly over the mirror.  
When disease breaks it relishes on the existing troubles,  
And undoes the actions you speak about.  
To disease I say there is no blessing, a blown one,  
No blown blessing is there.  
Like only the illnesses of minor impact,  
This talk is insipid, we want more of the  
Questions that matter,  
Such as why do you have such a one?  
The disease of today is not going away,  
The vehicles of our days do let us rid them.

Naveed Akram

# Soul Of Heaven

Had we a soul to contrive a blessed nature  
The essence of our spirit resides in the bed of dreams.  
Natures are compact with age, souls keep,  
But both the walking and talking of our spirit is the spine.  
Had we a soul to connive the world would be in oblivion,  
Opening resorts blessed with reports of you.  
Had the realm of heaven opened its gates to  
Us who are fountain, we would surely perish in pleasure.  
The rivers so functional with water  
Happen to be excellent and brilliant  
As their course is to heavenly splendour.

Naveed Akram

# Soul Of Sin

The sorrowful soul collects dirt that drives us down in sin,  
Inner workings of the organ that collapses are huge;  
This mishmash of thoughts and sentiments is immense,  
Offering us no explanation, no controversy but nature.  
To highlight one opinion carries the harm of upsetting,  
And if upsetting is absurd then let torture be not.  
For the mind works so hard in its quest to fineness,  
Total disregard for it relies on willpower and ardour.

Naveed Akram

# Soul That Learns

Kill me once and twice,  
Internal worries resist  
As the killing of me would entice  
The killing of you afterwards.  
But bodies are souls  
And minds are like matter  
From the inner voice.  
Dying is tragic as godliness is skilful,  
My auctions are about with worry,  
Indolent actions result from no pain,  
So then worry and solve the puzzle  
Of eternity, and spare me.  
For sparing me causes me to  
Be martyrs and saints,  
Like the old regulatory laws  
Fuelling the old self,  
The soul of mystical learning.

Naveed Akram

# Soul's Image

Your image resounds in the best souls and minds,  
Jostling in other images to make other finds.

Naveed Akram

## Souls In Attire

They support the souls on legs and armpits,  
The dwellings arise from the support of men  
Who build a body of fine health, is he surprised?  
The woman is astonished, the man is appraised  
By those in beautiful peace, the feelings intensify  
From the bricks, red like corpuscles, felt in union  
Of capillaries, the backbone of the heaven.

One has veins and attires of the bell and body,  
The chief of worries is called an enemy in anger,  
Finding its path through the wilderness with agility  
And strength fading from the memory.  
Buildings collapse due to earthquakes and lusts  
Of the ordinary men, who fulfil the understandings  
Fought with counterexamples, and deductions.

Naveed Akram

# Souls Make Mistakes

Souls are a numbered few, who fly tonight in the heavens,  
Men walk the plane, riding like the hawks of the sky;  
Wherever you walk also fly for you are a soul that dies;  
It is dying and death that astounds you enough,  
That is why you see mighty fissures in the morning light.

These are the mistakes of your destinies,  
Those behaviours are rampant and starting  
To overflow like the sandy rivers and sweet fish in them,  
Souls shall fix their stare on us who dive into the pits of steam,  
Leaving too many mistakes that are errors of the deep.

Naveed Akram

# Souls Of Clever Beauty

If souls of clever beauty grow in Heaven,  
If souls of the most beauty grow in Heaven,  
Friend come to me with the news of the flowers,  
Come with goodness to be like them.

Report to the angels my action,  
Report to them a mate of mine who loves.  
His commands are of a father,  
And her jokes are my mother's jokes -  
The smiles of the messages.

Because remembering Him,  
Will cause Him to remember Me,  
And this I do everyday,  
Like an adventurous supplication,  
That undergoes eternity.

Naveed Akram

# Souls Of Rest

To find the greatest pleasure is better  
Than gold and silver, forwards they do run;  
Discover us in madness, in action,  
As we have gold, the sole abandoner  
Of souls and rest, the rich are addresser  
And these rich men seek one who abandon  
The money of this world, great abduction,  
This world is great at the examiner.

My life feels pleased, my life is all blessed,  
To have emotions sings, pleases,  
On these nests above that reside.  
In these polite distinct holes we waded,  
To waste an insult that also ages,  
The bride of health will then collide.

Naveed Akram

# Sound Of Combat

A deafening sound collapses and enchants  
For it is clammy here to achieve brightness.  
My cleverness is depressed when I am dumb  
During the hard days, then I confuse the public.  
A chunky meal gathers all the description  
Of a delicious object, one of the closest affairs.  
I am dependent on details to do with envy,  
Those combative procedures that are complete.

Naveed Akram

# Sound Of Sheep

The sheep are soundless in the snow,  
Sleepless for the night as it stoops;  
Aggression has appeared for the lairs,  
As I have risen for the keeping of foxes.

Exhaling now and then, we are gray in the mind,  
Life is dazzling with a vortex of guidance;  
Anger has stunned us for the hope is near  
For the foxes to retreat and rout, the auction is so near.

It is agitated, and been clear at hand  
That foxes number the dozens in sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Sound Waves

Sound waves asserted their breath as one part of the air,  
Wedding the noise to the din of the room and chamber.  
Music countered merriment up to a degree,  
Jolly waves of joy mastering the airways.  
My degree of insolence hugely existed and warped  
The planes of my existence, with heralding gestures,  
Soldiers of art, the best of the best.  
Sounds melted in a pot to persuade the majority of thinkers  
That sound was to be played in ever-changing manners.

Naveed Akram

## Sounds Of Life

Goats do make a sound of music,  
Every animal sounded like sheep;  
May God keep each creature in the air,  
In ears of men who talk to women about hearing  
And speech, and laughter, and relaxation.  
Talking to musical animals kept grace,  
Much of the time there is a weapon of brutality  
But when this left a sound we found music.  
Goats and sheep are alike, their noises feel  
To the human soul even as simple.  
A sound of music is of the soul, the sheep  
Have a small sound, much of the time.

Naveed Akram

# Sounds Uttered

A sound uttered by the same sonnet is unique,  
You bellow in the extreme, unlike my sonnet;  
The laughter attached is liking me and you,  
But my poetry has love behind it, behind it.

This simple recipe called sounds of letters  
Places me to say what I like about the way;  
It is the way of the proud men that I speak  
And not of those who shun and become remorse.

This sound I read as a letter or two shall accompany  
Me and others of the same crowd, calling them  
Not ignorant people, not backward groups  
And not stupid or horrendous individuals.

Naveed Akram

# Sound-Thinking

Sound is precious for your thoughts,  
Utter them while you describe them,  
Let the sounds of the letters be your thoughts.

Such plenty of thinking is mockery and talk,  
As felonious as mustard in the tongue  
And not musical to the ear or like sound.

Such sound is precious for the mind and  
Let the genius of chosen people divide you  
And letters must flow on, just flow for your learning.

Naveed Akram

## Source Of The Voice

The source of the voice came to be known as a vessel,  
It was the strangest beginning to overcome,  
A man of shoulders and height became the initiative,  
His pallid flesh was speaking too politely,  
For the lacklustre meat and kidneys were refreshed  
As the burdens of colourful men came to hide.  
We were to gesture the voice then in motion,  
We were the offspring, and we wanted some fame.  
The shrivelled up pen ignited and combusted too late,  
Fanning the feathers of the birds that took duty and obedience.

Naveed Akram

# Sow Your Seeds

First the sowing of seedlings with dribbling ways:  
A criterion of the grass is that it slithers,  
Sloth has burdened the brotherly bells,  
And belts of flames are enlightening,  
Grass has attached to the lawn-strength.

One farmer is attached to the sowing of seeds,  
Ploughing his fields with linear fashion  
So as to better the other agriculturist like haystacks,  
Feeding the straws abundantly to sow the seeds,  
A seed sown is a swan-like foe, burgeoning to be blessed.

Opening the fields we see the blessing attached to divinity,  
It is divine, it is divine, it is divine to be the holy farmer.

Naveed Akram

# Space Is Space

We are more complete each day,  
All that appearance is a secondary measure.  
He caused our names to be intelligent,  
Three things he left and waited for himself.  
Through experience we mattered tonight,  
Believing and relieving the utter air.

So then pressure is a blink of an eye,  
What a fundamental mistake of the heart!  
We are with day and day, night and night,  
Causing our bodies to float and flow in the cosmos,  
Like astronauts that forsake the ground,  
Like grave men who understand the vacuum.

I am in heralded pain, in the awesome peace  
Of the universe, floating freely like a lame man  
Who earns by blinking, looking at the suns  
Some call home. The day is upon us, but I am  
In pain, for the cosmos is in a rage around me,  
And I observe like the authority, of a difference.

Naveed Akram

# Space-Man

There was a man who wanted Space,  
To be married to a female in case.  
He lives in the silence  
To be dead and in presence  
Of an alien too absent at base.

Naveed Akram

# Space-Ship

A ship in the stars is roaming around,  
Opening work for the very brave.  
We shoot those in the stars with stars,  
Like a bullet at a heart.  
Our hearts are heated by the Sun,  
As we dwindle under the same Sun,  
Families are diminished everyday,  
Looking into final matters also.  
We need the ship so praiseworthy  
To transport us through Space.

Naveed Akram

# Sparkling Moments

One sparkling moment gains a spectacular spree,  
Spooky feelings are cast to the frying pan  
Where they cook and fend for themselves.  
Let the spotless instants be captivating  
With such applause, with a degree of highest nature.  
The quickest moments perfectly define history,  
Satisfying and scintillating are the attached moods.  
Remarkable swings of reasoning will rebel  
And push the hands of the clock, so well.  
Reflect on the secretive times, secrets are shared,  
Farms of the possessions are shared, they are just shared.

Naveed Akram

# Speak Dangerously

Dangers are rife and finer than the leisure  
So after me, so greater than the beauty of religion  
And the thought of you is strongly on my lips.  
Speech matters in any way you want.  
Your religious fervour is abandoned  
When the law has letters to sail towards  
And words to punch inside the soul.  
Those wasted and those with large waists  
Are the heroes so delivered by the deity that reigns.  
May danger be prowling out in the open,  
Never be a regret that is guilt or stale.

Naveed Akram

# Speak Like Snakes

Speak your business as the snake said,  
The seers of this fragile planet have worlds,  
And soft sacred sounds echo from the wilder regions.  
The wisdom of Science enters the brains of elders  
From the wise magicians, offering a deal to the rest.  
Golden fists damage the gauntlets that have attached,  
A glittering red symbol has been a friend to the seeking  
Crew, who realise the sanctuaries and the cabins of brightness.  
My worthy snake hisses further than pauses,  
On a level of larger saints and monsters.  
There are no times in the life that infer a result  
To the snaking and worldly living,  
But crews such as these say upon serpents,  
Disturbing us with their intelligence,  
Spikes abound and fires fly up into the sky.

Naveed Akram

# Speak Now

Spoken words carry no grace than the fury,  
Tomorrow speech has enlarged revealingly.  
Enticing talk is conversation too beautiful,  
And fear and hatred is included.

Spears and backs of swords are leant against,  
Taught are rasps of the air, calls of besiege;  
The war of speech is a wage, a salary  
For the troopers of the infantry, the real speech.

Naveed Akram

# Speak Of

Speak against the people  
Who hurt one another,  
The same speech is observed  
By countless people  
In many seasons.

Naveed Akram

# Speak Of Your Heart

Give me your kingdom and speak to your heart  
About the losses of our journey into the heart.  
Will you divinely inspire me with weapons and joy?  
The heart is my weapon of peaceful generations,  
Long numbers of descendants align in their files  
To enjoy the hearts in their breasts, walking, marching.

The swinging of birds failed today and tomorrow,  
Internal quakes wanted their flight to be pure.  
But the external quakes decided to lie and scowl,  
Forgiving only the creatures without hearts.  
The men with hearts will reign and conquer,  
So give me your kingdom and speak to your heart.

Naveed Akram

# Speak The Truth

May the girl who speaks the truth  
Expel a certain boy who is a sleuth.  
His sentences were unclear as hell,  
Open wounds ached and made him yell.  
The girl attacked the boy, when the boy  
Explained his state of affairs, his toy.  
They maddened each other,  
Forever and forever,  
As destructive as each other,  
Always and forever.  
The truth brought sleep to hide from  
The bustle of every day belief, they were calm.  
Truth was a mad element  
Opening fresh compliment.

Naveed Akram

# Speaking Metaphorically

Metaphors understand my being as they speak,  
Inside their skeleton is a cause and response;  
Flesh takes form, blood rushes, and the born are living  
Among us when they hatch from oblivion and other options.  
The philosophy of our solutions comprises a metaphor,  
It sent us a bringing feature, a bought item of clothing,  
Fit for the emperor and empress of the east and best parts.  
A partner has happened on the same metaphor,  
Feeding us with offices, frenzies of fancies.  
My mind is met by the mythologies, a speaker has arisen  
Who mightily withdraws a sum of gold from the best barterer.  
The knowledge of a bitter man is like the wisdom of a better man,  
Once the atoms of the storm rise to the abyss which fancies you.

Many minds think alike, if the position of studious sages requests  
A sum of gold and silver, but the honesty of some who do goodness  
Is gaining trust by the overlords of the seasons of change.  
Metaphorical language encompasses the offspring of humankind,  
Much like solid substances of the night air, this surprising dance.

Naveed Akram

# Special Death

The death is specific and shiny,  
Its legality is sorry and fearful.  
The death of a figure in space  
Is the death of useful men.  
It is short and personal, fearful  
Of what the soul succeeds.  
Military and technological are  
The spirits of the whole element.  
A deadly occurrence has been  
Added to the blushing cost.  
The supply of waters is a rock,  
Filling other rocks internally.  
The death arrives for the arts,  
Drastic decisions arduously fold.  
One art is the total artist, the whole  
Food for the human universe.  
Let life strike the other faces,  
With abilities of the service of heat.

Naveed Akram

# Special Face

Special is the measure of a man  
That drives forth new existence,  
His own life and loveliness.

Special is a certain beauty  
That is called reading,  
A wonderful activity.

How much special are your many faces  
That live and breed with the lower body,  
A body that is superb, extremely pure.

Why are you so great at the happiness to make,  
It takes a man so delightfully,  
And I wonder why so many died of you?

Special is the word for those with charming characteristics,  
Who embedded in their hearts hearing,  
And the wonder of sight.

Naveed Akram

# Special Feelings

Consider the message of a golden age,  
Cool talk matters to special feelings;  
Once assured, living constricts us  
As the knowledge of reasoning seems rational.

Nursing the habits of my soul, I  
Stagger at the awesome qualities so detailed,  
The story buttons in order to utter praise  
Of a morning that inspires peace.

Let the smile be certain of happiness  
Before it exists from under our noses;  
Kindling news of a fermented soul,  
The sort of countenance appears from it.

Naveed Akram

# Special Love

To still be in hearts is sacred,  
Towards the love is a barrier from existence  
That needs to break and let love pass  
For hearts gain sacred feelings of love.

The heart resides in the mouth of the owner,  
For it sings and weeps like nothing on this Earth.  
The blood of its making is sadder when studied,  
When studied, the student will discover.

To be sacred and loving is always a kindness,  
The heart leaps in fits and words  
To praise the lovers.

Naveed Akram

# Special Natures

The day is founded on relishes,  
The night causes special natures.  
Openly, the gusts of wind bury the day with the night,  
And all of nature flows with mild pain;  
Let the nature of the day be that of storms  
Freezing from ice to flowing water.  
The water is the nature of night and day,  
Storms are the pools we ask to be absent.  
Water is a faithful companion and fuel  
That we admire for all of the time.

Naveed Akram

# Special Theories

Coining the right and wrong can be amazing,  
Instead your estimation is correct and dating,  
So be with us and be with all,  
The finder is full of fancy and call.

The real one is the sacred one, the good one,  
A goodly funster and funny guy,  
Whose science is old and mighty,  
Too found out and like mayhem.  
But I like this and I want then this.

Naveed Akram

# Speech And Worship

Speech and worship is the main freedom,  
For we wish to instil a scary feeling  
After the feelings have been felt,  
Forcing away the emotions of regret.

Return me to them, now that I gear my standard,  
Jolly natures abound, full of the astonishment,  
And fear is against regions of peace,  
Glorious actions are committed for ever.

Let the words of endeavour be once the freedom,  
Let freedom act casually from time to time.  
All of our history is built on these premises,  
Ethical problems are now to be solved.

Naveed Akram

# Speech Of A Man

A sandwich of speech is eaten like one,  
As for his being I eat and share the food contained  
Just like the life so sweet, so safe, and so loud -  
I delve into amusements so big, so larger than life.

The civilised man is a food, and he baked cakes  
Of being and logic and sound, his head was effort.  
The whole people will rebound from the wall  
When this ball is thrown against it.

Naveed Akram

# Speech Sparkles

To articulate and talk is like heaven,  
There is much conjecture about this.  
Speech addresses the weak, halting our senses  
To define the names of our choice, very sound.  
Distressful and colourful the speech is,  
Dialogues commanding, opening like tunnels  
For the taking, inside there is a word.  
We are the spectators of choice,  
Our option sparkles from inside.

Naveed Akram

# Speech, Please

So the saying displays us, as a statement of zeal,  
And virtues are gained forever this way, this feel.  
The powerful people never work with oration alone,  
Nor do they slip or make mistake, merely they have known.  
Stealth is the main tactic a man shall devise to uplift  
The life around, the life that is cool when whiffed.  
A speech will end all wars, all features of peace as well,  
The beginning is not being felt, it is not the kind of yell.  
Handsome are the leaders we triumphantly display,  
Their role is not vile, nor do their talks even stop through a doorway.  
It is defence of manners, feeding the air and finding effort  
To complete the goal of a whole nation and has to assert.

Naveed Akram

# Speeches Of Happiness

Such happiness happens when we are cruel,  
Then people congregate to sin and sigh,  
Signals are in science, scientific people sign us  
With formulae too sincere, theirs is the cure.  
One doctor ships a solution to be received  
By another professor, whose books read as  
Speeches of some happiness, innocence lives.  
Begin to touch the paint of a wall,  
This needs to be cleaned from the hands,  
And so the professor must read his speeches  
For they need cleaning.  
Happy work needs revision to be included  
In the next sector of the spiritual heaven.  
A plane of material existence shelters me,  
And the space of this cloud and universe shakes.

Naveed Akram

# Speed Of The River

Fast and slow, after the speed has shown,  
We travel as far as heaven, and run back.  
This distance denigrates our holiness,  
It is sometimes a face, some of us tearfully resign.  
The distance of the road is great, greater than surprise,  
As force is a river over which there is no bridge.  
The water cascades with the land one day,  
Becoming a lovely path of new knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# Speed Thinker

How do people try on diverse faces?  
Their speed of thinking just races.

Naveed Akram

# Speeds

The speed of light was the ultimate limit,  
We had our ups and downs forming forever;  
The speed of our souls was feeling,  
Like the tactile units of planetary wars.

We feel moments of our brains, our pictures  
Have abstained due to brains of existence,  
These essentially absolve our sins  
Like the pelting of photons at our eyes.

One too rosy a picture creates a photograph  
Which everybody takes as something  
Of knowledge, the feeling of memories  
Creates external disgraces and denominations.

The hero of light transgresses, duty forbids us  
As light combs its way to the plants of old,  
Within the times we see a time of sixpence,  
The cheapest fragments float in the airs of life.

Naveed Akram

# Speedy Car

Faster than the best of men who fly,  
The speedy car is on this ground of sauce.  
They all praise him, fully adjusting  
Him, like a man of evolution and solution.  
The supermen who fight sadly say nothing  
To the faster man of the car and vehicle.  
Join him in song and dance, weakening his lifting,  
The weights of speed are done.  
Like faster soldiers, the army of light is again,  
Wishing him flight for the flyers.

Naveed Akram

# Speedy Horses

Where the cloudy clean curse steals  
We have our blows of bulging breaks  
Sustaining the horses hoisted by hissing;  
The horses are stolen by magicians  
That swear to their speeds like binary,  
The magic comes where we are never  
Conquered by rare forms, a romance  
Has asked a question of being.

The beings are broken by stalemate,  
Horses harass us with haunted pleasure,  
Steeds of the highest honour bow  
To be curses and stolen stones to pelt  
Those with agony.

Naveed Akram

# Spider Silk

Its lining is that of silk,  
Like a from a spider,  
For it their spiders are webbing  
To determine for the workers to liven their salary.  
To test an exam for the student,  
Who lightens the silk for the dress he was given  
By the tailor.  
He exchanged the silk of a spider for its spit.  
Spit has venom.  
Student is dead from silk.

Naveed Akram

# Spindles

I want to speak to all those willing to speak,  
My treatment is to be apologized and woken,  
Spindles toward the head shall be windows,  
Their ever presence shakes me within.

The wood splintered, the cracks bestowing luxury,  
We varnished the planet and all those surrounding,  
With headlong pursuit of danger that wreathed havoc  
Heavy on the door of the soul, a peak had been its apogee.

The apex of deceit had arrived, from within and outwardly,  
Like the heart of strokes and golfing tragedy,  
The mottled wood felt huge and hollow,  
Chewing on it was a hidden endeavor.

Pumpkins told what to speak, fruit of the world,  
A dining of old had reached the hearts of a monument,  
Surpassing time and nauseated the spirits,  
Time had been sinister to speak, to write.

Naveed Akram

# Spine

One sees the peace that riddles your spine,  
They gaze at the grease that riddles your spine.

A certain disagreement looms in the front,  
One creates some of Greece that riddles your spine.

I must have the possession and all it contains,  
We feel the release that riddles your spine.

Why do they speak to the dumb and lame?  
It is due to duty and police, this riddles the spine.

I have a sandwich and a lunch for the altar,  
Worshipping is my skill, for I am obese, then this riddles the spine.

Naveed Akram

# Spinning Sorcery

The sorcerer spins around,  
There will be times when sounds  
Spin into ashes and fire is transferred,  
Like the licking flames always in view.  
He squints at you with some small eyes,  
Lurking behind them are kings and queens.  
He has been the folly of a thousand eyes,  
Receiving under battle the souls of these eyes.  
You hear a crack and suddenly around spins  
A goblin, wounded by your banditry  
After collapsing, within the souls.

The sorcerer spins around one more time;  
As he does this point of action,  
You hear the sudden cracks of the wall  
Leaving you in distress that differs.  
Much is suspense in the hall of mighty oceans,  
As water seeps in so hardly well.

Naveed Akram

# Spirals On The Skin

Our arms are in a spiral, forgetting petals,  
Our hands attached seem delicate as frost,  
My own fingers are blessings from a rule,  
For my mother makes a soul a world, she  
Flowed from rivers and stars that point.

Our legs carry awesome qualities, offering  
Stars a welcome, a meeting with death and life,  
That is the success of laughter and gases.  
My body is joined to the other sphere, with numbers  
Feeling letters of the walk and talk, of legs.

May curves and shapes exceed the paraphrase,  
Graphic minds are graphic tastes of the skin.  
But where are the armours and weapons of a  
Forgotten race that abides in the heavens? From  
The Earth a plainsman spits his head and body to us.

Naveed Akram

# Spirit Of Numbers

To be spirited away justifies the soul inside,  
A blunder rationally undoes the web of sorrows.  
Another solving session is required to object,  
The backwards religion has appeared.

One spirit aptly supplies the soul,  
A real rectangle may be drawn;  
The knowledge of a mathematician  
Undoes the words seemingly.

To be one spirit is likely to be a cross  
And not a tick, but two ticks are fine,  
With three and four and five being great,  
Like the old days of wonderful thinking.

Naveed Akram

# Spiritual Travel

The heart has a tongue so bright, so red with muscular strength  
And able to converse with what is right and correct, with spiritual travel.

The conversations are bigger than stories of the most ancient,  
In these simple words we reiterate the sorry tales to connect with spiritual travel.

Our tongues need untying when the character of a man performs worst,  
Repent and be helped from the sin uttered altogether and checked with spiritual travel.

Our souls walk in gardens of delight after the times of goodness, of greatness,  
So sorry is the man who longs for the only platform that is to detect with spiritual travel.

A new reward is given to those too high in secret knowledge, in the unseen facts,

Controlling them is then simplest, knowing them is direct, with spiritual travel.

My God is precious when you moan and deserve more from reasoning and testing some,  
The men and women who are children shall grow out of moaning to disinfect,  
with spiritual travel.

To see the water on the journey of life is like seeing huge rivers flow into your mouth  
And down the oesophagus, to collect in the stomach and then to expect with spiritual travel.

Do not now sound like a genius speaking of sounds and noises that mean words  
When the sounds of the throat can mean the sweetness of prayer erect, with spiritual travel.

The praise delivered by everyone shall be increased obviously, as this means silence,  
Silent beings shall triumph as they talk less with the evil spirits - say you must be incorrect! Just with spiritual travel.

The heart stopped talking when death appeared and life was snatched,  
The angels of death enjoy their beating with their dialect, with spiritual travel.

Naveed Akram

# Splendid Crown

He walks in splendour of the crowns,  
Kings are dark and collected,  
Around the dignified angels and archangels,  
Fixing their abode on the very rich and wealthy.

One shadow escapes after another,  
Stars at night repair the folly of shadows  
That cascade on the deals of royalty,  
Discovery of a gigantic star is in the air.

Let the pure and expensive be comforted  
By the very rich and excellent,  
The thought of highness scrapes them,  
And blushing men and women escape.

The final night has collapsed,  
Lulling the following days,  
Finding a dear man who is crazy when sad  
And fitting to be called a rested minister.

Naveed Akram

# Splendid Person

To call him a person of splendour  
You must name him by his names alone.  
Towards these signs my mind has set,  
Yesterday, the surrender was made and we were  
Present, to remark further and longer,  
Two steps took pride, a man's walk  
And a woman's march, the longest transport  
Under the sun that shines so brilliantly  
By day and by other days of daylight.

Naveed Akram

# Splendid Questions

Going to areas of mine is splendid,  
People resent this when considered.  
My questions are too complex,  
My wizards are too splendid,  
Why do goggles blend with the motion of sight?  
Never please erase a question worthy,  
Anything above the ordinary.  
My splendid camera of jokes is upon us,  
Watching is like pain when considered.  
To fascinate the brain calls an answer  
To the problems of too many people who are widespread.

Naveed Akram

# Splendid Sailor

You are a splendid sailor of the winds,  
You were at work with the trials that beset you,  
Following the shore, keeping messages,  
Like all the coast, you heard this reality.  
Opening the readings is a shameful deed,  
Writing the doors of the buildings amasses  
A wealth of information, this information  
Makes man a woman, to feed likes and dislikes,  
In those roles we connect a trial,  
The trail is on, the trail on us.

You are a splendid sailing crew, who is the best?  
Ships curtail the hidden doom,  
Fortune demolishes me after centuries  
Of carrying writing tablets,  
With garrisons of hope and burden.  
I will travel with you south, and take wealth  
With me, the writing is on me,  
The writers stunt their growths  
And the progress is a survivor.

Naveed Akram

# Spotting

Readily the guns spot a criminal,  
Offering us damage of something abnormal.  
A care discusses bonds too huge for glancing,  
Tasting weather and heat to roll in engaging.  
The food of light is an abode so awesome,  
Business is a man we are engraving ad-indefinitum.  
Why are our tongues struggling with fear as frying?  
The wrong tongue has tasted the lying.  
Words bring joy to the light-hearted,  
Tennis is the sport we have aborted.  
This is the gun of games and I am proud of my match,  
As if the referee has aborted, only to snatch.

Naveed Akram

# Spouse Always

Always I remember the boldness in the stance you take,  
So every particle of food is digested, trodden and bitten.  
Always the memory of you contains laughter,  
Some of us lift the sheets we slept in  
To find a sleeping spouse still present on them.  
The giggling supports our bold job, the criticism is present,  
Yet some of us live on, and on, and on together.

The woken spouse loved me always,  
Some knowledge penetrated me all through the day.  
It reflected through the stance and manner,  
The religion was its own, now that the spouse lived.  
May the spouse be equalled and be like me,  
May the spouse be sponsored by me,  
It magically appeared, this religion, for me.

Naveed Akram

## Spring Came

Spring came and bitter presents were exchanged,  
There was no outward sigh or crossing arranged;  
Just the dozen other passengers of the bus weighed  
On the mind of a member of a hospice who decayed.  
The knife was awaiting him, approaching the island,  
Which was his body and trumpet, the very island.  
On the crossing he determined the years,  
A dozen other passengers, who came with beers.  
He was greeted by the regarding couples,  
And so aboard the ferry of earth was a resident of archangels.  
The only guilt suffered was with a smile,  
There was no reason to distrust the other file.  
One night, over tea.

Naveed Akram

# Spring Fish

Spring has adjustments to make over the school,  
Its fences are damaged by the storm and clouds.  
Spring and the time of its own is similar to everything taught  
Under the sun. The school is swept by the winds into the sea.  
A cool breeze has emptied its contents in a bed of the ocean  
And there fishes have learnt lately of the molecular rocks  
That signify a straight and morbid end to the fishes.  
Too many have fish, and there are too many children.

Naveed Akram

# Springing With Mistakes

A mistake majestically springs to mind,  
Divined by helpers, confined and solved;  
My kind line confines me, bromine is around,  
A little deadness suffices careering into the life.  
Let the mid-wife be in strife, with wildness,  
Without a pocket-knife, and let her see the pens.  
Writing matches the reading, so does accosting,  
And adhering to glue, we strive and acquaint.

Naveed Akram

# Spy-Catcher

Catch him while you can, as  
Feeling as a manly man.  
He is a criminal-entity, his is damnable end,  
We are feel for heavy glory, heavenly reward.  
Caught him in the alley as a beggar but a spy,  
His espionage may be defeated by the CIA.  
I had no cause for soldiers to come and demand my job,  
Police do not deserve to come and rudely bring an end to this job.  
Indeed the sadder part of this story is passed,  
For the begging was caught and used to display anger  
On the heavenly world, the entire spy-world.  
The master-spy is put down by our police.

Naveed Akram

# Squabbles

A squabbling squawking genius has arisen,  
Biting the buying and selling the swine;  
My habits have disappeared from the time  
I hated the issue and loved the assault.

Breath and movement was spending its cash,  
Inciting evil and doing employment,  
But the reality has smiled from the acts I complete,  
Kin and fellows smile back at me.

When they come back from the stars  
I will help, my progeny will help  
As the stars are aligned to the waist  
And the planets revolve around the space  
That lifts me higher and higher  
Forcing me to ignite the clue of tragedy.

Naveed Akram

# Square Poems

Poems enter the area of squares,  
The squares are computers of the circus,  
But buttons melt in odd shapes,  
As the family of the now returning  
Machines enforce the hazards.

The poverty of poetry is immense,  
Its floodlights make you despair,  
As the fountain of yellow eyes  
Erupts like volcanic lava of generations  
Melting in the folds of humanity.

I have poets on the roll of the dice,  
Flowers seem to be their mammals,  
Trees are called dinosaurs and monsters  
That drag into the sun on all fours,  
Like the divine chase of robots in outer-lands.

Naveed Akram

# Squealing

Squealing and screeching the night away,  
Joint reminders were being made like steel;  
Resonating and affecting the young warriors  
We were robust and alien, in with nightmare.

Shivering wet weather was the reminder of the sky,  
Shrillness sounds like a sound of water  
In the hedges of heaven, finding deceit  
And then admitting the demented and ill,  
Wasting the slumbers of the dead.

Naveed Akram

# Stable Life

Never can a child be stable in his life,  
Living is dancing for him, dances are finer.  
If I return to my house one time  
I mount emptiness and spirits of fineness.  
The child in me is myself,  
Open the doors to heaven now that you're gone,  
Fangs of glory are ever-present.

Naveed Akram

# Stables

Each horse must gravely stand and watch,  
Towards this piety I release pride and sit,  
To keep energy and hate at bay and stay,  
Of all images I reinvent to carefully remain.

A remaining episode is still on offer,  
To understand the regional news,  
Always the breeze and cool wind,  
Anyway I have this and few do.

Naveed Akram

# Stages Of A Hero

A hero is on the stage,  
He lends a hand to the war.  
One man to find a weapon,  
Infidels manage death on him, the hero.  
A hero is on the stage finding life  
A difficult time, a heroic time.  
This epic is shown on a monumental scale,  
In front of the world, and the oceans cease.  
The godly heroes all ruin the smaller men,  
A better man is in control of his living.

Naveed Akram

## Stale Friendship

You are my friend, staler than the rest  
So more than you, but nevertheless rich.  
I see the rotting comrades of the years  
As they reply to the sins of their fathers.  
Scraping the legs of the dragged apes,  
My friend sees a vision of some nightmarish  
Brilliance, of some crippled esteem.  
The bridge causes us to make a certain friend  
Over the friendship I have gained.  
Hindering the colonels and generals  
Is my life disorder, forcing the wit of geniuses,  
Forming from a real meaningful dialogue  
Reacting to us all over.

Naveed Akram

# Stammering

A stammer is a stunt of the findings of Man,  
The duel is on, a saving trick astounds me now  
That swords display an unique tactic of hoarse travel.  
One error defies a true action,  
Why does the sinful man be a favour of strength?  
Then the earth defends you,  
Severely understanding me as well.  
The whole factor is of giving your grief to higher  
Purposes, that define who the exceptions are!  
One stammers and stutters according to colours  
Of the rainbow, fences are built, and in the east  
There is something to have been known.

Naveed Akram

# Stand And Watch

Stand and watch, for the account,  
For the abuse and acquaintance,  
Unless the aerial is suddenly there,  
And imperceptible material is not viewed.

Radio waves are rare like radiation,  
With rationale and stage, the obvious.  
Stand and willfully object to the truth  
When the animal is conscious.

Harsh elegies contract and begin  
To astound my intelligence and truthfulness.  
Rays of light reject me when the radio  
Is loathing all the light that binds me.

Naveed Akram

# Standing, Understanding

He stands in front of,  
He stands in front of you,  
Like the similar attitude  
Of an orc or boar.  
This laudable tulip is not  
Ugly but boisterous,  
He stands, and he sits down  
Made up of the same venom  
As flattened grass, broadened  
By lustre and accusatory remarks.

He understands the rejoicing of your  
Tongue, as he sits down and stands  
Up, like jelly and like war.  
His rank is hissing, cramped by the stare,  
He is a boar or beautiful dog.  
Much understanding resides in this  
Galaxy of words and muck,  
Munch down the tragic thoughts,  
Munch them down now!

Naveed Akram

# Star Above

A light source in the stages of the sky  
Surprises us with esteem as never before.  
This daylight manages esteem like before,  
Much to the mind, many times wide.  
Then muttering like birds is the sky  
Opening us with plight to design.  
A sunny day smacks our heads and hearts  
To enlighten the souls we breath as we sway.  
The star this time is a luminary of stars,  
Finding me with heat, heartiness, and strength of fire.

Naveed Akram

# Star Maps

Never in a year does a star  
Misshapen the globe,  
The war is on, the wars have begun.

Stars have battles of great aggression,  
Opening the road; generals foretell,  
Strict warriors beautifully die.

My experts are forgiven at times,  
This time their weapons sell heat,  
Forsaking our world, and their world has won.

Stars revolve around us once more,  
Stars' destinations can be mapped  
And embarked upon.

These experts have clothes of the stars  
And this night is the time of our Life,  
The mercenaries debate with words once more.

Naveed Akram

# Star Of Stars

No ruined star concerns our justice,  
For they explode after matter causes havoc  
In degrees known to the lord  
Of all our health.

A model has concentrated at the core  
For nobody fumes after fuming  
And nobody moves an inch.

The Earth is at crawling speed  
Inside an orbit of the eye  
And the ears are listening to its  
Sound that erupts.

Such an existence moves with miming  
And collapsing of the smaller stars,  
Our ruined star called the Sun  
Arrives after too many visits.

Over the cities and centers of civilization  
Our birds have feathers  
With the simple formula  
Of regret.

Naveed Akram

# Star Of This World

There's a star in this world, around it all  
Or is the moon and sun a feeding ground.  
The singing has a death, monstrous energy,  
That died last year and waved at the crowd  
So much forming on the surface of the Earth.

After so many seconds effects gathered of this reply  
To the gods of the planets, of the solar tree.  
This tree and plant regulated our life and form,  
Like a perfume in the air, fully forming like life.

Once the temperature had exceeded the limits,  
Knowledge of times and spaces emerged from physicists.  
The stars above claimed miraculous brethren  
Internally bleeding from the wounds of our sun.

Naveed Akram

# Stare Into Space

Stare into a void describing your own beauty,  
Fixing your stare so longer than the beasts of blame,  
Blasting is a soul, blatant remarks of royalty are styled,  
Further than snowy realms with their snowflakes,  
So much is the religion that we endow to our children of snow.

The birth of the oceans resembles their death,  
Geniuses are given a foreboding feeling of feet  
Stamping intelligence and virtue on their meat.

Stare forcibly towards the cosmos of love and destruction,  
Stars have a fate similar to justice as it stares into  
The void to satisfy whims and wishes of the Still Earth.

I see a void, I see a void of such incredible strength!  
One sees inside it a velvety blackness of stray cats,  
One feels the amusement of lost centuries,  
Space gathers its gusty wing, like birds too like their owners  
Of the real hurts, the real pains of this hour.

Naveed Akram

# Staring Head

Her eyes are staring into your head,  
See it this time, your work of beholding is gone!  
I am discouraged, by the infants and children of the world,  
For what we meet on this day is an abusing venom.  
My letter is written of an ugly ritual,  
The time of itself is short but long, old and strange is the ritual.  
May eyes of the sort bedazzle me more than my children,  
They are mere infants, not only mere mortals,  
But I have averted my eyes before time is up,  
And the headache and pangs have disappeared resentfully.  
My eyes are so normal, but my children are not.

Naveed Akram

# Starry Skies Are Like Holes

Once, the starry skies are obliterated by dozens of magazines  
So much fired by the irate soldiers transfixed in laughter;  
These holes may be defined with ancestry, agreeing  
Like the mainstream faiths, airy haunted zones.  
My allegories speak to the suzerains, and the springs  
That chase the summers for kindness.  
My ancillary staff are upon me, little has been defined,  
But my adversary bespeaks as the evening declines  
The invitation to perform what is best in life.  
Shall the anticipation be overwhelming in the dreams?  
Or will my upset head and mind and torso be budged?  
The stray cats are let loose with vengeance,  
So that foxes taste their wit with the summers and springs.

Naveed Akram

# Stars Are Slaves

If stars are my slaves, and false  
Heavens come my way, the proud  
Part of existence is folly.  
The glory of the cold whimpering  
Adjudicates, this life is my heart  
That throbs towards its intention.  
Brighter words plague the stars  
In my eyes, liquid fears are abiding  
In the head and breast,  
Like the toil of elements redefined.

A fleecy raincloud obstructs the oath  
To cling onto, and rain overpowers me  
With gusty winds overwhelming in  
My favour, little hazards are the states  
Of a satan who wears all my evil.  
The rains are abiding in the resin  
Left off by the previous rains.

Naveed Akram

# Stars At Night

The stars awaken due to the bustle of our homes,  
Menacing planets adjust to their brilliant star.  
Most of the birds linger throughout their lives,  
So as to poison the night air, the night sky.  
Modern world builders of art realise how sudden  
The rumours spread about youth, art and religion.  
The young have airs so cold, but hot also in nature,  
Feeling and feeding, causing disturbances within.  
Those stars in the front of the mind carry duty  
And so virtue shows brightly, optionally and verily.

Naveed Akram

# Stars In The Cosmos

The stars at rest are beautiful puddings,  
Of working out readiness and preparation.  
The stray stars betray and their glare is annoying,  
You stay in a corner forever and stare at the darker sky.

A cosmos will define alacrity,  
Cold is the evening of delight,  
Of affectionate nature to the poor,  
As a star will fill the poor with heat and light,  
Like a huge fortunate star.

Naveed Akram

# Stars In The Galaxy

One star is a divider of the galaxies,  
It pours its light on the less fortunate  
Of the colonies, feeling like a start and  
A finish, wishing on it will brighten it.  
One pole star negates the present times,  
Its fierce darkness emits desire  
And calamities will arrive selling the gold.  
One star emits a darling heart of heretics,  
Heresy must desist and halt in the ways of stars.

One may feel the acts of the prophets  
In ways of the human call,  
Feeding a frenzy of laughter.  
One laughs too solidly in cliffs  
That master the soul of its stars.

Naveed Akram

# Stars Of A Fairy

He reflected and knew the body on the floor,  
Nodding was the action of this dissipation.  
One surprised the other soul with completeness,  
Fairies were not present as the man of death  
Had arrived, feeling everyone in the night of delay.  
Never did they add the neon lights of marking a work,  
He reflected on his management of the affair.  
Plots of the world were extravagant like bringers  
That bought the bowing and rowing of boats.  
It was the second uproar, marrying into living and  
Life that masters the daring of darkness.  
Quite capable, an extravagant terror resided inside,  
Inside the soul of this living creation so dear.  
I broke into a house after the rains to see the fairy  
Which listened to me through the stars of the house.

Naveed Akram

# Stars Shine Towards Me

The star shone towards the centre of the heart,  
The heart is my sun and the sun is the heart that shines.

One should don his cap to submit a treatise of justice,  
The one who shines commits bravery far too wide.

When instilling beliefs, the basic is so strange,  
Why do eerie beliefs form in this cosmos of dreams?

The objects are in my area as enlightened subjects  
Of the king's courtroom, the throne room, the heart of his.

Why do young princes disobey their fathers in times of trial?  
They are only so like miniature deities, only like victims.

My woman of the west is the woman of the directed heart,  
Where the women of the east try out their contented bliss.

Belief after belief commands the faithful servant, who defies  
All the normal occupations, designs the correct isolation.

When skies shine from the stars at night, the night will collapse  
On top of the skulls of the upper atmosphere, the ossified ones.

Naveed Akram

# State Of Terror

In the state of instant terror  
My soul is enraged by Satan,  
His relics are against my hearing  
For they sound too sour for my  
Likings.

This waiting room called Earth  
Sees me as a man of instant rightness,  
Seconds are four-branched  
Like the trees,  
As they are the many-sided values.

Patient men wait forever,  
Dropping off a watery region,  
The region called the sea.  
This is a hundred bold men,  
The army of a too mighty life.

Trees have been space and time,  
They echo this minor detail.  
Their boughs are the bowels  
Of the forest, eating to the full  
And drinking to the dozen troops.

Milk has been ingested,  
Braying and coaxing is natural,  
Huge corses align themselves  
Due to crucified men,  
Like the fatal aliens of another war.

Naveed Akram

# Stately Hotels

I continued to survey its stately hotels,  
I was taken in and bemused as well;  
Underneath the palace was a narrow thought,  
I looked for these pretty ideas of jewellery.  
The broad pavement was extremely polite,  
As I walked with my attainments  
And wonderful accounts of the journey called riches.  
I have my powers of a teacher who learns,  
These interviews are grander than profits.  
Your moments may be shared,  
Like a shared moment,  
Like a period of taste.

Naveed Akram

# Statement Of Fact

I have been stating a fact,  
I have been stating that oil is rife  
In a country like ours, rising above the rest  
Of the world.  
The petroleum has conquered and I can save it.  
What to tell? What does distinguish it from beer?  
Beer has best properties and wine is a speciality.  
We are driving with our hoods on,  
But it is statement after statement  
On someone's list.  
I have not speeded or driven or maddened.  
Rather my peace has shrivelled from disaster  
And that is mad.

Naveed Akram

## Statements About

Vulgar youngsters have bright approximations,  
Approaching the hazards of animations,  
Bring about older versions and intimations.  
Volumes of literature arrive at proclamations,  
Giving a sentience to the humans with exclamations,  
Folding information to correct the estimations.  
Understanding a goodness may be underestimations,  
But less than proud are those with inflammations,  
Acts are committed always as defamations.

Naveed Akram

# Statisticians

What ruled the clowns of statistics?  
Research? Effort? Pain? Or even acrobatics?  
It is a thrust towards change, to upright pursuit,  
To an end beleaguered by authority all absolute.  
No doubt the rumour brought a schism,  
And one of utter ruin, so much awesome.  
A productive policy has been espoused,  
It was said the policy was housed.  
Yielding no statistics is a game for feeders,  
But the principles are as copious as acres.  
Who are the statisticians? And what do they do?  
Their policies are strict and everything is true.

Naveed Akram

# Statues Of Sages

Some statues of sages are requested  
For the staying is theirs.  
Caught by the realm, we provide a problem  
For the stationary sort of creatures.  
Sages command me further than me,  
They write according to paintings,  
Their amusements reveal us as we speak.  
Understand the men who accomplish  
And their survival is needed by the few.  
Reading books of authority  
We as statues are also sages.

Naveed Akram

# Status Of Twins

The status of locomotives is supreme after twins,  
Dancing and sprinting for the fun of loving and liking;  
For he is on some journey, and she on a quest  
To the beloved land of surprises and modifications.  
It is a country too deep and virtuous, opening the gates  
Of happiness to those most loved by them, and secretly adored.  
Its greenery is outstanding in the extreme, formally a paradise  
From the looks of prosperity, and the prosperity is huge,  
As a man is huge, and a woman simpler.  
This day we have twins in the countryside,  
The night-time experiences peace and cosiness.

Naveed Akram

# Steel Against Stone

There was a shriek of steel against stone,  
The sword clanged and changed as it strove;  
This double-handed fight pursued the victim,  
Great heroes fooled the prospects, and the condition.  
The beast roared, like foam in the sea,  
Inwardly it detested the loathing humans  
Of despair, a reckoning had been made by the one.  
More than this occurred, as the teeming cities  
Failed afterwards, like the foam of the oceans.  
The steel sword actually stung me in ways  
Too proud of itself, the metallic item of clothing  
Stayed the way it did.

Naveed Akram

# Steel Eyes

I fix my eyes on lives of steel,  
Stoning the devils and demons instead;  
I fix the pair of ears, after deafness  
Obliterates the experience of the soul.  
For I pray unto the Lord  
Who answers my request if I love.  
The eyes of a demon cast their stare  
On the wondering faces of fear and fascination.  
I do not know the reason why they touch  
The loves of a man and woman in matrimony.  
The living stare casts a shadow of thought  
On the bliss of these two carers,  
The couple of delicious doves,  
A wonderful pair of prodigies in the inner  
Soul, the soul that inhabited the heart  
Since time immense.

Naveed Akram

# Steel Sword

In steel is a tragic element of tragic constants,  
One sword is enough to obliterate the misery,  
And one word obeys my statements to die.  
In steel is the cosmos of the troubling crown,  
Royal helpers submerge and arise along the  
Ground of reckless wisdom, fulfilling wisdom.  
In this steel of the sword is another metal,  
Filling the eyes with rancid acid that glows  
And glistens due to old age and ancient tales.  
I see a stealthy wise man with a dextrous hand,  
Finding piteous blows from his strangest laws,  
Like the metallic ones who steal the show of oneness.

Naveed Akram

# Stench

A stench has stung my nose for afterlife,  
Losing us, steep and deep the cavern.  
My smelling and losing is against me,  
No action surrenders to the verbal one.  
Cascading onto the floor we spray into vision,  
We are the bubbles of life, and living is near,  
Foams of laughter are from soaps, and it is near.  
The badge of beverages lacks all thought,  
My stains are resting on their sides,  
My levers stray and pant from the new meaning.

Naveed Akram

# Stern And Rich

One has stern reason  
To judge the disgraces.  
You never suffer again,  
Under the sky lies deceit,  
Little love is a compulsion  
For the criminals of your right.  
The moon lies sweet  
In the night sky due to tears  
Taken by the beloved.  
One has a severity in the heart,  
One fears that the tide of grief  
Overwhelms a few who despise  
All moons and all criminals  
Whose secrets are buried  
By the rich and wealthy,  
The gods of plenty and wine.

Naveed Akram

## Still The Pens Wrote

Still wondering why the ceiling cascaded,  
We lifted the pens that wrote all of the time;  
Near a well of the house called greatness  
We timed our steps and found a speedy victory  
Due to boldness and august splendour.  
One still sees what is, one finds what is  
To be steps and stages of a great system.  
They walk down and convey a sense of peace,  
Opening the doors to the gates of spreading disease  
But eliminating it afterwards due to signs of youth.

Naveed Akram

# Stinking Person

The chieftain stank, with tender skin,  
Lungs of steel, breathing was still a problem.  
He incurred a loss due to old age,  
Scoundrel thoughts entered his stinking body.  
His toilsome ways exploded on entry of old age,  
Splitting him in half, to rule his breathing and smell.  
To rip him, calculate the odor and think of ways to remove  
Him from chieftain, remove him from authority.  
He shall hopefully receive chastisement,  
For being with contagious diseases.  
This is nothing but the truth, for those clean,  
And they shall inherit the world and the joy it contains.

Naveed Akram

# Stoic And Weary

Stoic weary breadwinners expound the details  
Of wages and earnings that smile at their chests.  
Their memoirs are sent to the press of offerings  
And shavings carry sights of the sacred.  
Unkept men are keen on living, fully equipped  
To greyness, lashing the skin with whips  
That anger the receivers of transformed being.

A whip is guidance for the poor and pathetic,  
It is apt to instil fear and hatred in the masses  
When splendid cakes are blossoming with burdens  
Of the brothers and sisters who save some men.  
The canyon has a successful trait for the majority,  
Abandon the laws of its interpenetrating rocks  
So that boulders swim towards their goal of delight.

Naveed Akram

# Stone Wall

Stone wall, collect your plight from the invaders,  
Your felony awaits trial for you are my guardian;  
This vibration ceases and none can pass,  
The same failure has arisen as before for me.

Stone wall, stones and boulders have a demise,  
For the mere primordial has cudgeled us into needs  
That must be met in the yellow darkness  
And the pity of this whole surrounding mist and fog.

Stone wall, the stolen fortunes have understood me  
As I fight and win the everlasting goal inside me  
And my very liver, the one organ of ability,  
The one that truly remained dark in the yellow fog.

Stone wall, where is your majesty of a king?  
Then the kings and princes shall marry you  
Into their hearts and livers and heads and feet,  
Finding and funding your ever presence.

Naveed Akram

# Stones

Stones of the future are like diamonds,  
Glistening in the moonlight of our wishes;  
Youth will be harder still until the world has ended,  
My hard stones are like a conquest of a kingdom,  
They manage to occupy the place of worship  
Once considered to be the only serious spot.  
Rubies are red due to certain lights  
We require.  
The colour of red is beautiful as blood,  
Its redness is tailing, frowning, giving.

Naveed Akram

# Stones Of Death

I gather the stones of death,  
My options are few and a breath;  
This I design with my hands  
And the feet may be from badlands.

The stones I picked deceived me,  
Their large amount was ivory;  
I wanted a little pebble or parable  
To consist of the wisdom not horrible.

The horror I concerned myself with  
Was loved by demons and the gunsmith;  
Shooting carried disorder like stones,  
Pebbles called bullets fired at bones.

Naveed Akram

# Stoning The Devil

Be the first to throw your pebbles of diamond  
At the same creature who devours the young.

His beauty is exactly strong, for the beauty is far,  
He is far with the trajectory and is far with beauty,  
For his face is that of fear, for his riddles are strong.  
He is the first to become a stone of patience,  
Inside his heart is another pebble of brilliance,  
His heart exalts his Maker with felicity to fetch.  
The pebbles will strike the devour-er and eat its body,  
Goading the satanic flesh, crazing its soul,  
Killing its membranes for the whole reaction of crowds.

Naveed Akram

# Stopping A Doctor

I stopped a doctor for the gas victims,  
In places a stand was shown to exist  
By the largest of the crows that know  
Of what his arms were barred.  
The canvas drowned a man gently,  
Painting on it was the luxury of a day  
That was raw, unhealthy and proud.  
The hurried men gassed the victims of blood,  
Large crowds amassed to cry on numbers  
Then in use, for their use was precious,  
Obscure at times as well.

To squint sideways was the thinking man,  
My breath stained the pride,  
Thick with pus is the gentleness of man,  
In places where gentlemen were found.

Naveed Akram

# Stories Of Humanity

I gain the stories of time with a river of lines,  
They strut and glimmer after a yawn and laugh,  
This hate inside condemns no other than me,  
You must hurt one day, you are your pain.  
May we stay forever this way, might we dare?  
Towards the idyllic surroundings that encapsulate me  
Please stir, and reckon the jaundice of our youth.  
I guess that questions are for the resisting,  
That many ploys and plots have been conceived,  
But one must do some perfume with the old  
That stands to the test of this whole time.  
My supermen are my super humanity,  
Thwarted by the majority of inhabitants.

Naveed Akram

# Storm At Sea

Below us there was a rising and falling,  
Waves of breadth claimed a devastation;  
The comical waters were customs and beliefs,  
Persuading us as sailors to listen and learn  
To the lapping of the ocean on the boat's hull.  
It sounded a pity to see a little water on your soul  
And body and boat, the reality was immensely disgusting.  
It disgusted them when gusts of the greatest winds  
Formed density and texture of a gale,  
This compelled them to squint at the hidden sun  
For more waves and more water to be hidden.  
Treating them kindly after a sunset,  
The night waters sprayed juice and venom as well.

Naveed Akram

# Stormy Weather

Walk! The swarm of locusts has arrived.  
Sticking to the city of God I march and run,  
Towards the storm so much like a tornado  
I run and chase so that I am tired.  
They carry us away, the gods do!  
In front of our eyes we apologise,  
Yet alas the fortune is not on us  
From all quarters of the heavens  
And from all quarters of the earth.  
Some pleasure is at cost for we observe  
The realities of so much audacity.

Now walk and walk to see a typhoon,  
One of them dancing, one so destructive;  
It is hideous to see such human suffering,  
A loathsome feeling arrives at my bedroom,  
To sway is to swing like the stormy weather.

Naveed Akram

# Story Of Drowning Family

This is the story of a son who paused  
And saw his family drowned in an ocean  
He swam also, to shun his people was strong.

To answer this story needs sentences,  
Restless youth strives in the ways of men  
And torture arrives at the time of death.

Living an exile this death, the son was a coward  
Who deposed the father from his authority of life  
And questioned his father's rights, so that he was taken.

Taken by the waves, taken, and taken,  
They grabbed the waves of water  
Yet were swimming failingly, and never reached.

Naveed Akram

# Story Of My Name

My name has degrees of description,  
Yet as we speak, the whole left and right  
Is again in fruition, in dictation,  
Whilst the reach of the hands is light.

Mention weird wisdom when describing is well,  
Telling and wording the excellent narrative;  
This story is bold like a shiny bell,  
Angering everyone in the ear and it is abusive.

Naveed Akram

# Storybook

In the storybook, we are introduced to an elf,  
A mind to exact wrong on the fellow man;  
I was twenty-three when I heard of him in the real world,  
After entering the astral gate transporting me there.  
For one of us are three of them,  
More golden are their appearances.  
My book lies but not so often,  
My charismatic elf lives a long life,  
He will be my friend for the remainder of the visit.  
He will not exact wrong on fellow men.  
Thus, the book is straightforwardly my own story.

Naveed Akram

# Straight Pathway

My opening of the doors created folly,  
Abhor those who sit and wait, with ice.  
The life of plenty condemns nobody,  
Letting fences be built for the gardens.  
Return to the grass, if a straight course  
Means a pathway to the enemy.  
Buildings of bricks and mortar  
Shall make offerings to Nature.  
My opening of the door to Nature  
Is like that of the entrance to Time.

Naveed Akram

# Straight Road

Here our statements end. We are finished, and holy. The roads are long and tight, straight and right, much to the belief and faith. Here our statements end. We are finished, wholly effective and versatile is the end of forced life. And where are you based?

Naveed Akram

# Straight To Heaven

I strike a stone on your shoulder,  
A warning seizes swiftly the man.  
A beginning obliterated me when I cried  
So meaningfully.  
Not in ages design of teaching occurs  
Such as this abode of laughter.  
My limbs litter the pavement  
That he live forever forced.  
In death do live and surprise again,  
My soldiers train everywhere  
Now that I am ended.  
I swear to see the skies  
Afterwards, after the late evening  
When the flying of the soul  
Entertains me enough.

Naveed Akram

# Strands Of Hair

I smashed at the strand of hair,  
Doing dazzling beauty and byes for the speakers,  
My continuing concerns reminded my reading.

The wedding present twisted me further,  
I smashed and clashed with causes that differed,  
These monsters of the trench were against me.

You could not mind and realise  
What she was doing with two hundred dollars  
As thanking hair was read from the spine.

They were in small print, there was the sudden  
Stretching and squashy thuds, the reality had dimmed  
And causes were exact like the wrecks and soldiers of wounds.

She lay hands on one knee, she lied to the ideas  
Surrounding the clashes of the scene,  
She pulled herself together luxuriously.

Naveed Akram

# Strange Deeds

Chivalrous men walk like chills and blasts,  
An explosive meets them in the life they lead.  
The chemical I wear does strange deeds,  
In this clothing my jolts arise to eradicate hope.  
But where are the illnesses of a life that differs?  
And what is this chilly childhood? Is it food?  
My cheerful look establishes a rule and one more.  
This defiant religion I have concocted stems  
From a sky of hope yet it dies.  
Elders require demanding bravery  
And they are fixed in their bones,  
They wear cloth of gold and silver.

Naveed Akram

# Strange Hero

Behold him! On the dewy ground, dark and cold,  
Like a strange marvel or hero of the night.  
Will anyone tell me what he is like?  
I saw him singing at his work,  
On this dew that thaws like a beautiful chemical,  
From the battles long ago.  
I saw his face again on an occasion to trust  
And no bird did ever chant such miraculous notes.  
He is marvellous in his wishes,  
And controls himself when in a fit of anger.  
The third day of his war became the last,  
And to call him an honourable hero  
Was fit for the country and nation.

Naveed Akram

# Strange Love

Let me supply you with love,  
Stations of this quality abide  
In the inner circles of this world,  
This world that widely worships  
And curses all of the horrors.  
Let me decide for my followers,  
Who love my ideals due to me,  
Like the innocent primate, and the  
Offending germ is always near.

The cells seem to love a stranger,  
His stare is alone and fierce,  
Offending the bacteria of long life;  
Why does the stranger near me  
With his staring eyes glaring at  
The soul that is owned by my heart?  
The heart is a delicate machine  
Of shining brilliance, a love is inside  
The very heart of the heart.

Naveed Akram

## Strange Mists

Up where the long avenues besiege mountainous wastes,  
A little star went to heaven like a little star in smallness;  
Up where the strange mists roamed delighted in existence,  
We matched the ideals of a bygone age in such light.  
The pressure is when your eastern skies meet the western,  
The volumes of ghosts persuade a lighter fuel of art.  
This mountain of the highest art is a clothing of rock,  
Fixed in its splendour as a massive gale and force.  
The belongings of cherished beings sustains the night,  
When prowess displays itself in mighty sounds of signs.

Naveed Akram

# Strange Night

Strange sights are in the night,  
Showering the eyes with complete light.  
They say weird tales, causing fear by it,  
But there has been a coast of well-being.  
Burning, with the flames in the air,  
Carries a plight, one of the hazards of the night,  
It is a bonfire, thank you, with beautiful lights -  
Fireworks! Fireworks of Bonfire Night!  
Guy Fawkes is the strangest man I have ever met.

Naveed Akram

# Strange Rats

A strange old rat-maker whistled over the sea,  
He made the rats blind and perfect and supreme;  
With the passing rivers the rats wept and dived,  
And the the rats were reproducing for the old deaths.  
The deaths were old, and old were the deaths,  
This black plague was another knot and power of life,  
These deadly acts were rats of difficulty,  
They spun webs like spiders and clothed themselves.  
The rat-making passed into the regime of creation,  
It was the omen and its meaning to tell.  
One rat solved our crisis when rats dissolved,  
Then something else forgot what the rats brought  
With silence and destruction in the mists.  
The strange old rat-maker had to be discussed  
By soldiers in the foggy dust in the vibrant world.  
Let these verses be pride and verses,  
These poetic systems are dissolved again.

Naveed Akram

# Strange Sounds

My recovery is my recourse and accomplishment,  
So may people thrive on the words of the press,  
Wheeling on feet of so strange sounds  
That the feeling of the words is resonant.  
One felt too much action in the days of old,  
That yesteryear of surprise and endeavor,  
These masters who believe in the slaves of happiness.

My joy recreates the old music, as the offerings  
Order me to answer the press, and the printers who play  
Like the whispers of the old road,  
Recoveries offer me a grand old tune.  
Playing on the piano masters my sound  
For this melody of the air fixes on my face  
And back, loving me and my recovery.

Naveed Akram

# Strata

The stratum so sealed is the vein,  
An artery collides with the busy brain,  
As it hurls the brightness of oxygen  
And falsehood vanishes with a scar.  
My junction is fit for the princes of old,  
Their wrinkles hurt and hurl with great health.

Stitching is curing the blind, full of tragedy,  
But it is not obvious, it belongs to seeing;  
One vein can be so like a Northstar,  
Fastened to the upper highest sight,  
In an apology too bright with blood  
And arteries obey the tracts in their acts.

Naveed Akram

# Strategy

Yours is the strategy forthcoming and straightforward,  
Blindingly followed by troops of disciples,  
Jostled by the real strategy and realer men,  
Fortress I dream of to solve the unsolvable.

Many words are afraid of this courageous upturn,  
I say it is the upturn, and a bend in directed sense,  
Prudent sense and upturn, beautiful way of Life.  
Death is not the result of beauty and extra beauty is.

Naveed Akram

# Stray Dog

From the beginning of the book  
A stray dog barked, walls hid it in splendour.  
One evening, it worked its way to hard  
Ways, feeling like gods of the dogs and joys.  
It was felt by passing beggars around the collar,  
Its venom was its rough, rough tail  
That wiggled with wonder as the wind won.

From this book of dogs is the boy of a dog,  
Who feels like comical themes,  
Attracting the dog of dogs in so many ways,  
That this huge dog of danger was at loss.  
It wanted to bang, bark, barter its time  
For the boys and girls who looted the shops  
Nearby, such as the ice-cream shop,  
And the apple-pie stand.

After the food of some danger,  
A dog had found a spot on the felons.  
The felons or boys neared it collectively,  
Bespeaking words of wonder and eye-some  
Details of the flesh.  
This destroyed the dog,  
Then the dog bruised the nearest boy,  
Feeding, leading to disaster,  
For the bite was a devouring mistake.

Poor boy, poor professional boy of the  
Awkward children had just traded with the  
Canine canary, the bite was of the lightest sort  
But a bigger bag of infection:  
Rabies, Rabies!

Naveed Akram

# Stretches

A brother tinges with blue,  
A sister lengthens and stretches;  
One of us collect colours for heaviness,  
The same people called our parents  
Work together in unison, forever.

Going to the side of the river,  
A life has managed my stretch,  
Swimming is no goodness,  
Walking carries sympathy for too long,  
A lever is attached for discovery.

The button needs pressing from fevers,  
The real colour of our investigation is shown.

Naveed Akram

# Strict Dangers

Strict help may cause alarm,  
How do we forget and be warm?  
My help strengthens the fearless soul,  
Like no mind has ever, no control.  
I say this may song and sing  
In heavenly dreams, too rampaging.  
Let birth strongly forgive as feathers  
Are among the few structures and hunters.  
How do soldiers be troops for generals,  
When dangers belong to the marshals?

Naveed Akram

# Striding With Staff

So I picked up my staff of striding luck,  
When I was appalled by the eastern winds;  
I was sent to arrest this pest of scoundrels,  
The initiative was mine and I struck the bald head  
With vigour and rigour, liking to stamp with blood  
In mind and heart, keeping an eye on soldiers of  
The marching.

I hoped he would behave well in the house  
Called the grave of his comfort,  
According to the spirit of the stars behind the  
Black clouds, numbering many.  
I have seen this emperor of the world  
With his hat on the head,  
Helmets absent and drawn.

I congratulated the gods for their vehemence,  
Learning the ways of humankind,  
But I forbade the sinning and the goodness,  
Putting fear into hearts sinking  
Into mud.

Naveed Akram

# Strong Are Weak

We have all the eternity for destroying the strong,  
Who speak of wrong as a hated aspect too long,  
That speech of right is a weak affair,  
And longing and yearning is in fear  
Of the once-made-evil, and little some  
It became from a murder of the dumb.  
We have all the eternity for destroying the strong.

Naveed Akram

# Strong Arms

Frozen by the arms of strength,  
The man who is a fighter fights  
To the end that is bitter,  
For the opponent's arms are strong.

May a man be an opposite,  
He may be even in an electric heat,  
From the understandable books  
He has read with electricity,  
The lights were on and his eyes could see.

Fighting is frightening, but scholars  
Fight for their survival,  
Just as philosophers want to think  
Like the opposing forces.

Naveed Akram

# Strong Love

Love carries strength upon the spring of strength,  
In motion, this surrender worked length.  
A bird appals my soul of stronger cells,  
Fresh stings commence like thoughts of steel and hells.

Love mans the soul of craziness like apes,  
The angels of this time are not those shapes.  
Lands offered to that prize are angry now,  
May our dessert be lifted up - allow!

Naveed Akram

# Strong Love For Death

Love inside realises strength  
When thoughts are strong and certain,  
Then thinkers adjoin phrases  
For the great strength is near.  
Think alongside deathly work,  
Employing a suddenly effortful speech,  
The love of death has become lovely  
In the living of light and lighting of Life  
After Death.

Naveed Akram

## Strong Points

To perceive astounds my life of love,  
Stars happen on the event of my eye.  
Strong travel has passed, and torture  
Is passed, and future is passed,  
The past will be passed,  
As time, the fifty-ninth dimension,  
Shall fully tug at the strong mind,  
Alien after alien entered for me.  
The perception is strong, stronger for the  
Points taken, a nature of strength  
Is any when.

Naveed Akram

# Strong Royalty

Dry is the pie, white is the straight dress,  
My eating overpowers, like the mess;  
May we merely bite the bears of strength,  
A strong illusion amazes my will and length.

The parties of strong issue are in royalty,  
They are in royalty, they are in loyalty.  
My part occurs tonight, in the whole scene  
On the stage of a theatrical plasticine.

Dry is the wine of an endangered man,  
Woman is tougher and fought by a ban;  
Open the gates to a lover and musician,  
He will play a tune too filling of a beautician.

Naveed Akram

# Strong Swimming

And now slowly nothing happened,  
He remained and looked at me;  
The pain increased and cheapened,  
He at last left me behind seemingly.

I was a strong swimmer,  
But he should have won,  
And later the swimming was grimmer,  
As I laid on the surface in action.

But he should have won,  
Leading the academics of acumen.

Naveed Akram

# Strong Whiskey

Strong and sturdy are the decrepit,  
Ugly and coarse are the seas of old manners;  
One human defuses a bomb for everyone,  
Yet the realities of rods swallows our food.  
This grave man enters a stolen artist,  
Those paintings remind us of strong nature.

Shrewd ugly men combine their trumpets  
With the trombones.  
Kisses are shunned by the dozen men on board,  
Liking the ship's journey for its health,  
Health has joined with mockery.

Let health be health of a sort that stings  
Stylishly, extracting disks of computer programs,  
Code that dares to exist,  
Curses consume us with zest,  
And gusts of whining whiskey are chewed.

Naveed Akram

# Stronger Sword

The path is stronger than the sword  
That shakes and quakes the earth,  
So that sounds, noise and music erupts  
Like volcanic lava to the universe.  
Look beyond the present time,  
Glimpse at the Beyond as it reigns supreme,  
Living a letter and its sound with other  
Notions in the Logic.

My humanity is the one growing within,  
With the world is the human struggle,  
With the worlds are jeopardies of sight;  
The astronomer deals with sublime stars,  
Inflicted by us as we enter the strong ways.

The ways of the word are numberless,  
An ancient culture hastily ejects the weirder  
Behaviour, and this replacement of words  
Joins the Hall, a lesser struggle, a little goal.

Naveed Akram

# Stronger World

Some of the days strengthen me extremely well,  
Leaving the skin of colours a different hue;  
Underneath the seas of grass is worn the underworld,  
A gracious darkness of the words we speak and reflect.

Needing fences and worms is the gift of secrets of secrets,  
My footsteps are managed by the fairies that develop;  
Bear a strong head, beam on those who are sadder,  
Then strength feels extremely well, by the edge of a man.

Naveed Akram

# Students Of Numbers

In these days of stupidity  
Having a voice for the signs  
Then in the rivers of mud  
We strive for the heavenly bridges  
And the gates riding in  
With helpers and genetic men.

The female crowd was bitter  
To bend and interfere in the holiness  
Then in sentences of joy.

I see a godly helper in the distance  
Who seeks knowledge after me!  
I see a good man be naturalness  
On the grounds of pity.

I send the sentences of regret  
Into the abyss of modelling,  
Models of numbers are in substance  
Due to the subtle arts.

Naveed Akram

# Study On The Desk

Desks of study are erected,  
We turn over the pages,  
Reading what the currency is,  
Discussing the frequency of pain  
And loving the light of the book.

Describe us when it stands,  
The book stands when we understand  
And these pages restrict our vision  
When looking through the lenses  
Of our glasses is also required.

We can distribute our wealth,  
Bend the stupor in our glasses  
When liquor has spoilt the taste,  
But why do wealthy people  
Find more wealth and more power?

Naveed Akram

# Studying

We survive and comprehend  
The courses of study,  
We cannot dwell in a playground  
Itself a place of confusion.  
We are meticulous in our transactions  
And how we change our minds about learning  
The correct diploma.  
Virtues are like heraldry of the school,  
A vocation may result,  
But transact rightly, rejoicing.

Naveed Akram

# Stuff Of Disease

Through the light of learning we have certainty  
That all which infests our soul is a dramatic illness  
When we drink of false imitations  
And false dreams.

With the very light of knowledge  
There is always an inner sight  
From the heart we describe and feel,  
An inner longing is subjected to us  
Due to the fountain of knowledge.

When knowledge of certain characteristics  
Comes to our awareness, we are not deceived.  
We are revering it and purifying,  
So that the fraction of character is learnt,  
And thus the stuff of disease is expelled.

Naveed Akram

# Stupid Man

I looked grave, so great was the graveness,  
In surprise, behind me were great cracks;  
With an old man crying and lying, seeing,  
It was his washing day, the day of labour.

In an answering whisper, the old man  
Swore he prayed for me about the very day  
I called a man so stupid that blindness  
Arrived too tiring, travelling much.

This old man in front of me was screened  
By sudden light, magical events, and ruin;  
Red ruin and blue destruction appeared  
To the surrounding atmosphere.

On a slab stood a stupid creature,  
The dead old man shook after death  
As this stupidity and imposter,  
The real graveness materialised.

Naveed Akram

# Stupid Vocation

I dwell in stupid occupations,  
Forfeit the business due to bad taste,  
A fear enters finding your opulence,  
Must I feed on stupid acts longer?  
Narrow is the sparrow's lunge,  
Its wings curved by winds and its  
Mitochondria, all is police for it.

I weigh the problems of my heart  
With the lust of the swinging bride,  
Who swings on a park ride, like  
A soldier from war, praised by success  
And welcomed by Paradise, she is blessed  
Like a virgin, she is fed with divinity,  
And the taste of the odour is concerning  
A difficult pleasure of stranger quality.

This I revolve in my hands with stupidity,  
Feeling the wedding with my ring,  
For she is married to my head and heart  
Liking the construction, destruction and role.

Naveed Akram

# Style Of A Coward

The styles they gather in their praise of the words  
Are sold to welcome the public, and the cowards.  
These phrases are justice for the spectacular judges,  
One man lies in ruins with the runic speech that accuses.

Naveed Akram

# Successful

Success forces us mildly to accept and swear obedience,  
Towards whom is not known, but it is permissible to know.  
There is a test for the great and intriguing,  
Resolutions must end the matter.

Successful attributes kept the kings with their kingdoms,  
Showing character and relentless strength.  
To prosper is too wise a triumph, a reality is upon us,  
We do mind the dangers but refrain from them now.

The marching of troops built water in the river,  
Had an army in the first place,  
And let the river run into the ocean,  
Commanded by the generals and few others.

What is successful shows in the jobs we exceed  
In calibre, and acumen, and wealth of knowledge.  
The force of a thousand rivers was called a test  
But then this test must be passed for the good of all men.

Naveed Akram

# Successful Marriage

To arrange for a surprise,  
I gain a problem in the order of conducting it,  
In that effortful step to tax himself who is myself.  
I surprise my bride and my now wife,  
For she is too good at living with me.  
I have the taxation policy from offices  
And my rigour in keeping is vast.  
Much is to be attained by my school of affairs,  
Inside it is a new branch of scientific diploma.  
I can see the woman of my love who is my wife,  
As much as the times of my whole life,  
Such that the honeymoon never got forgotten  
And the ceremony became an anniversary.  
Young women do find a science  
And that is Me, and my wife is these young women.

Naveed Akram

# Successful Mind

You dress the mind with success,  
It labours night and day, opening.  
We close it due to some sort of activity,  
Offering a bright future so wild.

The dress of the body is beautiful,  
Inside we house our learned manner.  
It is a mansion of repute, of utter pleasure,  
For the people around us will their way.

The mind houses superhuman traits,  
Which we use as much as we can.  
The mind and body arouse a point,  
That point is our home, the one mansion.

Naveed Akram

## Successful Notes

Noted by the successful, a gentleman dies for the richness of life,  
A speculation produces a brother, so efficient and enlightening.  
Noted by the failures, a woman fulfills her question,  
Fully imposing her views forming on us, we men are not against.

Bowling the predictions of youth, we men are good-natured,  
And those feminine women carry references, all to the ground.  
Our spectacle is wide, broader than the sight of you,  
You agonize the young-at-heart if steps are trod for nothing.

Naveed Akram

## Sudden Force

Suddenly the force of an abyss entails a tale,  
This story invites new pain, a whole life.  
One making this stretch of the blue  
Must sing with fusions and masterwork.

Until the closeness is reached, promises  
Arrive at the doorstep, to invite a story.  
A life so close to the pure gardens  
Invites itself to humanity's look.

Naveed Akram

# Sudden Walls

In the sky above one rests tonight,  
Impossible stillness embarks on its  
Journey to the night-sky, past the stars  
Of milk and grease so pure and lovely.  
The flowing rivers of the night-sky  
Are rampaging tonight, for the force  
Of the wooden door is so strong  
That witnesses are needed to testify.

In the doings of lords and ladies is a deed  
So perfect that sudden noise erupts,  
Like a last offering from mankind,  
The splendid aroma of circles in the winds  
Rampaging one after another.

I have stone built in the mud too student-like,  
It is to the university that my home belongs,  
I have souls and more souls within its walls,  
I saw the shadow so forced by clouds  
Of oblivion and repression.

I have a door so I went to the wooden one  
Out of respect, as it delayed my understanding.  
I have the night, the day and everything  
Between, like children and ghosts and all  
Mammals, like apes and marsupials.

In their doing I consider the next step  
To the ancient door so wooden that  
Wool has fallen from the sky.

Naveed Akram

# Suffering

Singing and mocking is all they do,  
Sitting and walking carries on.  
See him looking and watching,  
Levels of pain are mastered,  
As flies are swatted, possessions built,  
Ask the oracle of life what he thinks  
About the presence of suffering?  
He only says the knowledge of theft and crime,  
He can never command you in the ways of life  
For these commands are enjoyed by angels.

Naveed Akram

# Suffering An Action

An announcement follows an action of dire strength,  
The maddening relief has made guns and rifles.  
Your hand rejects the firing of men, the whole band of skills,  
Then finally a singing and tiring song mastered itself.  
May the relish of dancing be made to suffer,  
Must we decide how to fail and sadly act?  
The announcement of my soul is like the proclamations  
Too immediate, too final;  
An auction has been committed, finally in the back of the neck,  
Justifying my presence and all types of people.

Naveed Akram

# Sugar Cane

Down the canes a sugar flows and subjugates  
The hours of the days that pass compared.  
This side of town seems sugary and sweeter  
Than most diets, more food in the blood stream.  
The sheer luck and misfortune contrasts well  
When the singing brooks and meandering rivers  
Converse at some mouth in a certain month.  
This mouth scavenges like light and candlesticks,  
That food converges and diverges accordingly.

The sugar-cane obliterates me when the speaking is on,  
Diets are made of this, diets begin and end tonight.  
Let me dissolve into the soil of this beloved country,  
The anger spreading forth like ice and fire in collision.  
This sugar is like the cane and both have been beneficial,  
Spreading the sweetness of honey with less force.

Naveed Akram

# Suggestions

I describe an innuendo or suggestion,  
She must inquire further and farthest.  
Countless generations consult too demandingly,  
Inoculating suggesters, or protecting the few.  
Inoperative sentences being made are cancelled  
Forming ranks of devils and loathsome few.  
The commander of innuendoes was repugnant  
As iniquitous people who endangered even a devil.  
Suggest me to contrive a belonging  
For my onself, the very factor to let the familiar.

Naveed Akram

# Suited To Earth

I was suited to the composition of the earth,  
It had been some time since awkward words  
Displayed their status from works so plain.  
The earth itself soaked itself with rainwater,  
Made up of somewhere or someplace.  
The clouds swept across the wide lands  
In this prize of nations, the nation was the best.

Soon we were made to praise him wishfully,  
Sent to the middle path due to the godly helper.  
My Beloved spoke to me when soil was cast aside,  
The earth had a spelling so grand that martyrs decided.

I was planted in this world for the courgettes, tomatoes  
And plums to flourish like flowers too intricate.  
I was ill-at-ease since the growing, they found us  
In this certain period we delve into after dusk.

Naveed Akram

# Summer And Winter Ghosts

Summer and the winter, sprites appear wildly,  
But where are the sprites of the arrayed sort?  
These destinations are designed by the God,  
This dangerous duty is revelling in the sight of odds,  
But when the size of humanity is upright,  
Sprites turn their gaze and stipulate their madness.  
So struck by thunder, so fixed by their falling,  
A conscious heart delves deeper than the seas  
Imagined by the brooks and streams of a far higher  
Time. This day is a day of rest, nights follow each other  
Hastily, like clever souls finding their solutions,  
To solve the problems we listen to the relaxed company.

The seasons are changing due to duty, and sadness  
Feels bold, stripes of the tiger stagnate the author,  
Lionesses spend their time on their tummy, like a hungry  
Ghost after its prey of souls and masters that are  
Delicious to hold and consume by the mouthfuls.  
Ghosts! Where are you going in this world so bright  
And cheery? Is the ship or house a destination for the  
Bold authors who see your plenty?

Naveed Akram

# Summer Is Spring

Summer blooms like an angel with flighty wings,  
This summer is like a repose or bad taste,  
The feeling is growing every season into a summer.

For the summer is a colder climate for the heated child,  
The son who is like a fragile corner of the globe,  
The daughter who abstains from a prize-giving ceremony.

Spring will become an actor in a theatre called height,  
The higher forms of laughter come actually from beauty,  
This spring will be a destination for the whole of marriage.

The spring is like the season of the south, the reason for risk,  
The trial of the complex-minded, the tent of the obsolete;  
I force the climbing crew with a solid look at spring as a season.

The wincing goes on, the wanting is a call for the right act,  
This grimace is a highly taught affair of the ruination so bland,  
So let summer and spring be at headlong strife with each other.

Naveed Akram

# Summer Nears

As summer neared pouncing on the young,  
We are yet to hear the whole irony of a gun.  
This gun is near called the summer and wind,  
I call a plain honour the height of vigour.

Watchful fields encompass the clouds,  
With grass green, grass not grey until night.  
The lights of night are near like the Sunday,  
When the hours of lightning are astray.

Inside the eyes of my head brings a sight  
Of the wild variety, a worrisome smile is about.  
Within the minds and hearts there is abolition  
Of the summers and winters of ancient nature.

Naveed Akram

# Summer-Time

At summer-time in our way of life,  
It hung in my head the factors so prized.  
Many days into the season of summer,  
I left a night to the pondering, and thinking. It was  
Like a travel of the universe inside your planet.  
A footpath arranged before me, was trodden  
And I already was contemplating the nature around.  
The summer contained the sun, and as many years  
Passed, my life grew happier like a referee ending the match.  
The summer turned into autumn,  
As I saw leaves flutter and the wind become a spell so strong  
And so influential.

Naveed Akram

# Sumptuous Sea

A sumptuous meal was with a sharp smack,  
Spoonfuls of peas and forks of spaghetti,  
Without the odours carried by the ancient.  
The food emanated from the skyline or view,  
One fish and one deer are all I had to fear in this world,  
Where at hand was so simple a fire of vegetables,  
Fully ignited by the wind of the sea.  
The boat was being buoyant due to a promotion,  
Drifting dark clouds surrounded us with gloominess,  
And the food was a meal of hundreds  
To be enjoyed by the elite and strange.  
They luxuriate in advantages of the richness  
So occupied by the shadows of the dark sea.

Naveed Akram

# Sun And Moon

There is a sun and moon for every star in this sky,  
Births of stars followed by deaths, comfort us faintly.  
The stars in the atmosphere carry affection as they flash and blink,  
Much like us in a way all.

There is a star in this galaxy too far away it hurts  
My eyes when I look at it with pain as I lengthen my stare,  
The gaze I wear is ancient, more like the star-gazers  
And not the astronomers of our age.

More stars ensue, more are in horizon,  
With hearts and hurts, full of love and life,  
But we are endangered by them, their glare  
And monuments defeat us in ways known to Man.

Naveed Akram

# Sun And Sky

The sky is nearer to the sun,  
And the stars shine so brightly to time,  
Then the times roll into each other  
Like the hands of a clock,  
Ticking all along like the axes.

This space burdens nobody,  
Inside are stars so piercing to the hearts  
That planets have formed to devise  
A disaster that prolongs time itself.  
One time is so stronger than another.

The skies understand us with their energy,  
A star outshines the buildings so banned  
By the men of surprise,  
Sky after sky has land after land  
To describe the creation so created.

Naveed Akram

# Sun Has Pleasure

The sun has pleasure, the moon has fun,  
They collide in thoughts of space fulfilling me.  
This action you gain from the soul is better,  
You ask too many acts to be made for the ruin.  
The stars come out to play, the moon readies itself  
To stay behind in the night.  
May pleasant news arrive for the forsaken people  
And the righteous speak loudly to me.  
The night feeds us more than the day,  
Then the day cushions us from light and the night.

Naveed Akram

# Sun Of Brightness

The shunning sun is a star of brightness  
Piercing the soul with its brilliance.

The slanting shadows are cast while the rays  
Penetrate the gloomy weather and geography.

An earthquake results from the toil and trouble,  
Seismic waves have demonstrated their moods.

My flood is of tears from the star of my choice,  
The planet is below me, above me are the heavens.

A whole universe of deceit is a universe of reality,  
Confident aliens interrogate us with dread in heart.

The sun has shined forever this way,  
Shying away from the same height, the same orbit.

Naveed Akram

# Sun's Rays

My sun appears to be open,  
One entrance so cold to it.  
A sun has appeared for the holiness  
Has great gardens from it,  
Finding a roof for it, a roof of words.  
My sun created a planet called Mars  
And this world called Earth.  
More became from it, love lost its long  
Effect. Love is away from the last century  
And I enter the room called Earth.  
My sun apparently does not exist  
For longer than a day, a day so long  
And arduous, that the moon has invaded  
After the army has lost.  
Then the star of our lust has arrived  
Called the Sun, a star forever,  
For the eternal heavens and rights.

Naveed Akram

# Sunlight

Sunlight presents itself with favours upon mankind,  
The whole night has abstained,  
The world is jolly so much more than us.

My life beams radiation of high strength,  
On these victims I preach  
To live good lives, so honest and mighty.

Sunlights are the hands of time, like measure,  
Like stormy weather, and all of the time;  
May honesty process its wonders.

Let life believe in itself when the Sun shines,  
On us, on them, and on the very young;  
A faithful sunset is guaranteed.

Naveed Akram

# Sunlight Falls On You

Sunlight fell, in the face of glory, who is my companion?  
The stars of heaven begged for being, mastering us all.  
It may be that problems are satisfactory for the forms of the soul,  
But philosophers argue that age and agreement falter.  
Sunlight believes that you are an example of equality,  
Reality is the starting point for the plainly righteous,  
Their sunlight is their moonlight, their vigil is at night.  
Night is a curious blend of excitement and misery,  
But nights outstrip our eyes, nights beget other nights  
That are from the righteous folk who are your kinsmen.

Who is my soul now? The universe has breathed like a ghost,  
It shudders from your shuddering, the stars have orchestras  
That you delay, that you play without remorse, so belittling  
That ghosts are those phantoms fleeing like a device.  
In the face of miserable men we strive and conquer  
Like an anaconda or a constrictor, that minds the devil and  
Demon. Why do your eyes cry from the pain?

Naveed Akram

# Sunny Day

Care is the clothing I perspire into them  
For the carelessness is making me sweat  
After the shirt has been removed  
And I am under the hot sun. It is far too hot.  
Do find a sunny day, but not too sunny!

Naveed Akram

# Superior And Bold

Let the meaning of faith be established  
Throughout the land of the seasons.  
These winters crown the living summers  
With beauty and taste, offered are their atoms.  
The atomic bomb has delayed our behaviour,  
The real weapon makes the hand befuddled.  
Gorgeous rings of gold ornately dress the succumbed ones,  
Their husbands are like the guns and gunfire  
Of a forgotten day, the old day of suffering and audacity.  
The efficiency to delay the region in life  
Compels us to read our literature.  
Each artist demands and supplies,  
Fully writing the sum of worlds and the help.  
Let the meaning of religion disappear  
Nevertheless in a second,  
And it will astound us later  
When driving forces falter  
As the religious view is superior.

Naveed Akram

# Superior Being

Seeing is superior like the wind,  
It rages on with the light on,  
Feeding the humanoids with kindness,  
Depressing the enemy,  
Collapsing beyond the time to end.

Your eyes are so beautiful that you  
See them, exposing fright and sight;  
It enrages you constantly to see the  
Men of the land be wicked and rich,  
When you die according to the plan.

Your unique seeing is like the feeling  
Of a thought, futures exist for some,  
And your ears hear the love of letters  
In this lifeless world, where proper  
Creatures lurk in the wilderness.

Naveed Akram

# Superior Dwelling

Distil this sadness at the heart of your thought,  
Offer kindness to yourself if the worry is affected.  
Unfinished business remains too bought,  
By the dragons of conjecture, awful not grand.  
May the distillation of misery be an evaporation  
Or an emancipation for the soul, the rigour of the heart.  
The head and heart are business of the soul  
And this mighty righteous action to name  
Contains no heresy, no fanatic feature or real qualm  
From the people who inhabit the superior dwellings  
We have attained also.

Naveed Akram

# Super-Rich

I am a unit of time, so long for my age,  
This creates special energy in my cage.  
The need for complex questions to cipher  
Is so large-hearted, so large in scale, please no blunder.  
I am united as I stand, and when I sit down,  
The whole clown aborts in front of my crown.  
I am a throned man who sticks glue in heaven,  
I wanted that clown to carry out an ablution.  
This job to be done is so wildly contested,  
But my spouse can learn more as I have abdicated.

Naveed Akram

# Supreme Name

The supreme name of He taught us the story of our life,  
Eternal life is everlasting and surprising to the senses.  
Someone asked if the living God is a supreme God,  
And the answer was as usual, your God is One,  
Incomparable and Absolute.

His supreme name never humoured anybody  
Other than the Devil, the one who damned himself.  
May water flow from the fountains of destruction  
And let the mountain light be desisted for this  
The Last Day.

The trumpet kept each soul intact but submerged,  
This ringing excited the soul into resurrection,  
The spirits of the dead were now the living,  
Yet again the dead have lived,  
They are with the Supreme God.

Naveed Akram

# Supremeness

Do not like me as a fine man,  
Just wake me up, find my logic.  
The sunlight beams on my head  
In the day and in the night from lamps.  
My flight is of circling and plunging  
And my walking skills are numerous.  
I am a superhuman of logical thinking,  
The supreme philosopher so great.  
Let me wake up in the morning  
With the use of these thoughts to stay awake.

Naveed Akram

## Sure On Me

Resplendent light entered the cave when we neared,  
This life is authority, full of triumph and disaster.  
I have the author and the reader,  
I am the trained one of us in totality.  
The reckless one is not the deathless one,  
And immortal gods stay where the present stays.  
The time offered by some excels us in majesty,  
But life has a light at this end of the tunnel;  
For life is sure on me.

Naveed Akram

# Surfing Today

To the day that suspects us of laughter  
We ride the waves as we surf, and evolve.  
As swimming is not our style, we damage  
The air with our style of surfing, then we evolve.  
The surprise is in store for the winners  
Who munch on ice-lollies when in luck.  
The water is dangerous at this hour of the day  
Since it is the sun that evolved, now no longer seen.  
We laugh for our swimming to endanger us  
When the humans carry on surfing into the hours.

Naveed Akram

# Surprised Being

Those perfect beings will always see  
The lights and lances so feathered.  
They started flight along the way,  
Pressures of the nature around were in taste.  
We are deceived by the earth and ocean  
For the bed of the sea lays on the bed.  
We sleep never far from the fire  
In the first place, in those ways of places.  
I am wood, and you are straw  
Forming substances from the bundles;  
If you see faces working into your face  
Still be astonished, for the antagonist  
Surprises me enough.

Naveed Akram

# Surprising Sun

The Sun is aware, surprised by the sudden change,  
Open it by the fingers, handsome and strange.

Naveed Akram

# Surrender

Act according to the dislike of a bad man and an evil boy  
To find in your life what is funny and creative.  
Your decision is finally made on the importance and reality,  
The body we carry is all you can bury, to do with badness.

The bad men are not the goodness and relief of the Earth,  
So they do by the way say they are good, but also bad and evil.  
Even good people know how to win, and how much is this.  
Feed the one who is yourself, yourself!

Naveed Akram

# Surrendering

Surrendering like an ape  
The subjugated man is akin to monkeys.  
Following in the steps of a god  
The men are like cowards  
For their grins are the same  
And they wear falsehood with their brow.  
These mammals surrender, and fight  
For their survival, forming work  
To accomplish and be proud about.  
These apes and monkeys are solemn  
Sometimes, innocent and happy,  
And yet not one of them relieves another.

Naveed Akram

# Surreptitious Slave

A penumbra masters my mind,  
That plethora of beliefs and thoughts;  
Mind's duels are quintessential  
For the rate of ideas explodes.  
A surreptitious man is a spy when sold  
To the slavery-dealers, superpowers.  
What is this rhapsody for him?  
A redolent eye is owned by the rich,  
One lethal hand finds peace with roses,  
Two feet seem like ripples of sand.  
The slave is a spy of espying importance,  
So he avoids a seraglio for the major question:  
How much is his theft?  
An oeuvre of much cleverness  
And redolent for it seems blind enough.  
He is a shadowy figure now,  
Old age overtook him, and he died  
Always with an honourable death.

Naveed Akram

# Survival

Survival is cruel, as much as heat and wind,  
The menace of what is out there is so strange;  
My forest is a garden for the animals  
But a hell for my soul, a little is too hard.

My forest ranks supreme for tests of agility,  
It lacks promise of life, as stupendous as it might be  
To retain life of one's own body,  
As good it might seem to return to the house I lived in.

May cruelty be a sudden chance to rest and escape,  
But cruelty is different, it hated me and hated you;  
The forest is crueler than objects of the sky,  
This day's sky reminds me of hatred and odium.

Will I make it through this weather?  
Will my strange air around be too hazardous?  
It is too cruel to begin accusations,  
Nature is relentless, far away.

Naveed Akram

# Surviving Riches

A hated feeling  
Full of work and anger, so happiness  
Does exit and refuse all help  
For I am fed by desire.

My muck stayed away  
Endangering sumptuous meals  
Eaten by the wealthy and rich.  
This hated feeling, how erroneous!

It exits and then enters  
To endanger all that exist.  
Words survive and I survive the rich-life.

Naveed Akram

# Suspect

Tonight the real clues approach the detective,  
Angry images of a god parade the temple,  
Forces are at work eventually.

We matter to themselves as a party,  
The godly forceps, these godly powers.  
Yet anger creeps into the rhyme,  
A poem is incomplete and unfair,  
Yet the irate shepherd shall carry his sheep  
Back with haste to half-complete the poetry.

To feel worshipful we must complete the duty  
Daring us tonight, to speak with fists  
As far as dollies and their fairy-talk.  
This poem concentrates on the  
Suspicious held by the detective.

Naveed Akram

# Swallow Music

Inside we swallow a storm of music,  
The cuttlefish run their rhythm when accosted;  
They have intellect, they have insulation,  
But do they have these both or nothing like it?  
Due to natural virtues, the natives are like them,  
Nullifying my surgeon who sees my entrails.  
Music shall construct a fish, it should if uttered,  
Paint is squirted, they squirt it for fun and music.  
So gormless! So much governance! What music!  
My honey pot enlivens to the sound of notes  
I learn and fold inside the mind of course.

Naveed Akram

# Sway Of The Self

My wretched self is exchanging the pleasure  
With disbelief, an irony has surpassed the weather;  
My arms fold, ranting mouth speaks potions,  
So ire besets a tired public when beseeched  
By my eloquent height and voice, the stares abound.

My soul resides in the heavens, not that late,  
For the night has never ended, nor finished  
With delay, not even in the handsome fight.  
The soul is the sorrow of the sale, it aches  
Acting in accordance with you, like a fault.

Many strident foes instigate their displeasure,  
Voices from the inner self abide in suspended  
Pleasure but are washed away like the foams  
Alighting the shore, little are the waves alighting  
The size of the ocean in its sway and swing.

Naveed Akram

# Swaying Action

Have a player play around like a ball,  
Playing the scene brightest and hammy.  
You act on business too overweening,  
The action so considered is a contrivance.  
My pain is your suffering when the handiwork  
Is shared, on these occasions, on this arrangement.  
A clause is vivid, catching as a ball,  
Too much accommodation is necessitated.  
Too overwhelming can be arrogance  
When shaped by swaying water or flesh of balls.

Naveed Akram

# Swaying Bridges

The bridge swayed though the dignity ran past,  
For there was no hand or arm of rests and paste,  
Keeping names of sweetness, bravery of sweat.  
One cries out taking up a musical rhythm,  
Louts are instilled with love of the spirits,  
A swaying turban has been built on the lesser men.  
The bridge swayed more like the fingers of halves,  
Beneath a glittering day of nights and desks.  
The bridge took up songs of the type that sweetened  
Us through and through.  
By this day of days we think matrimonially,  
Lulling the quietness with distinctness.

Naveed Akram

# Swaying Ship

May the ship sway for certainty and suspense,  
Inwardly the sailors feel and hurt in defence.  
My leader is on the sea and divides the slain  
From the not so dead, but those who are lain  
On the ground of the boat, the different repose  
That entered a phase of too much danger I suppose.  
May those ships in the night be happier  
When certain fish have surrendered being angrier.

Naveed Akram

# Sweep From The Mind

I merrily sing along the days and nights,  
As my highness demands for all its worth;  
Glory has arrived forming beauty for me,  
Along the path that I command.  
Thoughts swept by the wind also are remembered,  
Since the breeze of heaven is witnessed.  
My party of followers sings along time,  
For time shall sweep the dust from your feet,  
Singing is the best of the times,  
Singing clarifies the mind so much,  
Alacrity of thinking shall be obeyed,  
For time shall sweep the dust from your feet.

Naveed Akram

# Sweet Burden

The sweet burden is immense,  
For frowning clarity erupts from here,  
So that this telling is stated with tongues  
Of humankind, fruitful with fists blindly following.  
The sweetness of this day exactly matches  
The sweetness of a night in slaughter.  
Dealing with the running men  
Feels for itself, living a lie with most who cost.  
Then frown more that the days run past,  
Summoning a gold-plated eagle  
Unearthing a ready relic of blueness.  
The blue ones shine, like jewels of the night,  
Black nourishes us with its taint.

Naveed Akram

# Sweet Dreams

A sweetness clouded my minced mind,  
The same just be with a meaning.  
The hell of thinking boils on like oil,  
Save the savage tank, save the soldier.  
The eggs are hatched by all those animals  
Offered the peace of eternity.  
A sweet dreamer attacks and bursts in,  
To strongly offer peace, not war.  
The real purpose is unknown, much more  
Is the purpose known to some.

Naveed Akram

# Sweet Home

I have seen in the home a sweetness  
That is you, and it is you that is sweet  
From too many sugary bites,  
Too much sorrow that spins.

I have in my head a heart training to win,  
The seat of happiness compels me to lose,  
But the compulsion is of the loves and loves  
Then in abundance on this small sphere  
That bombards us as the ground.  
The bombardment cancels in front of us,  
Sweetness is even the enemy of the devil,  
Movement restores each action  
Conveying hatred, dishonour and scorn.  
The savages will refute the more learned scholars  
As they read more than the lifting of pens.

The head has a sweet turn to make,  
Loving in its expression,  
The home it is of a brain that organises  
And concerns us.

May the sweetness of centuries be a home,  
The home of the hated is not one,  
The homes are like mansions of great work  
And honour.

Naveed Akram

# Sweet Odours Of A New Palace

For a few minutes we pack for the journey named no more  
By our successes, and life revolves around violas and violins.

The musicians have a stigma, the revolutionists cause mayhem  
In their dozens of parlours, when secret script delivers its ridicule.

I have hours of misfortune inside my soul that has letters and food  
Handfed by serial killers and I am now aghast at the burgeoning mayors.

The cities bespoke a merciful message that pursued logic after logic,  
Only from economies that ran anew, from the devastations of slayers.

Inside the committee a new palace diverged into our minds that spoke on the  
topic,  
For the mirrors kicked our bellies afterwards, from too much darkness and  
energy.

A wave is not a suitable partner for another wave, for swinging among the  
geography  
Creates a six-day religion of created beings who surpass the men in the supreme  
quarters.

For a booth contains a hue that awoke for us to keep our tunics and shields,  
To fight with a sweet odour, as the cavalry of the life we lead has passed us by.

Naveed Akram

# Sweet Sheep

Sheep run down and invent telephones for their  
Own communication of sweet naturalness.  
The dolphins of the world are now working fast,  
The most successful horses of the sea.  
They who lay eggs shall feed their old health,  
Rocks roll now, lucks are carried headlong.

May the bridge be ruled inwardly, fully crafted,  
Forcing the sparrows in the air to pour weight,  
As gravity becomes the master of a mate,  
Bravery confidently describes paintings of a future  
And bones rotting shall defame us in the end.

Sheep also have tools that name us with their speech,  
Telephoning is a sinful activity of the real inventions.

Naveed Akram

## Sweet?

Forward the sailor is only steering  
And the soldier can never keep going  
For the pilot can never fight  
And the air is all too sweet.

Forced can be the generals of delight,  
Of oblivion is their respite,  
Just to carry on with words  
And save richest odds.

Naveed Akram

# Sweeter Tasks

Sweet programs contain drama,  
But innocence is a fountain from the soil,  
A little comes from much music  
Arriving in hordes and hordes.

The lesser men are shown to be devils,  
And the love of a living lights the way,  
For lanterns are for growing little by little,  
As the candles burst from their tops.

I see beautiful lights in the making,  
Made by godly people who think,  
And thus the routines explode,  
Listening to the other routes and channels.

Sweeter reasons are to make a man rational,  
Forming decisions for the fires and energy;  
They light the way to eternity,  
They are also good for fuels.

Naveed Akram

# Sweetness

Sweetness is a remark made by you,  
Its touch has special benefits that discovers,  
And sweetness has the cradle of young men,  
Sweet babies ask for more news of goodness.

Smiling has been the century of doubt,  
It is the lost article and an innocent weapon  
Much desired, for the lusts of plants  
That burgeon in the polite winds are much.

Sweet rains overcome the feeding grounds,  
Where the deflowering has occurred  
And the plagues have been blown  
As far as the towns and villages of dryness.

Naveed Akram

# Sweetness Of Life

Sweet odours are trusted,  
Inner light adores you.  
A sleepy world is one of fervour,  
Like a hidden valley, or false verdict.  
Dancing is a little love  
Of the weather and sweet odours.  
May we bring you joy,  
Evenings are of this substance.

Naveed Akram

## Swift Bird

Will nobody swiftly move in front of me?  
This obstacle you are is like a bird in flight.  
Travelled by the wind, easier than a wing,  
This tragic loss negates my allowable happiness.  
Shadows and enemies are in the locality,  
Flight is destiny, passing my three tests.  
One test is the launching of heads,  
One is to succeed in beauty,  
And the other must be done to be supreme animal.  
The farthest land is gained by those airs traversed,  
Will this be a little weird for my head and heart?

Naveed Akram

# Swift Melody

Of course the melody was swift,  
Calling itself a realm then,  
My swift defiance of this maelstrom  
Met with more disagreements.  
For the sounds of grace met eternity  
As this sound of the treading was forever.  
A path mainly swept by the wind  
Became my annoyance once more  
As it meandered through the dark forest  
As a bell of much importance.

Naveed Akram

# Swim In War

The future of our love is of fire,  
Happiness and war are the result  
Of all the endeavour and strife.  
Let us travel through the sun and sonnets  
Respecting those betrayed and infirm,  
Swimming is such a skill,  
Swim forever in the night to test  
The natural strife after a little lost heart;  
Stars burgeon and like rivers of the hope  
We plunge into darkness,  
Always to meet the full fraternity.

To spring into ingots of steel,  
We steal the secrets of our youth,  
Money and kisses are justice  
Served by the authority,  
Trust those with weak hearts,  
Trust the providers of wars.

Naveed Akram

# Swimming In Conjecture

Should we dive, should she strive?  
The swimming is open to conjecture.  
My words are swifter than policies  
Lulling the mind with subtle tales.  
The water completes, its trail,  
Feeding the mind with office,  
Feeding the heart with Tarzan.

Should we involve ourselves in talent?  
The mere belief sings to the heart.  
A world within a world is a beautiful life,  
The remedy is sick, the infidels are bricks.  
This beauty is hidden to the senses,  
Lulling the crowd that roars and sways,  
For tonight its absence is overbearing.

The talents of tense muscles request  
An apology from the only born man of age.  
A world finds another joiner, a moody man  
Who recasts the talents, the tales of research.  
A word is more than a deed, a world is  
More than the worlds, and my verses subject  
The mind to kicking and pulling of fantasy.

Naveed Akram

# Swimming Reptile

Swim fast brave reptile, swimming is easy  
When the rivers mock your jeering ways,  
Crocodiles shall stay with the truth,  
When others just hurt and relive their lives,  
Formally and informally in peace.

Then let the snapping of your jaws  
Remind us of hate and love also,  
Like lists of selfish conspiracy,  
Fuming partners of marriage are alike  
In this tragedy called reptilian careers.

My snapping is a gist too faster than more,  
Looting the bodies with slicing is finer  
Than the dim news of negativity and its  
Whole land of ache and fuming suffering  
Inside you, internally you.

Naveed Akram

# Sword Spoke

The embowered sword spoke,  
The sword made words out to the audience;  
With parched lips, the spoken language  
Then affected us in a way known to mankind  
As nerves of a stripling, the acts of ever.  
Some of us die,  
Some add the dice and throw.

Lips smack and search for lips,  
They lighten the load off the backs,  
Understanding them in terms of profit,  
Seeing just so hard.

Upheavals of language reply to sound,  
Hearing us well and clearly,  
Killing and keeping the striplings.  
The young strove to the touch of lessons,  
Yes, in a Sunday they dined.

Naveed Akram

# Symbolic

I love symbols,  
As much as the nations.  
The lords of travel complain  
Of the symbols on the highways,  
But I do not.  
I am alone with the night and city,  
While the forgetting is done.  
Symbols of criminals light up,  
Fully transported, of the love.  
Feet are sore as they travel  
On the journey that some forgive,  
Some forget.

Naveed Akram

# Symbolic Gesture

A symbol has been born, of vitality,  
Offering the world the chance to bind.  
Bonds of luxury are acting like flowers  
Of every colour, of every degree.  
The world has surmounted the role  
Of protector, protection is the symbol.  
A symbolic gesture has actuated the real  
Demand for authority to be exact.  
The exact aims of a generation are upon us,  
Their fences are of wood, wooden bricks.

Naveed Akram

# System Collapses

With other people the system collapses,  
She heard the dialling tone confirming that;  
One phone demands a tragedy,  
And the other phone a remedy.  
This sailor is a soldier, full of stamps  
That need posting and pasting,  
Skinning the rabbits will be the test  
For the soldier, who betrays nobody.  
The posting delighted you,  
The pennies ran away forming us,  
Then children scatter in front of geese,  
That fly onwards for better protection.  
Most of the system relies on your brain,  
Fences are never to hit like skulls.

Naveed Akram

# Table Manners

One engages in the table manners,  
These intend to supply ideas,  
Proclaim troubles with food and drink,  
And fight the scarce wastes.  
My passage offers others a share  
In the cosmos of fuel this time.

The nearby coxcomb caters for the public,  
He is repulsed, he is for the monarch,  
Who feels scruples and gestures  
That flourish and blush, causing symptoms.  
One way of intending a thing is to be read  
By sad components, the straight fighters.

Naveed Akram

# Table Of Knots

Return to the table to tie the knots  
For sewing is my trade of trades,  
And the separate lessons are many  
And many more.

Rest on the task of sewing and patchwork,  
For the carpentry is again ours,  
The gardening can wait, and far  
Are the worshippers to mime us.

The steady income of the body and soul  
Is occurring like the seasons of health  
And learning, the fetching of lessons  
Can be very unique.

So turn to the table of hearing,  
Sewing and needling the way  
To good health,  
Inspired by the stealth of an artist.

Naveed Akram

# Tables And Teachers

The teacher turned in his high-backed chair,  
Looking out was his ideal complaint,  
Doing well with the surroundings of ancient tasks,  
Liking the aid and magnificence, offering me  
The teaching job.

It was the batting order, a wonderful row  
But no augmentation ensued,  
For the cricket was a past affair,  
A brief movement by the ways of men who  
Are older than most people.

The teacher leaned back in his chair,  
Thinking of the ends and ruins  
That met the face of the professionals.  
The real purpose of the game was with style,  
As the tables knocked on the tables.

Naveed Akram

# Tables Of Food

Tables are piled with logos,  
And there are heavy metal tankards,  
With bowls dressed in gold,  
This tavern is a table of horrors.  
My feet are celebrating in  
Bright laughter.  
I am marching inside,  
With diets and habits of mad men,  
Common mistakes are beds  
For the blooming flowers.  
A thrifty boy has appealed to me,  
And my madness centres on his food,  
Held by his flighty thumbs,  
Dribbling juices issue and bind.

Tables are tramping with fright,  
Alive and tricking, with food on the plates,  
Composers gather to play the music of the Hells.  
Food, food, and more food,  
Water can sustain these parties of the reddish-brown  
Leather.

Naveed Akram

## Tables Turned

A table sits on boards of ice,  
The panels are according to the precise.  
This room chances us with hatred,  
An office we connect to something crowded.  
Craft of a space extracts joy and humour,  
May we live and work inside our founder.  
When do people load the spices?  
Offered to some of us are addresses.  
The tables lie on thin ice,  
Where may we fetch our advice?

Naveed Akram

# Take My Honey

Take my honey and all my belongings,  
But if the soul requests it from a genius  
One must take his own belongings.  
The flowers of a night are like the flowers  
Of a day, rich in pinky hues,  
Blue love, and red heart.  
Take my loving and hating as well,  
Souls pinch a single salt granule,  
Then brine roars through the eyes.

Why are you crying? These tears are fountains  
Of dusty earth, feeling like controversy,  
Lulling the night with raging noises,  
Then take my honey when I belong to you  
As the reuniting of the villages has happened.

My struggle is coming back,  
Hard on the list, soft to the hill,  
We fetch disaster and avalanches,  
Catastrophes are afoot,  
Like a river of ice or cold, cold water.

Naveed Akram

# Taken

The window opens to consider dreams,  
Offering a Wight to emerge in totality;  
The nightmare commences at the table  
Of food and drink, only to be like the future.

Our windows are now shut, doors too,  
Clanging is heard like that of a magnet,  
The murderers are near to the soul,  
Wondering of hard pain and their suffering.

This eye is my window and shadow  
To be observed by the poltergeist in history;  
Towards a great island they seem to travel,  
Islands of morbidity lie like liars in the dust.

Naveed Akram

# Taken By Storm

The backwards movement magnified the fight,  
A few days of hurt was not enough and acts gained  
Their toll, for the innocent military pun swallowed instead.

In order to explain a finish, one related a seeking strategy,  
Noticing those taken by storm, and blood of the swine;  
One day was enough to relate to the agonies.

They made their bets and swallowed, for the blades were  
Bold and warm, with love they conducted a reason,  
With hate and war their plight did settle down.

Before his death, they degenerated for a time in a swallowing  
Action, without the toil of the swine and the roiling of time,  
This desk of reasoning was open to the whole affair.

Naveed Akram

# Takeover

Reasons for the takeover are copious and plenty  
Of them are made.

I gather together the rank and file  
To speedily create a war and fight of beauty.

Many velocities are the missiles,  
As recent as the light.

God has made a ruination,  
And I have made a crowd

Wait and demand a new zone  
For the effort was great.

God has cast a doubt in your heart  
Compared to my truth that has been correct.

Much is war when won, and I have every problem  
Solved.

Naveed Akram

# Talkers

Desks of talkers are arranged around the world,  
Then negotiations proceed to capture hearts.  
The talk of the century is forgotten  
By the majority of viewers, after seconds and minutes.  
Then the talking is a coincidence,  
A family manages to conflict with another animal.  
This is a struggle from the banks of the river.  
My conversation needs appraisal,  
And my views are no longer secret,  
Many sentences leave the page  
To master those in fullest power.

Naveed Akram

# Tall Grasses

Tonight the tall grasses sway atop the scenery,  
To this speak of width of your lenses, the bitter eye.  
I gather before me my sight that was extinguished  
All because of my awkward light, and dusk was begotten.  
The morning carried on with fewer casualties,  
In the morn is a dawn of wholesome taste, since it weeps  
With dew, and flowers with all the language have tears.  
The night has arisen foraging hate and dark resentment,  
Fearing the day as it equals its stay, forming an entrance.

Naveed Akram

# Tall Man With A Hat

The man is wearing a hat so tall and long,  
Loathing is not the business he attains, ding-dong! !

Naveed Akram

# Talons Of Terror

The talons of desire are upon us all,  
The brush of wickedness is abrading the fold  
That covers us, with stimulated light  
And stunted might, a grievous penalty  
Awaits the apology.

My talent is a mallet that strings itself  
And waits for the mighty day to be and  
Say a sitting of mastery.

To part with terror tenses my muscles,  
Mattering to most as a penalty.

For the desire of my ire is superior  
And the penalties awaken the polite  
Debate aroused in us all.

The talents are solvents in the sea,  
Mixed to bring what is rightness,  
The fish sing to the salt of the oceans.

I smile once a day, with a style to master  
The payments of a master who cares  
For the whole while.

My smiles pursed, I canter and swim  
Like the animals of the earth and sea,  
Little life asks for the attacks of sacks  
Of glory.

The glorious matters gear for the wars.

Naveed Akram

# Taming

It tamed my monsters when young,  
Curling the talons like sad sticks  
But lethal to the touch if used.  
The monster has a company of friends  
Like the friend who tames his friend  
And accomplishes friendship.  
Much desired, much ignored, is the precious mood  
We are friends in our mind.  
To keep them young is talent,  
And to keep a company of friends  
May bore the whole community.

Naveed Akram

# Task Of Nature

Nature has a task of opulence,  
Our natures disregard the majesty  
Of a plant in danger that climbs.  
Natural virtues are in the soul,  
But hills surge on with the winds  
Singing in our cliffs, worse than  
The laughter of the sea waves.

Nature commands few men,  
For men are naturally overcoming  
The wilderness, and every year  
The plants and mammals override  
Each other like food chains.  
Nature has to be opulent,  
To persuade the major thinkers.

Naveed Akram

# Taste Of Food

In food is a certain quality of taste,  
May they abstain and be erased.  
For food manages my godly life,  
Just as the fish manage with strife.  
In this food, in that food we collapse  
And honour a feast with some gaps.  
The food we eat as dinner shall be kind  
To the sleep we carry throughout the mind.  
What food do you cook with expertise?  
Fish and meat will certainly cease!

Naveed Akram

# Tasted By Clothes

Tasteful muses are ornaments of the relics,  
Grace has a divine power over those with decorations,  
Pictures reign supreme with harmonious pasts.  
The exquisite grandness of this day is offered  
To beggars of all nations and sizes of tightness.  
Clothes beckon others to watch the eyes,  
Drama is about, absurd legs rely on us,  
Unreal are the challenges of this tonight and today.

I found the natural springs in the eyes,  
Paradise rocked at the heart of messengers,  
Who entered the cities without your life.

Naveed Akram

# Tattered

The tattered man had a tone of repetition,  
With his speech the direct conversation flowed.  
He regarded the awakening as a joining of hands,  
The ground received a rude call from his hands.  
To desire youth is to brood over thanks,  
We are tattered in respects and in sights;  
The pardoning of a cleric is required  
By the insane and afflicted.  
Pointing at shadows the clerics marvel  
At God's creation for it goes into the ground.  
Wave your head and arms together  
When the tight feelings craze you.

Naveed Akram

# Tatters Of Flesh

Your wound sir is puzzling and uglier than most,  
Such pity is to be that I forsake comfortable surroundings;  
The better you understand,  
the more is your income afterwards,  
Or this is a joke?

Naveed Akram

# Tavern Lit By Lamps

The tavern tables stay lit by the lamps,  
These are the lamps of excellence.  
My tables collect more money  
And the energy is also collected.  
May this tavern express the whole joy,  
May we enter a real improvement,  
And may the gates of this city be for sustenance.  
These shopkeepers are so careful, more than you,  
Let monsters and werewolves be dignified  
And then the worst enemy is around.  
The tavern is an absolute sanctuary,  
A wonderful way of gambling and dancing.

Naveed Akram

# Teaching Of The Stars

In this heart of mine a family creates my brain,  
They too are children who have them,  
A forfeit can never benefit the wearer  
Of these mistakes, and they too have children.

The familiar triumph over the thieves of the world,  
Understand this tower of thoughts that triumphs,  
The balls of musical quality are sweeping the century  
And making us lose our steps and their consequences.

A form of knowledge has arisen like the sunrise,  
Mornings devoutly preach a new teaching of stars  
As their light is a sunlight, for the other planets  
And worlds of laughter and joy.

Naveed Akram

# Teaching Virtue

Teaching nature is naturally expectant of virtue,  
The personality is the place, you peace them;  
The essential qualities beautified the man  
And the man whose nature was driven to hurling  
Speeds drove further than the bridges of life.

Nature does not need a solidity or force,  
If your path is that of danger the forces have fixed  
Their stare and behold you with ultimate distinction;  
The nature is straight onwards, the filling of tactics  
Creates a country full of honour and virtue.

You have no place in this fuel that displaces  
Our kindred of liars, full of faults and diseases,  
This role you take is straightforward and clearer  
Than a thousand designs, my fortnights fuel  
The wizards of my year and centuries.

Naveed Akram

# Teams

Teams teach the winning of standing and sitting,  
Brainwashing is a kind of presence but also absence,  
For the teachers of this race of humans react  
To the aims we conjecture as the fences are built  
And the walls are erected for the entire show.  
To tear away the pieces of the bloody flesh  
Creates unity and belief in the faith to be recognised,  
So that tablets are written on and the writing  
Is achieved, forming forever in this way.  
I see tables and chairs being rescued,  
For they rescue the defenders and accuse  
Them afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Tearfully

You tearfully remorse over selling shops,  
Infant splendour is always on the streets;  
They tearfully put to you questions,  
Lying in the meantime, cooking their meals.  
When I dropped a tear, the first looking man  
Came and moved away to some residence.  
Now the return, now the stinging pain,  
Of the whole streets destroying and calling.  
I see anger in the eyes of heaven,  
Hell has a wrath more but less like the oddness.  
We see a liar in the midst of flames  
Dying in the light of the fires and storms.

Naveed Akram

# Tears Are My Possession

Why are tears possessions?  
Under the sea of tears is a golden item,  
Close this treasure chest.  
My crying is crying of the whole,  
Author of the wastes is writing,  
With tears in his eyes.

I song, you lyric, wounding the men  
On no-man's land, with laughter and  
Words final and sleepy.  
The trench is a disaster, of fears  
And torture so twisted  
By the hellish whorls of a plant.

My song of the wars investigates  
To discover the undermining of Satan.  
His purpose is small, smaller than us,  
His goal is of an egg too golden  
And clean, my game is fulfilling  
Itself.

Naveed Akram

# Tears Come

In the flood of tears we drown and curse,  
Forcing statements entrancing us.  
The flood has arrived for our enjoyment,  
To matter, the rains have us perished.  
Days of dancing are nights so entrancing,  
Mathematics is the sin of this planet.  
Master of enjoyment is about and around,  
Forming rage and more rage in straight lines.  
Instruct the engine of hate to whistle  
In the attempt to love and no more hate.

Naveed Akram

# Tears In The Sleep

Tears and winds are the main straws of nature,  
A miracle is nature, and its laws confide in it.  
Similar to exactness, the natural question is occupied  
By the one and same spirit which lands on your slept being.

Naveed Akram

# Tears Of Mankind

Now it's been a million years,  
Mankind obeys kings of crying,  
For what knowing can tell,  
Now reigning the kingdom  
Exerts hurt on those responsible.  
Starlight twinkles and makes us alert  
With a far away place,  
Tomorrow ceases to be.

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Naveed Akram

# Telling Rights

The telling of this right steady body  
Could dance in the crazy moonlight.  
Wells of velvety muddy water were to sprout  
And dance in the waters of the night.  
A small telling right was bestowed on us,  
To stop at nothing through muddy waters.  
He brought the marriages of the night  
To a standstill with a saxophone blurting outside.  
The trumpet of the last call was not so  
Butchering as that brass instrument of the light.  
Many married under the sights of a man or  
Other man who wore woes too splendidly.  
I remember the righteous men in silk stockings  
Who marched in the nice night, the righteous wait.

Naveed Akram

# Tellurian Nights

One bows down to aquilons nightly,  
This tellurian night is of the grounds  
A burgeoning prize that is night;  
Underground is best served the right  
To loiter like monks in the ground or soil.  
One is impulsed to be the best here,  
The tunnels are some form of hoveler,  
The lifeboats are not here but the ground is deep;  
Wrecked are the beasts underground.

But we are safer in this postable land  
Of tellurian nights, the soil is immenser  
Than the seas and lands put together.  
The nights seem longer now that you are gone,  
Made up of the smell and scents of earth descending.

Let us have our prize that beleaguers,  
The biggest home; not some Verbarkibitka,  
The same tent used by the Kirghiz Tartars,  
But one I follow as the biggest prize or reward.  
One uses the Fleshpot so that meat fries as well,  
Like the bigger variety, not small amounts of sear.

They see much under the surface,  
These tellurian nights seem like days and days.  
Do not latinise like arabs or monks,  
But be brotherly in some sense,  
Be a beneficiary that is fixed in heart.

Naveed Akram

# Temper Of The Night

In these grounds and fields and rural area,  
A dark, unlighted estate remains shadowy  
Under the moonless sky of the night.  
It surprises us as it is dingy, pitch-black,  
And the dank air remains to be heard,  
Chilly and musty, moist and wet, so unaired.  
The bleak desert surrounds as the stars blink,  
This stark, arid spot is worn by the rich-at- night,  
Gloomy fears appear, to be stunning the sombre air.  
It is indeed dreary, and cheerless, for it is dismal  
And uninviting to the commonwealth under the sun  
And straight stars, humour astounds the head.

Naveed Akram

# Tempers In Knots

One obtempers and obeys the judge on high ground,  
Like an obscure ruling and like a laughable act;  
This choppy speech separates and displays,  
As fast as a sonnet in despair.  
Full of knops, this jar has fixed the heart,  
So that circumstantially one has counted  
The knops and reduced the boredom of waiting.  
This choppy speech cares for more heat,  
Full of chops, reasons and spares.

I have to hear my word, and then obtemper,  
Like the lovely man and the lovely woman  
In appeal, forcing their wits secondly.  
You find it more useful than Beaumontague,  
Or as hard as the solution on the wall.

The appearer swings his beloved axe,  
The appearance is a verdict - "Guilty!"

Naveed Akram

# Temporal Universe

You laugh as if you consume the peacock,  
With an eaten grain the words are alive  
To the sound of sound, a heart has concentrated  
On words to describe, so I lay at the door  
Of the house offered to me, and I created the well  
So adequately, forming one food and another.  
The resemblance made me a rock to bow down  
To, but I refused the compliment,  
And I deserved according to reason and revelation,  
I know the rules of a day so forsaken  
By the food of a loved one.  
I hear the sounds of the heavens  
In this temporal universe.

Naveed Akram

# Ten Days For Nothing

Ten days glided away for nothing,  
Where was my father? When did the slight  
Sound of my mother be heard today?  
This sunshine flew at me like a bird,  
Just like a landscape and the eruption  
Of a volcano, with surprising light and heat.  
There was no opportunity, for the best transport  
To see in the sun was your legs that bore your arms.  
On this occasion high spirits received me,  
Respiring was an art of the present condition.  
To disturb me would be tremendous in charm,  
To enlighten me was miserable.

Naveed Akram

# Tender

Tender fish eaten by some, wasted by the water,  
Temples reply to their sacrifice of fish, with horror.

Naveed Akram

# Tendrils

Tendrils rolled and licked at the air,  
Fuelled by the blood of sacrifice.  
It bore the gods' talent, floating atop;  
Down from the great south the wind blew,  
Gathering and slowly deceiving us.

The monster of oldness became love,  
But receded into hatred, with slow magic.  
It clutched at its symbol of a third eye,  
As if an alive mania, of fuelled bones.

A tall pale man shone ahead,  
With two arms and alive in ire,  
But those who are irate are warriors of arrows,  
For they discharge their missiles with flickers,  
And their frail and thin bodies turn into  
Lovely creatures,  
Living a lie for the first time.

Tendrils rolled and spat at the dangerous  
And sane man, who resolved the difficulty  
With speed, as the gate called the mouth  
Escalated, like a climbing warrior.  
The warrior himself refuted the mouth,  
Spacing the attack with arrows in flight,  
In fight, in fright, in sight!

The behemoth collapsed in a half-dead state,  
Tearing at its guilt, with tendrils stopping  
And love reentering to burden the sane man,  
For his sanity became a warrior of life,  
And the behemoth was dying,  
The behemoth died,  
From angered arrows of art,  
Full of argument and deceit,  
Living a lie.

Naveed Akram

# Tendrils That Twirl

The lone tendrils reveal a promising sign,  
The presence of the side was apt to wander,  
But a lone pair of electrons subsides,  
To ignite the atoms of a lonely trend.

They curl and unfurl like winters and summers,  
Revelations occur to the profound of the head,  
There were still the objects to overwhelm,  
Items of clothing began to reside and twist.

We were only hurting and sending the aliens  
To their graves of such incomplete pain,  
One was giving death to this born in a hour,  
The very same time of hours and days.

But then the outline of a shape had to occur,  
Plants with tendrils could abstain and occur,  
The absence of the hatred saw too many shifts,  
Those with memories were to be a twist.

Naveed Akram

# Tense Subjects

Tense subjects ban us outright,  
Righteous men and women confide  
In the biblical literature,  
Yet books of wisdom shun us  
As we speak, stolen are the dreams.  
One dealing is another man's craft,  
Dreams come in handy,  
Headless men confront you,  
Hearts are torn out vividly.

And so these tense periods  
Open the office of terror.  
One is a crisis over the terrain,  
Opening the other gates like ice  
Erupting from the North Pole.  
The ice is especially for you,  
Drive already and blame the crafty  
Men for their dealings,  
Many waters are underneath the feet.

Naveed Akram

# Tent

Northern skies wrench the skies of eternity,  
Reward them with vests and teams, soldiers.  
Then robins enter the glade, without their attire,  
Forming bubbles as they crawl in the air with mighty wings.  
Their songs are subtler today than yesterday,  
Toads flick around with their audacity so green.  
A wooden stick stars in this assortment of flowers,  
My tent exterminates itself, over the stove.

Naveed Akram

# Terror Under

Important large tasks cleanly overwhelm the under-waters:  
A park of warmth, ports of drink, words of boats and sounds;  
I want the cats of the past to think back to their young existence,  
And I wish them to see small, surprising toads in action underneath.

A terror lurks where white clothes are standing upright in the past,  
The number of countries may be eight times the number in the past,  
But the terror is in each watery region, whether arctic ocean or arabian sea,  
Even the pacific ocean, and the ridiculous atlantic ocean.

To stay and mourn for the sea we wield white attire, alone in the dark  
So we are seen, never the steps for a seated man or woman,  
But the steps of a beast so burdened by the sea that water gushes,  
As this space is ruled by grave affairs of the underwater.

Naveed Akram

# Tests

Tests growl at summer as dawn approaches,  
Volleyball practises many talents of slaves,  
We are trails of stepping shoe-prints, soldier's prints,  
The stew of food goes down the throat that is a sheet.  
Many in the woods called spying sessions,  
Sailing the very forest with tigers growling,  
Sisters of dragons were crawling and they died.  
My sea sparks strawberries written by fruit,  
The riddle of a walk is through the forest.

Naveed Akram

# Tests Of Faith

Your God is one of them who likes to be called One,  
Afterwards He proclaims that you were tested on it.  
I explore the success of the day and find faith in God,  
As much as the seeds and spores are still alive.

You would like being tested in a room with others,  
An exam is preferred and not you with that fate  
Is the Hell or Heaven from it.

Why?

It is simple my friend: your test is One!

Naveed Akram

# Thank You All The Time

Thank you for all the time that you experience  
With the both of us.

Thank you forever, always on time your presence has been  
With the both of us.

Thank you for the active participation that  
Is splendid when competitions are won.

Thank you and thank you again for timeliness  
To stick, to joke, to obey.

Gratitude has a place in my heart, that speaks  
In the recesses and depths.

It is so great an enjoyment to partake,  
I thank you.

Naveed Akram

# That Foot

That foot smacks my stomach with its food,  
Often the drinking has been precise and grand.

That foot smells of the news of the world,  
The dog has bitten and dissolved to find it.

That foot has other shoes of this united spirit,  
One neighbor descends on your shop and living.

These feet provide a shelter for the young,  
One has hazards of the very youth and tongue.

Poetry forces the legs and arms to obey and disobey,  
From the feet there plays an enemy of the state.

Naveed Akram

# That Kingdom Of Corpses

To see him is to see like him and evil,  
Many corpses are guilty of their trusts,  
But terror reigns with its ugly hundred heads.

Much magnification is about to don the leaders,  
My ill-defined dread is a caring folly, fought by  
Fists striking the heat of war, the heart of coal.

To be mean is to be goodness, and teller of tales,  
To be tender meat, tender thoughts of the brilliance  
Of our stars in the cosmos of coal and fire.

To become the trend of a thousand atoms conveys  
The train to the other side, but where is the eye  
Joining the other eye? What do kings sear the heart of?

Naveed Akram

# That Mental-Approach

That illness in the mind, too strange,  
What on earth is he doing in a cage?  
Is his fortune been sold,  
Or is he too old?  
Why in the world do you arrange?

Naveed Akram

# That Power Is War

That power that requires us is to be a saying,  
Powerful is life of an ancient time when they said their life.  
It is joy too powerful when imprints are made  
On the heads of blooded men and women -  
People who have entertained war.  
I find it profound to be the saying of history  
And that is between me and you.  
Join me on a quest to interrogate the Gestapo,  
They who squirm on their deeds with disgust.  
Sorrow has not been the historical sorrow,  
But presently it is superior to other sorrows.  
War is ultimately a sorry affair.

Naveed Akram

# The Accomplishment

I seize the accomplishment  
In front of your eyes;  
My wearing of tears coincides  
With laughter and the design.  
Much of the cosmos reigns  
In subtle regions, of the globe.  
I see the tears of the weepers,  
Undoing their souls for you.  
May the eyes swell up,  
With exhaustion and fatigue.  
Sight of the cosmologies  
Requires higher grades.

Naveed Akram

# The Admirable Truth

Truth is admired by those who seek it,  
It tells of giving an attitude of restraint;  
Take a long walk and recollect your thoughts,  
For truth is a house of ultimate benefits;  
Much is disdained by those in the arts,  
For their truths have been singled out  
Like little islands of men and women in union.  
In the arts a truth lingers for the gardens  
To encapsulate a true upbringing,  
Fascinating is the joyous occasion  
In which they reside for their ores and alloys.  
Cages are set up consisting of service,  
Hurting an arrow of distaste so inflicted by some  
Who adore the fascinations of this age.  
Truth mixes up, truth has a manner of telling  
The total and utter truth, so full of itself.

Naveed Akram

# The Adventurer Of God

They are solid steel, the rocks are built by gods,  
Mountains and volcanoes are one, by gods.

Yet we see the lava flow and the abolishment,  
To address them is to arrive at and abandon, by gods.

Any geographical feature on the map carries fascination,  
One is adventured, one is fine with distortion, by gods.

The map is a remedy for the plain and ill, the happier,  
Yellow streams and wooden forests are a distinction, by gods.

Let us laugh and be merry on this whole globe,  
Let godliness reign supreme with this incantation, by gods.

The gods are lovable towards their kingdom,  
The wishes of the valley are mine in slow-motion, by the gods.

Naveed Akram

# The Aftermath Of Acting

The actor advises his aftermath  
To the woman who acts like apples,  
The badge makes winter always,  
This acting needs a basin for all.

One airplane collides with an advertisement,  
Bags of cakes partake in this accident,  
For the actresses play baseball with apples,  
Which collect knowledge from the theatre.

Naveed Akram

# The Afternoon And Evening

The afternoon stands around our heads and hearts,  
The evening suddenly approaches us from the spheres.  
Getting up early on a morning of the weekend,  
In an ice-trap of lingering aspects and respects,  
I have a day of righteous conduct, rustling on the ear.  
It clatters the whole arena of beer-cans and shingling sounds,  
What a monster-scene! Full of getting up, full of singing.

The evening arrives around the bend looking on a curve,  
This day is a night of nests and eggs jerked away from yolks.  
I have my simplicity, I have my reward and the future is bleak,  
Like the day of the day, and the night of the necessary night.  
They look up, men hear the sounds of the women in laughter,  
Smelling whiffs of selfish reasons, this is the rational thinking  
Of desire and lust, so justice enters the religious arena.

Naveed Akram

# The Air Was Bright

There the air was bright as the morning scare,  
This evening it was fair, with mild wetness due to cares  
So meticulous that natures were supreme and just.  
Their air succumbed to the bright stars of this night and day,  
More of the goals sprang forward, more of the words opened  
So far that fast speakers sprinted too hastily and rudely.

The strong oxygen was completely worn by the uniformed few,  
Their prophetic nature offered a knowledgeable success  
To the ruined of this land we call a soil and trumpet.  
My evenings were fairer than the bellowing winds and thunders,  
Hurting the feeding men who slackened in the rain,  
Churches of doubt undermined the hundred painful men.

Naveed Akram

# The Alleys Of Rain

Down the alleys the rain has run faster than a horse,  
This horse neighs like the stranger of the mists;  
My toes seal a victory for the forces of the old wizard  
Reinforce my shot, illegal shots are illegal!  
This running around forests combines my madness  
With alacrity of the higher standards.  
The wizards busily request for the ideal weight,  
As their wands master the pencils of the wind.  
One writer enters the field of writing to be scribes  
And sages of late.  
The minute spell instils hatred and love of the higher  
Sort.  
The seas of evil are wells of the entire empire,  
Fully embedded in the jewels of the late sorcerer.  
Let the sorcery desist, and let the orders of the wind  
Be again!

Naveed Akram

# The Anatomy

The anatomy surprises me with its contours,  
The map of heaven has unfurled forever;  
It is the academy of the body that belabours,  
With fright at its heels and talking thoughts at the mind.  
One anatomy is another anatomy,  
Frames light up to end the ways of men.  
Death has been picture and pen,  
Pens and ink, pencils and lead.  
The surprise of our future can highlight  
Distinction and reading of the lights so coloured.

Naveed Akram

# The Angels Above

Select the right action and thought,  
To revel in nothing but divinity.  
I have movement of the mathematical mind,  
Of the blessings from an angelic man.  
He is again in my heart as well as my head,  
Like the ringing of wings, and the life of an animal.  
He, the angel in question, is against my closure of philosophy,  
In that it seeks ample pride in my scholarship.  
You shall rid it of the wings when it has earned your pride,  
For this pride is not the right action and thought  
That you select. Choose it, and that which exists.

Naveed Akram

# The Angels Of This Dominion

The angel was to heaven a property of living  
By so much and so very little;  
If it would be one it could have a new minion,  
Not what she or he likened to grass and roots  
But what you shall be from when it is all over.

The butlers of this cooked earth respond daily,  
Brainstorm their angelic craft to see a brand;  
Brainwaves are a highlighting path like the innocence,  
Cricket has passed, football shall croak, as we die.

The angel's nails shall scream with biting fragments,  
Carnal habits take us from within, cameras are alive.  
The hundred days are over when witches lie and stagger  
In their seats,  
They are no veritable ailment for their use.

Naveed Akram

# The Animal And The Plant

The animal has a name of wonder,  
A plant may never attack a wonder,  
For the body of an animal is taking the plant,  
And bodies are getting bigger  
As they grow with eating alone.  
To respire the body is like a plant  
That does it all the time.  
The plant is like Us - it lives perfectly.

The plant is not absurd, it is unblemished,  
And the animal is less perfect, just some.

Naveed Akram

# The Animals' Status

It is quite uncommon for a friend  
To commit many acts of obedience;  
Fierce acts comprise the solid alleys  
Of the thoughts we lust for and desire.  
Maybe friends stay at home, like an enemy  
That salvages the savages of the past.  
Obey those human beings all in the night,  
Losing is confusion, passion has been.  
The conversationalists embrace me  
As spoken words are flying towards me.  
Let obedience be disobedience  
When the flight of animals makes them high  
In status, in esteem.

Naveed Akram

# The Apocalypse

An abundance of water dresses our coats,  
For while the clouds do rage on the boats  
My accusation is similar to intelligence  
On the limited number of sailors of no importance.  
My fearsome nature carried power on the ships  
I antagonise, and they shall suffer an extraordinary apocalypse.  
For they hurt my sailing and mission,  
Toads of a bursting abdomen,  
Bellies of wine and apish quality,  
Endangered by triviality.  
A chopping sea empties its contents  
To the boats blessed by comments.  
Our ships waste the dress of admirals  
Their bellies are big, even need funerals.

Naveed Akram

# The Art Of Beauty

If this beauty lasts I upstairs run,  
For running away is from outside the heart,  
And if this beautiful person is with strength,  
Then almost all of life has begun  
For me to subjugate and then celebrate  
Like the prisoner of faces and fashion.  
I do not understand whether I  
Listen to music  
Or see the artistic talent of an artist  
Like a man obsessed with beauty and all it is strange.

Naveed Akram

# The Art Of Living

May living be an art for the curiosity,  
This curious jelly is full of animosity;  
My founder is of my religion,  
He came and objected to a decision.  
This is the jelly we consume so merrily  
In avoidance of fame and discovery.  
The faith we decide is knowing why,  
Why do decisions arrange themselves and lie?

Naveed Akram

# The Assured Numbers

The numbers of this race are elongated  
To see the circles in the sand of our foe.  
One tooth bargains for the entering feud,  
It needs to be chopped off by the chief.

My chin is destroyed by fever of fire,  
The beard denigrates the face of hair,  
So everything designs a solvent of thought,  
With solutes to make the final heaven.

Victory has been assured by the ideals  
That swing to the foreground like ice.  
The ice is too fine, the nice reaction  
Ignites another thought to bedevil the dates.

Naveed Akram

# The Atmosphere

The atmosphere was the higher place  
Of a heavenly proud action,  
Blasts were blowing in the firmament,  
Skies had breezes and winds.  
The general ambience was that of trial  
And trillions of moods swerving for  
Character, melodies of affection  
Struck the head of the household.

It was an admirable mien to forfeit the plan,  
Current problems were abasing the sentences.  
To exult in such rich accommodation risked  
So much, for the clouds above were unsettled  
As the winds breezed and clattered to see the clods  
On the ground.

Naveed Akram

# The Author And The Witch

The witch moved on and struck a spell  
On a man afraid, to compel him towards a cell;  
One cart installed, the witch responded to the decibel,  
Two measures were taken as one kind of bell.

The fire began to burn, furious waves of heat,  
This drawing room was incomplete and full of deceit,  
Coming from the centre of the room was a feat,  
Defeating it began the fire and more to greet.

The witch had postponed her discussion  
And let the complete works of an author be in collision.

Naveed Akram

# The Baking Street

I smiled a slanting street,  
Seldom had I come to such a stinging fear  
As this student of the times and worries,  
This sucking smell of the past flours.

I saw a baking fleet, worried  
About the chief worries,  
And the bread of a fire raging on,  
With students in fleeing mode.

The few passersby wore housetops,  
Looking through the glasses,  
Baking at home's kitchens,  
Feeling the warmth of their fires.

I saw a fading dream in the lives  
Of men who felt too many stings  
Of money and power,  
Dining for them was a treat too fair.

Naveed Akram

# The Bard's Song And More Fun

One day the bard who thinks barbarically  
Shall sing wondrous hymns of beauty.  
The beauty works within your body  
In a way too demanding of the soul.  
The killing of music is equipping the singer  
With more music and more fun and merriment.  
He churns his songs from within, the innards  
Are singing thanks to his song uttered.  
Loudness was the concern, a bang is not good,  
An impulse of hate and dear lovely music of noise.  
Let the bards sing melodious sentences of joy,  
The same as writing, the same as what the bard is.

Naveed Akram

# The Bath Of Babies

The bathing rooms with fireworks  
Mattered nothing except for the good  
In the stars at the night-sky.  
Steven grinned continuing to pressure  
The hurt for singing and wagons,  
A dream of the west that shall believe  
In swords and guns of the harder kind.

Some men just cooked him in oil,  
Onto the wheels of disintegration.  
Distractions must be produced  
To author a wedding of the higher kind.  
His curiosity was supreme,  
The baths were erring now that curious  
Little fighters caused babies to utter war  
And skirmish of the harder variety.

The hearing of some vanquished others,  
Seeing him on this path heard some say  
The doors of the windowed mansions.

Naveed Akram

# The Baton

I have to begin to laugh,  
So conveying the thought of a tree;  
It bows to the floor of the earth  
That resides on this world.  
I have to worry little, worry small,  
When laces are worn, shoulders  
Are hunched in the arts of your own.  
This fantastic fanatic has stories,  
One overflowing, the other in relish.

Pass the baton of disbelief,  
Catastrophes happen daily, as they  
Disappear within the century.  
I fell into centuries to bid farewell,  
My squids in the jungle of dreams  
Have to hurt, and they must derive  
Their equations of trust.

I begin to already hear men speak  
In wondrous song, delighted skin.  
The sense of the upper-cut  
Rhymes too thin, the rhyming sin  
Manages to knockdown the disbelief.

Pass the baton of this believer  
Swearing on public enemies,  
The whole foe distinguishes itself.  
I have to gain a victory of tin and copper  
To line my jar always on the shelf  
With books as friends.

Naveed Akram

# The Battling Of A Nation

The inevitable battle strikes the awesome nation,  
We call this town a nation of strength, the battle.  
Itself the battle climbs, to put on an action of wounds,  
The unavoidable victory is theirs, the defeat even theirs.  
The battling may become a studied nation,  
The work of bright light, a final lunch and an act of carnage  
That belittles us if we were a nation of strong acts.  
The battle shall learn more from the defeated,  
The vanquished are celebrating an ion and atom,  
The defeated are celebrating an awesome molecule.

Naveed Akram

# The Beach Of Children

The beach and butterfly flew along the sky,  
Feeding loneliness into the light that took  
A slight edge with the act of existence,  
Little do people know the height of nature and its contents.

Peace has to be remembered today,  
Now that the mother of beliefs has commanded  
Us to be poverty and pen, prize and price,  
Like the peaceful and so successful men who hasten.

This music is bleeding from the pen  
That drives a joke at the heartless men,  
Small joy empties into the whole standard  
That faces men whose hastening is of charity.

The charity of the day and the sky is of land,  
Little do people walk and stare to stop,  
Lesser sons and daughters remark  
On their own children with polite trust.

Naveed Akram

# The Beat Of The Brain

The swift beat of the brain  
Suffers no pain in its surprise;  
The soul feels a dried pen of ink  
When calamity befalls a flying leaf.

The swift writers are a goodly thing,  
However much their cloth and sloth  
That speeds up across the ages  
Much loved by the fearful ones.

The clocks have been in their tower  
For so long, and patted me on  
The back with their cellos and pianos  
Of joyous music that we enjoy.

The brains of the men who fought  
Lack virtues, and somewhere  
There is a retreat of heavenly surprise  
That lengthens and manages.

Naveed Akram

# The Beautiful And Necessary

The beautiful world is necessary,  
It is inscribed by the worlds and places;  
The beautiful earth is of clay,  
What human is not acting of this?  
I feel the heaviness of sin as I deplore  
The strictnesses and the lights of houses,  
A family beset by familiar troubles  
Spells out more tonsils for the offences.

The beautiful doing is perfect, like the sea  
Of the heart, a real mixture of blood  
And words from the heavens, anxious men  
Have a remedy for all these insanities.  
But are you wary of the frankness?  
Or is frankness the way to victory?  
My beautiful ways are beauty and the mien  
Of offered sacrifices, like the character  
Of men who delve into witchcraft.

Naveed Akram

# The Beauty Of Doing

Doing is in the beauty of the doing,  
What you do is naturally beautiful and cute,  
Waging war, escaping ruin, establishing care  
And entertaining others.

Everything is to be done, in the righteous globe,  
Love is my offering, love is my beauty and soul.  
Doers are wonderful like the falling rain,  
Fulfilling the growth of fruits and benefits unimaginable.

We do and we do, we say and we do, feeling and feeding,  
Like the ocean and its waves, like the light through a  
Vacuum, as fast as light, as fast as worlds winning,  
For we see what is invisible, hear the disallowed.

Our deeds are measured on patience, suffering is glad,  
Pain is offered by the infirm and weary, offering this  
Is like offering to mankind a share of food and glory,  
Charity begins where the heart bleeds and learns.

My heart is my soul, and my soul is my heart, that ever  
Beats due to the Designer, He works in a miracle of worlds.  
His Hand is a Visitor, His Throne is everlasting in the light,  
That stars shine mathematically and physically.

Naveed Akram

# The Bed Of Water

Much is trained in the rebel who teaches us  
What to do and something retaliates in the plagues  
That much distraughtly without the need to plunge  
Into blushing roses sitting on bridges of ice and water.  
Much is then outside in the bed of water,  
Shooting the underground images so lost on the red  
Page, fixing a detour of the offering, a little light  
So damnable to the ordinary eye.

These masks contaminated, we feel freedom with  
Consideration as the muzzles of puppies are emotionally  
Removed from them, in the sense of a party proliferating.  
Once the gain of the audience is mused,  
An audition is resented for this trained rebel,  
Who sees rats and mice with fierce recognition.

Much is talked over with spirits of the odious spirits,  
Hate is an instrument onto another one out of the blue,  
Much trained in tragedy will dine on the laid-out food.  
A table is spread out to invite the intelligent conversation  
Or the intellectual court of lawful candidates.  
One sees a hearing of the criminality.

Naveed Akram

# The Beholding

The countenance of God is gazed upon by the unique,  
After the soul is committed to the trials and tribulations,  
After the body exhausts itself in prayer, while in absorption  
Of blessings and divine help.

This road to the beholding or beatific vision shall be admired  
By the priests who live among messengers and disciples,  
Carrying wisdom from their bellies, watching the songs  
Being played on the wind instrument, the instrument of joy.  
They count on their fingers the prayers and supplications,  
Willing to divide their treasure and pray forever.

Naveed Akram

# The Best Entertainment

Television is the best entertainment,  
Feeding pictures into the mind of the lover;  
A letter is regarded by some to be fortunate,  
Feeling out the rare sum, the righteous bundle.  
The forsaken youth is a test for all those seeking  
Pleasure in the political realm, a reality minced.  
My show is the brilliant stem of growth,  
Inhabiting the real clock, a devilish tool for  
The hearty and lonesome alike,  
The frenzy has been aborted.  
My fear is in the ear, my frailty came with my eyes  
Sighting a tragedy, the fearful dove swimming  
In the air with alacrity, finding, and finding.  
Let the show stagnate into nothingness,  
So many could hear the applause of death.

Naveed Akram

# The Best Food

The best of us abstain from the food  
Of lovers, the food of blessings, and the food  
Of taste. This bursts and revolves around the stomach,  
My science is my conviction as I eat these words,  
The worlds of industry are open to me,  
Like doors to the pleasure-realm.  
As I bite the candles of heaven, a flame  
Is extinguished to be replaced by feeling  
And emotion, the same recipe of love.

The best of us supply our food,  
As fathers gather the halves and wholes  
Of food, we remind the elders to clothe  
Their winters, and afford their summers.  
I like to eat and consume barrels,  
Plates will object to the style of consumption.  
My banquet is my door to the other side,  
As it is the request of my personage,  
And I dissolve these surroundings  
So that one day my offspring will venture  
Forth into the rights of dainty dishes.

Naveed Akram

# The Best Love

He seemed to be the best horizon,  
He seemed to grow like the ordinary,  
But she never fasted from food,  
Yet she never tasted the sauce of zeal.

He fastened his shirts with love,  
He smoothly painted with his brush,  
To this day that daughter was brisk  
And to this year she fights for her soul.

Prayer enters the hearts of those who listen  
To the words of a heavenly spring,  
Or the glistening of it,  
Or the rushing furious fluid.

Better is the butter stored in the cave of love,  
A love of the letter and heart is again instilled.

Naveed Akram

# The Better Beauty

The better form of beauty is from the eyes,  
Ears love equally and lovingly from the very sound.  
The sounds augustly resonate smoothly when  
Legions of photons discuss their existence.  
The better form of beauty resides in the heavens,  
Dying happily I regret not the universe's woes,  
Nor the jingle of hearts as they expire and grow tall.

The height of laughter enters the hearts of men who  
Cause the effects of history, and bend the stalwart men.  
These are the nights of difference, and lights of pain,  
The days of disaster and the rights of a blaster.  
Regions make other regions unhappy, but we are solid  
And liquid and gold, full of resonance like the sounds  
Around our eyes and ears as they falter and sway.

Naveed Akram

# The Binding

A binding with faith is a madness of the wood,  
Those afflicting the prose are against the dread;  
Much of a mutated being prolongs its stay here,  
But the binding of the people who live in the wood  
Is speaking to the disease and illness of some rude stone.  
The magic that is binding has alleviated the suffering,  
Those in pain are walking and laughing to feed  
The trillions who swear to their faith and say a sight  
For the truly blessed, it is kind of the wood to burst  
With such heat that the night's day has turned sour.  
My morning is a primeval place, one surrenders  
To the sunrise every time one has included the redress.

Naveed Akram

# The Birds

The birds are singing out aloud,  
This dream starts now, so be!  
Let answers cry so high in cloud,  
A flight ability.

In this design is the one star,  
A son and a daughter;  
One moon cannot be a pulsar,  
So how is it darker?

We fit in wings as well as legs,  
The realness over us;  
We walk and fly and so it begs  
To find a home faultless.

You watch and you have learnt the most,  
So then the knowing makes  
Us proud of all the same coast,  
To offer these, these cakes.

Naveed Akram

# The Birth Of Food

The birth of a biscuit combines my mind with my body,  
Hardening the soul, hardening the mighty heart;  
May hearts collide in innocent gestures,  
Love has been tasted by the birth of an ingredient of love.  
Mighty remembrance has been loved and liked,  
Gestures of a table combine with the mighty arms and legs.  
The biscuits and dishes and fishes work on their own,  
Finding a concept of philosophy and knowledge.  
This is the birth of food and cookery,  
That chefs may discover in their youth.

Naveed Akram

# The Black Ocean

The black ocean and the awesome red sea;  
And the orange sun sent by the whole deity;  
Also, the joyous water over its salt, its minerals  
That combine and permeate the water world,  
As my shovel for the losing liquid is handled by the gods.  
There is a mile or two of land found with darkest spirits;  
Forty years have been of a life without sticks and water bubbles;  
A fond memory, the prepared substance  
For a survival,  
And a glove of strength, a gauntlet of stiff nature  
Up the arm, the forced limb of strength.

Naveed Akram

# The Black Sea

In the term of office we call the presents of festivals,  
The black sea is offended by the great sea,  
As of this moment it is angered from above,  
It is the black problem we are against.

Fulfilling satisfaction has taken a nuisance  
By telling tales of the black ocean with its blue,  
And we more than one know swimmers of scent  
And merciful are the boats on the surface.

The blood is tidy, we are intelligent,  
As much as gold mixed with diamond,  
Like the black ocean and blue sea,  
As hard as the concrete of shelter.

Naveed Akram

# The Black Sky

The black sky inhibited the rays of the sun,  
Or so I thought of the stars that ran amuck.  
These smaller wonders sparked ideas  
As they appeared like shadows, and I had won  
Their favours to the very letter.  
My nights swallowed with fortune,  
Swelling up within the limbs  
And counting the gold that it owned  
And translated into coins of the higher kindness.  
The pain of the night spun and swooped  
So that teeth of the black sun were found  
By those with the funds to last and deliver.  
I think of some stars as suns,  
But do sons always obey their fathers  
Or are they little dwarfs?

Naveed Akram

# The Blackened Mansion

A mansion blackens due to the night of its laughter,  
You similarly betray nobody when you are the house.  
A palace erected by decency corrects the longest paper,  
You artistically endeavour from a seat to express his concern.  
A many-sided argument is unleashed by the sword  
Whenever doors collapse when rickety and loose at the hinges.  
One turn for them overturns, capitals are punished people  
Of the country's city, cities are you, they reflect yourself anyway.  
One refutes the old saying found in the yards of the dwelling  
Called cherished home, a wonderful companion is in view.

Naveed Akram

# The Blind Of This World

The many blind men of this world  
Function for the brutality occurring.  
The blindness is a separate issue  
Known to man, but man is then at loss.  
When he drives his car, the blind seek  
Their thoughts, only a car can be bought  
And brought. This seemly love for transport  
Occurs, and reoccurs with insight.  
The intellect is hidden of the righteous vehicle,  
A vehicle called the car,  
That does not hurt nor maim the man  
Who is with eyes that see, or ones that do not.  
The many eyes roam the Earth with truth seen,  
The blind can not see, so recover then drive safely.

Naveed Akram

# The Boa

The boa is a darling snake,  
I find him in North Africa as a lake.  
I find him in Australia to spend an arrow.  
He is the concise constrictor,  
Feeling hind limbs is busy of payment.  
Their young are ignorant of youth,  
Youth is a barrier to crawl under  
To constrict, to allow heavenly favours  
To the seeds and deeds.  
He is a South American anaconda.

Naveed Akram

# The Boer Wars

The two wars are those Boer Wars,  
Bent on mastery of a continent too southern.  
There was Majuba Hill, a defeat of number one,  
A British nation, a link can be found of profundity.  
'Native Affairs' are won by the Boers  
In their peace, in their very peace.  
Victory was peace, aliens were among them,  
They brushed with death, brushed with life  
And sworn secrecy, only it is known.  
They brought hatred to the world with wars,  
Raiding each other and weaving a silent web.  
Isolated they had no chance, the British were defeated!

Naveed Akram

# The Box Disappears

The box disappears from the twilight,  
Then the sun appears to justify the success;  
One boxes the bags for delivery,  
As one opens the bars that stain the city.

I have a box of the illnesses that shine,  
Performing a memory of the later song;  
Offered to some are the realities of greatness  
Shining like a shining star or sun of good life.

This brought on a weakness in the ages to come,  
This ill way performs upon the religious senses  
Straining me as the swifter wind, the likeness  
Of these winds is of the higher kind.

Naveed Akram

# The Boy Of Books

A boy of poisonous waters wades further and drinks copiously,  
He is too poor for the books, for the reading of enlightened stories.  
A book is enlightened by him, for a book is a soul of poverty,  
The rich are in heaven, entering the pages of papyrus, gasping never.  
You will enter the house because it is a mansion, thanking you if you  
Are clean. Even the poor heart is a good heart, a boy of books is poor.

A boy is mounted on a donkey, keeping his heart open for love to enter  
His life once more, his heart is influenced by the clay of the soil,  
Communicating with us, commanding us with his mounted being.  
You will hear men penn words describing him loudly and with praise,  
Full of words that are words, of many decisions, words are dangerous;  
On sitting down, a hardship approaches and takes away blessings.

On a tearful day, the boy of books sells his last quarter of stock that strides  
In the minds of readers who are wealthy and powerful and mighty.  
They are full of sayings and beliefs, so absorbing and absorbed, we have  
Imbided the nature of distress embarking onto relief, a gathering of good.  
There is no reversible cry, no full measure of crime, no full distress of dismay,  
Just he is convinced that we are happier than animals and primitive men.

Naveed Akram

# The Boy Soldier And The Military Man

Let the boy ridicule the military man,  
How cruel could words be uttered in Afghanistan.  
Akimbo with all spitefulness, like a rascal son;  
And booming with hatred and abomination.

Lend him to argument of rigorous use,  
And let the boy address the military man for a truce.  
Or give him bullets whose solid teeth,  
Are piercing and sharp for perhaps a 'wreath'.

For his teeth appear to be across his face,  
Showing from grinning, there in case  
The serviceman decides to shoot the boy-soldier  
From his spot, and deliver himself from danger.

Naveed Akram

# The Brave Genius

Accepting the brave man is called genius,  
Elated by him, you strive and be grateful;  
The joys of youth are always heroic to be born.  
Kind gratitude is the rule of your hour,  
Heroes uplift the memories of a day in unity.  
A magical beast of music is to leave us awhile,  
Framing a question too profiteering,  
Like the philosophical messages of this jupiter.  
One murder is called a planet of weakened serum,  
Opening the doors to unity like the gates of killing.  
Why does the brave, blind man liberally contemplate?  
It is due to the enthusiastic spree and the ideal day.

Naveed Akram

# The Bridge

The bridge has passed its test, forever,  
And we collect the truth about our travel,  
Like the goings of a monster.  
Cars and trains can save our life  
From the outdoors and the foul creature called a bridge.  
It is the car which is more than the train,  
I can not conceive of a more suitable pain as the car.

Naveed Akram

# The Bridge I Crossed

Very grand was the bridge I crossed,  
Forward I marched in the steps of my father;  
The world knew a little heaven and hell,  
But the lesser crimes were to be committed.

Then the bridge was told to be new,  
The effort spoke everyday, like a fortune  
And a hell likeable, in front of you;  
You are in close proximity to the bomb.

A great bridge had been crossed  
By the jeep of speed and velocity;  
A jeep is all it needs to arrive at last,  
The last sting was made a century ago.

Naveed Akram

# The Bright, Good Man

A righteous man involves himself in politics,  
The rare delights are shared by the one who loves.

The gear of the gestures creeps in too late,  
Fixing the abode, surrendering to doom and gloom.

My man is innocent, he concocts the puzzling mood,  
So hatred resides in its bed, to stagnate and die.

One loves him day after day, to feed the glow of warm  
Summer, and cold winter, and beautiful spring.

The autumn showers subjugate the manliness,  
It rains due to poor health, and that is a blessing.

The illness is saved eventually, due to godly takeover,  
The chariot is conquered, a real farce is the fact.

Why do words object to the praises of this lord?  
When do we visualise the brightness of a man such as he?

Naveed Akram

# The Brown Bear

Into the brown bear was the bullet,  
Passing through as if adequate.  
It was a Kodiak bear, in Alaska,  
Opening too much, clever as a comma,  
Frustrating the children of our family  
Without the concern for their safety.  
Sadly, we circumvented the monster,  
Inside the region of the debtor.  
We perceive and discern the awkward tree,  
This cone-bearing tree too banging and mighty.  
We instead deceived the bear, always roaring,  
Like a grizzly, but not at all, just defying.

Naveed Akram

# The Bullet

We must prise out the bullet,  
Keeping relaxed heads also in health.  
Your head and heart are linked,  
From the systems it is risked.  
May brothers of risk be certain,  
Can your existence seem like a sister?  
They have interrogated you  
Once your heart is relaxed.  
Who will act together with you?

Naveed Akram

# The Bullet Of The Masses

To feel the bullet of wine is to forsake the entities,  
To wear the flesh of an imperfect animal is destroying it,  
As reasoning is less every day and every year.

My rifle is locked, now that your soul has disappeared,  
The target is dragged on, the solution whistles past,  
I have to condemn a soul for living as the bullet of wine.

If souls end, their disgrace is in sight, feeding the masses  
Tomorrow and today and yesterday, feeling the forces of signs,  
Defending the region of the whole heart, an expanse of perfection.

In the sacks of gold, there are solutions for all who live under the sky,  
A gun relaxes, a myriad of voices enter the heart, as a bedazzled public  
Respond to the call of fools and liars, righteous and pious, cold and warm.

Naveed Akram

# The Burning Forest

The environment collapses in triple ways,  
The world's forests are ablaze, inaccessible blaze.

Naveed Akram

# The Burning Is About

The situation was the scene of scorching heat,  
Its locale pondered, scorched like kindled candles,  
Offering us whims of a superior future,  
Its aspect was bound to the body offering me some  
Of its lines so linear, returning to the origins  
Of the seat this side of town.  
My touchline offered a lie, a dying act,  
Little doing was committed  
As the king was perpetrating bending  
Of the rules that followed.

The pole of criminality was surrounded by light,  
A touchline passed meant these days of finding,  
The hailstorm harnessed our reins of light,  
From the scorching of the seething heat.  
Let this snowfield be an enemy of the state,  
The constraints are fiddling the arena of cold freezing,  
The burning is about.

Naveed Akram

# The Butterfly

The butterfly in the blessed sky looks up and sways,  
Futile flight is a gesture of the polite, a moment of days.  
I see cacti as we buy credible toys from the market-place,  
Stinging is singing, like the crying dolls over my race.  
Moisture is the opposite of judgment, as the toys come alive,  
A texture has appealed to our senses and feelings we contrive.  
Bust of the earth is sculpted by brothers of the day so complete,  
The butterfly sets itself on the face of the effigy so concrete.

We cheat, we beat and we chime like bells going crazy and mad,  
The butterflies arise, with arguments of the heavenly sad.  
An innocent man aroused the mind's eye, meteors are mighty,  
An angry man aroused the menacing mind, so like an absurdity.  
The butterfly arose from forms of utterly brilliant bravery and brevity,  
It flew from one hatching sky, it devilled with the opposite longevity.  
Textures, sessions and praises are the tables of this party and start,  
The human partners outlive the shining spectacle of a butterfly apart.

Naveed Akram

# The Caliber Of The Worlds

The caliber caresses a human being with rationale,  
This thinking distends and preoccupies other thoughts  
And concepts that we despise, like the old punctures.  
This tendency to despise mollifies the despotism  
As the careers of the rich concentrate and are regional.  
Contemplative mnemonics shall appeal to the astute,  
The connectivity arises from accentuation,  
Forward do the suns shine in this indented universe.  
For it expands and loosens the broader hurries  
And it hastens forwards little by little with expanding  
Cries and fortunes of the cries that die and live.  
The contingent beliefs relive and retry to overstate,  
This philosophy regarded by some as illiterate  
Is really so intelligent that worlds smash like the air.

Naveed Akram

# The Cannon

The cannon was graded as I peered inside,  
It shot its milk that spilt on the other table  
Called a world of dangers and words of doubt,  
Injuries seemed like rain and ever so red.  
This cannon magnificently heard the possibilities,  
Sparkling breath was brought by the ignition,  
An engine was a deception of the highest guilt.  
Rich and uninterested was the man who shot,  
Clever and dead were the casualties so fixed,  
The derelict pier seemed so excited.

An ugliest sight remained on board the raft,  
My funny feeling was that boats after ferries  
Flung their cargo whilst the bolts were loosened  
And smothering on the crowd of non believing mayhem.  
The tender muscle fell apart, in the sense of bursting  
And all it contains with cannon fire.  
Goodness knows the careful craft  
So alive and afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# The Carriage

The carriage held a death for the hasty,  
We slowly drove through the forest  
With a demon fixed there, some mortal  
Lunacy was afoot, like the offering of a lamb.

The gods were forsaking you today in the woods,  
Craving for blood and flesh;  
Their lessons numbered one thousand,  
Twice they objected to the truth.

The carriage was gaining a thought for speed,  
Grain and granules sped past with mockery,  
The velocity of a tank was felt by all who were ridden,  
Feeling like a successful emotion that came.

The blood and flesh remained tonight,  
In this mighty head, so innocent and dry.

Naveed Akram

# The Cave

Return to the road we love in some time,  
This time is to enjoy as we tread and climb;  
We reach and then cry, we stretch and make efforts  
Too strange, for we can ride pleasurable comforts.  
The summit of my hidden mountain is blamed  
For my pain, for the pain is worse I claimed.  
The foot of this mountain has a cave too eerie,  
I formed it with my imagination drowsily;  
I must excite the page on this day to keep the cave  
That delivers safety to my soul believing I am brave.

Naveed Akram

# The Century Is To Trust

To the century is trust of sadism,  
Toy the balloon of trust and faith,  
Been the beauty, been agnosticism,  
A religion has born from a wraith.

To the millennium is madness,  
An anxious feeling all-encompassing,  
Like the moors to ride and find sadness,  
Even in the light of the trespassing.

My days and nights are numbered,  
Forever, we wait in duels and afterward.

Naveed Akram

# The Cerulean Sea

A cerulean sea awaits the canorous music  
Understood by the land, after the way we begin.  
Screeching past us, the waves of pleasure corrupt  
Us where the fraternity displeases and shocks.  
One's scrawny body swims and lives within,  
So that some people are steady, and also speedy.  
Sparse droplets of water emanate from the sky  
So blue like the sea that shines.  
Fluffy clouds crowd around the arsenal of fuels,  
To be damp and murderous, tiny and poor.  
I have finery in them, fine works in them,  
Your momism extracts blessings more than this.  
It was a bumpy ride to the clouds,  
Now that I know everything.

Naveed Akram

# The Challenger

The challenger is the astrologer of facts,  
He charges at your soul with lines of hate,  
Challenging you with dodging thoughts,  
Wary ways, badges of devastation, and always  
The avenging is strong like the head aching.

Even he fried your brain with nervous issues,  
A hedge was built to separate the lifestyle,  
Ginger was ingested by the tongue to afflict  
A man who would argue with the absence of garlic,  
The challenger is not a machine of just upbringing.

One is injured and hurt, fraught with difficulties so  
Inward and lame is your habit of the righteous men,  
Kiss the shoulders of a proper man if he speaks  
Against the challenger of thoughts that are in your  
Possession. Keep to the integers of some sight.

Naveed Akram

# The Chamber Of Hell

The chamber of extreme sin is like Hell,  
Going on would excite my shoulder.  
This escaped, this I know, this I know,  
This escaped and let Hell loose.  
The chamber of horrific comfort  
Expelled members of sin, those who sinned.  
This sinning person wants to know why  
He is a devil, but why is he something evil?

Naveed Akram

# The Character Of Youth

I can scarcely tell the character of youth,  
Nature is young with fruit, it ripens many times;  
Full of fever, young men and women define  
The basis for their lives, the ones that value us.  
Judgment is infinitely better when minds are sane,  
You can plod for hours working miracles,  
But youth shall never arrive, forming tennis and sport.  
Isn't the face so wild with glory?  
Isn't the old age with us?  
What is more than youth when charity bellows?  
My young trance travels to dislike the danger  
Attributed to life as we perceive it,  
The data corrupts on the mind, it fails.

Naveed Akram

# The Charm Of An Instant

Towards the statements I make comes a lorry or truck,  
Instead of their wheels my words I take in my stomach.  
The hunger of a puck is about and around the world,  
Food enters the mouths of motors and trains, unfurled.  
I see a dream of words that muttered from the heart,  
My sweetening rains fell on the days I have to part.  
This day my crimes foretell us and our ills,  
The fishes of the sea and the harmony carry chills.  
Once the suddenness of the hills of water and land  
Melts into one instant, a favourable flight has us beforehand.  
The real fighting has occurred from the farms and charms,  
May the readying of faith count as one of the harms.  
The real eve of battle celebrates the few who learn to live,  
Any coward surrounding us shall lift and abstain from being active.

Naveed Akram

# The Chaste Poets

A reward of water is a penmanship for the poet,  
He drinks words along the air and waters, the seas  
Beckon to him, signatures are signed at last.

The weight of the bicycle is the doing of the poet,  
It is the prophetic message of a bygone age,  
The mass of the earth is unfurled before the poet.

One has seas of curvatures and societies that sting,  
Witnesses have uproars like the times of gestures,  
And the judgement has been passed inside the verses.

One has a head too polite, one has a mastery of light,  
Straining the eyes with a coal-fire, the hearth is sung,  
From the bottom of the well that houses the poetry.

A cause of the enlightenment is again the surprise,  
The reward of water encapsulates a stigma and change,  
Those poets gain blessings from the outcasts and saints.

Naveed Akram

# The Circle Of Seating

From experience I glanced at the circle of plush seating,  
And my argument started to run like the bones  
Under my skin, leaving marks was all a wide grin.  
By a slight movement my embarrassment had to begin,  
It was futile to envy the sinner of pure black eyes,  
He was a valid accusation when I was the root of illness.  
If I saw anything my mask was without approval,  
As I left the Milky Way and resided in a cabin  
That jaundice kept for the cool, a way of retaliation.  
As I stared at the wonderful ceiling, the pages burned  
Inside my mind towards the fulfilment of worries and dreams.  
Let a carved man see the goal for his sculptor  
Who produces fine wines needed in this galaxy.

Naveed Akram

# The Circuit

The circuit of artificial men stammer and stain  
The clothes with juices of engrossed men,  
A caviar is sent, a turret is in the midst of us.  
One finds a carbon dioxide molecule inside us,  
The circuit follows me afterwards to taste  
And hinder the breathing one, who never states  
The weather of a past affair.

The saviour of the ideas is here in heraldry,  
To see animal signs and the progeny of the priest  
Is special like the grazing grass animals,  
Wading into the towers of such strength and length.

Naveed Akram

# The City Children

Around the city places are particular children  
Wandering like cruel expenses during the day,  
And only in the night do children sleep in the city,  
But the city does not turn off its lights in the deep night.  
When do they spin the cars and race in the city?  
In the night the children play as if wondering,  
When they wonder the lights go out.  
What does the mission entail?  
A commencement of hostilities, a burning desire,  
One of alacrity and higher purpose than any older person.  
Those wise men in the whole city rely on the night  
To quell the minds of the young, the young who might bite.

Naveed Akram

# The City Itself

The city placed itself with light tonight,  
I cause the cars to swerve and be alright.

Naveed Akram

# The Climate

The climate we spring from is hot,  
So hot and heavy, in a live manner such a lot.  
Eruptions meander in our minds with fighting balloons,  
These works of man, and all the baboons.  
Mountains cried from heavy damage  
As the lava has spread too much abusage.  
It rebounds from the mirror like a photon  
That seeks a target of anxiety like dawn.  
We are following laws of weight, hardened by time  
As the laws that hurt in fury and anger, the real climb.  
A claim is committed of a real man,  
He is hating the hot and warmth as he can.

Naveed Akram

# The Clothes Of The Universe

The clothes of a welcome man are solid,  
He wraps himself up in silk and cheese of the flesh;  
The prayers at night seem like mathematics,  
Half of them smash into the wars of old nature.

Add those feelings to the other side,  
A little feeling is a little emotion  
When you play to be the subtractor,  
As far as the eye can be seen by eagles.

Read me when you are fine and hurt,  
Cast away the clever cats so that hurts  
Curtail the tails of the tough life,  
Much has enormous life and addition.

I have to add the recitations of old nature,  
Their mathematics are universal  
For their phenomenal universe is a cosmos,  
Kinsfolk object to the intentions of old stars.

Naveed Akram

# The Cloud

Your tree of hounds collapses in your eyes,  
Colder to the touch you supervise them as if forgotten.  
The rains should cease, they should just stop falling  
As their clouds uniformly clip those parts of the land.  
My thoughts of life contain also the life inside the house,  
We land on states of merriment to be majestic and crazed.  
The trees have fallen in the winter for reasons known to Nature,  
Yet summer kisses us devastating us killing us with heat.

Naveed Akram

# The Clown

A famous clod rescues nobody in this world,  
A transaction is being made for all this recent world.  
The clown or clod reads into books of logic,  
Demonstrating damage, filling the time,  
Accusing us and his pupils of all the crimes.  
A clod who worked hard enough to ruin  
Has escaped and not spoken to our mouth.  
The ruins are mountains of spoken language,  
The towers suddenly convert us into aliens and clods.

Naveed Akram

# The Cold

The cold is a stranger and a cost,  
To all these students of cool nature,  
To all the trees I decide to occupy,  
And remark on cruel beginnings  
As a warm feeling, a wonderful laughter,  
And a welcoming emotion.  
The cold is a stranger but also a cost.

Naveed Akram

# The Cold Cosmos

Until I die  
The weather will turn cold  
And suns will pound on the Earth  
With ever vigour  
As my contest wins again.

The competition is vaster than seas,  
My action is my speech  
And the blind men will speak  
About their grievance  
As stars profoundly disturb the cosmos.

Until my life begins  
The art of living will start  
After the underground remains dark  
And the light of the day  
Announces itself with sight.

My death and life is for the loving  
Of different cards of play  
That materialise from heaven  
In their awkward manner  
That very law of the cosmos.

Naveed Akram

# The Colour

The colour must be changeable,  
Resetting the vision of our ancestry;  
One feels garrotted to be worshipped,  
But even the cases of relish have survived.

This amazement has confused me,  
When colours need to change,  
Like the muscles contracting  
And the peace of the bust that says nay!

A key value has enlightened the past,  
With terminals of cathode and anode,  
Discerning the truth of electric signals  
Inside the senior citizens essentially.

A pole has launched itself to the moon,  
Shifting habits with our crust and shape;  
The earth and the soil of its creatures  
Inhibits what is between.

Naveed Akram

# The Conscript

The conqueror was a script,  
I read him like a script;  
He invaded my life as if to die,  
And later he awarded me with death.  
My cattle are not shrewd,  
They need conquering like the baffled.  
Let those who conquer me  
Like being dead like the hauled men of Hell.  
The written conquest delved into trouble,  
When there was no trouble like death.

Naveed Akram

# The Constant

Constant energy is surprising for us,  
Inner turmoil resides in your shell.  
For the conspiracy is not absent  
Of law being blamed for the self-destruction.  
A constable acted lawfully for your energy,  
The considerable degree of excellence is exhibited  
By the crew. What splendid peace! What absolute peace!  
Silence is the issue of the energy,  
An accusation is confirmed,  
And the enigma is solved.  
Degrees of crime are defined by the law.

Naveed Akram

# The Cooked Meat

When rice and milk and oranges and white icing  
Do their best to make you happy;  
I speak to you a moment for the luxury,  
I snuggled into the armchair.  
I stood up in it as a child of the room,  
A kind of food yielded as a happy heap.  
I saw that the cook had lost her situation,  
The snatched meat would suffice as humans could.  
"I wish, " she said suddenly, " we were on a sunny shore,  
Where there can't be any whooping-cough."  
I can see food for all those in this room,  
And there is no cough waiting.

Naveed Akram

# The Cosmic Light

The cosmos is full of painful sparkle,  
The purity is so immense this way,  
Its devoted ends are folding in, like a mattress  
Or a tube of hardness, that wraps around.  
The space will define the space,  
The times of the day and night are stages  
Of staggering stags, seen in the light.

Twinkling, winking and defining the changes,  
Stars become a starlight, fighting the pixels  
Of light and sight, seeds of flowers in the night.  
This cosmos, this joy to bring to the fore,  
Enlightens my sound of manhood.  
The cosmic rights are sounding of voice,  
Retaliating in fright, reducing the sights of moons  
And stars that collide and die,  
Of all the supernovae.

Naveed Akram

# The Cosmos

Bigger work is taking place in the cosmos,  
In this progress is a big telling for the tiros  
Of space and energy, in the middle of a firmament,  
In the sky of grace, always a place abhorrent  
For a man in space.

Work is on, work can be fun in the universe,  
When stars shall combine and also disperse.  
Tiros of astronomy shall collect telescopes  
And become a management and microscopes.  
For there are people who are in space.

Naveed Akram

# The Countess Of Heaven

A heaven, the countess,  
Not the king of jewellery and speak;  
A heaven overshadows our thinking  
While awake, innards change  
To match the organs of despair  
That spirits sprint at with guilt.  
My heaven eventually is disbelieved,  
My gorgeous gentry on Earth  
Fade into a climate of fame.  
My heaven is astounding - changing.  
Many of the Paradise are silver - some gold.  
Mighty stars of thinking-size astound us - what pride!

Naveed Akram

# The Country

This country has a beginning,  
Instead the work becomes an ocean.  
Oceans boil up to the top,  
The sea is blood and gore.  
When you stay in a city,  
This inland place is your home.  
How does the city reflect  
Your eternal being at all?  
Why do cities and towns keep running away  
From normal people?

Naveed Akram

# The Course Of Life

To see me frightened of the course in life,  
My scared duty abides buttoned in the course of life.

To see the cherished being from around the clock,  
A rotund man harries and is cottoned in his course of life.

The lectures of the spirits and dust abide herein,  
Working their faces in the world fattened in this course of life.

I am stunned, altogether, in my shorts and shirt,  
Hearts are owned like tin cans so straightened in this life.

Ours creates jealousy, we feed this ache, so fully,  
So that we are penalised and shortened in my whole life.

I live to see the tales of this proud folk,  
Who are they that are sweetened, in this life of a life?

Naveed Akram

# The Course Of Swords

The tracks of swords are omniscient,  
Difficult to behold, hard to distill,  
Unarguably all-powerful like the created  
Beings stirred by imagined spirits.  
Conquests burden the buried plains,  
Where the undead roam grunting and gravely  
Hunting, housing the dead heart,  
And the tongue of death so great.

My arch-devil befriends another demon,  
Feeding the conquered swordsman,  
Then breath entails and breath dispels,  
One draws the sword to sheath the murder.

The argument of the release of prisoners  
Commands a just roll of dice, the very chance  
Of judgement was a lovely war.  
The devils and demons of the husbands  
Are the family of evil strings joined by delay  
As the finding of men disgusted men who ruled.

Let sword be sword, badge be badge  
And medal. The reality of awarding a man  
Is like giving birth to his deeds.  
The befriending of the standing alarmed ones  
Befits the major course of history.

Naveed Akram

# The Course Of Time

I was then in a course of time that ran afloat,  
The coronation of the emperor was upon my own thoughts;  
Seldom do wishes of difficulty concern duty  
And the virtues of a corrupt people.  
The indiscriminate private buildings contributed  
To the general style of a corner of a little town.  
I was saving my strokes, basing my burden  
On the wayfarers of this world who connected with  
The emperor in his gown at night and day.  
Less perfect institutions had regularity,  
The empire was afoot, the empire regained health.

Naveed Akram

# The Coward

O these drums so bold in triumph  
You are dumb and deaf as drums  
Your drumming is charming and sweet.  
This war-ground  
At whose hidden craters sits a house of horror  
Charms my throat and not my ears.  
When he appeared on the field of frost  
In this war I call death and destruction  
I left my generals quaking like bombs  
And fled to the arena of safety  
Frozen by him, caught over the action  
As deadly as Azreal, he warned me.

They are war-like with heaving,  
They are against us  
So they scorn and they jeer  
To defeat us.

Naveed Akram

# The Created Life

In the words of your Creator are many thoughts,  
Let my thoughts be at one with my own likings;  
Then the Creator will make you die, and then you  
Redirect your resurrected body to the full life.  
It is an Afterlife, where you are unique, so unique  
That heavenly stature is your stature,  
And leisure of repose is your repose,  
Looking in the direction of your beloved,  
Seeing and deeming the logical values  
Of a past design, offering mankind a cure  
For the diseases in the other worlds.

One heaven is always many weapons of love,  
Hatred has abated, lovely men and women  
Die and are judged before the throned Lord.  
His kingdom is supreme, that he lets you enter,  
Feeling it in the ways of your soul and residing  
In palaces of light and scenery of jewels.

Naveed Akram

# The Creed Adopted

It is the creed adopted by the lava on the walls,  
His package of instruments displays a colour  
So ideal and straightforward by ourselves.  
My ink runs thin, my stains are a goodness,  
From them lies a ruination of the utmost specialty.  
I like to dine on the ink of the century,  
Offers are taken, offers are made  
For those with an accusation to prove  
And devise in the entirety of ourselves.

My magic is born by the spirit  
Once it becomes my sister and brother,  
And they in turn discover sense  
To be cruel and diligent in the extreme.

Naveed Akram

# The Crown

The crown is up in smoke,  
One tells lies to the queen with a backstroke.  
It flies, it ties with birds of prey,  
To be hunted, the thief is to say;  
But he is to be king and man of steel,  
The very man who wins and fools like a meal.  
The stealer is a criminal of repute,  
To be a kingly man he is astute.  
The queen lied to the king,  
The king vanished like a sting.

Naveed Akram

# The Crowns Were Made

The licking of the crown was the lion,  
Its field of vision was like diamonds  
Shining in the guy of the whole ride.  
He wished for a sudden end to laughing,  
The lion was a student of the praises,  
His firm handhold was a foot of the health.  
He wanted this beast of the brotherhood,  
Towards the guys who rode a horse  
That was a Pegasus, so driven by tastes  
And hues of the highest silk.  
The crowns were made, the crowns were  
Praised. Inside the island of despair,  
We prayed on the shelf of books,  
Beckoning the sailors, beaming on them  
So that no soldier would notice,  
This way that the books were written.

Naveed Akram

# The Crueler Tyrant

I refrain from his thumb of thinking,  
His fingers flicker, his feet fight,  
Never touch his being with a speech.

I must take his warning as a dog,  
A slave of his own house who wastes  
And lasts for the duration of the holidays.

My friendship lasts, but he is the force  
Overpowering my brilliant soul,  
His force is strongly evil and obscene.

My touch is from the heart of the realm,  
His warning is towards the real men and women,  
Stronger than the good that surmounts.

My touch is this paper found by the thoughts  
Of a royal leader, a Roman general of touch,  
A magical atrocity, a mighty force of dread.

His death is after so many words on the scrolls,  
His death is longer than the other sightseers,  
His assassin mingles with the life of a dying tyrant.

Naveed Akram

# The Crust Broke

While she lay the crust broke and we cherished,  
Then we perished as if an earthquake shattered the ground.  
Indeed the shivering of the layers beneath looked right,  
But coldness and hotness were the opposites.  
Shut were our mouths from all of the shards  
In the air and atmosphere, in the sky of blueness.  
Lying on the ground is mostly fortunate and benign,  
But devils are unchained and wreak havoc  
Through the earth and clay of our life.  
The crust today has broken as she lay,  
Lying on the ground is usually gladdening.

Naveed Akram

# The Crying From Misery

The miser has concussion when sick,  
It is unholy and right if you end;  
It contains blessings, the world,  
When holiness has defeated;  
We are holy, and they are so unholy,  
The miser has concussion when sick  
Too sick he is that it matters.

The misery of babies is like angelic crying,  
You have divine nature when child  
And lose when miserable more,  
Like an angel it is, then adults shall change,  
When babies were also them, also them.  
The misery of babies is like angelic crying.

The miser has concussion when sick,  
The misery of babies is like angelic crying.

Naveed Akram

# The Dale

Another top feud appeared like a fruit unripe,  
Reviling, defeating and maligning the rest.  
In this dale boundless with pleasure of highness,  
A principle warm and enticing was begotten.  
The borders of botany do not arise to stop  
And anger the helmets of our people of the dale.  
Flowers have emerged in congress, in action,  
To profit the sights and sounds of this real valley.

Naveed Akram

# The Dawn

What is knowledge? What is wisdom?  
My sight seeks a candle, with a flame,  
And the eyes are finally better, it is  
The candlelight of good shining quality.  
One may be wise when a small number  
Of people are listening and reacting,  
But the light from anywhere is cast  
With such a holiness that the candle is only slight.  
Knowledge this day is relished, abducted  
By the wise candlelight.

Naveed Akram

# The Day

The rhythm of the day is like that of the Sun,  
In highness is its strength, completely to freshen.

Naveed Akram

# The Day Has A Light

To witness the day alights,  
Towards the horizon of pain  
Painting its face with grimace;  
As the night outstrips the day  
The glimmer of hope is not erased  
For the actions of the forefathers.  
Switching to the devastation of the day  
Is like a night of entrails and sewage,  
Opening the doors to plight.  
A hellish brew has been mashed  
With pride, as the Earth  
Revolves around us all  
As we speak in ways of the moon.  
To witness we have achieved the satellite  
So occurring in plight, so barren like bait.  
We offer our praise to pills and pillars  
Of this late hour that mutters a politeness.  
The moons always enjoy the right  
Of their families, to revolve and evolve  
In ways of righteousness.

Naveed Akram

# The Day Shall Be Late

The day shall swear to the books of gold,  
These tomes decide the worth of generations;  
In them a day collides with atoms of the dusts,  
Winds blow them out to the seas of brine.  
The nights become delighted by your illness,  
In their workings a diamond is placed,  
Wishing for some certain proposition  
Outdoing the doors of common men and women.  
This night outdoes the other nights,  
In their loving kindness is a disease of hearts.

Live with those hearts until shuddering happens,  
The days and nights swear that their oldness  
Was a duty for the sick and lame, the infirm lepers  
Stranded in a muddy path of toil and orphans.  
My bending nature is a musical find, a box of relaxed  
Men who pretend to be certain like philosophers.  
In their workings a ruby is placed due to hearts  
Folding into hearts of toil, the everlasting toil.  
Once the toil has been broken by the toys  
We challenge the heartbreakers of this oldness.

Naveed Akram

# The Day's Luxury

You came from the heath and moor,  
Bringing their aromas through my open door;  
They used to see each other, the heath and moor,  
When school broke up, when there were no girls left.

I spoke to you about the luxury of a day  
Which carried a snuggling bear, a teddy bear,  
Impossible to play with all day long,  
In a house of forest and fields.

I saw you wait as if spell-bound,  
An unbelieving little boy,  
Who cherished the land of virtues  
And the acres of friendship.

Naveed Akram

# The Days Spoke

Gone are the days we spoke to each other,  
Smiling is an art to deliver to the mother.  
How do rests and exertions complain  
In the face of danger, the main?  
I love these faces, dishevelled and bleeding,  
Like open doors and windows of a breeding.  
Bled by the sword of mighty health  
The disasters will mind and see wealth,  
As soon as possible, with a deed  
Too grand and cheerful of seed.  
May we distance ourselves from the world  
Outside and inside as faces swirled.

Naveed Akram

# The Dead Have Awoken

This house madly speaks to the throat of wrong,  
Hastening its grasp on the young, a felony has hatched.  
This house runs deep to swallow for the pen  
To write a fortune of darkness, of sheer desire.  
Then the miserable doors creak open, creak loudly,  
For the small are penetrating, these mice squeak like soldiers.  
The rats have risen from the dead, the dead are just not only Undead  
But steep as a mountain, in many garments.  
The Undead have occurred today and not tomorrow,  
For I have cleared the way for the strong and brave,  
I succumb to the realities of the unseen  
As the sun has fallen into my lap.

Naveed Akram

# The Death

I have a death with my name,  
I amaze those with sleep and repose;  
Your innocence today?  
My days are in bereavement  
And grief is a complication.  
Frenzied with youth, a matter  
Has arisen to the life of one:  
Happiness of the hair is written  
Under the trees of revelry,  
For they blow green and naturally  
Like the song of natural death.  
Laughter times itself when wind  
Has arrived, forever in splendour.

Naveed Akram

# The Death Of Love

The death of love is a wonderful emblem,  
Love teases with remorse, and love enjoys.  
One death is one heart in the ruins of the creation,  
The creation spreads to all quarters of heaven.

What do we love according to the realm?  
Love speaks sense of the ultimate variety,  
But love dies accosting reality,  
Love defies reuniting with majesty.

The death of love is about transparency,  
Above holds of power, below the instincts,  
Such that logic entrances the individual  
And the soul then masters and matters.

The deaths of hundreds is the death of  
A thousand thousand hearts, fully immersed  
In love of beings too complete, too imagined  
By controversial speakers; the hearts do enjoy.

Naveed Akram

# The Death Of Lovers

The death of the lover is a living episode,  
My dove flies according to dreams and force;  
The dead men and women are resurrected  
Like the forces and the moments, forming  
A matrix of a death, a mattress of heaven.

The lovers of life will be installed within,  
The souls of the lovers call their whims.  
The death of a light is the enlightenment,  
Delight then in what may enchant the body.  
Light will carry the rumours of the heavens,  
Darkness is of the earth and its premises.

The death of joys brings heaven to all who obey,  
And guidance engifts a revelry to the rules,  
Those with delivery are those with souls of pleasant  
Signs, too many signs inside further signs,  
And so is the death of the souls.

Naveed Akram

# The Death Road

The road to death lasts a fortunate amount of time,  
As simple steps are taken to avoid the authority of time.  
The death has been an event, an event has been the death,  
Like living quarters changed, like enemies slain and blamed.

My death is a sudden affair, too close to the revelry of this Paradise,  
But deadly in intrigue, with eruptions of pain and antagonism.  
This death, this new life, carries a weight of fair consumption,  
So weigh your lean meat, as far as the eye has talented.

They say the dying are our offspring, the dead do dismay,  
And the dying have been our offspring, so felt by those in grief;  
The grave is my journey and destination, my point of departure  
And point of arrival, like the incident not so long ago.

Naveed Akram

# The Decades

To think over Saturn one stays in thought  
For more than five seconds;  
To think over the Moon would entice  
The soul for a few seconds;  
To think over the Earth shall end us  
When the whole world knows better.  
When work of the centuries has shown truth,  
You shall prevail over the decades  
Entering the cast of characters on this planet.

Naveed Akram

# The Deepest Snow

The deeper snow.  
Always the light is growing.  
A pleasure to unfold.  
Above the aching sky was fractured.

In winter  
All the songs are collected  
By the birds.

Then the cold world is again  
My horse and hope.  
My talent is majestic attitude.

Let decoration be the signature  
Of the silent face.  
As the cold night air is dusty somehow.

Naveed Akram

# The Delayer

I delayed the years of my life  
For the fortunate one who livens  
The mood with good doing.  
He gathered wood, and fires  
Were ablaze to burn the souls.  
I delayed the owner of the fire,  
His fire was a lasting measure,  
For the vile acts were numbers.  
Words acted like deeds, rich people  
Desired the richer beings,  
Of this high world that forgives you.

My delay is a forgiven matter,  
Light has guided my youth,  
Like harmful dozens of diseases,  
Little riches have entered the centre  
Of all life that is supreme.  
My expedition into the earth of my soul  
And death is along gathering.  
The majesty of this prime day  
Is full of guidance, full of harm.

Naveed Akram

# The Delight Of Water

The delight of water is of the cavern in darkness,  
Traversing unity, traversing the river of harmlessness.  
We absorb the attitude so warm and calm,  
Infinite peace will stay with fingers and toes  
Instilling happiness with the water of your trance.

You enter, but never sit and stand to see the rights,  
Of your friendship, of your brightness, and the selfish  
One casts its eye on the lips used by the soul in your living.  
Water rests in the belly of the understanding called life  
That refers to a volume of words aspiring to truth.

Water must stay in this land of the vanished one who lives  
Acting in thought and direction, accusing the righteous herd,  
Accompanying the resolute one, feeding the mouth of poor.  
My life is of living the religion called truth, and all the sides  
To the rectangle which starts to collide with harsh shapes.

Naveed Akram

# The Dentist's

Your mouth hurts inside for the pain comes from the teeth,  
Pain is destructive to the teeth, its gums are bleeding;  
Must we learn further help and admiration, or just weep?  
First, the aching stops and then the dentist stops,  
We all feel murdered, but why?

Firstly, mouths are meant for munching, fully chomping  
The food residing in the head, feeding the brain as fast as it can;  
We are not dentists, but full doctors, but full nurses,  
As hospitals go, we stand firm on our teeth chattering away in the cold.  
We felt absurd knowing your teeth.

The main worry was when it made me squirm, and then burn,  
Too late, the drill was performed, with too much work,  
And that was purity and goodness in the process,  
For me, for me, and for those who call themselves the dentist.  
We do find teeth a chore, always to be restored.

Naveed Akram

# The Destruction

The destruction desires a monument to totally destroy,  
This item of worth or token of strength desires you,  
Feeding the energy to simpletons,  
Who fenced with the soldiers with swords.

I see targets of worth, feelings of conjecture,  
Little floating balls are worthy of the persuasion,  
Going strong like the infinity,  
Giving the reality and serenity.

Naveed Akram

# The Details Of A New Religion

To note the details of an age is perfect,  
And to drive a car into chariots is ideal,  
But the soldiers of disbelief are like deserters,  
Fleeing the evaluated beings and sorrow.

To deduce this record we must pay for the old  
And new in same ways to the payment of gold;  
This much is the difference of a day in simplicity,  
Much can compensate for the crying crime.

I impose a new religion on the weak and infirm,  
Those who deviate are splendid and supreme,  
A statue is like them, in the day and the night,  
One force-feeds his own yogurt, a creative chemical.

Naveed Akram

# The Devils Of The Wind

I mean I muttered, too finally  
To myself as the wind turned to snow;  
This barbarous act became the normal  
Work of a devil incarnate, selfish creature.

The wind was the windy devil, the slight  
Imposter of the sand and rain, a feeble  
Actor of the highest dilemma, as the final  
Work revolved around the earth as it stays.

The windy devils congratulated their fire,  
They absorbed the sins of a countless people,  
All their hats and armies fostered belief  
In the destruction of the devils and demons.

I began to mutter ever to myself about the sin  
Residing in some earthquaked hearts, believing  
In something to support the awe that may carry  
Their souls to a different place, where the wind never  
Blows.

Naveed Akram

# The Dignified Poems

These are the poems of dignity of overall nature,  
I am trying to be both wise and clear, sudden and livid,  
So that behaviour entraps the onlooking crowd,  
And stagnates an individual within who looks at you  
And sees unquestionable delights and enlightenment.

My crowd is the whole ocean, the whole of religion,  
And the whole fraternity of gods and goddesses,  
All the poets are assembled here to be reunited in bliss.  
I give those seas an ebb, I give honour to the loved  
And the not-so-loved, feeding magic into livelier parts.

Your king is wiser than all of the community, indeed;  
His wisdom surpasses flavours and textures of the sublime,  
I see his kindness like a blast furnace, offering me a sacred  
Past, a fast enlightenment, and a quick ridicule of my actions,  
For he does not fear the war to be grossly uneven or ridiculous.

The war with words is indignity, for the poets fight with one word,  
And we are all poetry for the undertaking, overtaking proud men  
In the endeavours so as to spear the hearts of the conceited.  
My king is your king, and your king is mine, feeling the front  
Of the forces and the rear pressure, finding a trial to triumph.

Naveed Akram

# The Diver

The diver supremely inquired into speed,  
One rocks faster than the diver himself.  
A little planet erupts from the cosmos,  
As the pledge has surpassed all quarrel.  
The blamed matter argues further to enlighten  
Those men and women of the diver's strength.  
The dived one can ask the sea, and water in general -  
Such questions are reasonable for the pleasure.

A little sea and a little ocean masters us well,  
Then the divinity of water ensues,  
You relax due to light and darkness  
Of the very deep matters.

Naveed Akram

# The Divine Hour

I have achieved much in my divine hours,  
And relentless speeches have issued forth,  
But the remedies of my headaches are good  
Like the rains of a selfish winter or snowy night.

I have much blessing from my mother and father,  
It describes the being of blood and justice,  
This smaller attitude climbs the heart in solitude,  
I have much to say for the plants and botany.

I must have accomplished too much religion in  
The hours of the crying night, in silent vigil  
Or tested pleasure, that famous spider of right;  
It crawls forwards like the marching of saints.

Naveed Akram

# The Divinity

While we saw the divinity to be pleased with,  
The king of demands was set against the dread  
And the fear of a motherhood of evil,  
So much praise was then absent.  
We pardoned the people, and then the tyrant  
Of displeasure, of deceit, of lies and idolatry.

The real price for disobedience hung for men,  
And women and children stung from wasps,  
Feeling the houses of depravity, and their luxury  
After so much suffering was lifted.

Naveed Akram

# The Document

All is true that declines in the worst way,  
All we make a proposal to remakes the document.

The authority of the one who is certain is compared  
With the deceit, the only conqueror of love.

The absolute health is preordained, we imagine the  
Lambs cooked over heat and flame, roasting in sides.

Those who eat the buzzing bees are themselves,  
Wasps are polite, animals are irate, and soldiers command.

We are truer than the turning points of history,  
For love is the formula for the world of truth.

I have the absolute task of rectifying the wrong,  
The opposing party of hearts and ears and eyes.

Naveed Akram

# The Door To The Past

The door is opened to the past,  
Success brings up regret,  
Saving times and being aghast.

Stations of life amassed,  
Ringing on the phone was an asset,  
The door is opened to the past.

My joy justified beauty and blast,  
Resting was actually on a bayonet,  
Saving times and being aghast.

The celebration of a sight is to broadcast,  
On the television like the alphabet,  
The door is opened to the past.

Messing with systems of life fast,  
Creates unemployment and debt,  
Saving times and being aghast.

The story is simply one to last,  
Enjoying a tale that one has met,  
Saving times and being aghast,  
The door is opened to the past.

Naveed Akram

# The Door's Whispers

There was whispering at the door,  
Except for the sigh, and the occult.  
In front of us tore a blade through the crack,  
Concealing the body behind it.

The door is an open object mostly,  
But it concerned me with futility;  
We had to reject the conspiracy theory  
And relate to the stories of ancient weapons.

When we tore the blade away with our swords  
The daggers started to spread around the walls;  
The walls started to endanger our lives  
And we wanted to squirm free.

There was a squeal and a torturous time ahead,  
And every day we would count our blessings.  
This time luck's authority proclaimed itself present,  
Exclaiming our magic, exclaiming the heroic nature.

The blade suddenly vanished and fire caught us,  
The body behind was the fire, and we were caught;  
The body was in danger, the body was in danger!  
Yet we escaped, and we learnt this way.

The door remained shut, tasted our lives  
And the corridors were the getaway,  
Away, away, away we ran, faster than blades,  
And more so, more so and more so.

Naveed Akram

# The Dragon And Dwarf

The dwarf is a fit man, always in slaughter of his soul,  
Many gifts are driven in his path, like eating a casserole  
And dividing the bodies in two on the battlefield,  
More like crucifying a little giant who appealed.  
A dwarf may travel on the back of a dragon  
To slay a man half-alive, and then to abandon  
The dragon. The fearsome one, who lies and dies  
In the full sun, the heat is immense.

We also are human, but you may be so.  
Maybe, the dragon is not small, but you are aglow,  
Like a candle that finishes and bursts into flames,  
With enemies, with foes of hunger, and the claims  
Of regenerating are rare: you need magic of funny fire  
To regrow and double in some full attire.  
I guess a dwarf does not need this fun,  
More humans shall win and lose their abdomen.

Naveed Akram

# The Dream Of Love Changes

Even though the life is a dream,  
My thoughts of you are so very real;  
Those with tragedy, those with comedy,  
Fulfil their tasks of loving in ways of right.  
My light is like a jewel of burning sight,  
It overflows like the fountain of gold.  
The golden life is without a straight road,  
Its deviant acts are not of the golden path.

My life is a dream of worth, of deliberate  
Strain and stress, of materialists in disguise.  
It worries me to see the end of my dream,  
Although the pain of a day is like the broth  
Boiling in the late hours of the night.  
Such landscapes bewilder the hearts of silver  
Shining due to duty, judgement awaits the lovers,  
Judges will flock to see the changes of this love.

Naveed Akram

# The Duck

The duck and the legs it carried  
Were tracks for the whole pool of water.  
A wick appeared on his beak,  
Stacking a little knowledge like this.

We looked after the sowing like the three  
To daunt on, keeping the colour purple  
And all it contains, helping each other  
Where the legs of ducks had married.

One ride is an instrument and all the show,  
Trips will burden me when the duck disappears,  
It disappeared for good, and for worse,  
Little was remembered by me.

Naveed Akram

# The Earth Has Promised

The earth shall cry for the forces of time,  
An event passes, a world collapses,  
This age is against the clock,  
This age belongs to us who weep  
And craft out habits for the future.

The earth has dined forever in this day,  
The floor is dripping with radicals  
As the crust of the world shall be roasted  
Inside and out by the rivers of lava and magma  
That shine wearing their colours.

The earth is so bountiful and beautiful  
That love has adorned the generations,  
Who they cry for is absurdly to reconnoitre,  
Who they are founded on is just that history,  
To be enjoyed and trusted like the worldly indulgence.

Naveed Akram

# The Earth Of Mankind

And I breathed my loudest to die tonight,  
The relics of the past were forgotten due to health.  
By the way of the resonance, my happiness left  
To complete an ordeal of the likeliest kind,  
Feelings and inner feelings were immense  
Like the professors, of the days we studied together.  
Seeing a craft was like sighting godly inferences,  
Manifold reasons were proclaimed  
In this forward motion,  
In these completely new formations  
That utilized the strength and haste  
Of a majestic being in trouble.

My breathing was inside the road we told,  
Yet a bliss concerned the dealings of men,  
The very same righteous men who walked  
The Earth.

Sending the spices of reality and questions  
Was then to interrogate, and sending was a  
Relaxed art.

Let this reality be summoned by the wind  
To carry a new religion into heights  
Of great offerings we call mankind's welfare.

Naveed Akram

# The Eminent Historian

The eminent historian will write books  
For those in love with the crimes in the world;  
The honest historian objects to my place  
In the middle of nowhere, the place of a  
Thousand worlds, in the sight of lace and space.

The lace of the shoes congratulates the role  
Played by those in endeavour and jokey joy.  
The straightforward criminalist wishes for the end  
To begin and the beginning to die forcibly.  
I must cry forwardly, my crimes master me.

These dates and issues are of the role-play,  
They are the martyrs of our history, the role  
Of the century, the offer of war and all it entails.  
The shoes of my feet are worn by my lines  
Offering winds that change direction.

Naveed Akram

# The Enchanted Ones

The constable says mighty dangers abound,  
In the fields where it rains and snows with shivering  
Arms and hurt knees, fully pained legs of slumber.  
These two men in the undergrowth, are according  
To me, a constable's message of divinity.  
To each other they say the witnesses are grating cheese,  
While we too are grateful for the news of direct authority.  
The relationship is keen on keeping a dire warning,  
Thieving is theft by the law, increasing health and wealth  
So strong in its endeavours that evil remains fastened  
To joyously commit acts of treachery, so that chapels  
Disintegrate with time, enchanters destroy one another.

Naveed Akram

# The End Of The Passage

The journal was discovered at the passage's end,  
Overlooked by modern workers, who wandered  
Into regions researched, for they reviewed  
Exactly the sprites and the eggs of gases.

Fair expectations freely made them dodge,  
Green eyebrows were on the agenda,  
As the level of seriousness rose rapidly with writers  
Who claimed their clubs were for beating.

The impatience of a moment handed in the golden  
Jars of dates and other everyday fruits,  
The missing links happened to be present,  
The sprites were freed like a liberty.

Must they break the egg of connivance?  
Energy has been released, and always the urban  
Areas are affected for all time and space,  
Like the sensibility of the whole action.

Naveed Akram

# The English Language

English reminds me of a language too bold,  
Speaking this tongue is like a magical realm.  
In this realm we spoke too audaciously and lovingly,  
To be free and caring about the old, the very youngest old,  
A fine and cosy people of strength in the body,  
That soon overpowered the standards of everyday life.  
English is a spoken language of England,  
The old refrain from the seas of language and thought,  
For the seas mix their sentences and paragraphs,  
Too tired is the sea of too many friends of the water,  
Water is fighting for words that carry meaning  
With the life to save a slave who asks for the life of meaning.

Naveed Akram

# The Enterprise

I have fired the enterprise with outcries,  
My logic curtails the sighing of spring;  
Then comprise me, this time it dries,  
This promise of primroses is a cheering.

Compare the enterprise with declarations,  
The fixing alters me with conspiracies;  
I am the curing and the oppressed of discolourations,  
With further tasks returning to the democracies.

Fill in torment with higher natures that flatter,  
I see the later tasks ahead of my conviction,  
For seeing is sight of course, the platter,  
And sight fixes me in ways of attraction.

Naveed Akram

# The Essence Of The Sciences

The essence of the sciences, is a skill, a skull of illness,  
We stammer when effort sentences the man to energies.  
A scientist shares the entrance of knowledge, his demands  
Are continuous, demonstrating a feeling of goodness  
For society, as the clock kills the clown of Neverland.  
We are in his time of imminent danger, drowning in death,  
For effects are continued by those in personalities.  
A death for a scientist is like a professional reputation,  
It is bravery, it is manhood, it is prison, it is repartee.

When do these men of offices and officials collide with death?  
Death stares at their eyes that stare at death, with flowing rivers  
Of blood after the bullets and the bombs of bombastic speech.  
We stagger at their stillness, a society of men built to eradicate  
And build society, feeling the eels inside their bellies in innocence.  
The sight of a man is like the oil of the plant, the fat of the animal,  
We see a man and woman varied by the times, the effort of deals  
Spanning the centuries, millions of factors and fallacies are against  
The brain, full of momentum, desirous of speed, and working in unison.

Naveed Akram

# The Eternal Song

The eternal song is the soul's long tongue,  
It is the language of the heart in a strong tie,  
Suits of armour carry their love for the others.

The song of the wide world is melodious  
Due to the music of the soul and life itself,  
The existence is built on the heavenly sea.

I hear all the music from thunderous applause,  
The eternal song resounds in my head and heart,  
As the seas abide in the oceans of longevity.

This lasting note of music is found on the lips,  
It courageously demands the highest value,  
It defies the season at which you aspire and attain.

Naveed Akram

# The Euphoria

The euphoria is grinning, enraging, appealing;  
Like the desolate ideas of this century,  
As much as the toad has leapt,  
Artfully crept to the wastes.

My downcast face appears to my sacred nature  
As a face of majestic bringing,  
Pity me in my walk as I sleep,  
Licking the pages of my book.

I see furious modes of existence,  
Callous images are the nodes of my entering;  
So sadistic are their calls,  
That ruthless kings accompany my suggestions.

In high dungeon is the king and queen,  
Too enraged by the crowns that fit with some,  
The cargo was hopping mad,  
Hopping crazier than the snowy remains.

Naveed Akram

# The Evenings

The evenings are sold to prizes,  
I am the one who abolishes;  
Like a famous one, like a bridge to cross,  
When they adventure to and fro.  
One bash in the head is enough,  
To be the accomplice, forming pride,  
And they complicate matters by force.  
They accuse you of mysteries and pride,  
Your employment is questioned.  
The actresses are made to ask themselves,  
And the actors resent their companions.  
One is a champion of ideas and actions,  
Forces are at work, working and supplying.

Naveed Akram

# The External Poet

The poets are collected by their grace,  
Poems after poems connect, convect and direct;  
Words are worthy of sparkle and splendour,  
Diamonds avert the disaster of a trade,  
Poems are like jewels of taste and drama.  
Poetry is my sport of the offered masses,  
Opening a gate of peace to the fast vehicles  
And fast pedestrians, the faster works.

The poets connect, return and concern the masses,  
Opaque words are aboard the ship, like the jade  
And topaz, inside the rings of careful gold.  
The beasts of poetry are like wine and generations,  
Forwards they mark their weapons, inside the jewels  
Of the river that sparkles, internally and externally.  
My words are fit for the audiences of the crowds,  
Miracles have their fate, miraculous men forget.

Naveed Akram

# The Face

Even more is the face, the face saddens,  
Fortunate relics, finding some in fossils  
Is a good rewarding experience of replicating  
And owning and loving, whatever it is you like or fancy.

Your legitimate business may attract attention,  
Since understanding it will ruin it, while the people listen  
To their faces on television, on radio they hear voices  
Of alert nature, so embroiled in weak events.

The former boss inquires on the colour of success,  
And the new one is a royal person with poshness.  
I resent faces that are obviously triumphant with job,  
The career is like a fountain of youth or age.

Naveed Akram

# The Face To The Sky

Your face is turned to the sky, a most beautiful cloth,  
A future for the mind, a dream of the everlasting;  
A cloud is the day, the day ends as night, everlasting  
Darkness that binds the truth of our statements.  
Your face is like an astronomy, watching and gazing  
At the stars and constellations that strictly belong to  
Each other, as well as the planets that are possible.  
We require correct individuals to explore the supported  
Cosmos, we need strong astronauts to explode and conquer  
For the reality has begun, to shape the world in earnest.

Your face is submerged in the water of this ocean exotic,  
Feeding confidence to the windpipe and oesophagus.  
Feeding is bleeding, looking and reposing, blending  
With the water waves, looking at the stars and boats  
Like an upturned head, facing the music of a period  
That lasts long and bent, fixing our affairs in the mornings  
And evenings, like a star called the sun, like a face.

Naveed Akram

# The Fairway

I haven't penned in this well,  
And the flies are sorry like distractions.  
So oppressive the sound of worries,  
Of having a morning to judge like  
Strawberries shining brightly  
In the well of minds so dear.

I must be unfair, hearing needles,  
The revelry of a fairway of dire  
Stillness, the golf ball lands not far away.  
I haven't written my blessed thinking  
Due to jeans surrounding my legs  
That depress me, like the shoulder blades.

I may define the fair walk, the fairway,  
That shines shallow water, a sacrifice  
Is convincing the spectator of a worst  
Calamity in the offspring of this national  
Part, a nation swims further inland  
Always and forever, always in this land.

Naveed Akram

# The Fairy Tree

Up on this tree I have my heart beating,  
The birds are around fully singing;  
A stolen object expressed its presence  
From out of the leaves and branches with brilliance.

The object forgave my life, its crime was with me,  
And I sorted it out my life, with glee.  
The possession was in the air and on the ground,  
My soldiers are on this tree, the sound.

Let soldiers be monkeys and against all hope  
Of leaving us alone. The sounds were birds that I grope  
In this beautiful tree, this still fountain  
Of loss and gain, like a mountain.

I let go of this death, I let go forever,  
Much was secretive on this Easter.  
I saw the chocolate egg on this chocolate tree  
In the land of fairies, the land for me.

Naveed Akram

# The Faithful Door

Open the door to faithful men and women,  
Their doors are a fountain for the young and old;  
Open your house of training, in the life-arts,  
Fastening the soul onto the divine board  
That spins and rotates in certain directions.

The door to faithful people is wide and ample,  
Treasure is stored underneath the feet;  
Enter then this garden of truth, a worthwhile  
Pursuit, a worthy disputation is afoot.  
The general air surmounts and overcomes.

My faith is enough to overpower the tonsils,  
A loud hearing is donated to the souls around,  
My act is my action of the old respect and juice;  
This orange is taken from the garden of heaven,  
Its glow is more than the sun or any star in the sky.

Naveed Akram

# The Falling Debris

I was aghast at fists of strength,  
Stronger than abodes of livid rage;  
The burning fire exhausts the self  
Solving the selling of abuse.  
My hands rejoined with acts of disgrace,  
The eyes fought like soldiers of taste.  
This was a ship, ready to capsize,  
Falling debris laughed at our face.

This was surprise angering the hills,  
Feeling fire, feeling fire, that grew  
Like waves of the sea, like brandishing.  
The brandished flag caused the images  
To grow late, and to be faster at goals.  
My feelings touched the others who saw  
A wind walk the other way, the offered  
Offence was a fiery blast of bellies.

Naveed Akram

# The Family

There is a happy sleep where you descend,  
Into the property of your family, like them.  
Your guardians are of the seasons,  
Changing like machinery, like the computer.  
Synopses are written of the partnerships,  
The very way a doll is dressed by a girl.  
The reasons for living are greater than normal,  
For who are you to readdress this vital condition  
Called the Family.

Naveed Akram

# The Few

I am different on the few who do wrong,  
They fought forever on the sides of music;  
Inner beauty was against them, for they carried  
Great effort.  
Puzzles were solved by the evil ones,  
Their laughter said anger, and zeal  
For the sides to win that were adored.  
We only fix a station of contemplation  
That attached significance.  
We only give remedy to a woman or man  
Of perfection.  
He or she is a child of innocence, an adult of pride,  
Forming inside their soul is a new bright light  
That shimmers and wonders for all time.  
Inner beauty has played a game inside the worrying mind,  
So that philosophers think of beauty itself.

Naveed Akram

# The Fight For Freedom

Freedom is in the land, four months ago,  
We are weak and inferior ones, inferior  
And superior, graceful and disgraceful.

I am waiting for the nights to shake from  
The weight of the canopy called Heaven,  
Throughout the land we have thought widely.

To destroy yourself is blatant and regardless,  
The disbelief wreaks havoc among the populace  
Of realities and kindness, strength and disunity.

The travel is sound like the waves of the round fight,  
A war submerges us in thick soundless abysses,  
Those very chasms we cheer and disobey.

The disgrace is certain, like the apple of Newton,  
For the laws will change, and laws will force  
Others to detract from peace and slaughter.

My ghost is stranger in thoughts, when the light  
Beguiles your seeing from the seeing and the hearing,  
Both of them you own with the soul of grace and unity.

Naveed Akram

# The Fighting

Lull the fighting of a day and a night,  
Instead you bless us with peace all too white.

It is saviour and soul that guides the godly nature,  
Just as we speak, just as we do a second creature.

Foolish are they who inherit a manly custom,  
Those are the non-fools who conspire on wisdom.

Beauty shall penetrate us all,  
As much as fighting and call.

Naveed Akram

# The Fighting Hospital

The fighting, the being sick was collapsing the building  
Of right and not wrong, full of family and justice.  
To decide a shock is to be made on the family of life  
Is to let buildings crash, to let the hospitals be shut.  
My nation shudders from the life of some patients  
Who live alone and bend no laws yet get bent bones and wrong aches;  
These aches are demonstrated by the young,  
Youth is high, old age may triumph as higher  
In pain and might, in guesses and facts.  
The fighting and sickness shall end when games are over,  
If certain doctors resent the game of tricky life.

Naveed Akram

# The Final Lesson

The final lesson carried a wealth of knowledge,  
The benevolent teacher married the facts to our heads.  
Our heads munched on, on and on, like saints,  
Even like the muttering of priests engaged in prayer.  
We lead and benefit with evenness, electric fighting happens,  
The awe in our scripts belongs to the scribes,  
To the ancient sages and lively scholars.  
Our best wishes go to culprits of best learning,  
It benefits, it bruises, it brings goodness and divineness.  
The approach is the same, events permeate our lives  
As life is adventure, life grows with the agility of the body.  
Our minds munch and manufacture, collapsing the heart eventually.

Naveed Akram

# The Finishing Line

In all respects a dozing orc is a wanted creature  
By the villains who are knights of the highest order;  
They cross rivers like the crossing of ice and fire,  
Lava pours in and alters the messages of higher men.  
The sleep of people who divinely inspire is sounding  
Like human help, little in the way of water and ice.  
The finish is further, to put in bold letters,  
And the finishing line must be cherished like a food.  
The dozing orcs go wandering like mosses and stones  
In the green fields of this natural world and landscape.  
The environment needs treatment of the guests,  
The world feels enlightenment of the higher disorders.

Naveed Akram

# The Fire Is Complete

Incinerate the fire, and the fire exists and swathes in  
The burdensome crowd, fulfilling the wishes of the hated.  
My fire is your fire in the sky of crimson blue,  
Many have been a guide to the reality of a sigh,  
But when they sigh there is a sign of science.  
This is the organic work of a thousand dreams.

Those with mountains of snow are collapsing under them,  
The rain falls, and the scientists are pure, the water is cool.  
Those with golden delights forsake the maps of treasure,  
To be wealth is like the theory of the wastes and lands.  
My fire is a fire bright, too visible in the extreme corners,  
My corner is a hurting cube, a square of hatred and darkness.

Then fire hurts, hurts the soul as it incapacitates the soul,  
Feeding the light of a night in High Hell, a denizen of darkness  
Enlightens the few who want the objective completed.  
But there are keepers whose knowledge must be learnt,  
Hell has no place for the sports of a legion and its soldiers,  
Of evil might and play is the enemy of an element that erodes.

Naveed Akram

# The First Man

A person hesitates to overthrow the first man,  
He gave birth to himself by some inclination;  
A woman was then derived by actual art,  
And the pair were a married couple before dawn.  
This man restrained his thoughts, sure and slow,  
Stunts of the transport were at work,  
A journey carved through the tundra seemed  
Hard work, and then the woman who was wife  
Peacefully left the area with goodness and life.

To find joy you heat the cup of icy water,  
To boil the remains of the decisions,  
And command a joke from the high position,  
The same graphic place we enjoy from hearts.

A person sees wrong in philosophers  
And sees righteous men in philosophy  
And scholarship of bigger books.  
The transport of books concerns the musicians  
Who see sounds of the ultimate decision.

Naveed Akram

# The First Time With You

The first time I saw you,  
It was wandering with a right leg amputated,  
Without passions my mind was erased,  
And I saw it customary to see into  
Legality and all the beauty that was on the books  
So found by my grace and fortune.

Nevertheless, an air of astonishment replied  
To the gestures I discerned,  
Civilisation sees and listens to first men  
And second men and third agencies.  
The right leg had requests,  
And my legs were without doubt  
The realisations and the worlds  
Of words and deeds that I love.

But then it was wandering with you  
That incredulously belittled my environment,  
Those troops were not monkeys or moles,  
But the meticulous merriment of monsters  
Properly battled and properness  
Had to be a reading ability  
For the rich and poor alike.

My legs were not as many after the war,  
And the war was a past affair.

Naveed Akram

# The Flag Was Strict

The flag was set to be existent due to disbelief,  
How do they sail without one?  
One saw underwater secrets from a distance,  
Yet the river of life created us from the whole.  
The whole strict giving of life was ever there,  
Singing was the whole belief of some learning,  
Silt mounds erupted, to fill the particles with others.  
One corpuscle seemed like granule to be met  
By the light of the optics, such bending came by.  
It was the colour blue, and it was of the veins that curved  
By in the calculus of the organs,  
These organs swore to their life,  
Just so that justice was a swearing from hearts.

Naveed Akram

# The Food

The food is ready on the table,  
I have drink as well, and pleasure.  
My husband achieved the mighty house,  
And why does the life be magnificent  
When death takes shape over the home?  
Our sprightliness is upset by the recent event,  
A deadly plant from the devil.  
It grew from a bulb, an exotic egg of wonder,  
The animals will be fouled.  
I cannot smell it on the tongue,  
But the nose can never do this.  
My husband is my life, and plants are for dying,  
But he upsets my experience with life  
By quarrelling with myself  
So that life of a plant has marred into death.  
The food is ready on the table,  
I do not drink from him anymore.

Naveed Akram

# The Form Of Life

I want the form of life called happiness without pain and endurance,  
I wish for the straight path and all of the relentless goals to accost me,  
Like this and that, those and these, filling the bank with worries.  
Thoughts have been given, swerving along the horizon little by little,  
Like a wand of harmony and physics this way with that saying of words.  
I want burden after burden to be lifted in the way of My Lord,  
See the refuge from him this time, next lift your hands and make gems  
Come from the skies of gold and silver, living has been ancient.  
I see the wonders of the heavens and I am honest with life itself,  
Subjects of the day consider a knowledge that is general,  
So general was that knowledge of such oldness and newness.

Naveed Akram

# The Fortress Of Light

The fortress of China is better than strength of knowledge,  
It fortifies the will of the people and the knowledge is wise.  
A castle is in the domain of lordships and plotters of design,  
The battleground stands firm and frozen, like a light all sudden.

They fight over brilliance and sure light, the wholesome war,  
When definitions are declared, where jungles are deserts.  
The wars of the little ones enlighten the direct actors,  
The warriors of self-importance seek the weak and infirm.

For a long time a foe is installing a new battleground for deserters,  
The mutiny is afoot, buying goods, selling the gold and silver.  
This is for a very long time, men hear the design of a thousand  
Centuries, a cause is a belt for the lords and lands of this religion.

Naveed Akram

# The Foul

The foul was in for prison,  
My utterances condemn your pleasures,  
Attacked, bitten and arranged to die,  
Yes, our prize is working on poison  
As where I land is wondered to represent  
A decree tonight.  
I appreciate a crying act, to excommunicate  
Him,  
To be master, and maiden, and monster of the planets  
That cry with water and wit.  
The foul I have committed is born from the death  
Of a master, and a tear has fallen because of this.

Naveed Akram

# The Frightened One

The dough of fright is deed enough,  
Letters abide in the cherished fight,  
I ought to decide, I ought to divide.  
So I sigh without a leader, I might die  
Though, in fairness my wand is selfless.

To make deeds my fight is over as I see  
The searching lights that see me in life,  
They reply, their disappointments linger.  
Neglect them with a system of fright,  
I am fiercer than the light of stars in the night.

And then wars are of light; fright signs  
Its ugly head at the honoured guests,  
A warlike brotherhood so intact,  
So divided at times, but too mighty in spirit;  
The rest of experience masters a boldness.

Naveed Akram

# The Frosty Winter

The frost has appeared,  
My love's happiness shines like it.  
This joy of the winter  
Turns the flying birds away  
To their homes that shatter  
Into ice and frozen waste.

Poets see and visualise their prey,  
The winter's humour is a lively  
Page of innocence, that shines  
Inwardly, like the tongues of glistening  
Hard work, the talking chiefs.  
My joy is the winter that curtails  
All of my hard work.  
Then the icicles display a fracture  
Of the hidden waste.

The clouds turn into darkness,  
Light speeds are attached to kindness.  
The rumours of an age are  
The carefree ideas of winter in harmonic  
Motion, the wind is a zone of kind  
Leaps addressed to the marks.

Naveed Akram

# The Funambulist

The fruity scheme passed all tests of fame,  
Screeching mazes fought for you after the spill.  
Fluffy clouds and earth beget more children,  
Further than the fifth heaven, the sixth and seventh.  
A funambulist touches the skies with unbelievable  
Strong and loving arms and legs.  
This is the scheme of brilliance and torture,  
The tortuous winds seem to be hatred  
And lengths of travel then in progress.

I am damp, lonely like the fluffy clouds  
That deliver their praises to some who dare  
To keep the beauty of some people  
Who deem others as best creatures.  
The fruits of the world reign and deliver,  
For the world's orchards are grains  
Of gold and silver and bronze.

Naveed Akram

# The Funeral Of An Animal

The funeral made me sink into an animal,  
The room felt comfortable, more so than one's mind.  
I stare at the camera working my sleep  
And sight became pleasure in the snivelling months.  
You add a holy symbol to the deathly months and years,  
A stuffed dog or cat betrays me further than this.  
Alone and magnified by the sun of hard work,  
Fibres in the organs of right stoop into oblivion.  
After this cooking pleasure, the wine-cups are filled  
To make the flames too wide for the animals.

Naveed Akram

# The Furnace

The furnace of noise is obliterating,  
Heat surges like a bird's cry,  
The crying of the furnace is like venom.  
Heat is audible now, it never whispers here;  
Rippling heat like hell is lowering the limbs,  
Soft voices are heard from afar to attack your body.  
Fainter, and still fainter, the voices run,  
Vast is the thudding, gentle clicks,  
So that floating happens from the hot air.  
To turn this down is obviously dreadful,  
But silence is absent in every way.

Naveed Akram

# The Future

The future is our goal for the putting,  
An appointed lot, denigrating the past  
As if the anchor called the present is also  
For the past, as the fulcrum is perfect and formed.  
We observe past events through the mirror in our eyes,  
Photographs can help, ambition leads us on,  
Where are the questions to be in agreement?  
Why do memories force this life forward  
When the anticipation of the work is grand and mighty?  
The future of our adventure or our journey existed  
For the ones punished and those thwarted  
Yet we prevailed with peace, the peace is solid  
With exact soothing nature.

Naveed Akram

# The Game Of Senses

That domination loathed me when I danced  
And sang my way home, further than the sun.  
Those who dominate shall reach the maturity,  
Anybody with a reality to conceive shall inherit.  
That domination lessened my fortune, futile relic,  
This fortune is futile relics, full-time religion.  
Blindness mastered by some can bring new sight,  
Whereas the deaf-eared regain their senses once again.

Naveed Akram

# The Garden

A plant has bloomed into a flower very well,  
Seeds were sown yesterday, only the bluebell.  
Using sunlight and hero-worship is best,  
Regretting any extolling that was abreast.  
The garden is a city for the diffidence  
Expressed by this appearance.  
We are a number of angiosperms  
In full religion, just as a prophet confirms.  
His hood is like the floret or small flower,  
His job is to garden the city and keep the cauliflower.  
He also has bashfulness, sheepish though he remains  
From the ever-growing symbols, the ever-changing gains.  
We must pay our tribute to the king of gardening,  
A man who is a great gardener, and he is beckoning.

Naveed Akram

# The Garden Of Birds

Never use the birds, never swear to their flight,  
But instead of relaxing be one of the praying men  
Who are pious as the wind and the rain.  
They obey the life, they obey the goal,  
For piety resents instigators, feeling the foe.  
The toil of the years is rejected by the sudden fools,  
Birds are alive now in my heart,  
Buds are growing too far,  
Business is as usual for the priests.  
These are hard-workers of the soil  
Of the garden of Paradise.  
The birds are in proud acclamations,  
Singing their sweetest with the years of heavenly  
Help and splendour.

Naveed Akram

# The Gaze

The path connects to other paths,  
Open them as I speak with you and  
Whisper with the cats and dogs.

The straight answers require experts,  
Feeding a mighty warrior with fervour,  
Fencing with those in anger.

I see intelligence in his gaze once you see  
His speck, the smooth stomach I possess  
Is not any longer so fat with a heart of gluttony.

The real demons of our tirades are unequal  
In their appetites, the reality has won  
Over our hearts as they bleed into the very being.

Naveed Akram

# The Gesture

The whole gesture proclaims a mystery,  
A laugh goes into hurry when the time is at flight;  
Blinding footlights precede our animal vision,  
Schools of children sweat under the folly and future.

One hand hears a bell, two have sweated further  
To prolong the sound of trumpets,  
This whole same laughter can be musical  
In front of the days that last like swinging doors in food.

This comes from pressured blood,  
The badlands might be tamed into the future,  
Living like lice from the higher trees,  
And this stage is folly for the children of great age.

Naveed Akram

# The Ghost Along The Tapestry

In this smelting furnace resides a ghost,  
The palace of innocence is like itself.  
On the balcony, in the chair, or the loose masonry,  
This beast all-white seems to loiter and anger  
Me beyond that my temples protrude.  
This ghost belongs to the nursery,  
Not here, not there or anywhere.  
Along the tapestry, among the idols  
It keeps bay, and admonishes my movement  
Like a murder hole or a fire pit.  
The well of anger is a dangerous well,  
This ghost has made me collide and spoil myself,  
With the dangerous well, and the benches of foolery  
Are subjecting me to lashes of the whip.  
I have been betrayed by any detail of this encounter,  
As the time passes, as the wind whips and travels far.

Naveed Akram

# The Gift Of Rain

The rain is a gift of jewellery as a special gift,  
One might be strong in diamonds,  
One may strike the eyes of jewels that are too rich,  
But one may never call the rain too precious  
For the strength of the torrents are harder than diamonds  
To feed the little men and women with jewels.  
The wind is arousing the rain, negating the pain  
Of a blessed year, feeling like living with us.  
The rain has so much cleverness that it is believing in anything  
Finding any crevice of faith, as one would his own bible.  
The rain is a gift I seek, for the furthering of my very soul,  
For the upliftment of the strong heart that is within me.

Naveed Akram

# The Gleaming Eyes

The gleaming eyes bespoke now,  
A strict study of the sensibilities;  
One mostly stuck with hands,  
But now the eyes had powerfully  
Handled the past and future of events.

The wreath had powerful flowers,  
A strange road was the whisper  
With the ears to match,  
A strange man entered the mountains  
After a telephone rang.

The eyes had essence, yearly offering me  
Those rights I enjoyed.  
With years a time encased a manhood  
That simply ordered one to shoot  
Into the dark of the mountainous waste.

Those eyes had mastered a reality  
All of the year round,  
With pertinent sights and puzzling lights,  
Much was encased by time  
As fast as heavenly straits.

Naveed Akram

# The Glory

Fade into the sky for glory,  
Understand me as I speak to the land;  
Heaven shudders as Hell encompasses  
The globe. From the evil  
I have sought protection.

The Earth surpasses the beauty of man,  
A gain happens to his soul,  
But then the world is devout to him,  
And he to it, like a man of the presents,  
A man who is not interested in the Occult.

His glory shall be near to him,  
Nearing him will be the death of the soul;  
White garments are worn to adorn the body,  
Honey is ingested, as a consequence.

Naveed Akram

# The Goal Of Character

The goal of character is strong,  
Heaven faces the mountain in a day  
To work with atoms that mean something.  
This heat of the heavenly day is absurd,  
Frying the night with light that shines  
So abundantly like the wishes of a genius.  
One has goals in mind, spending one coin  
And then erasing the memory.  
One minds the eventful people,  
Staggered by your being that signs  
A letter issuing the sacred nature  
To be forged, this nature is of rocks.

The goal is stinging the wayward soul,  
Opening the shadows to cages of the night.  
Lies are told now in splendour,  
Bold faces win, folding wishes are realised.

Naveed Akram

# The Gods Above

God has passed a judgement on us,  
Ghosts of a distance are speaking with a curse  
In the form of runes, and they are speakers  
Of a mortal's demise, and the denizens of the ravine  
Are again dragons, and more hoards of gold  
Of chinaware and of various silvers.  
The runes will subject us to ruin,  
But we are in doubt  
We cannot strive for the solution  
Our time is limited in this world.  
Gods have spoken this far,  
By passing a judgement over us.

Naveed Akram

# The Golden Mystery

One was of wood, the other was of gold,  
On the pillows we rested until further collapse.  
Seconds elapsed, my lap was complete, the race  
Was won, and I needed a slap on the back.  
I ought to tread on the atom of the victim,  
I kind of entered a zone for the heralds,  
As the custom was the bottom of the ocean.

I had to tilt and turn, swing and ring, little by little,  
Until the autumn arrived, understanding a wall  
Forming forcibly, hope returning wondrously,  
Like the hulk and the item on display.  
The whisper of the wide dark was in momentum,  
I loved this ecosystem of sad strange people,  
Turning and pointing towards a greater mystery.

Naveed Akram

# The Good Soul

Raising a fortress of goodness is like the soul,  
It flourished in the middle of time, with cunning.  
The body is beautiful like the iron men,  
Instead of strength there is iron  
And gold, which is beauty.  
May the soul so beautifully invented by the One  
Radiate the blessings attached to the interior.  
These are divine beats of the heart,  
Possible causes for satisfaction.  
The goodness of a soul is based on what is satisfactory.

Naveed Akram

# The Graceful Mathematician

The carnal soul is from the Light that shudders,  
This eye revolves as the other rewinds,  
Searching a galaxy of attributes  
In a state of quiet meditation.  
The sunlight mirrors the habits of a life,  
Its moon light makes us shudder  
So that life revolves around the making of man.  
The multiple animals congregate  
To give graceful images  
To the owners of souls.  
What thing could awaken in the sudden Light?  
It is surely a blessing to make a place for physics,  
Then chemistry laughs and lies, when the  
Counter of numbers becomes fantastic.

Naveed Akram

# The Grave

The career in the tomb is magnificent,  
Hell has a chance, whilst heaven also is possible.  
Take care! Be with calibre and be sharp,  
As much as a knife that cuts deep and makes a wound.  
May we condemn the blasphemers, and let them rot  
After many years and centuries of so awkward torture.  
A cadaver is sometimes blessed, but not often,  
It may need reviving by the almighty angels,  
Such as the death angels.  
A grave shall swear it created joy for some,  
And an attraction for many.

Naveed Akram

# The Graveyard Is A Place

The graveyard is a place for youths to ponder,  
In this erected worshipping act is a danger of death;  
A vampire is concealed to swallow blood on all.

This grave is where filling of blood is achieved,  
The vampire considers a special page of crosses,  
And never does the light enter its stomach.

Its eyes pounce on the young heart of death,  
Speaking towards the phalanx like termites,  
Reaching a ceremonious message of doubt.

The death of dying is against the wall of hope,  
Laugh then against the planes of travel,  
This blood is a call to the designer of odds and us.

The graveyard is a place of the mighty river of blood,  
Death speaks to ancient messengers who derive  
A formula to bespeak about the triumphs too late.

Naveed Akram

# The Great Balloon

If I could only get hold of the great balloon,  
How to properly provide a circle is an infinite puzzle;  
My praise is a breath of the day like a furniture,  
My acts are more than single thoughts or branches.  
It is compulsory to ask for the right educated men,  
My main aim is to be not envious, nor should I quarrel  
With unjust men whose burden is to collapse the people.  
Let's say the arms and legs fit in their holes,  
What is the political policeman? Why do police work?

The injustice surrounds us, hating, loving, and curving,  
Like circles in the air of atmosphere, fearing and scaring.  
Our creators were a panther in the dark, or gods of  
Types like Hitler, whose cruelty harnesses a genie  
For him, he will wish forever, but we are compelled to ask.  
The agent of dread has accompanied the one who is sad,  
His face is fixed, her ideals are cherished by the hurtful,  
Why can you despair in the decades of life that revolves?

Naveed Akram

# The Great Oak

A great oak greeted me, with eyes glinting momentarily,  
Joining us in the church, the pews soon were filled;  
Hoping to achieve the best results, an axe was used  
For the benefit of churchgoers, for their benefit.  
Holding the ring was a couple of strangers,  
Bride and bridegroom, in happiness soon.  
The tree entered and confused us with its display,  
Moving back again, answering us positively.  
This great wedding has ended due to the great oak.

Naveed Akram

# The Great Unknown

I have a love for the old spices,  
Their scent reverberates in the hard  
Heart, like the aroma of strong death.  
Life emerges to create the delusions  
So wrongful and complete.  
I must complete my life,  
Open the doors to childhood.  
It is sacred and sweet,  
Wonderful and obtuse.  
The feeling for a heaven is tiring  
My senses every other day,  
For the hitting of suns and Jupiters  
Creates craters of the unknown.

Inside this cosmos is your cruelty,  
Far-reaching and offending,  
Letters of the unlettered seem  
Presentable to the galaxy,  
Still one letter is good as ten.  
When do secret doors open and close?  
Why do they shut with rapidity?  
I am feeling the abject sky  
On the hitting of stars,  
Onwards is the trail of the meteor.  
I may be the last witness  
Of a painful living life.

Naveed Akram

# The Greatest Shoulder

Towards the greatest miracle one has a shoulder,  
Where is there a conquest from the fallen ground?  
This avalanche is but a solution of the oddest wars,  
Underneath the seas of bliss ride the waves touching us.  
It is land, it is land that blows the iron hands with gusts,  
These hands are grand helpers of the inner state.  
I follow the mad poets of a forgotten land,  
Best men are even deadlier than the sword.

Towards the ground we fetch the lightning,  
As thunder strokes the pen that delivers a wonder.  
One felt the emotions of a day that betook trouble -  
From their jailers that became jailed themselves.

Naveed Akram

# The Ground

The ground I tear from my legs  
When gravity is a religion I trust.  
The earth managed the stones to hold  
My running and walking and breathing.  
My agony and sweating is like fondling  
The actions so desired, so overwhelming.  
Mighty quakes occur, mighty realms adjust,  
But may we also decline the invitation.  
This ground is only from the world,  
Only we act and we use, we only walk.

Naveed Akram

# The Gulags

A gulag is purple due to heat of the heart,  
It bleeds more profusely when you depart;  
A morose human touches the hag lying  
Around in the dust of the separate heart.  
One carries a handbag to frighten,  
In it is contained a program of promise.  
One is bugging the other due to dying,  
It lags and nags dutifully because you are out.  
My staggering achievement must be revisited  
From the hag of the old grounds, the gulag's  
Sanctuary where bleeding occurred with  
Much morbid travels and journey.  
The journey of the heart is to be the joystick  
Of a man crazy in rendering the tyrant to die  
Bounding for the dust of the earth,  
For sitting by is like standing still.

Naveed Akram

# The Habits

I still keep to my habits  
As much as possible;  
I have promised my followers  
To gain the paradise.  
Then dying was a thirst  
As I slid into the dry zone.  
My bass roar resembled the river  
As it rushed forcibly, inwardly.  
I only sound like music  
More like wind instruments.  
The brown slop of the river  
Is of clay, the very constituent  
Of man and woman and child.  
My habits reimburse us  
As we copy my example  
Of loveliness and happiness.

Naveed Akram

# The Hair

The ritual evanesced when we observed it,  
The ritual completed when our lice grew.  
The head was full of lice, I hear them and saw each of them,  
Restraining the children with feet, the arms also.  
Inexorable lice swayed in the hair of our heads  
Until the ritual was entire.  
What is this ritual?  
The ritual is of the dressing of hair,  
Or the cutting of hair by the hairdresser.

Naveed Akram

# The Hammer And The Fortress

The hammer and fortress are like thunder,  
Each hammer is solid and strong,  
And each fortress sounds like iron and is robust.  
One forest exactly betrays the people,  
For it involves a storm, when mountains surrender.  
A worthwhile action surrounds us, anyway we laugh,  
But this is serious through and through.  
The night said 'No!' to all of it,  
The storm was of thunder and lightning  
And the hammer was the cause,  
The fortress was the protected one.  
And so we fight a life so needed  
Whereas the soldier or knight or resident  
Fights always the elements.

Naveed Akram

# The Hard Times

The hard times need digesting by the overall tactics,  
You are winning over water that is briny and shallow;  
Offering to delay the spectacle is like a helping hand,  
But when do we offer our hands to the hungry few?  
Beset by jeopardy, and besieged by worry, a hungry  
Pack of wolves are up to no good whatsoever.  
They are in danger, not you are in it, for they are you,  
You are not them, who devise cunning howling noises  
Beaming on the rest of the population like flies on flesh.  
The hard ties are the harder lies, of a sound health,  
One of the overall triumphs this world has to offer.

Naveed Akram

# The Harpooner

He told me over the deck to call him  
Whenever there was a theatre of war;  
A whale may inhibit me at times,  
It is caretaker of the voyage home.  
Another ship can be brought to buy  
The slaves and jewellery and fuel.  
Clear and contrasting was the report,  
Idle chatter beamed on the people of the port,  
People had the answers to questions they quoted.  
The harpooner came on deck  
And was in evidence.

Naveed Akram

# The Hats

Here the hats that hasten the act  
Climb on heads for the wearing.  
To be quick the attire is solved  
For thinkers have hats too sound.  
To be round and sensible is fitting  
But when fondness is attached  
The fortune of a man with more thinking  
To do is that of the old hat.

Naveed Akram

# The Heart

The heart is attacked by the opponent or enemy,  
This heart feels heavy with hurt, it is my heart.

Then this murmuring is felt by the winner of love,  
This noise is fond of more for discomfort, it is my heart.

Let no fondness be more exact than the one you hold,  
So that more feelings of joy surround the effort from your heart.

Little is done by those in basic life, the life of celebrations,  
It is this childhood then in appearance so alert with your heart.

Minds and methods succeed in order to let others perform well,  
Like the illness of a century, like those of the expert of your heart.

The intelligent thought so well hidden is offering a line of endurance,  
Many have believed in beliefs that stem from the pervert, but My Heart?

So careful is the intellectual place called the university of life and death,  
The organs too fearful of more blood are meant to invert the heart.

Let vibrations of the self be with this natural command,  
That is to selflessly inhibit the ones you hate and exert away from your heart.

This time is certain with food from the tract you take,  
This life hammers home the deceit of the concert and the heart.

May we imagine further than the truth as we collide with atoms,  
Seeing a special act from a man so wise and exceptional as a convert in your heart.

This land of dreams is a piano so well fashioned and played upon,  
Like the last lass with the last lad and this to divert the heart.

My heart is joyful as it pulsates and furnishes the body with red fluid,  
The precious molecules entertain me like yoghurt, coming from the heart.

Naveed Akram

# The Heart Attacked

The heart attacked a route that a Damascus inhabitant  
Vowed he would travel, since midnight the staying was painful.  
The city bustled boisterously like the bleeding veins,  
Corpses piled up from the hearty man whose sore arteries  
Affected a gallop of a man, the full gallop of tower-like  
Entities, a skyscraper called him a lout and designer.

The town is fierce with standard kisses and tears,  
Streets sell you apples of toffee, oranges of blood-red,  
Pears of beauty, and pomegranates of hearts.  
Corpses fill the designing shops, desperate refugees  
Amass, and storm the palaces, feeding revolution,  
Like a Marx or a Kant, forcing joys and narrow pains.

Naveed Akram

# The Heart Has Ranks

The heart smiles smartly in layers of kindness  
This time in the present, when the witches  
Surmount the dark skies shimmering with moon.  
Of this side there are solids and liquids,  
Assassinating each other, galloping with pride,  
So that vigorous expertise is surmounted.

The heart is the house of the earls and dukes,  
Languishing in the entirety of the skies,  
For the witches have arrived in their evil  
And badness. switching between you and me.  
My house envelops our stories and tales,  
Likeable bonds elevate the ranks in this home.

Naveed Akram

# The Heart Is Brave

The battle is common, it is bold,  
It may be worse than sin in letters of gold;  
My combat is harsh, surprising to the enemy,  
But the dismay is stronger than flies or wasps  
As I am in mud, and in anger, cross is my defence,  
Like a heart that heaves for the weight is great.

Yet I am being bashed, smashed and crushed  
As my fountain of blood comes from my body  
With no sign ensuring victory, but for the family.  
My family is now gone, once you grow and die,  
Wondering why death has snatched the soul from the brave heart.

Naveed Akram

# The Heart Is Saying

Saying comes from the heart hurting,  
Authority of the heart is a subject of sense;  
From afar a thought clings to the channels  
Of the heart, hearing the heart is a guidance.

Say through the heart your sight,  
Dancing in the light of the day,  
Feeling the heart panicking along time,  
For time quickens and slows gradually.

My words are the tongue of the heart,  
My knowledge touches the bursting head;  
The brain of the official is my ordeal,  
For the heart trains the life of the soul.

Naveed Akram

# The Heavens And Earth

Again I stood at the rising moon,  
A deep bell rang from the summit of honour;  
I laughed too loudly at all that exists,  
The moon was silver and the sun was gold,  
And I was bronze due to the illness I attained.  
A narrow road meanders through the illness  
I have procured, this voice speaks to me innocently.  
Soon the admission was cancelled,  
Soon bravery overtook and the moon's weapon  
Fell towards the ground, like a missile  
Or a sword to catch.  
Again I understood him,  
The man I understood was him  
Who saw the wealth of the Heavens  
And the Earth.

Naveed Akram

# The Herd Calls Me

I avenge the herd, it returns and calls me,  
Withering in the wind I ransack the herd.  
I conjure the sins apt to decide my fate,  
My miracle is a ginger to taste, a felony.

My murder is complete, my message is dear  
To my heart that reviles the heart of listening.  
My kiss is straight, like a road to condemnation,  
The murder is near the murder so distant.

This much is known, that wise people say waters  
Swirl and roll like blood coagulating from injury;  
The broken limbs need discarding with bone,  
Finishing strokes of the heart are clearer.

Naveed Akram

# The Hereafter

The very next heaven to reach is solute,  
The solvent is holy water,  
And so we have the solution: Religion.  
Drink please this liquid, something for us,  
It consists of beauty, reluctance and willingness.  
A religious belief is wicked to the evil ones,  
A religious scholar enhances our time forever.  
May the storage of knowledge be called wisdom,  
To give this is most generous, most loving.  
A heavenly exam will state others  
Who hide, others who start and stop;  
Forming a bond cancels partnerships with wrong doctrines,  
The solution to a problem can be found.

Naveed Akram

# The Hidden Moon

The moon wastes its strength when hidden,  
In an empty heart the tides are changing,  
Due to the minute moon so longing and yearning.  
The beat of the waves keeps on keeping the caves  
Of splendour, for sighing is a signal of sitting.

Then sit, with keys of the night, heart of the right,  
My part is frowned upon by the bees and seas;  
The role of acting this and that is ridiculous,  
My saviour is ill due to the splendid auction,  
Often it cries out to the world of water and heat.

I have a moon to treasure, when my solution is found,  
I found the milk, and I bring it along, heart of heart  
Lies inside the bed, so out I stand to sit again;  
My role of red heat is land, the opposite of earth and sea,  
For I speak for those in remembrance and pity.

Naveed Akram

# The Higher Staff

The very stick of young spirits,  
Is a famous staff of higher light.  
The many joints and many tools  
Have many reasons of magic.  
Let magic sway its empty strength  
Through this staff of distress, the distant one,  
Any one has possession of this instrument  
Of destruction.  
The spirits erupt from enemies and coil  
Into the shadows so well,  
That answers fly when the staff is given to its owner.  
The owner lost it this time when he dropped it from  
Its heavy hotness and heat energy.  
The very stick I call upon to kill  
Is again in my control,  
Now that the mage became a distant enemy.

Naveed Akram

# The Higher Wisdom

Wisdom carried new meaning, a wonderful weapon,  
To be used by the diligent and troubled.  
Wiser men see a page of writing and speak,  
Causing us to be delighted by their speech.  
Reacting is like acting, fully able to talk,  
The learning itself is superior to a lie.  
My lies are absent, fondness is attached  
For this makes imposition a defeat.

Naveed Akram

# The Hills

Hills come, and they derive equations on the soul  
Of human passivity, an exact thought can be derived.  
Hills tower over humans like the forbidding jungle,  
Raised to the sky in sudden pleasure so kind.  
Hills bellow like fed stomachs so ruinous to touch,  
For the green grass has erupted from the volcano.  
Hill after hill is worn by the traveller or adventurer,  
One of them dives, and the other climbs hills.  
And so the hill of green beauty clung to the river,  
The banks of the righteous stream shook shivering.

One tear is a bland affair for the hills that roam inwardly,  
It is crying for them, it is crying for the hell of the hill.  
It astonishes the mind, with crews of angry blasts,  
And so the storm arrives dauntingly to shake the branches.  
The rainy season decides that to these hills is grand  
Highness, a hint of mince, as the tomorrow is illness.

Naveed Akram

# The Hills After War

The hills bespeak fortune after war,  
Forces of formations align to cast the enemy  
Adrift in decisions of final onslaught.  
They react to the walls that shape the acts,  
The contract manages a swimmer,  
He rolls on his bright back,  
He forewarns his comrades.

Black and ugly, the plainness of the sheets  
Are bold, for blood is a sentence,  
And murder has arisen from the hell,  
The gel of hell is a mighty obstacle.  
The hills are mountains fit for the heights,  
May your manhood be against you,  
May hell speak for the slow ones.

Naveed Akram

# The Hills Are Illness

The hills and valleys are at one with me and mice,  
For they are smaller than my artistry, and I am blessed.  
Blood is on the head of a deathly shadow, hills  
Are twisted around, sweet breezes shine with windy gust.

The vale submits to every man who loves a man of righteousness,  
His ghost is a boast, a shining work of the praised world;  
It is the milky scene of martyr's sleep, a scent of blending beauty,  
What are twisted hills when shadows dissolve the fiery furnace?

The core of the earth can hear men rise from their argument,  
Sweet and fresh, the gold is gold of a great grizzly monster;  
Birds of every denomination burn their own flesh in the surrender,  
Offering a nest to some of our illness and blessed vision.

Naveed Akram

# The Hills Speak

The hills speak to mountains for their illnesses,  
Instead of alarming creations we are becoming hills  
That heighten their awarenences, leaving the green  
Colours for powerful flowers of petals that dismay  
With red and brown, the reddish-brown of the leather chair.  
The hills are outside my friend called House,  
This mansion feeds itself with gardeners of the milk.  
Life could not complain like a widower,  
Opening newspapers for the sake of caring nurses.  
The mountains of the sky sit by the shining sea,  
They are dying, there the death is near.  
The last hours of the evening elapse  
To seek more hills so devoted to crags and crevices  
Of the heavens so late, the heavens are glad.

Naveed Akram

# The Horse, Or Steed

To steed is a man by the name of Jessy,  
One rider to bless them as much as empty.

Naveed Akram

# The House Entered

When a prince enters a room,  
Flowers bloom in full professing,  
The engine starts non-foolishly,  
As returning to heaven catches light.

The martyrs enter their houses  
To be gifts for the men who see  
All empires in their infancy,  
Mighty death catches delight.

Where are the godly men who  
Write their redness and blueness  
According to visible light  
Gifted to them by the God Supreme?

The palace is the arguing case,  
It is far too splendid in its wake  
On the sudden streams and springs  
Erupting in the corrupted heavens.

Naveed Akram

# The House Of Delights

In this house is a garden of delights,  
Tomorrow we play on the grass for our appetites.  
We eat and play and roam and die  
In the grounds of the place that lie.  
The mansion is expensive for some who withdraw  
From their banks the heavier sum, says the Law.  
The garden is a house and a home,  
We revel and afterwards seek our comb.  
Our hair leaves us grey,  
The home is around the alleyway.

Naveed Akram

# The Human Bridge

This bridge I cross reaches humanity, and superhumanity is across. The misery curtails our liking in the way of remorse, and the bridges are burnt furthermore. We can not be cross on this, the remorse lasts so sweetly that our compulsions are added. Once more the caring becomes obsolete, running away from danger, restricting the changes, and delivering scholarship and arrogance. This bridge I work upon carries on with the winds even, the wind is blushing my cheeks as I work on this engineering project as a workman. My boss is fully competent, as a humanity has begun to replace the supermen.

Naveed Akram

# The Human Pleasures

The human head forgets its pleasures,  
In hearts collected, in residence stilled;  
Those ignitions surprise the phantoms, the worlds,  
The dreams, the desires, the faults,  
Whose evidence keep the human head intact.  
And later the manager of the crown is afoot,  
And then his queen mesmerises the fountain  
Of belief and release, when we dissolve the solute  
Into the solvent with heat.

While the fences have been erected,  
The arrows are handed to the air  
Such as the combat of the waders of mud,  
A tense muscle has been impaled  
By the light of the moon so red  
With fury.

Naveed Akram

# The Ice-Cream

Lollipops connect to make new creams,  
I have certainty that the path may beckon,  
And life sorts out the trails and tracks  
Of my former life.

Ice cream resides in the head, often enough  
Apt and deliberately the show has responded;  
My living created a bear of the other hidden factors  
Much progressed and as of now.

Why does it sit and spin new agenda?  
In his claws we see erect a barrier of the language  
One sings to the time of prophetic understanding,  
They are men of learning and wisdom as well.

I possess the gifts one swallows for the ends of the relics,  
Meanings are simply pitiful when highlighted,  
As the meaning of the living has a square  
After the name of the family.

Naveed Akram

# The Ideal Soldier

Soldier, there is no emblem but him,  
He has fought like a mouse in front of the kingdom,  
The kingdom is adorable with bright stars  
Shining like jewels of the type we drive in hearts.  
Before, as a war, the feeling of atmospheric pressure  
Feeds the young hearts to win the world.  
He will as a soldier be brotherly, concerts of music  
Elevate his presence of mind,  
Fighting is for furious engagement of english rules.

What queen is a ruler of this earth?  
And we perceive the ruler with guardians,  
Those with actions of the blind will  
Follow prey mastering it.  
What kingdom is ruled under the sky,  
Below the heavens in such a splendour?  
And we know the meaning of the afterlife.

For the selected soldier, a doubt has arrived,  
Fraught with the difficulty of a traveller,  
Belittling the acts of the descendants.  
He is soldier of the arts, associating with ideal  
Men who fight in the way of God.  
I have his presence in this region of stolen  
Works, and I want the soldier to reappear,  
But he is deader than a mouse in chains with  
Murder of the strength and length of horizons.

Naveed Akram

# The Instigation

Men have sided with theory most of their lives,  
Offering an activity of the pen that are for captives;  
Their desire shines, emotions of hope are changing,  
When a person effects his or her liberation,  
When a man finds his boyhood creations,  
When processes can be cut completely.

To state skills that run contrary to opinion  
You must exert the longevity that one hides,  
A fierce chord of the circles enlightens nobody  
Like the happiness that goes under a tree.  
Women shall huddle and wait, desiring something  
Of the worst variety.  
Men do not linger from the true telling,  
Men have instigated their plan and desire.

Naveed Akram

# The Intermixing

The gout of the mind is to intermix,  
Gormandizing and realistically the feathers.  
Homer sees in his eye the real food,  
And writes as a poet who is blind.  
The steady office of many are like the ears  
Of the people, and the sight is from the eyes.  
On this independent day I came with wending  
And weaving angering the world with its woe.  
Interrupt me never, never hiccup or wallop me,  
For the scallops of your mind are brewing.  
This is corrupt of your worship of my soul,  
For the gallops render me false.

Naveed Akram

# The Island Of God

To infer a fact or thought you strive  
And enter the righteous way,  
One wonder was caring for another wonder,  
The blunder sadly fought the calendar  
That rose into the thunder, so that a stroke  
Of lightning became something on an island.

Acting and afflicting is an advice from God,  
To afford the next meal is full of mystery.  
The sea drowns you as you surface,  
And your dog is replenished with energy, seeking its master  
Inside the sea or ocean;  
The ocean masters the seeker of the woods on the island,  
And hinders the swimmer.  
The praising is complete and praying may be kept  
By those in despair, like everybody who ever wept  
And devilled in other warfare.

Naveed Akram

# The Journey Of Miles

The first mile of the journey slid,  
But when I did walk in my own place  
I took my seat and never desired it.  
I thanked the air and it did not trouble me,  
I liked wild-flowers with more agreeable company.  
Because others did not care,  
The flowers were one or two,  
My comrades did not speak,  
I slackened my pace as I trod further in.  
There was a time when life tolerable,  
But a great deal of friendship occurred for now.  
The second mile of my journey was exact  
And commanding.

Naveed Akram

# The Journeys Of The Servant

His servant is commanded to rest and learn,  
His rest serves another place of worship,  
But the world is worst of the times ahead,  
That people say by night, and hear by day.  
We might demonstrate a doing to answer  
The riddles of a young generation.  
We might be yourselves in this,  
Where are the glad tidings?

Naveed Akram

# The Jumping Man

It was a justice to see the jewels speak,  
The jumping man is seen by those who be men.  
To jump in the direction of young practices  
Persuades the joyous soul to unite with atoms  
Residing in the head and heart, feeding the whole of time,  
Screening us from truths that hurt.  
For the hidden heart clearly hears you,  
From all directions they utter their thoughts  
Finding one to collate and collect the rigours  
Of a risky riot, feeling the hunger of a day.  
One enlightens me enough in this real smoothness,  
One argument will fail, the same thought will disdain,  
And this loop has arisen being born through eyes  
Of hurt and danger and sloth.

Naveed Akram

# The Kaiser's Government

I govern, as I learn, with governments  
Arousing my anger, like the sight of a gorge  
All overpowering and threatening to the body,  
As I dive into its abyss, not knowing it before.  
I am angry at the kaiser, a painful man,  
Empires are bitten, melted and occupied.  
He has palatable food, chickens are around  
Threatening him by their calling, as cowards look.  
My kaiser is not mine now,  
My governing him is mine now,  
As I have learnt his bones  
And the bones of chickens  
Making a soup stock, full of taste.  
I may never be governed, once governed.

Naveed Akram

# The Knowledge Of You

You must understand the mood of real results,  
Beneath them the message is late,  
Underneath them we claim a bereavement  
And grief is the boat we see on a lake.

I shoot you with a lovely arrow,  
Offered also by the worshippers;  
It may be prayer, but not a layer  
Of blood is found with the message.

Your comprehension is such a wonderful intake  
Of laudable knowledge, the knowledge of you.

Naveed Akram

# The Lamp Of Distress

To light the lamp we take flight,  
On the water of the lake, cold as ice;  
I see clumps of wooden trees,  
Installations with rigour and fright.  
Factories bend their borders,  
As serious as motherhood and rest.  
It sounded fantastic with magnificent  
Light of such an acolyte,  
Who deceived the delighted crying  
Of the river waves nearby,  
The waves of brilliant water.

To light the whole star above,  
We make a factor of distress,  
Skimming on thin ice, dallying in  
Midnight air, the same weather  
Of some politicians face-to-face.  
These intellectuals are in snooze,  
Delighted by deluges and fevers  
Of the masters and lords of water.

Naveed Akram

# The Land Of Surprise

It is such difference to melt with the land,  
And we see, we see the heavens surprised  
By the takeover of Death, a sordid creature  
So blessed yet fierce like the fog of the downs.

There I met my foe called Death,  
And its name was the same as my friend,  
Liking him was liking those whose pride existed,  
For the existence can replace nothing.

It is so surprising to watch the dark oceanic sky,  
Its appeal to the wind was a forceful plea  
To restart the seasons of ire and mire and strife,  
All of nature took its turn to finish.

Naveed Akram

# The Last Day

The day of arising is too long,  
You sweat so hard in it, so long;  
The deeds must wait and loiter,  
The days arise so as to speak of the final day.

One day, a final day has arrived  
For our lunch is special, far too daily;  
The length of our stay gained success,  
But those who end shall reap reward.

A man can never help another man  
On this day, the last day of collisions;  
The men of endeavours forsake others,  
In time, this has meaning for some.

Naveed Akram

# The Lawful Side

In the side of the law is a loveable love,  
Opening doors to the other side,  
Licking an envelope from the start,  
Operating on the letters of the gods.

In the dangerous zone is a late actor,  
Strangely reiterating a trend,  
This danger dangles where it loves and hates  
The questions so inspired,

Onslaughts are intriguing like love,  
For the letters of the gods are unique and  
Concrete in their attention so late,  
A feeling is a commonality of paint.

Naveed Akram

# The Laws

Write down your laws so you inherit,  
Laws bestow good and we thank them.  
A singular noun is justice, the name of your soul,  
It composes your hearing and sight for the high ones.  
Lawful multitudes strive to occupy us in their height,  
Prescriptions are made, rules are rectified.  
A vein shall bleed, for those who see the law of the nation,  
A heart shall weep for the blood to be cared, by this nation.  
Write the better laws compared with lower ones,  
And the pillars of happiness stand still despite tremors.

Naveed Akram

# The Legs

Dinosaurian legs inhabit the chief,  
A degrading spectacle has much burden;  
The evenness of the skin is absurdly made,  
The hindmost part is far removed,  
For when the seat is accomplished we drop.  
Legs so graded by their smoothness  
In the appearances lack all the structure.  
Disestablish their rights and their lefts,  
Like a man going overboard, and then capsizing.  
Blasts of this kind are huge, and more are pities,  
This blasting and disputing is resolvable.

Naveed Akram

# The Liar-General

I had dropped my purse in the cursed direction,  
This gnarled me with great dexterity and joy.  
For my person beside me screams and entertains  
As well, like the hideous and penniless ones.

Beneath the threatening display is a bar of drinks  
That his lips swallow and that hide the hard heart;  
My two hands thrust down and my arms are escaping,  
Little are the deaths of the forsaken men and women.

Like a dog and a cat in danger from themselves,  
This enemy army has engaged with another jet  
Of troops that stun the amazing colors at your  
Own mirror-images, living a lie and liking a death.

I have seen seven heads and seven hearts  
From the ground on which they lie,  
Corpses and collections astound the performers  
One matched with the lies of a liar and general leader.

Naveed Akram

# The Library

The library is a public moment,  
In it ruins are tombs and stars of gold;  
The gold flashes, a star relaxes the mind  
Of ease and compassion, that bends  
In the bedroom of the soul.

One has a port called soldiery,  
It contains the inner hearts and walls  
Of the mind's library, a sacred monument,  
The real punch and kick of the dooms,  
And where dining with words elevates you.

The lining of the walls fetches weight  
And gravity too sinning, by now it collapses.  
Due to the centres of learning,  
We mock the jeering crowds of a library  
In Alexandria, and fall into a drifting wall.

Naveed Akram

# The Lies

Let the gods be forced to religion,  
Yesterday we signed a pact with constitution.  
Your lies do not affect me as a word and deed,  
Let them cheer and also jeer, be a man who has agreed.  
Never can we gobble up the tries of others,  
Quite like gangs we destroy, with the flutters.  
Feathers arrange themselves with awe,  
Let authority begin answering and then draw.

Naveed Akram

# The Life Of Wishes

May we understand the fine points of life,  
Each being simpler than the one before.  
This we continue until we have learnt the life,  
This life condemns anyone who is smaller.

The life forces continue to sustain us,  
The wishes of some are those wishes to sustain;  
Any one wanting a simple act must learn,  
That life does condone those who force.

Naveed Akram

# The Life We Had

You have certain illnesses in the way of life,  
The formations and tissues inside us are in the way of life.

My offspring are never ill because of my efforts,  
Their living and dying carry a burden and abruptness, in the way of life.

My brain sees some in pain, yet health conquers all,  
Children will unite and give me suffering, no calmness in the way of life.

The days are numbered, for when I die in my old age,  
This child always will cry and lament, for I am generous, in the way of my life.

Weeks and months have led to the beginning of my life,  
A death has overcome us, my wife has left us, and the way of my life.

The intelligent progeny react and talk more along the lines of peace,  
Is this not a face of pain, a delivering of genius, in the way of my life.

My wife was an unspeakable power of the way we were,  
The life around has mattered to our giantess, in this way of life.

Naveed Akram

# The Light

I am the light at the end of fronts and boundaries,  
Fixing the scores of people, like a lantern of trust.  
I befriend the leagues for their involvement,  
And stresses are in the effects of a day.  
Wednesday masters my wedding plans,  
And the next day is loathing the loaf of bread.

I am the lantern of such trust, according to the bible,  
Inside the islands of jugs and cups, the reign continues.  
I am the light at all costs, little are the prices they spring,  
As the small coasts are treasures for the under aged,  
And where do they cast their tongues?

Naveed Akram

# The Light In My Life

The light has featured in my life, in my soul,  
For the signs on the window leak away when in fright;  
The thundering is a reminder from the lords of the sky,  
It is a finger of such silver, gold and diamond.

May the stretch of time be enough to teach a sign,  
Opening the other crowd, from it is the fire of centuries.  
The flames descend like mathematical expressions,  
Offices are in flames like the ghosts of a hard decade.

Honour has written itself when the art of the stars is departing,  
The science of the heat is the momentum of the grey sight.  
Honour will become you when the thunder stops and lightning  
Strikes like a hammer too violent in the third degree.

Naveed Akram

# The Light Of Difficulties

The light of the whole night is missing  
For each man wonders why there is any star  
For guidance and why there is a darkness.

The manner of a king must be visualised  
For he seems to paint my heart with his majesty,  
And His Highness does not invoke my name  
In front of everyone.

Indeed, the lights are destroyed by the satanic laughter,  
Bulbs of fire beep and sleep, the lonely wanderer  
Has passed the test, but the satanic one reminds himself.

Let the manners of men be judged by Justice,  
Leaping in their shadow would resolve difficulties,  
But where is the disaster for the one who deserves it?  
He needs chastisement!

Naveed Akram

# The Light Upon The Heart

The upward light thought for itself,  
Power was added to power so wonderful.  
My soul is smiling due to art,  
My books are shelved accordingly.

I have those saints in my log,  
Meeting me like a train on fire.  
But their wisdom is so strong  
That my soul is becoming wiser.

The descending light is upon the heart,  
Hatred and love are too many enemies,  
Love is the opposite of sin,  
And you live within the levels of hurt.

My light is tonight a goal,  
My soul empties the fire,  
The tunnel is burrowed little  
As more tunnelling is required.

Naveed Akram

# The Light Within

The food of light is the event of birth,  
The event of death is overreaching,  
This evening I saw conspiracies and  
Tragedies of the whole of life.

One life is like the aqueous solution,  
Too many are the solids of the earth.  
One evening I met a sprite who laughed  
At my propositions from the world.

I like the hearing of the godly men who  
Conquer the wishes of the tyrant;  
One evening I saw a wondrous man who  
Enlightened me as if he was a wise man.

I have been hearing of him so well,  
He taught me danger and light of divinity;  
His evenings and mornings were devoted  
To my soul and the upbringing of knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# The Lion Moves Up

My mighty hills confound the pride,  
The pride unleashes its anger unto us.  
Over hills, the pride springs to the ancient  
War residing in the galaxies on the floor.  
My might is stronger than the brain,  
A lion can outwit a stranger but not me.  
Over the hills, a lion attacks and strains,  
Defending me after the pains of an adventure  
In the background of our wishes and laws.  
The lion spoke of the pains inside,  
How do we relate our ancestors to this godly  
Beast from the fathomless jungle?  
Over the hills where the pride has spoken ill.  
My mighty medicine is to destroy the beasts  
Beating our chests with hearts of whining  
Grace, the foolish expense is foolish.  
It will confound the major men of this galaxy,  
The pride will wing its way to the districts.

Naveed Akram

# The Little Shoes

A little lie blows into my shoes,  
Inflaming the toes with anger at the roots;  
To socially interact with elders is founding  
The religion of angry nations  
Always to suggest feet are deathly.

The robes are aligned within ranks,  
The shoe and boot are symbols of worth  
Frozen within the snowy plains of land  
That hardly bow to the soldiers and troops;  
Fixed are the trees above and below.

My shoes are their enemies,  
Yesterday a troop was gaining due to age,  
He shot five men in cold nightmares  
When snow had its feeling and art,  
Where snow was the son of the frost.

Naveed Akram

# The Lone Thought

Your mood may triumph over the lone thought,  
It records us in splendour and surrender;  
The moods are better for the heavenly students  
To know if your mind always requires them.  
Anything illustrious as your brain  
Justified why your ports are like ears  
That listen and watch with eyes  
The very same endeavour in observation.  
To perceive I neglect you and claim the powers  
That have been most prominent.

Naveed Akram

# The Love In Your Heart

The garden of love is not a garden of disease;  
The garden of heaven is not the lawn of hell.

We confine the brilliant and imprison the blamed,  
Both topics are discussed by the future president.

We see the woman as an agent of the people,  
We've interrogated the men of understanding well enough.

Its fresh atmosphere congratulates the soul and heart,  
The paradise belongs to me after the righteous soul.

We shall live with each other in harmony of harmony,  
Music is forgotten, art is never restored, but beauty is gaping.

The forms of our person consider the mightiness of a being  
Or deity, it is His Will that is to be done according to wish and custom.

When the garden has delighted us, where the people have reposed,  
We shall never mock the brilliant who are confined, nor the blamed.

Naveed Akram

# The Love Of Cities

The city holds out with emphasis to distrust,  
The starry, starry line of a moment too just  
Opens into love and momentum, invitations.  
The city of light has cancelled its life,  
Supernatural activity is fathomable by Justice.  
Regardless of friendship, regardless of rightness,  
Explorations must continue on the button  
Of so much pain, so much pleasure has arrived.

Naveed Akram

# The Lovin' Crocodile

To make this news will cheer me up tonight,  
But where do doves despair when caught alight?  
There is no chance in this to reunite,  
As far as eyes can tell to be polite.  
I ponder more these ways that reconcile  
Our brothers fighting more, and then even;  
It's like the rage of love, that crocodile  
That menacingly poses some lovin'.

I hear the sound of reptiles speaking bad,  
I see them down the river lurking now,  
My thoughts are with the danger so forbad,  
It crawled on legs so uglier, but how?  
I see them now and then, in waters cold,  
To be polite, to be polite and bold.

Naveed Akram

# The Magic

The magic had failed just then,  
Training a hand to a weapon;  
The cocked weapon was itself,  
The magical weapon was itself.

He needed to obey the weapon,  
You dress and bind your wrists,  
But the sword snaps in them,  
Falling apart and then the magic enters!

A place for your hands has no choice,  
What are you now that magic appeared?  
There is no escape, no where to provide  
And foresee to exact the retribution.

The person also ordered his chest  
To expand and release the lungs,  
For his magical tricks could foresee  
Why he was a magician.

Naveed Akram

# The Magic Of

I wondered how high the ocean was  
Compared to those continuous seasons.  
I wear the oceans and seas like fountains  
Bringing their vomit before the springs.  
I watch a burden from a brother in sin,  
His neglect for safety may matter entirely.  
I willingly wait and deceive the summer,  
Opening the windows of rampages and storms.  
I wince and wallow in sins that revolve around  
Like a fairground ride, willing to pant and rave.  
I wanted the seas to obey my head and knee,  
Yelping in the helpless streams of eddies.  
I winced and averted the tragedies of a window,  
It opened its fence and entered the worth.  
I won a burden from a sister too late,  
She wondered why my spells were melting.

Naveed Akram

# The Male And Female

The male responding to the female  
Is a polite plate for the food of famine,  
Families are devices from this good.  
The male is replying to his maid,  
With smiles and slander, suspicion  
Is suppressed by the maker of minds.

The male person is a human being,  
He asks you to straighten the pews,  
Collect the taxes and ask him to cheer,  
The cheering masses drive forward  
According to the general's plan.  
His plan is of a script hiding behind the scenes.

I see the noises of the past with his ears  
Looking to the forest of endeavour and magic,  
Feeding a frenzy, liking the hungry as  
If their bellies fulfilled the profession.  
My planning will be plain, like the caresses  
Of the handmaiden, of the sisterhood  
And the artists that carry moods.

Naveed Akram

# The Man

The man who hates the world shall carry it,  
Love minds himself, like light and dark a bit;  
My mother causes him to live and die,  
From life he goes, from death he will ally.

This day is bent, these minds create a bend  
In this pathway, acidic rights attend;  
My friend is bored of his own pen instead,  
He writes too little so that is ahead.

I see a bed to sit on further than  
My mind - the work of sand that is a ban-  
Since time is small, and we are bravery:  
What danger comes? Where is the slavery?

Naveed Akram

# The Man Is In Distress

I copy the man of distress,  
He collides with a lady who cares,  
And marriage ensues when speaking lands.  
I release a socking to the cauldron  
To steam him, and his wife, the very instrument  
Of his design. He wants to ride her day long,  
Thinking his wife is a husband.  
My steaming is eventful, as I lived when I lied,  
And you became a forethought, a woman is alive.  
I copy this distressful lie,  
And furthermore, it clings forcing a further lie.  
Death is no opening date,  
It is closure of utter life.

Naveed Akram

# The Man Of God

A man is a lover of God, so desire him as his heart is great,  
This man should never cease his utterances of faith, even crying.

For the man of God knows that God exists, learning of Him  
Through the Book of Wisdom, that declared the Meaning of Unity.

The Lord has taught His Verses to His perfect creature,  
You cannot remember yourself when called to His Dominion.

Faith is a building that never diminishes, never delivering burden  
To its occupants, like fire the building is punished.

But let in the extinguishers! Then bliss will return and rebuild  
The soul, beauty and pain and suffering will unfold.

To overcome this world is by beautifying the many tunnels  
Leading to Heaven, giving your fingers and arms to me.

For the Lord is the King of Kings who is superior to my august  
Soul, you are august and I am august, you will not lose, nor will I.

Then the feelings are worn enough so as to supply the soul  
With ultimate enterprise, to carry us on as travellers or souls.

Feel the emotions of a dreaded man or chieftain, feeling thoughts  
Of a thinker who determines his ideas by the correct representation.

Naveed Akram

# The Man Of Life

He talked little, he spotted few  
In the arena of his intelligence;  
Fascinated, he took to burdens  
Of an united country, with likes  
And dislikes.

In the service of discovery,  
My first move was a wasted effort  
With a personality and space.

In this case, my manliness worked,  
Abilities astounded me after a while,  
I was successful now that the man entered.  
My fear of the upright man was significant,  
He had a rare countenance, so simple and serene.

Naveed Akram

# The Man Of Open Godliness

To focus on a name is like being the same,  
I see the habits of a praiseworthy man  
As the drawing of a day unravels  
Into splendour and sanity and godliness.  
Each planet in its solar system watches over you,  
For Earth is such a world that repeats itself,  
And binds creatures to its ilk.  
The words of the stations of the soul  
Are varied, many;  
For to determine the shelter you grasp  
Is to dismay somebody when running.  
For running men and women see no shelter  
That can take them with toast;  
The boiling, scorching desert masters us  
As if you were divulging at one time,  
Seeing the horizon with longing  
And then suddenly a desire erupts from the heart  
To give thanks for the days numbered,  
The days sold out to customers.  
Perfection is in this world,  
A cherished life is all the angry tone we take.

Naveed Akram

# The Man Rides His Horse

To snare a thought from the deeper mind  
Carries a message for the young and old;  
This avalanche of my desire is created  
By the acts that are mastered by the few.

Then philosophers force their barrels of beer,  
The thin men are of the public orders,  
The thick men are short and about the aorta  
Of the heart, for they are essential beings.

Balanced minds recreate for the majority,  
The puzzles are torn into fragments,  
Denials are afraid of denials,  
And forces are like whole avalanches.

Towards the city a man rides his horse,  
They gallop, but he races for his force  
Is about the traps in a society,  
Fully the society is relentless.

A mind reacts relaxed, with the worst worries,  
This agile mind of anger, shall ask for incidents;  
The same acts of mine are afoot  
With an art of rest - that is the fastest remedy.

Naveed Akram

# The Man Who Accomplishes

The man who punctually accomplishes  
Creates the loss of a century and its work,  
Words are about with residues and illness,  
Worse are the stripes stretching all over the light.  
A little comma is a lid of the eye,  
A fit stop murmurs itself to sleep,  
This comma and stop will pause for the parlour  
Forming accents and loops so wild and vivacious.

The man who addresses with proper dictionaries  
In his heightened head will collapse with righteousness  
At the heat of the battle, the fight of a century  
And a truthful company,  
So filling and prompt.

Naveed Akram

# The Man With Shoes

I wear my shoes in a couple of ways,  
So children soon reply with a casual greeting,  
Those in school uniforms offer majestically  
The praise accorded to a sane hatted man.

I see before me a flickering candle flame,  
I am in my flannel shirt upon the unmade bed,  
Maybe the three-piece suit needs wearing,  
So the talk of men and women receives me.

My view of the city from the top of the building  
Is like a wedding of the old ways, piles of food  
And luscious juices, for the lights glimmer finely  
And brightly, mixed lights and forever lights.

The day is weak, the night is long, my clothes  
Have outdone me, like a spider surrounding its prey,  
Or like a captive in the hands of the enemy,  
For cloth is the substance of despair for me.

Naveed Akram

# The Manhood

The manhood of my father fattens me with acts,  
They have deserved me, like demolition, distraught  
On the terrace of terror, a balcony of riches awaits.  
If magic could spell its craze then manhood answers  
The interrogation of internal nature,  
A dream explodes as it contorts the life around us.  
My destiny is exploding in folds, in pages of glory,  
Much a book, many a traveller, much to do little.

I have an invisible man in innocence, I see him walk  
Towards Wales, then back to England.  
His manhood feels glorious earthquakes of sudden  
Tremors and teases, tracks of guilt sweep across  
Our vault of brilliant words and stars of strength.  
I am standing and sitting to enlighten the future  
Of our lives, so that dreams may conquer the manhood,  
It is my father's manhood that conquers tonight.

Naveed Akram

# The Map-Maker

I am a map-maker of high discernment,  
I am an agent so absorbent,  
The feelings attached to me created  
This felony so wide and long aborted.

The maple tree outside is flung by the wind,  
There are leaves on the ground thinned;  
My staple diet is so well-known by the nation,  
Eventually we are proud of none.

Naveed Akram

# The Market

Loss and profit are like burdens,  
Worries and remorse shall promise adaptations.

Naveed Akram

# The Martyr

My martyr was also an epicure as a rich man,  
Bold are the epithets to describe him, all a ban.  
The job epitomizes good goals and strong life,  
An epoch of calamities and casualties that were rife.

My understanding is of a fetish that spoke alarmingly,  
It became a fetid smell, a sensible touch was the ability.  
Most of the hankering became a mission,  
To intercede on behalf of the demon.

Festal reactions described him fully,  
As the honeydew pleased him abdominally.  
It is the largesse, it is the probity of good singing,  
Underneath the grand sea, that inspired the abandoning.

□

You have naught as a martyr, elsewhere there is naught,  
All is morbid, and the scaring is dwindling, to be fought.  
I can evangelize the youth into goodness,  
Yet my breathing is harassing me like an actress.

Naveed Akram

# The Master Of Judgement Day

The day of great duration has arrived,  
Its mightiness is irresistible for it means a blast.  
The initial fancy is that of extreme measures,  
By reason of the excitement from resurrection.  
There are shining stars, just with us,  
But all to topple with thunder and never squash us.  
The masters of message have told of this barren day,  
With trumpet-blast, weeping and swooning,  
Convulsions shall occur to some who weep too strongly,  
Truth shall speak forever on without holding peace,  
Warnings are upon us, and decisions are made from beyond.  
This is the day of judgement, when it has arrived.

Naveed Akram

# The Masters

To see the master grin is far too grim,  
I see when he talks to the servant;  
To see him regard the cushion is absurd,  
For anyone retaliates and observes;  
The reality of a day has arisen from splendor,  
And its ranks are huge and multifarious.

I see the masters in their suit of armor,  
Never is the word of a false knowledge spoken;  
Towards the end of time the clothes are worn,  
Then the shoes come secretly to blend;  
This is next on the list of rules and instruction,  
When our masters refrain from their food and drink.

Naveed Akram

# The Meal

Must I, exciting nobody, be a slight leader,  
According to pain and suffering of the meal?  
There was a solitary figure of importance  
Hanging up its head to the heavenly sky.  
Before he went, the last chance was offered in terms.  
By couplets it is expressed with various hues  
The next hours and nights of this blessing.  
Magic is major as the riding of the horse is wild,  
Minor characters have arisen for the barrier stolen.

Naveed Akram

# The Meaning Of Stages

To be is a must, to be requires justice,  
For just people are rational men,  
For jealous prisoners work like criminals  
Internally requesting freedom of desire.

To beings a world opens out in help,  
Interesting is the stage of development,  
A world has once been a wonderful man  
Who occupies the heart and soul of man.

To fight and to end the battle we stand,  
Understanding is a relic of the arts,  
Learning this thought shall gather news  
Of a day in united hands, often the stages.

To be a war of states and stations  
Is fighting the absurd world,  
A worldly man enters the mainframe  
To be a computer programmer indeed.

Naveed Akram

# The Melancholy Night

The melancholy night raises its dew  
To the height one marries with justice;  
For evenings are light like the sunny man  
In his sunny tomb, with the summer's sun.  
His grave is overturned when it is bright,  
And darkness envelops the horizon-view;  
Sinking will jeopardise a normal human-being  
With the delightful caress of a madder man.  
Can the nights of illness and resumption  
Be a guide to the perfect way?  
Surely the lies abate when rich in alcohol,  
For those intoxicated are like godly helpers.  
The meal of a thousand swans is in flight,  
Yet the banquet we dine is the banquet of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# The Moment Of Truth

I am the dad of signals, of the best,  
Those pictures mash, collide, retain and burn;  
From actual right we stride too soon and churn  
This message so much loud, then so assessed.  
Your mum will guarantee us force, molest  
The atoms of those plays, in this cavern  
That lives in pictures bright, from one lantern;  
The cavern disappoints the very nest.

This picture damages my life so bold,  
My parents told me why my sight was tall,  
My mum and dad were pictures blending mad.  
I had to find this celebration told,  
My life completely saved itself, just all,  
The photograph made facts always then sad.

Naveed Akram

# The Moments

Seize the moment with the heart  
That hands out dangers,  
Fists of trouble understand us  
As we resort to politics and economics.

The fortress is kinder on some who bleed,  
Their murders are weak, and their strong  
Collapse is like the burning of fire,  
The fires are in the open and they bleed.

Naveed Akram

# The Moon

The moon may wake up a stone  
And this stone married me,  
It is in the belly of a walking lady,  
It is in the whole life of what is lovely.

I have belief in the empty places,  
Of all single times this is a place I cherish,  
I cherished my love of this woman  
As I have loved it and found a stone  
The size of a moon, our moon, our being.

The moons are not long in flight  
They merely meet me in orbit, by the naked eye;  
So rich is the talk of life after death  
With this life, with this woman.  
I can not die.

Naveed Akram

# The Moon Has Tears

The moon cries from stupid lies,  
Foul moons deeply feel sorry  
For their tears and worn truths,  
Such as what accumulates on the beach.  
The sea is dear, expensive, wild,  
And full of mischief, all because of you  
And silver moons.  
Move merriment into the soul of delight  
As movement teases us, teases us whole.  
May godly scholars provoke crime  
On the outward sky, controlling and responding  
Like something to be judged.

Naveed Akram

# The Moon Is Still

The still moon was light enough for centuries,  
Work rid the Earth of slumber, music and abilities.  
I found in the midst of all tragedy in the world  
A great sight of poverty, full in curiosity that unfurled  
The carpet most pure for the lame and rich,  
Egotistical behaviour missed the ditch.  
I say on a month too merry why the sun was hot  
In that day and night to celebrate a jackpot.  
The luck ran a hundred miles on my legs,  
Without breakfast, with energy and eggs.  
The moon was our very satellite to read  
Like a book, or a puzzle to solve indeed.  
For years I have written these words, and on and on,  
Fierce worship causes us to forsake the dawn.

Naveed Akram

# The Moonlight

The moonlight hated through the atmosphere  
As a glare of human understanding  
Rather than a painting of knowledge,  
Other than that picture  
A residence has more pride and reading of joy.

The joy of living is like the art of the ocean,  
And repetition is godly, as the waves are happy.  
The moonlight hated the seas,  
As the moon walked the sun's horizon.  
A homely seaman whilst being one is rather loved by the sea.

Naveed Akram

# The Moons Are Beneficial

The moons are satellites for the unknown,  
Speaking is the ritual caressing the joints  
So much in love with joints,  
And I say this with jests of the bodies in the heavens.

Let the roads be hazardous to the enemies of God,  
For the heat inside is cleverer than pies and pudding,  
Eaten at a glance for the tale is undone,  
Feeding a frown to the little ones.

I see the villainous trends from corpulent people,  
Saws of luck are employed for the benefit of cutting  
Of trees that have stunts and staggers,  
Stages of deceit, stages of relief like stars and leaves.

Naveed Akram

# The Mount Service

Sail on the mountain of resting services,  
Instead honour is to be erased on these crevices.

Naveed Akram

# The Movement Is Pardoned

The movement of the masses is a massive pardon,  
It's a crowd of tulips or a pool of water and wet places;  
My sentence is finally established when peace has entered,  
A word shall be a toy of brilliance, a thought for the lame.

The brain bothers the crying kings, its movement creates  
A vein of blood and fluids, the masses collect the rains.  
Why does the crowd move with a wail and wipe? It bleeds  
Boisterously, creeps in especially for the royal men and women.

There is one man who beats with his heart as heat connects,  
Their waters have the capacity to form clouds, belief  
Shall entice a believer to correct his own faith and command;  
The scholars read a shoulder and swear that blood departs.

Naveed Akram

# The Moves

The moves spend their time on their kings,  
And the queens reside in the galaxies,  
For the decembers win fully like teachers,  
And the januaries fix their stare on the tongue.

Spirits of months are spirits of the tongue,  
An animal fends for itself,  
A planet combines with other moons  
As spiritual lessons are served forever.

Naveed Akram

# The Nation's Man

The nationality of a man reigns supreme over present dangers,  
A matron has admitted herself into the establishment.  
One says significance beyond record, the doctor of heaven,  
Dangerous surgery is the passive and the active.  
The men who do drugs are the real doctors,  
One rule suggests activity so blinding to patients.  
One natural year passes, with the effect of death  
Followed by life of a variety to be found in heaven.

Naveed Akram

# The Nature Of An Un-Dead Man

He threw the ball for five miles it reached,  
The route to put the shot was black and dark  
In the middle of a forest at night, fully dark;  
It was perhaps what? It was a sacred instrument

But a silver bullet, one for the masters of least leniency,  
He was to spread the monster of an un-dead nature  
On the floor of the forest where the wild mushrooms were found;  
It may be different, but this man was unfed by dread

And he left his soul to the dead, like a man who fed  
The life of evil, and scourges happened from him,  
He left the messages of old that were ours;  
Just so that he did, he left us for he hated us, and when should he die?

Naveed Akram

# The Nice Hell

Residence of peace has stories and telling,  
House of Error is the selling pleasure,  
The right of Hell is just not yours,  
Why does Heaven keep doors?

Naveed Akram

# The Night Follows The Day

I wanted one day for the sun to stay,  
As if this funny star owned the light of the heavens  
Like a lantern of the vast dungeon.  
One house believed in fast work,  
Another forbade the mysteries,  
And the other forced a silent eerie air.

I never saw the sun as a round partner,  
The day it spins from itself is thin,  
The night that follows directly is sinful,  
For the lantern of the deep is sitting once more.  
Instead of the path that quakes,  
There is a linearity, a straight creepy roadway.

I saw the stars at night one time,  
The nearest were brave for being there,  
Once the nights ate and drank their fill,  
Living a life of blood and damage  
That they avoided before their stay  
In the sky so mournful of everyone.

Naveed Akram

# The Night Is A State

The night was a state of the state,  
Its interior walls beckoned a ghost,  
Its well-being was a knighthood.  
My artists are like a gender,  
Many artisans are involved in the picture.  
In this night we still wish for endeavour,  
For the day brings disaster, like the illness  
Of our heart, that beats like a symbolic  
Drum.

My night fails according to the rules,  
Laws beckon the ordeals, they travel  
Through windows of steel and gold,  
The confident men are the cool plate,  
From this the women eat to expire  
One day and one night.

Naveed Akram

# The Night Is Like Love

The night love was shone on the river of shadows,  
I became the blameworthy one, for rivers were red.  
The days learned and learned and earned,  
To give an insect the strength to cope for fullness.

Why do your gifts outweigh my soul with its splendour?  
The presents that arrive and approach me are sounds,  
Mere figures of speech so resolute and dim and smart,  
Like the words of oblivion, ruinous rivers and right.

I have a gate to enter, to forsake the one who believes  
In me, so that nights shall be called days by rights,  
By the legal system, and by the scouts of darkness,  
Those scouts we seek are the very spies of ruin.

Naveed Akram

# The Night Laughed

The black night giggled at me,  
The happiness of a winter overcame;  
When summer arrived, I departed from this nation,  
Where nights were far too painful and dark.  
My green life is upon me,  
Laughing at my face, with its many different colours;  
Honouring the life is the way of night and day,  
Feeling as if the ground could quake and release a prison.

Naveed Akram

# The Night Of The Wolves

The night of the wolves was said with a smile,  
Evaporating and colliding with them was seen  
As demented and crazy like bravery and farce.  
The flattering of me was condemned by the snowy  
Hazards in the wake of tragedy, that marketed  
The items of dressage, and the trousseaus seemed  
Ornate in the negative sense.  
How would people stay fit in their attire?  
Going to the fountain was like doing a fitness  
For yourself, and their mentalities became old.

The wolves on that night harassed the majority  
Of brave men and women, clasping their ill, aching  
Knee-caps and ligaments, rectifying the behaviour  
Of ancient civilisation.

This night optimistically fought for the animal  
Kingdom, made of men and boulders  
That rolled down cliffs, and vanished in the mist.  
They evaporated and drew into dust dazzling to the  
Sprayed eyes, stinging with fever and rights.

The wolves revisited to their dangerous dismay,  
How clever were the victims to die so  
Boldly, with animals as enemies surrendering  
To all who came before their burning hearts.

Naveed Akram

# The Night Sea

The clear night sky rode through the hours  
Of compulsion, as the foam entered the arena  
Of the sea and land of lambs and cows and fish.  
There was an old sea captain by the name  
Of vulgar occupations, still in time with saving  
Remarks and outlandish habits that pirates  
Once perpetrated due to ill, solidly effective  
And versatile men and women of passage.

The cargoes of these solid ships  
Wakened in the souls of the sea a dominating  
Influence, as the proper plans were afloat  
And the lives loitered in the sea,  
The clear night sky entered the arena once more.  
Among the pebbles grew the dead.

The stones were polished, slowly drifting into heaven's  
Eyes, and becoming a part of the wreck  
That pirates plundered greedily, and corpulence  
Sprang its net at the hiding men who delivered  
The goods to Satan.  
The devils sang to the sweet and sour and bitter  
Tune still young in the hearts of dirty men.

Naveed Akram

# The Night Stays

Unyielding in the face of adversity,  
A young man resents being called fearful,  
As scary as it seems, as scary as it seems.  
My objects are like his offering with the same  
Strength and longing for peace;  
I may be you but what strength are you?  
I force the contentment to turn to sadness  
And basic relief does not become a part of me.

Let the strong survive, and the weak suffer,  
For as scary as the night is, the night weeps everyday  
Like a nightmare has been lifted  
But still accomplishes its stay.

A young person accepts what night-time remains,  
For night-time's flavor is of the black board  
And the stars are being taught for will-power  
And the judgments and the alienation.

Naveed Akram

# The Noise Above Us

The noise one makes to overtake someone's heart  
Casts aside the love one contains for the Ultimate Love.

The hearts of a son who makes marriage a reality  
Number two, for he uses one for himself and one for herself.

The real notion expressed by the mathematicians of this city  
Is relished by those who watch the seasons and their splendour.

Turning of events causes more events to match with good deeds  
That inhabit the doings of people who see the flight of birds.

The birds do not watch us with their flights,  
But duty has a size of profit, a successful feeling.

Naveed Akram

# The Norm

It was the norm to introduce the desk,  
Towards the work of a variation or two,  
Still the prosecution required the Bible.

And still the descent to decent courtrooms,  
Without the property offering connivances,  
I rubbed there the power off my column or spine.

Those were the leftovers of my meal,  
Presented before a lawyer, so impressive  
That he rented my book, so bowels were deprivation.

Naveed Akram

# The Ocean

The ocean has felt your satisfaction as complete,  
Whenever you glance at those eyes we see,  
And you wilt like a leaf as you weep  
At the lovable waves of water that screech,  
Your eyes do not detect the reach.

The ocean is glowing at your face,  
With fish of great handsome faces,  
Of law and order,  
Of love and power.  
The ocean I do not trust at first.

Naveed Akram

# The Ode To Reading Books

That will best be read by the best is certain,  
That which hurt me will be the constant blessing,  
One of us shall dry the one's choice today,  
Let only me now.

Tennis defines my work now like me just now,  
Reading and that hurts to the real senses  
Works forcing my little pen so longer,  
I do say the one.

Tight and mucky is the pen sincere right now,  
Reading as our mightiness better just read,  
This is joy from work of the sudden and cute,  
I then say something.

Naveed Akram

# The Old And Young

Devour the old and young,  
Investigate the obstacles indeed;  
Let life be gorgeous as pies,  
The food we offer is the food of youth.

Slippery roads to eternity are small  
And slippery due to life,  
May the old aged people be staff  
For the young and strong.

Oppose them as they stand  
With each other, with their danger.

Naveed Akram

# The One Who Lasts

God is the one who lasts forever,  
His kingdom is designed and everlasting.  
The effort of a design is only twice,  
Yet his effort is never like slumber.  
The day is of night, and the nights speak,  
Forming new words for us to cheat.  
The effort of this design is not stupid,  
It is greater for the men who walk  
And they continuously talk and converse,  
Opening the chapter full of divine words,  
Kissing their pages, killing the enemy  
And their verse is not of women who dance  
According to music.

Naveed Akram

# The One-Eyed Liar

The dishonesty is a disloyalty, one is liar,  
One is famous, and one-eyed,  
But when do papers amount to clarity?  
Where is the proof of a forbidden prince?

He lied and lied to your face, when faces hid  
Solutions, fear was a tax levied on the family  
Of our nation; when taxes built the frost  
Of the state, the liar was about to burst from height.

The dishonest liar was a thief of despair,  
Frailer than the fair, rigid like Caesar, but harmed,  
Outside the marks, and outside the disgusting  
Features of the face: he was a burden to the race.

This man is an object, an item of the reality,  
Flint creates a block of fire, and in it is housed  
The soul of this boy or man or infidel,  
You must thrust his existence into oblivion, a chasm.

Naveed Akram

# The Only Way To Sorcery

The only way to deal in love is to deliver the soul,  
An existent being engines the soul forevermore.  
This soul is my light and horse that rides the ghouls  
Of the night, the lusts of the demons, and the light  
Of the rampagers who lurk in the darkness of magic.

The only way to love is to be a sorcerer of a man,  
Invent all ways clear to man, and abstain from religion  
After the days have passed, after the lies have sighed,  
Where is my joy and dream now that the life has ended?

Death is a solution to the diligent academics who live  
In the brains of the strong, of the workers and rioters  
That stalk the night without their batons and clubs;  
The mace is alert, the sword is unwound like a wound  
From hellish places, fixed where the hounds bark.

Naveed Akram

# The Opposing Forces

The opposing side loves our illness  
And the blood from it is sworn to secrecy.  
It confidently becomes an opposing side,  
Dice of luck shall be rolled.  
Will my memory be erased by their chief?  
The leader of the foot soldiers parades  
In uniform, echelon and bravery.  
I must meet his kind in this whirling life,  
His kindness is more war-like.

The opposition considers a pledge,  
Round banners cancel the debts of footmen,  
A winning arrow encircles the cavalry  
On the other side of the abyss.  
It is cavalier after cavalier,  
Dangerous soldiers.  
The dangerous souls,  
The infinite minds and finite bodies,  
Concerned themselves about godly work  
After their deaths, a main event  
Of a man who resents another religion.

Naveed Akram

# The Ordinary Land

I've lingered in the vicinity  
To be a tall and ordinary farmer.  
As the fashion has exerted,  
My opinion is an assumption, a proof.

The land has grown inwardly,  
Creating jobs for the breakfast.  
There's no hurry with breaking  
The doors and windows once fed.

I entered the room with the farmers,  
They were idle and ringing and alert;  
This unfriendliness was fiction,  
Throwing pleasure and wands.

Naveed Akram

# The Other Half

Sending to the other half a letter,  
I write towards the edge of insanity,  
As royal favours mark the considerations  
Like oil of the gun and oil of the pun.  
My other half seems too loud and hard,  
Faint strokes sunder, faintness creates me  
With displeasure, as displeasing as sentences.  
My authors are exactly a reminder to the whole  
Distance of the earth and its splendours.

My earth is my soil, my soil is my planet,  
And this I wreck, to behold a mystery of the sense,  
The folding nations, and the rolling hills  
To weather it.  
The mountaintop awes me beyond sides of the square,  
This top of the realm is an everlasting action.

Naveed Akram

# The Pages Of My Book

To embellish the pages of my book  
Is to suddenly rectify the meaning,  
Boulders of thoughts incite me  
As I run the aim of my hour in beauty.  
It is backgammon, it is powerful beauty,  
Thoughts incite me, thoughts collide.

For backwards we run our aim,  
And minor twins are attracted to  
The attached party or what is family.  
They have gyrated with the rosemary,  
Felt essence of the whole crime,  
Feeding themselves after the real pen work.  
Then bedlam, then bedevilled,  
Leaving us with plenty of work to do.

I see the book once written by stares  
And half-blind men of invisible creation.  
The band of men see us with eyes that glare,  
Dim and chilly are the winds this day,  
Dim and multi-dimensional.

Naveed Akram

# The Passage Of Ships

One danger contrasts with the landscape,  
This shape is a scar of the face inside another;  
The audiotape shines with blood and verbal talk,  
Let so many grapes unleash their juices without sense,  
The videotape will define the monkey of an inner being.

The passenger has arrived at the messenger,  
He strikes the bell with injuries and funerals.  
To maim a being is a joy to the world of challenge,  
But sacred islanders were plunging into water so deep.  
But then doing is a danger to the systematic man.

Once the revenge rattles, an ossification oozes,  
One danger of a boat is above the seaside,  
Allied with ships, applications are almost denied  
To the allied ships, those ships of old and recent times.  
I have an amplified signal from the passenger.

Naveed Akram

# The Past

Humming around the winter is the past,  
This congratulates me as the last.

Years of daily amounts created laughter,  
Mostly from seeds sown to glory and slaughter.

My music creates joy, all along and forever,  
Lost is the happiness strongly in the endeavour.

May life contaminate the young and old,  
Its powers feed us with triumph and gold.

Naveed Akram

# The Past Ghouls

Ghosts of the past, what a blast  
For the rich and wealthy, the past.  
Ghouls are present as monsters,  
They include you the gobblers.

Naveed Akram

# The Past Is Mere Echo

The faint path of the past is a delicate thought,  
To my doubts is the knowledge directed with thought,  
I have a road where men of old are banished,  
I have a past, I have a repugnant past history.

Or was I old? When do proud offerings detest the  
Listeners, who beckon the lovers on the mountain top,  
Strange syllables are echoed like waves of the sea  
Gushing outwards into the ear that loves the tune of life.

I went to the old wise man who was a king of the age,  
His faint heart was an older start to the aroma of youth,  
When do tongues wonder about the intensity of light  
And the sequences so adored by some who love others?

Naveed Akram

# The Past Is Retrieved

Nullifying the past is like avoiding the future,  
Governance of a man will reside in the realm.  
Decomposing then is abnormal due to age,  
Frightened by the wind you die and retrieve.  
Mighty Europe displays a normal tide of events  
After working and employing the rituals of the night.  
The downstate of my bridge of hope  
Is the solution I provide in the past and future,  
Presence and absence shall preside as a truth,  
So speak it and learn it and use it for the best end.

Naveed Akram

# The Path And Wall

The path flexes and curves like a mountain,  
Mirrors reflect the pain and suffering of rocks;  
My experiment has begun like fire and stone,  
The risks of height and weight are small.  
Flitting into different directions creates disorder  
In the rows of mountains and towers.  
The wall condemns us when being faced,  
Flexing our muscles and facial characteristics.  
Treachery is against the law and laws of all,  
Thieves predominate here, not near the wall.

Naveed Akram

# The Path Of Destruction

Destroy the path we tread so as to glare,  
The light is painfully bright, now everywhere.

Naveed Akram

# The Path So Straight

The path that is ridden with filth  
Needs to be replaced by structures  
That sound and appear like treasure,  
To be stored in the laps of the children.

A path needs to be straight,  
Your direction is plain;  
Plain words are muttered by passers-by,  
Reiterating the destination without need.

A real path sways and returns crooked,  
Laughing like an argument as it progresses;  
The progress of a man's life  
Is like the journey on a straight path.

Naveed Akram

# The Path To War

Your weapons I see with their ammunition,  
How does this weapon differ?

Your way is for fellowship and struggle,  
A path is ahead of us too fixed.

Let nobody attack, nor defend themselves  
From your attacks so obliterating.

The guns and bullets come streaming,  
With traitors in a search for their freedom.

What does the gun mean?  
It meant war was a pathway to victory.

Naveed Akram

# The Paths

The path to destruction is invisible,  
It is travelled on by the wise,  
Giving an enterprise to behold,  
Like a gesture too meek.

The paths are long and hard,  
In one complete stroke you have moved,  
In a single movement the damage is received  
As the paths lead to roads leading to fatigue.

This path we allow on the rest of the world  
Is narrow and far too long to achieve,  
Success needed wending like a path,  
A meandering path carried a difference.

Only a road is higher than a path  
For it is tortuous in a full condition,  
Its heavenly splendour is exciting  
Like the eating of apples attached to a tree.

Naveed Akram

# The Patient Angler

The angler of fish has patience over the wine,  
He drinks this liquid when the fish are to decline.

Naveed Akram

# The Peculiarities

When does the bizarre become sane as white bones?  
One who is hale and hearty shall desire peculiar ends,  
Vanishing once formed from the mud of the egg.  
It is the ability of the deformed that contrives a picture,  
One absurd and abnormal creature has adorned the ether.  
The children have crawled forwards and backwards  
When religion has asked for the main order to be complete.  
Concerning us is the safety of others, dealing with their dis-pleasures,  
Mocking their hard-earned money and cash for their rules are futile.  
Why do the bizarre speak of material ends?  
Peculiar and truly ablaze are the victims of this tragedy,  
For their ends are to meet with one another.

Naveed Akram

# The Perfect Book

I found it irresistible for the perfect book,  
In the way it found itself, not I.  
The rigid attention brings me forward,  
For they encompass futures and proposals  
For the dire circumstances of all.  
Luring them into arts is the best meagre thought,  
For they spend and you hit the button  
For one automatic thought after another.  
I see his eagerness, when arrested  
By policies of the pathetic variety.

My dears are involved with the guys who whisper  
Into the hearts of men who listen and understand.  
Luring them into the dire straits  
They have been approved.

Naveed Akram

# The Pirate Cares

The pirate cares for me,  
he appears in features too imaginary,  
owls want him to burst and fly,  
let the assistant of his avoid  
the diabolical bold brow of a boy  
who dwells on the ship,  
before enticing the rascal.

The lover in breezes generated him,  
smelling like mud, saying molten children.  
The neighbour for him is seldom well  
thinking however to bend the aim  
provided the city of monsters stirs no hate.  
The pirate arrives so he established.

Naveed Akram

# The Pivot Of A Poet

There was a great big poet  
Full of hardship and trumpet,  
He can not admire  
The broad desire  
To write like a man not pivot.

Naveed Akram

# The Place Is Consecrated

This place is consecrated, I am flustered  
By you, who works wonders on my essence;  
A fluorescent lamp manages tightly to be answered,  
By the rooms of graveness, ones with affluence.

The flung lamp recognises us with intelligence,  
We are sapient as an appearance of solidity;  
Intellectual work or my line of business is an annoyance,  
Licking the time, I swallow this alkalinity.

This place is consecrated due to us being pious,  
Safety is a flyer of heaven, full of heaven;  
The rooms of danger are not too featureless,  
Fearful work has happened with a curtain.

Naveed Akram

# The Plateau

The plateau is a sacred sight of highness,  
Overlooking all else, overpowering the strong,  
As winters and summers dissolve.

My flatness is my addition to this puzzle  
I wondered, causing satisfaction, instilling  
An increase in burden to the brotherhood.

It mingles without blouses of silk,  
Cushioning the air with zeal and regard,  
Like armour on a knight, sheep of a shepherd.

This flowing world contrives and conceals  
Little by little, lesser frowns abide by waters  
Flowing like language of the other country.

It is too holy to mention by the righteous men,  
Piety is conquerable, compliant and innocent,  
Forming a sculpture of a rude imposter.

Naveed Akram

# The Podium

Hear me aliens! How well do you speak?  
I guarantee the satisfaction of a blood.  
Ready the pit! We hurl spears with the cheek,  
I cheer men in the hall illuminated.

To share the podium, I conceal the leader,  
And with a cheer I pray and cast it aside;  
They sneer and blindly follow the feeder,  
Like a goblin or hobgoblin of genocide.

Their exile speaks well for the remainder,  
The years of eternity are bespeaking,  
A mansion of the mountain needs however,  
Hear these debtors and their creaking.

Naveed Akram

# The Poetry Of Life

The poetry of life begins with war and peace,  
Once the realisation has clicked, and burned  
The pages of this number and phrase.  
The poems of later ages shall resound in the head,  
They provoke the partnerships and fellowships,  
After the clock burdens the majority of workers.

Our words are of the lost remark, the losing is grand  
From the heavenly rainbow, burning in illness.  
My book is my duty, it is my praise and burden,  
Like the clock of the eternal concoctions.  
It is in this posture that beginnings of murmurs take  
Place, like the liars of the hellish compounds.

Naveed Akram

# The Polite Wasp

So fly the wasps of strings and stings,  
Straightforward in their venom and longer with heaven.  
The bees are outside in this wild wilderness,  
They start again with polite sound.

My warts and gems are enough to spurn luck,  
This fortune obeying us is explicit,  
Like the forever snows and pains,  
That inside us burn to destroy.

I have many flies and warriors inside  
To stomach and feed with their frenzy.  
Frenzy is occult science now that you're here.

Naveed Akram

# The Possibility Of Disease

Dance with the possibility of disease,  
Validate your health when called by him  
Who is the doctor, the doctor of healing.  
To establish this is nearly the success  
Of a lifetime, of lances and arrows  
In need of war and battle.  
You are lacking proof of the war  
Plaguing the world, the war is where?  
It may be hidden or it may be lost  
By the side who fought so many wars.  
Disease was the obstacle of peace,  
Illness has brought us to corruption.

Naveed Akram

# The Praise

Return the praise of the lord in doubt,  
His dishonour is yours in the way of routes.  
My adventure is complete, like a house  
In ambition, or my journey is full like the  
Innocent leader, inwardly imagining the lords.

My images are concrete in the ways of destroyers,  
Those bright and distant, as accusations of right.  
The stars are in the sky this time of the night,  
They shine so bright that headlamps are right.  
One house is enough to be the inhabitants.

My leader is like a flower too powerful, he righteously  
Engages in tasks of the cats and dogs, one day singing,  
The other day howling, in this way of the righteous men.  
I possess the words of a loved entity, like the words  
Inside a card of blessing, or a vehicle of speed and virtue.

Naveed Akram

# The Prayer Tonight

The membership allures yourself tonight,  
Once women deem the night with life and death,  
Life enters sometimes, forwards so finite,  
Oaths break their bonds to be this commonwealth.

In certain times we play and learn like juice,  
I see these couches filling me and him,  
To see is being one and all, abuse  
The whims so great and won like that one hymn.

A prayer says, a prayer fares so right,  
Like beauty old, live in those homes that tell,  
Live in them right to feed some who backbite,  
To lick the page will seem a right hotel.

One size is one of those who seize the sight,  
Small people learn to just overexcite.

Naveed Akram

# The Praying One

Is your praying a heart of mine?  
Your kindness overreaches and flattens.  
To submit is to override the one who first  
Sees this act, this is the heart of mine.

Your prayers become a belief of faith,  
Supplicate then to just rulers who see you.  
Like the words emanating from light,  
See your book and study the ways of right.

Is your heart a praying kind? Before you is  
A thought but then you discard it.  
The book is still, the books are floating,  
Read the book still, like the roars of heaven.

Are you the praying kind? The mercy asks you  
If you are merciful or a reality of one kind.  
The righteous men shun the real mighty men,  
Who wrestle like a larger fright and fear the world.

Naveed Akram

# The Presidency

The presidency is almost over,  
My names are not wrong and incorrect;  
These keys are convertible, like religions,  
My names affect the youth and majority.  
The tigger has a lifestyle or track of mind,  
Thoughts of rope abound like music.  
Camouflage is in need of repair,  
Opening the doors to the above.  
Highest forces collect to dissolve us,  
Kinfolk work along, fewer than before.

Naveed Akram

# The Prized Utterances

She could not afford the prize,  
It forsook the certain ritual of clever  
Viewing and chaste reply, the chaste  
People spoke then of their messages.

One spoke forwards, and this brother  
Of the heavens would not interfere  
As the words were uplifting the sounds,  
And utterances fell like feathers and wind.

A storm brewed, a forsaken pleasure was  
Reignited to form the masses of the ocean,  
The words of the waves, and the pleasing names;  
A thunderstruck man complied with the rule.

He saw a lighter harm, but it neared him studiously,  
Winning its way like the dissolved follower,  
Of the correct disposition, of the righteous man  
Who perfected the soldiers and never spoke.

Naveed Akram

# The Problem

A problem escalates and trips you up,  
Finding one of those solutions is from gossip.

Naveed Akram

# The Psyche

Upon the complicating psyche we move very fast,  
And this was as new as the message progressed by nature;  
A natural environment is already upon us  
From the even pleasure, from whatever will seem.

Sometimes in front of the winds and rains,  
Within the doors and entrances are passages  
Of art and writings that abhor our worlds  
In collisions and mighty battles.

In its growth, the world shall be full of earth,  
Discovering an author of reputed thoughts  
That sway and say like hidden dinosaurs,  
The evil matters are the evil monsters of our nights.

Naveed Akram

# The Purple Blood

I must disallow the purple blood,  
Peppers are not making this turn,  
For a kingdom would shun from the thought,  
After igniting the substances that disembark.  
Blank pages of a book are starry ways to  
The future of countries that abstain.  
Those lands that achieve disallow  
Friendship and all of its atmosphere.  
Test them if you can and the findings are rare!

Naveed Akram

# The Rains

The rain has perspired,  
This drop is perfect and dry,  
My effort is not wasted  
By the disdain of the season.  
These drops of course lighten the load,  
My backpack shall presume  
The guilt of a never-never man.

The running men offer their invisible  
Selves, pounding in front,  
With bars behind, like the mountains  
As strong tents,  
Fulfilling the dread of a caring thoughtful  
Life.

The rain has delivered a baby of joy  
To this land of light, this land so proud  
That an individual relies on them  
For his sustenance.  
His leadership is rotund,  
He rules this land.

Naveed Akram

# The Real Lot

My names contain the elixirs of cold and hot,  
Knights of the table consider the real lot.  
Never do experiments arrange themselves,  
Books collect and connect on the shelves.

Naveed Akram

# The Real Men

A real man,  
Who draws his breath from life itself,  
Meets another man; both are wildly clad,  
Looking around for wealth.

Business sounds like music,  
For both are wildly clad,  
Life rings with mirth and joy,  
As musical syndromes fill the air.

They chatter with delight,  
With never ending music,  
Beneath them are their henchmen  
That are trampled by their song.

For real men, what are they thinking?  
The song to sing is delightful  
But short-living, as the henchmen  
Are taken all-of-a-sudden.

Much is to please, for these really real men,  
Who leap from the ground  
With their riches and sound  
Yet laws are retorted by them.

And so the songs are replayed  
In the form of drama,  
But no one attends the play  
That they have erected for the show.

Naveed Akram

# The Reduced Wars

Behold the men centred in oblivion,  
Be their faces offering pain of soothing;  
The choking of the damned is escaping,  
A cold happening causes the faults.

My elephants roam like monsters,  
In the centre of oblivion, the hose of wrong.  
My drums beat with potatoes in the mouth,  
Hot food is in my belly, prisons must fail.

The school of never-never-land quakes due  
To the prison of our intelligence,  
Our drums beat mightily on this authority,  
My ship is sinking dutifully as a business.

For the monsters are against my elephants,  
The ships grow worse as the ghost-ships,  
Lurking in some of the sour waters,  
Reducing the wars and increasing the misery.

Naveed Akram

# The Region

Force the region I show most,  
To be attacked by the army.  
They wear sombre expressions  
Worldly designs,  
Worst disease and significant crime.  
Such well of madness, so good and great,  
So so innocent are their existence.  
We live in depravity and joy.  
The worst is yet to emerge from the dearest soldiers,  
The well-written ones who carefully stretch into the horizon.

Naveed Akram

# The Reign

In the reign of summer our beastliness makes the perfection,  
Two daggers missed the creation so solid and true of illness.  
Tell of the weapon best reserved for death, solutions are here,  
A moment ago, the weapons of the kind we love resulted.  
I have seen the waiting of the spring and winter, but not summer  
Nor autumn, the will of a nature causes the seasons to change.  
You thought of higher results so plentiful in the seasons of joy,  
The reign of summer reasoned with the cold, and the hotness of joy.

Naveed Akram

# The Relationships

They transmitted the relationship  
Like a paper to be unwound from oblivion.  
Of the physics, a sign was transferred  
To tales within tales, an event bespoke.  
He thought, this weird dimension was solid  
As the fluids weighed heavier.

His scientific team deeply lessened the pages,  
Of a book so single and double and triple.  
Experience of an aware man was a desire,  
He was an unstable star, an understood heart,  
Like the liars of an old world, inside another site  
That was historical and weird like the hunters.

My killing of the prey was physical,  
Tales spun their oil as the brain and heart  
Requested sole authority, internally.  
His team was my lesson as it ripped the heart  
With force, vigour and all else;  
My station is a country.

Naveed Akram

# The Relic Called Justice

Justice is a dream for the checking of mankind,  
Be faithful in your endeavours so entrusted to you;  
The deeds of the day survive one in lunacy,  
Day after day, night after night.

One is the cash of the century and the ring of fortune,  
Singing the blight and songs are ready for singing,  
Since the burden of a century is odd and oddest,  
The devastation of angers adding together.

Justice swoops low enough to grab with ease,  
Funds are released and the old chair taken up  
Like the chairmanship of Mao, and the device  
Of Stalin, the swearing of an odd, odd principal or head.

This is man in his entirety, lacking nothing,  
Losing something, as if swearing was a craft  
That shook and released the light and energy;  
They were needed today, but I was a mere relic.

Naveed Akram

# The Religious Path

The religious path winds in a precious way.  
On it a simple gear has been proud.  
If everyone masters the joys of attributes  
We coast around like a shark for the waters  
Of hard habits and harder prestige.  
The path we endure shall be as it is in water,  
O distant penguin of the snow, when do you  
Seek the hermits who are me and me alone?  
I have much religious wisdom to be in  
Neither zoo  
Nor impenetrable jungle.  
If you are so perfect, be this custom  
So honoured by humans, and so stale  
For the beasts who procure us.

Naveed Akram

# The Repose

I am a soul that believes in oneness,  
I am a believer in the stages of the spirit.  
The being of the world is my hand,  
And the beings are ready to understand.  
One acts according to one's history,  
Dining and forcing the food into the belly.

I am a friend of the mighty talkers,  
Angels will reward their good behaviour.  
The work of a godly critic is a good deed,  
Its form is of the godly speeches resounding  
In the heads of a sane authority,  
The author is a mild addict to words.

I see good fortune in the heartless,  
But the heart must be fed tonight  
With divine speech of words,  
So that celebrations can be the command,  
So that working is of the onlookers,  
A reposing company of dwellers in Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# The Repositioning

The window flies towards you, it is light  
Travelling so like a visitor that brothers you.  
The doors and ceiling are a repositioning,  
Their smile and turning are for your redress.

The rivers are now overflowing due to making,  
The internal factors are slim, the external work  
Is grim, as far as the horizon, walking like crooks  
In the night, feeding in the dozens of rivers.

My house is supreme and perfect, my throne is  
Awaiting my address, as to sit on its metal  
Embarrasses my sister of the leadership.  
The foolish questions are being forgotten  
In this world of care and dread.

Naveed Akram

# The Revolt

To dally with what is old shall laugh accordingly,  
Locking a horde with trifles and strawberry jam.  
Unlawful remarks mask the facial features of their sin,  
Wash a frightened spy of his head being in complaint.  
The philanderer of facts surprises us with his action,  
Facts do roll, rolling is sudden as the then workers revolt,  
Tomorrow is their work, and today is their strife.  
Striven soldiers protect his red face and his bloody sword  
That strikes at their hearts as if hearts were stronger from him.  
To trust him is to loathe the very fact of the opposition,  
This knowledge is transferred to the other side, which may be heaven.

Naveed Akram

# The Rhetor

The rhetor has arrived to see why words  
Fit the same mind as his own,  
And the man himself witnesses pleasure  
That the sizes of words can encapsulate.  
Thought after thought resounds in the air  
Of a rhetorical man or teacher,  
A philosopher, theologian and scholar.

His word is written to do some logic  
For the awesome class of people  
In his academy, the school that ponders  
And ponders and ponders until  
The search for the hunted one is solved  
Like the dust under the feet.

The rhetor has arrived and approached me  
To speak prudently on matters of taste,  
Frenetic speech comes from my mouth  
As the orifices connive their hurt,  
And the words come forwardly in tight circles.  
The speech is a substance of deceit,  
But the rhetor knows I have rhetoric,  
And now the rhetor forsakes all who  
Stand in my way.

For the righteous men have eliminated  
The ones who are blacksmiths of the words,  
Only pure words can be understood by right  
Wise men such as in this worldly life.

For the piety, speak of ghostly speakers  
That roam and bathe in dead being.  
Make a word stand out right,  
Mark my words!

Naveed Akram

# The Rich And The Poor

The rich are not the poor, forming laziness  
In the ranks of the workers.  
A smile appears on the earners of money,  
The art of effects is learnt,  
Hearing will combine with seeing  
As names are being named.  
They sicken and injure the children  
Often.  
This is riches, this is not poverty,  
For we injure and smash the very people begotten.  
We as the confident people of hard earning  
Learn of the heads.  
They smash our heads like savage masters  
As if we are slaves, slavery works.  
I want a gift for my children  
But others want themselves to be fed.  
Why not die and let the children live?

Naveed Akram

# The Right Ambition

I have ambition more to the point,  
Must those perfect basics disappoint?  
I can function from within, like me  
And all the rest of humanity.  
These games and goals are scored  
In open daylight, the rest I am bored.  
Must ambition stay flowing with abundance?  
Or do we finish with finality and acceptance?  
The game won over fierce battles  
Is the most serious of cudgels.

Naveed Akram

# The Right Hand

You clasped the right hand  
With your righteous might,  
The left hand is dissolving in  
Waters called the oceans of life.  
You gripped my hair,  
And faster than the hair.

The hands and eyes are meeting  
With these days of your charts,  
Fixing the plans of planets and stars,  
Ghosts are adventures of the stems.  
My left hand is in space,  
My right hand dissolves in a planet.

The moons are monsters of the plain,  
The plain men who dissolve in arms  
Are the reckless few of the medieval  
Wars, the wars of guidance and rise.  
Let the hands of their weapons  
Be the guide to the future of our lives.

Naveed Akram

# The Ripe Fruit

The ripe fruit was a blend of the highest wine,  
Its old person was a castling woman who dropped  
Into the buildings of battlements at a low age,  
Finding the soothing music of the bards and drudgery.  
The keeping of family practice held a beholder,  
To be lovely was a criminal walk of life,  
To be hateful seemed to obliterate the wide wind,  
For its molecules were of the energetic enigmas.

The ripe man was a motherly man, fatherly afterwards,  
Like the good good man of the generations of citizens,  
Fantastic men soared above the broken hives of bees,  
Fantasies abated after the collapse of the castles and moats.  
Let building be an occupation of the devil and pen,  
The pencil worked arguments of the philosophy,  
Memories folded like pages of books, philosophy of the world.  
This philosopher was a gaping twin, offering some learning.

Naveed Akram

# The Rite

I form the rite of the whole place like the fish,  
It swims forever in huge pathways due to glory;  
The swimming is never-ending like the rain,  
That oceans swirl before our eyes and ears,  
Watching them is of the helicopters and planes.

Our technology respects the respite of hundreds  
In this world of wonders cherished by the rulers,  
We ignite the fire or anger of an organ that hums  
In the cathedrals and churches that we respect as well.

Naveed Akram

# The River

The river sways in time with us,  
When it is too late the water gets violent;  
Angrier, the river aborts the laughter  
And fixes the wounds of the mouth.  
The river now stays still to adore,  
Adoration reminds the river,  
Thus the river is caused to behave  
And not be aggressive on us.  
The real river is upon us,  
Deeper rivers find it funny  
Why your own ocean is so old.

Naveed Akram

# The River Is

The river is a slanting object of our times,  
One mimics the water waves with infinite pleasure.  
The slanting design is from up above like a roadway;  
Inside, the fish swim and squall in hundreds,  
Fixing their stare on genuine moments too ancient  
To the legendary fish, too much like an epic poem.

A sea has spat its contents onto dry land, a fastening  
Of hooks and a fantasy of outlasting strategy,  
The sea casts a net on the earth's pain and paint,  
Strengthening the bridges, keeping awkward pains  
And irritations for the world at large, a fountain  
Has begun; feel the running water of this hour.

The seas have attitude, some freeze as if confronted,  
Others sag and lag to free their souls once finite,  
The seas are an ocean of orchestras, feeding musical  
Water to the outstretched continents of consideration,  
A blessed rain has happened, a tiny vault has opened;  
Our waters are safe from the fiends of the undersea.

Naveed Akram

# The Road Is Longer

The road is long and hard to traverse,  
A special place has arrived,  
As people are everywhere,  
And we are here,  
A road is now narrow,  
But with provisions,  
As many as in heaven,  
With heaven against us.  
The road is longer.

Naveed Akram

# The Road Of Men

The road conquers the swerving oath,  
It follows a track of ultimate authority;  
The road ahead is an odyssey of far  
Roads and farther realms of curtains.  
The roads must deliver the pages of  
Men who drive along lives and sail  
Forwards on the seas, catapulting  
Like wrong siege engines so famous.

The road is a woman, the roads are men,  
My sewing is my doing, and theirs solidifies  
By tailoring, connecting and deceiving.  
It was a risky trail of trying, seeking,  
Loving little in the extreme, in the haste  
Of the obliterating sun that is a star.  
The seas must occur on the love always  
There, where love connects and sews.

Naveed Akram

# The Roads Are Built

They drill and bite the ground for hours,  
My family just devours.

The roads are built forcibly and wrongly  
For the longer days will forbid duty strongly.

Cars are correct, buses are bossy,  
The roadways are built powerfully.

We shall drive our mighty rivers of concrete  
Like major knowledge of an athlete.

Where is the beat of the river's water?  
Inside the shoes and limbs of the driver.

Naveed Akram

# The Room Of Clocks

On the mantelpiece is placed a clock,  
Forcing a smell too plain, with an aftershock.

The clock demands a light so bright,  
Time flows designing a living of delight.

This room has ornaments too beautiful,  
A clock grows largely from the Most Merciful.

The time of change has arrived from Him,  
The death of a room is lingering, like a pseudonym.

Naveed Akram

# The Root Of Truth

I think the worn truths are shaken by the roots  
And alarms grow faster every minute,  
To tie the bonds with knowledge to sweeten,  
To sweeten the mouth with honey and sugars.  
A blessed flower surges into sight from afar,  
Wiping the tears of longing and gates;  
To be opening these gates is purer than the soul,  
For the soul is so pure if the cold snow is upon us.

I think, I think and I think  
To thank those in actions of speech,  
Why do alarms grow by the seconds?  
What are the similarities between stars and planets?  
I believe, I believe and I believe  
That stardom is the facet of knowledge purest.

Naveed Akram

# The Rose-Pattern Wallpaper

The rose-pattern wallpaper was sodden after the two days,  
Then the cold air drafts slapped the cheeks and felt appalling  
Due to the religious attitude of the offering that contained  
A wooden place, with this was the totality.  
I was to taste the brine of the sea and the walls of the country,  
Marching back like waves of the oceanic expanse.  
The shirt of the distress distantly actuated the realities,  
The periods of the reading were marching forward.  
So cross the bedrooms of your reason and rationale,  
With dark grey seas to transfer to the otherness.

Naveed Akram

# The Rules

Bending the rules of a similar room  
Is hounding a person too complete.  
Itself the power of hiding collected my happiness,  
From the other life is a finding too sweet.

I carried on with the help of God,  
Life meant happiness but for what?  
Any sort of living heralded defeat  
Of another person who was adequate.

My adventures began once again,  
Fully intending to leave us all,  
How do dusts and winds well inside  
On the light of certain times too tall?

Naveed Akram

# The Rune And The King

A rune has strength of a thousand men  
Who received a letter from the king,  
They followed his instructions to the letter,  
You must be certainly his own henchmen.  
I received a note from the queen about endangerment,  
I was a man of letters, receiving a call from the king as well.

A gold chain hung, a silver charm strummed,  
I followed the instructions to the letter.  
The letters spelt out disaster,  
The notes turned out to be false,  
Like any amiable character.

A hospitable man received from me  
Empowerment of a thousand men.  
He won my heart, turning out as a heart  
Of many colours of winning ways.

The good-natured king lit his light and faded  
Into the shadows of his court,  
To emerge victorious to the letter.

Naveed Akram

# The Running

A paper is an apple to bite,  
Inheriting the container that is airtight;  
An athlete belongs to the alight,  
His paper is his book with his appetite.

To be running must be animosity,  
Labelling the places creates curiosity,  
And the paper runs like monstrosity  
In the head, in the head running with velocity.

The athlete keeps a status of anger,  
One of his fingers delights longer,  
To keep the pages of his hunger,  
Living a lie is mostly full of the younger.

Naveed Akram

# The Running Mind

To loom always dazzles the mind,  
Electric thoughts reside in the heavens,  
With each passing moment the currents  
Run deeper than the rivers of strangeness.

My mind is bedazzled as the running man,  
These are the men who balance and win  
Their wars of bravery, courage and honesty,  
Like the running men who thought their essence.

As he composes his electric thought,  
I begin my run to fight the serpent of minds,  
These fitting men are fitting creatures,  
Those men are like the old warriors.

Naveed Akram

# The Sacrificial Gold

An ominous beat, the sacrifice of sin,  
A little beach ball tasked by the hilts  
So engrossed in silver and guilty gold,  
That is all beginning at the brim.  
One punishment is placed at sightless  
Nights growing in languished states,  
The beaming enemy enlightens us  
When the night enters the vicinity  
Internally displacing the men of rights.

Developed from complex pleasure,  
Slow and rusty nails in place,  
A real draught is detected in one punished  
Voluminous tome shaken by the hands  
So beautiful to the touch,  
They are a pair of clocks always in  
Sipping distance.

The pleasures of conclusions sent a plague  
To people who went frail, like synods  
Of ghastly priests in liquors and snacks,  
Eating, eating and eating too late,  
In everything shaken but absorbed.

Naveed Akram

# The Saloon

The saloon fixed me with its ethanol,  
Finding me a pack of cards to destroy  
And my life as well.  
Salmon and pistols, pastries and bullets  
Were working fine for me, like a clock.  
But the revolver was positioned in such a talented  
Way that I wasted my life once.  
Music erupted forming bubbles in the air,  
Dams of bright water fulfilled the task.

Naveed Akram

# The Same

Fortune must be dangerous,  
After the enemy has been dissolved,  
Or at least diluted in a drink of puss,  
For the devil-worshipper, for him or her  
Who feels endangered by the untouchables  
In our community, a very good community.  
Do not touch! Do not do harm to any one.  
Please be gentle with the world as you are.

Naveed Akram

# The Same Finesse

My path meanders and curves like a heavenly bliss,  
Towards the sky and heavenly bliss it rides,  
For twice we swerved and dived, crests upon troughs  
We collide with as the morning breeze stopped the rise.

My magnetism is with cost, sparing no part in its use,  
For to collide with molecules of distaste is superior  
For we like the roads of the day and night as the way  
To reach a goal of fineness, the same finesse has been seen.

Naveed Akram

# The Same Globe

How the one of Hell looks on is vital,  
The ones of their abode cherish the homes,  
For they are vital and logical inquiries.

How am I to envisage the real enigma?  
This mysterious wooden planet looks on,  
Confounding us to its last drop and detail.

Just as a bird of prey walks in the air,  
A mammal called humanity combs the globe  
With intrepid and perilous ways.

The heaven awaits those in a patient struggle,  
The hells are too many to count,  
And we are instant rulers of the same.

Naveed Akram

# The Same Ground

It was the same old ground  
Which wiped the eyes and myself,  
I was a wish from the gods of eternity  
To bestow everyone with gifts of the ground.

My ground has swallowed the whole world  
Around us, and what surrounds us cancels itself.  
It, the turf, submits to tears, and in eloquence I  
Write to obey the guises and the sailing company.

This whole world despairs from trees of certainty,  
Family trees matter less than the trees of certainty;  
For inside the earth is a fire from a lordly man  
Who accomplishes everything with fire.

I couldn't bear the casting of the face  
And wrapping of lace, the conceiving of this  
Last day, that asked the men at the top  
To bear the suffering of those below.

Naveed Akram

# The Same Opponent

It is the same opponent, the one who struggles  
In dying or killing, filling the eyes with red blood;  
The author of death is him, the one objecting  
To survivors and the honest gentry, the only ones.

Let the killer be a singer of the worst crimes,  
Economical in offering the swimming pool  
That must be crossed in record time,  
So that arts of creative spirit are enlivened.

The advertisement is the chastisement,  
We see the reticules and the targets forever,  
Opening the dry ears and the dry mouth,  
Feeding the stomach with red blood.

Naveed Akram

# The Same Room

It was the same room,  
The same favours,  
The same rights as your feet.  
Agreeing must take on mastery  
Of beliefs and houses are kept.  
To order heaviness creates disunited  
Manners of a procedure,  
The processes are the same,  
We announce the names  
That we master forming the goals  
To enlighten the few who have woes  
In the light and darkness.  
Let trees found the beliefs  
Of nature that steals nothing  
From the one who owns property.

Naveed Akram

# The Scheme

Parting a friendship entails loss of feeling, bereavement and sad loss, it is the scheme,  
We fight forever as hearts entwined, a sadness has overcome us, it is the scheme.

My dispute lies in the warning given to my brain, too soft, too poignant,  
Since the power of the cold weather is upon us like a boss, it is the scheme.

Upstairs it rains from the clouds into my apartment if going was easy enough,  
How do sentences disappear, and reappear for the chaos, is it the scheme?

Are not powers greater than what is shared, the bought product is used well,  
Like no other, as it is a sequence of flight that is a sauce, it is the scheme.

My teeth have powerful roots, like the family and country, angering our youth,  
Who see the world as fortune and gold and mines of silver, their ethos and scheme.

Why on this planet do we encounter pain all too resenting and unkind?  
Because my friends part for open learning and they give no toss, it is a scheme.

Naveed Akram

# The Scholar

My looking is my watching, for desks of thought,  
The studies of innocence are inside and bought.

Naveed Akram

# The School Of Kings

The school has been left with lifts of the car,  
These cars have speed of reasoning and purpose.

The school resides in the circle of your thoughts,  
It precipitates like the snow of the season in surrender.

The school reigns in ways of the king of a joyous kingdom,  
It rules prayers, it rules deeds, it bespeaks and burdens.

This is the school of surrender, a burden to the reckless,  
Education has been a chore, of strength and joyous rights.

The work of the day is the work of the night, a day is reckoning  
Like a king that it can escape alloys of pain, but night comes.

It is the night that nestles in its eyes, promising return of kings,  
The kingdoms are nests, the schools are pests, and kings overflow.

Naveed Akram

# The Sea

What is the matter with the sea?  
It concludes its peace when demanded,  
It extracts the final verdict from the judge  
That entices every would-be-assassin  
Of the seas to appear like pirates.

What is the matter with the sea?  
It finds nobody for anything of price,  
Formulating the jokes of a great strategy  
One demands from the judge and general  
Of the only sea that tumbles.

What way do you observe your waves?  
Are they understandable and complete,  
Or do they be like manuscripts  
Of the highest thoughts  
That enter the words of the ocean-at-one?

Naveed Akram

# The Sea I Drive

Force my religion upon the sea I drive as waters,  
That submerged become trouble for the east and west,  
For north it encumbers the south, and for me southern  
Accusations shall arouse anger into religion.  
My reason for statements that belong to ice and colder  
Types of water  
Is obvious, blatant, one that is reason.  
We have a sea and new religion, forming from the sockets  
And the pens of scholarship.  
Force the religious doctrines to make impact  
Like the waves of the ocean beating horrendously  
On the beams of the shore, I drive them too.  
I love them and admire the crashes, the crashes.  
Must we not crash into nobody but the sea?

Naveed Akram

# The Sea Is My Meaning

The sea is like an urchin that strives in the sea,  
Its phase is unique, their servants are eloquent in speech  
Like cowards of the night, inner facets reply to the waves.  
My opinions are like that of the sea and the vast oceans,  
Waves are words floating at the top to question those under  
The tranquil setting, so fast are my meanings when shook.

The sea is like a horse galloping steadily, with fury and beast,  
Its wonder unites the words so moving like the fastness of rivers  
Bending like the banana, juicy like the orange, and lemon.  
Freshwater fish abide and reside, selfish acts are performed  
Near us when we mingle with the waters of the day and night,  
Each will overwhelm the other if waves are my sore opinions.

Naveed Akram

# The Sea Sees

The sea breathes like the ghosts,  
Seas have inhaled their oxygen;  
The ghouls are facing the frost,  
Those in ice are stagnant like the pond.

But the sea is serious like the wind,  
Throwing us away by its stare,  
Letting it find the way to the zone  
It calls purity and happiness and sign.

The sign comes from the ocean of seals  
And onions of the watery and bland sea,  
They watch their food like the sedentary  
Man, who watches and gazes to be one.

Naveed Akram

# The Sea's Fish

Fish are commands of the sea,  
Opening our shelves and brilliance.  
Guard yourself from the hungry fish,  
Letting them go in the sea and ocean.  
Inside the fish are fishes, of gold,  
Of silver and flesh, of simple metal.  
Let this be a challenge for the mighty in health,  
Not for a soul too weak, afraid of fish.

Naveed Akram

# The Sea-Bedroom

Under the sea is a bedroom for me to exist,  
In it I lie and commit eating and to insist.  
My waters are pure in the heaven,  
Causing widespread damage to notation.  
These letters are in the water, in salt,  
For we are in heavenly fault.  
The reasons for gaining results is fine,  
The sea is a bed for the sleep that is mine.

Naveed Akram

# The Search

The attempted search remained a triumph,  
These seas are founded on the beliefs of generations,  
But the search was a generation,  
And the boy was in the cabin looking grim.

The search was a neck of worries,  
They drew the lad into a card-game,  
Work was the majority of the sailing crew,  
Liking the worries of a day on the shore.

The search for a boy was a lad's task,  
The crew sounded offensive and defensive,  
But the lad was a good player of words and lines,  
This poetry does not object to this childhood.

Naveed Akram

# The Sections Of Youth

Determining the sections is easy as lifting cinemas,  
The reality of the hidden values is expert and sudden;  
The means of young men has ended too tightly  
In desks of rightness, liking a sudden danger.

Little old maids are sights for the gorillas of the night;  
Opening a gliding plane, opens the night with a visor.  
Worlds pour out, with son and daughter and mother  
And father, too little men await towards the end of marriage.

Sections may seem grandiose like the art of the day and night,  
But reality walks inside the rule that fancies the youth,  
Much is the means of the firmly based in religion,  
Much of the celebrities in youth are against their alcohol.

Naveed Akram

# The Servant Of The Hour

I personally love a prism more than a square,  
It glides towards the young habit and lust.  
My philosophy states an unique pleasure  
Is afoot for the investigation of love so detected.  
One adds a foot to the leg, and a reading sign  
Accuses one of the fostering of habits.  
Attempt the ordinary out of the just nature,  
These habits have abraded the clothes  
As one fetches a pain of the waters.  
To exist with love is to be tonnes of ache  
That dwell within the worthy authors.

One person can approve the movement of plans,  
One behaves with bookshelves and arrives  
With the goods of waves and waters.  
The trade of goods is personal love  
And they play towards the goals of love.

I have justified my love for the praises,  
And my heart sought a solution to the ache  
Addressed by these days that long for the right  
Creature, the righteous servant of the hour.

Naveed Akram

# The Servant's Vows

The servant had vows of stone,  
He wrecked his path to victorious blows,  
Such wonderful misery had been.

No one looked at his fences,  
No one saw the swords of love,  
But this servant gave craziness and love.

His beloved health swayed to music,  
Music fortunately inflamed him,  
But music belaboured on him.

The servant of possessions was a servant  
Who denied the face and heart,  
Climbing was the sport of the table.

Everything in the path was an oath  
Very dear, very great and sorry,  
Like the servants of mighty wealth.

This servant was a lover of wine,  
He produced the berries and grapes  
For his demise, the service had to falter.

Naveed Akram

# The Shepherd's Tower

This is the shepherd's tower, reviving the idea of crystals,  
Imitating the valley of the sea, the land of the oceans;  
My sugar is salt, clay is a form of food for the feelings of  
Fish, that fluttered inside the whole world, its volume being late.  
This intelligent mind will miss me, weather fiercely cursed us  
While the winds of the region muttered in minute matters.

We wandered before time, around the hills of the lake,  
Turning one of the late-comers to the reality of a day and night.  
To turn is to burn, to sternly build a boat can mean some trouble,  
Must the meadows still be at sea when boats and ships are cattle?  
The fish and the whales believe in friendship with the sides  
Of joy and shapes that adorn a lake, so deeper than sense.

My singing is here like the drinking here, like the hills of boats,  
Waves coming to face a new chapter, so forming from memory.  
To be original I fix the agreements before agreeing is about,  
Must we observe the ocean with obsolete methods like a man  
Who mindlessly subdues others of other faces and planes?  
The singer is a noise of the oceans and moon, the cascading.

Naveed Akram

# The Showers

The showers beat on this side of the world,  
This blindness is like a corner of the mind.  
Anything with leaves and stems is creative,  
The beating is on the apples and oranges, the fruit.  
A whole sequence of events unfurls slowly,  
Inside the house were streams, now there are floods.  
The rotten fruit will become heavier,  
And the whole world convenes politely.

Naveed Akram

# The Signpost

I looked at the signpost,  
Consulting labors of the workers;  
Much was to their taste,  
Inside the working hours we agree.

I am boss and no one will state,  
A river has been swallowed  
With overwhelming zest,  
Arriving at my destination.

They look back again in crowds,  
Turbans exposed, blankets wound  
Around their waist at night,  
The legions of honor have dived.

I see them work at their employment,  
The pastures of intellect are at bay,  
Causing us to stir at the sight of sitars  
That seem to entwine and lose.

This hard old work shall live,  
Badges are made for you,  
For you are delicious tomorrow,  
And as the night has progressed.

Beauty of the art of your labor  
Keeps me bashing for more,  
The December tries again,  
Born on it and dying on it.

I have seen too many die,  
Then their fortunes have been ruined,  
Linking the tortures  
Of the days ahead.

Naveed Akram

# The Silver Sword

Oh? A sword has triumphed?  
When does silver shine too cowardly?  
The swords are all toward the goal  
Set by godly men and women.  
A letter so bold is attached to this scroll,  
Read the soldiers of light like reminders.  
The sign of understanding, is the thesis  
Of such strength.

A going to hundred places  
Strikes someone with riches,  
The gathering is substituted by another.

Then success flows through the veins,  
Passing your ambitions is an accusation.  
The light is my lightening of facts  
In knowledge, without the fires and ices.

Naveed Akram

# The Sin Of The Land

Loathing is a sin in the land,  
Some carry weights and hands  
To lift them, lifting is action.  
Slavery may succumb to disorder,  
A right to life that dies.  
Loathe those in agony and corruption,  
Tyranny shall collapse from heat  
Burning from the stars, the slavery.  
May banging happen in empty air,  
To relieve the silence of eternity.  
Slaves are eternally in disagreement,  
From air we all breathe and lift weights.

Naveed Akram

# The Sin Present

Those present shall amplify the sin,  
Coming to the foreground is wise;  
You are a talent of strength,  
And absence has disappeared.  
We sting and squirm like rocks of lead,  
Finding the heat unbearable,  
Internally we lament and feel joy as well.  
There the guards find guests of the world,  
And the present torture is overwhelming.

Naveed Akram

# The Six Properties

To describe is to fall into space and exalt his majestic properties,  
Towards the stars we travel and collide with planetary satellites.

To see a moon is to see a rune, and to see it is goodness and perfection,  
May we learn the just facets of our proud rock and boulder, so fortunate.

To fetch the atmosphere and to confer with passengers is solution also,  
For my wines and vapours are justice for the foreign minds that pollute.

My awakening with pleasure is of pain, and of pain my leisure overtakes,  
Philosophy enters the heart and encapsulates order of the cosmos.

To distill the water I drink is to purify the address of the occupants,  
This labour is certainly twisted and strange, full of death and dread.

Buzzing in the clouds of my imagination, a ruinous envelope is situated  
To bring order and chaos at some time in the future, so feed me justice.

Naveed Akram

# The Skies Above

The skies are upon the snow and land of innocence,  
Offering one choice and no option, there is absence.  
The sky may singly describe the mountainous lane  
As a monument does its stand, like water and ice.  
Pleasure and pain destroyed the life, offered a solution  
To the containment of light evil, possible wrong.  
Pain will suffering be, and your hands are empty,  
The sign above reads the whole story of wrong:  
Wrong, wrong and wrong!

Naveed Akram

# The Skull

The skull must be penetrated by the image  
In your eye, it is a brain of wonderful facets.  
My acts are geared towards the present,  
Its charm is only to be with yourself and me.  
These are the facts of the whole dietary law,  
The feeding grounds and the vanity of people.  
My enchanting dream bespeaks miracles,  
I can afford the tragic presence of vicars and saints,  
For piety will desert the evil men of the higher sort.  
Inside the heart is a desultory enjoiner called pain,  
The intellect is surpassed by some majestic joy,  
Sometimes the joys of the Hereafter are in brains.

Naveed Akram

# The Sky And The Sun

The Sun has opened the sky.  
It is a circle, with so much sparkle:  
How do you contribute to the astrophysical?  
Above, the stars  
win themselves as exemplars  
a fundamental is being heard  
by the gods who are angered.  
Neither do I love the clouds  
Or the sky at black jet night,  
For they add no meaning  
to the clusters and galaxies-  
it is an area of the mental imagery best left.  
And the mind and body, untouched,  
is solaced by enormity itself:  
it is actually saving us from no dreaming.

Naveed Akram

# The Sky Of Pain

The day that began to appear  
I hid in the cloisters and demanded  
From faiths a regular array of items  
In my whole life.

The nights outweigh the stimulation,  
A grotesque sleep is upon the onlookers  
Who stare into darkness one at a time.

The starry sky fulfils my allegiance,  
I have a planet behind me and in front,  
The solid voices contract and demand  
For the forming of formations is upon us.  
The sky is dark, when appearances reject  
My feelings of pain outside.

The forces sleep, internal reasoning  
Is working on the working,  
Deductions are relentless as  
The pitch of a dark air is quietening.

Let the bundles of joy triumph  
In the muttered ones, in the sly  
Objectives, for those in space and death.

Naveed Akram

# The Sky Of Wars

With the long hours the occasional ease sets on,  
Like a man in a dream, studded with images of animals.

I am glad to please Him, and He will please me,  
I will remember Him, and He will remember me.

The awe of the pyramids is the same as that of Time itself,  
A shape is shared by the heavenly bodies, kept at a distance.

The sky is a different black, the clouds are a different hue,  
My secret is to stare at the heavens, blessing those stars.

A star is causing me to turn blind, to fiercely pierce my eyes,  
Like a signature from the master of my body and soul, the sir.

This sir is a palatial man, in a dream he finds too much,  
The devils are attacked, our demon is raised only once.

My wars are of the work that encapsulates the right region,  
A plan is furthered by the born generals, the generals of literacy.

Naveed Akram

# The Sky Splits

The sky splits open to extend the reasoning of man,  
It shall pain the words outspoken, updated and loud;  
The sky responds to reason, intelligence turns the bend,  
It turns the corner and wisdom has catapulted from oblivion.  
The sky responds to deeper commitment, dedication and strife,  
It is blue and white, red and quiet, flowing with polite light,  
Forces of winds gather and subjugate the infinite system.

An element is a substance of finer design, a rocket of innocence,  
The cause of the cosmos steeply descends along a cliff;  
Form is practice, form is praise, like the partner of Odin,  
Or the actors behind Thor, who are these devils or gods?  
It turns into beasts, strangely considering a new life,  
Fixing the eternal ceasefire of hopping men and women;  
This day a ceasefire is delicious and luxurious.

Naveed Akram

# The Slaughter

Towards the end of time,  
My slaughter worked to unite  
The peaceful nations.

I have to shave the beards of rational men,  
Underneath the trees of fruit,  
To beam on the loud voices.

This time my work never fell  
Into ruins, the punishment arrived  
And bought the goods of eternity.

Naveed Akram

# The Sleep Between Days

The intercourse of the nights and days  
Mollify my insightful nature of the mind,  
Minds concern me as they do with the body.  
For each mind solves the creation  
Inwardly vilifying and maligning us.

Let sleep be for thirty days, and we weep,  
Seeing a corpse in the way of our path  
And crying today and tomorrow.

Our minds erase the splendid priests  
Who pray and listen to us and our  
Confessions on the eve of our deaths.

The interior of the heart is full of intercourse  
And facts have exchanged between pupils  
Who concern the teaching minority.

The professors hand feed the handsome learners,  
Beautiful in the extreme, like soldiers that stick  
With their legs and arms after the bombardment in life.

Naveed Akram

# The Son

My liars are even on my brow  
Where my eyes are situated.  
I see their glaring and staring  
When soft and hard collide.  
The sight of a candle and cupboard  
Appears in my mind,  
But it is really there in my room,  
My very bedroom, breathing is good.  
I ride my body into this considerable sight,  
The world is my son of course.  
The liars of my sight are like nations  
In my world, the son of joy and sleep.

Naveed Akram

# The Song Of Harlequins

Fought and won, the genuine is easy,  
One is harlequin or jester, frequent,  
Or fabulous in costume and song.

I work daylong in headstrong crowds,  
Much like a joker arrested, or fool tested,  
Since the gong, when I accosted the tables.

I was arrested with the absolutists,  
Activists, strangers in crime, who aborted  
Their illness once ruined in time like songs.

Stillness is of the soul and songs, harlequins  
In fullness, gentleness and dullness.  
We are not in crowds due to harmfulness.

My idle ego establishes an awfulness,  
Minding the winners of jesters and songsters,  
Peacefulness is the foot of all activity, alacrity.

Let the messengers plunge into sins,  
When stillness is an awfulness, gentle  
Are the chickens of the living soul.

Naveed Akram

# The Sort Of Action

The action befitting me decapitates me  
In the understanding of tomorrow, a castration  
Of the brain, and all its ideals housed in it.  
The captivation catches your breath  
With minute breaths, the real Caribbean.  
My cavalryman rides and gallops towards the East  
In a sort of whimper, and all its understanding  
Is of men, the dejections surround it,  
Derelictions are after it, futility is the puzzle,  
Destruction becomes its consciousness,  
Depreciation is the main complaint.  
The duplication of deeds surrounds us all,  
Always your show is on the road.

After the destination has been reached a work  
Handles the sphere of worlds and the wildish  
Escape causes one to err and shine like darkness.

Naveed Akram

# The Soul

Again I scrape my soul, my enjoyment is all reason,  
I am now like a stage in the heavens, like a state of peace;  
I spoke with a tender heart as I crawled up the ladder  
That led to the castle of God, a far away place.

My soul is my destiny, I see it anyway,  
This heart is a courtroom for their discussion;  
Many times awake in this life is the heart,  
It closes never, as if a shop of freedom.

Naveed Akram

# The Soul Has Laws

The admiration is sold to the soul of laws,  
My accusation is so bold to the soul of laws.

This delirious sentence inspires me worse,  
My accusing men find the cold, to the soul of laws.

It controls the colossal completion so ruled,  
My sending to the heart is blindfold to the soul of laws.

This is downright cooking of the highest thought,  
Many times the decisions we behold, to the soul of laws.

I am a cricket then the football, of the inner seizure,  
Decrease then the battle of a fold, to the soul of laws.

May my soul make peace with generations to come,  
I have to exceed in the successful foothold, to the soul of laws.

Naveed Akram

# The Soul In The Star

The soul has entered the star,  
And it remains in feeling with it;  
This man is like an economy of men,  
Feeding the frenzy of the humans.  
The soul has entered the stars,  
And my light is brighter than it.

The souls have benefited the world,  
The worlds have rolled endlessly,  
The wide world has burdened the sky;  
Why does this cosmos breathe its last?  
Why does the star of certainty protrude?  
It is like a man of the highest state.

The soul is at a station of brilliance,  
Its light solves all tasks and deeds,  
Words do not occupy the void;  
We are in the expanding universe,  
Joining others in struggle and concern,  
Like the veiled ones of the night sky.

Naveed Akram

# The Sound Of Giants

Thunder rumbles through the mouth,  
For giants behave in appropriate ways;  
Rustling leaves of the brown mud collect  
At their feet, a low growl is stated at the return  
Of the giant of giants, the ill man of few signs.

Raising an excitement, he beats the belly  
Like the fulsome man of work, walk and wine.  
To the environment he stains the sun,  
To the clouds of greater sound is the thunder  
Of the one who acts so soundly in stupor.

Why does he emphasise the warriors?  
Where are the fast-paced hitters of height?  
One giant is enough to hide a lecturer  
Who bites his food with words of fun,  
Turning us into clever gigantic thinkers.

Naveed Akram

# The Sounds Of This City

The sound of the noise is supremely innocent,  
My pure individual terms may exhale now and again.  
For language has improved, the keeping is in front,  
And the peace has been built like a house always full.  
The sound of the system is expert and succinct,  
Forming acids and alkalis from the whole solvent.

This is the noise letting me dimly live, blaming the words  
Internal to the country, blaming their spread and use.  
For peace is a sound of the beautiful chimes of the bells  
Aboard our churches and lights, the city and its heart.  
The noise will diminish according to the acts of the town,  
Cities have been successful once their actions have been fixed.

Naveed Akram

# The Source

My art creates other arts to conquer  
The centuries of learning and pain,  
Bread-makers collect towards eternity,  
The bread has finally arrived and spoken.  
All the words have discovered the reality  
And have flown up to be absorbed.  
Each war has been only a battle,  
Fortified monuments sag and hurt  
When weapons are tall and fast.  
Only the wars are all the hurries,  
Faster are the statements on the tree,  
On the clouds of endeavour a  
Real distance is what I cannot reach.

Must we fight now that wars are the source?  
Force is found there, it is what I cannot touch,  
It forces me to obey the fastness  
And the slowness of a day in unity.  
This spun and then won like a monster  
Of the deep dark blowing sea.

Naveed Akram

# The Space Doctors

The doctors on board scabble forward in the corridors,  
Ahead of those who struggle, those enlightening few  
That are abhorrent and blue in pain, never in blithe moods  
But forsaking the doctors of the star ship, damaging themselves,  
Falling into the mysterious planet with their thoughts and brain.  
The way back to the ocean of black space is dangerous,  
Full of courage is the doctor who steers you in the right direction.  
If the stars were to huddle, their white light staggering and alarming,  
Like storms of matter and light,  
The weird world of doctors would blow up and explode  
Like blood cells too huge, openly a gruesome result.  
Our eyes are unfocussed, beyond vision when our faces  
Madly administrate what we have at the medical end.  
Life in space is outside in, we are in-between worlds of stupor.  
Let us hear and point at the bright light called Star-  
It would solve us, our health and love.

Naveed Akram

# The Spectacular

The glasses go like a salesman,  
Who returns to mind his step;  
The glasses are frank and honest,  
For they produced sight in a window.  
The central catch, a pair could dissolve  
The paint of a lifetime in question.  
Cross the crocodile river, cross the sea,  
With such spectacular lenses.  
Modern moderate men see further  
Than the light of these ages.  
Fellowship has arrived to make sights  
And hearing is solved with the lenses.  
Play with a pilgrimage, and wander to and fro,  
Just like a sea of infinite variety.

Naveed Akram

# The Spirit Inside

The spirit is inside you, care has arisen,  
The design of a word is upon the laughing lips.  
It tells you what is separate from the heart,  
A long time is upon the quaking, trembling soul.

The heart never stops, dying everyday, living some,  
Like a pleasurable ball of brilliant storms and light.  
Die now on this riverbank, filling the minds with  
Reflections, over your thrown soul, the very soul.

You have no idea when the rights are cancelled,  
Who is man to keep asking the separate grace?  
A grim, stagnant tale appals the major thinkers,  
Who man has become in the philosophical manner.

Naveed Akram

# The Spirits

A tree is built by the one who loves,  
The flowers climb from the earth  
As the clouds weep, letting the ground grow.

The encounter with a spirit is like a clash;  
Fully hating, very angry,  
It works like the nature around  
But betrays you as soon as you do not recognise Nature.

Why do you forget the love of nature?  
Where is the bright rose with its various hues?  
Why is the weather so plain?  
The spirits have now contaminated the soul,  
One must avoid this world,  
The world of genius ghosts.

Naveed Akram

# The Spiritual World

The world spiritually declines you,  
Powers obey those in command;  
Hats beside, a little time is needed  
To clothe the crust of the world with carpets.

Roads stimulate our sight and hearing,  
Gathering a little love from obvious nature;  
Vehicles praise each other, somewhere,  
And shoulders weigh hundredfold.

Naveed Akram

# The Squeezed Face

The face was squeezed into a lotion that suffered,  
From the corners of the uninhabited mountains  
To the guilty ones crossing the rivers of hell's right.

The face was tumultuous, granting peace, giving ire,  
Like an utensil of scrabbled heaven, little lioness  
Was there with the benign beggars of the whole heart.

I had the thought that died all along the heated fire,  
Passing frozen messages so cumbersome and rich;  
So much money has elapsed as I stand inside with fright.

The face is fault of mine, not money or gold or a school,  
But those agitations real are the realities of a golden  
Binding child, a boy who feels the face with some awe.

Naveed Akram

# The Star Is Mine

My star descends faster than the heart beating,  
My star finds its destination from the rules of nature;  
Its natural sight is like a globe or a dust particle,  
Giving the rules of the rows of heated blasts.  
This meeting within meetings creates a mystery.

I have those wonderful doings in their original nature,  
My star is a blessed act of the heavens and earth.  
Let the wonder of the smoking tool be a minor heart,  
The major hearts combine and permeate the cosmos,  
Like the hearers of the globe that question man.

My stiffened stars shine and glow like glimmering jewels,  
Like the natural one who sits on the seat of just events.  
The earth's parallel rays contain this system in all its glory;  
Like a star the world shines, amounting to a joy of hearts,  
Little is the pain of a thousand mountains on the crust.

Naveed Akram

# The Star Of Music

Music is that business of the sun,  
The star shines brightly everyday due to loss of energy.  
Sound came, sound damns our ears and sees us,  
Even when we speak and hear, even then.  
The sun will damage our eyes again,  
The sun is a star of magnificent fuel and energy.  
Taming the sun is like exploding inside,  
A care must be taken when the sun of ours enlightens.  
Let musical stars live in a motion of their pleasure,  
With the space and universe, offering us.

Naveed Akram

# The Stare

Here and there goes the solid glare  
Of a person who lashes the bare,  
The bare are those slaves  
Of immeasurable raves  
They gulp the sweat from the stare.

Naveed Akram

# The Starlight

The starlight winds in a delicate way,  
In this meaning there is word and way.  
My id confirms these facts like a runaway,  
My ego satisfies the individuals around.

This is starlight: masterful illusions of water,  
An ether has been reached to investigate;  
The story of my anxiety enfolds in the masses  
Who strike into the many many men who die.

I worship the stars if my infidelity seeks others,  
Only when the star nearest illuminates and steers  
Towards us, do I steal a rabbit for the whole prize,  
This starlight is of hares and small beasts under it.

The stars give light, they shine light, consequently  
They rise into the sign and space of a welcome day.  
A night is all-shattering in its innocence, well-formed  
Innocence shudders always in time and space.

Naveed Akram

# The Starry Skies

The starry skies uplift me as I walk in the sleep,  
Thereupon an angel ignites laughter of love,  
Forcing me into a deep sleep, sloped at an angle.  
We love the praise given by authorities of the world,  
Judgements are despaired upon, stars glow in the night.

So scents of a jumping young man stem from the heights,  
His gaze is against the light of the stars at niggardly night.  
The dreams are over-powerful like supermen and superhumans,  
Generals of the life stagger and swarm at the spot of awkwardness,  
Filling wells of wasted water, fulfilling the bridge's designer.

A life is along the way, a life towards the harbour, a life of lending,  
Like the existence of a separate star along the horizon, this way of  
Dawn, this day of demand and supply in the world's makeup.  
Judgements are passed by fastidious jumping men, who judge  
According to the customs of their country this side of town.

Naveed Akram

# The Stars Are Brighter

The stars are brighter than the swords of death,  
Deaths are overbearing like the heavenly burden.  
They request their deaths at every war,  
His orders are supreme for the arrows have hit,  
The targets are swollen from the hurt that arrived.

To be saturday and sunday is the war,  
To be other days is the struggle,  
And deaths sow their seeds in the soil  
So ploughed by the ploughmen.

Targets are lost, targets are gained by the thermometer,  
A real heated instrument that measures pain;  
To the table of love was the pain,  
A sane man has uncovered the real pain.

Naveed Akram

# The Stars Do Subjugate

The stars concave and bloom in varied forms,  
In the spirit of warmth and trust we must now design  
Our fellow lives, offering the wires and currents  
Designed to mishandle and subjugate minorities.

The stars are dark martyrs if successors compete,  
The sun and the moon travel both inwardly and outwardly.  
Other fights are honourable, clean desires patrol  
The heavens of our imagination, and hold onto these values.

The stars concave in the manner of mother and father,  
Beauty saves spirits of the cosmos, modern values  
Spring into an authority so definite, a cause is infinite  
Inside the book we define, a sale is on for the soul.

The stars are blooming like flowers in the darkness,  
Monuments sparkle like the heavenly bodies so allured  
To us with massive aspects, massive sides and corners;  
Come now to the signals of a subject that divides.

Naveed Akram

# The Stars Of Joy

The stars are giving birth to beauties,  
The moons travel with friendship,  
And the planets drive our mathematics.  
One star is enough to starve a planet,  
It sweetens the hearers and serves  
The oppressed who ring the earth.  
One safer mysterious joy is apt to decide,  
The decisions are final in the spaces  
That override and you must be in joy.  
The stars of the heavenly sky shall  
Recognise when the death of stars befalls  
A fit crew of corridors and states too fine.  
The stars can be ripe as tomatoes of  
White lustre, plucked from the orchard  
Called the sky, a fit heaven, a fit tie.  
May the moons break the finding of late,  
The beauty of the state, and the hate  
Has run dry of a satanic mind always.

Naveed Akram

# The Stars Sank

As the stars sank and the convulsions stood,  
We lifted the night with men crouched in caves;  
The screeching murder was behind them,  
Savages reflected the last time and the last one.  
One light crouched and another darkness sprang  
With a sitting position, without the glory.  
In this sense, we part with the sensibility  
Going to the moons we deliver,  
We part with the death of a hundred stars  
And the flower of birth and death grows  
Like beauty of the unknown.  
A thousand years feed us with eternity,  
The air transmitted will be wombs soon.

Naveed Akram

# The Stars Wept

I really did try to read your stories,  
The flooring formed from above,  
A fair share was hidden from below,  
And the rest of the rhyme was muttered.

My time came to ascend the ranks  
Of the obligatory sessions that rained  
Down hard on those with ends that met,  
Real trying had obtained the misery.

But honestly, a real weather arrived,  
Of the story that told a lesson  
With a session of reading, all over,  
All over the pages that wept with stars.

Naveed Akram

# The Stick Of Tricks

The staff reasons with other minds and tricks,  
I call the tool of eternal life a staff of aesthetics.

Naveed Akram

# The Stinging Of Wasps

The wasps of us are riding a ghost train,  
These phantoms of the night have now expired;  
The wasps offer their pangs, and we steal  
The throws of the dice as we play some dungeon  
Deep down inside, like the dungeons of the old name.

These eccentric wasps are fleeing to the other end,  
Lifting their wings and desperately flinging  
A little tail to the terrors of the day that beams on us  
With rays that sting as well.  
I hate the wasps that enter the arena, full of it.

The asses are people you know, flicking their tails  
Like any donkey with slices of skin that shimmer,  
These beasts of burden lift me higher than camels  
In the desert of such highness, this highness shines forth  
Forever more, like the idiocy of a day that heats us from within.

Naveed Akram

# The Storm

Caught in the storm I pray and pray,  
Forming a relaxation afterwards;  
The storm has been bitter like salt,  
For the sea is salt and always water.  
Never pray to the sea for it lunges  
And it hurts all moments that are experienced.  
May the storms that gather be destroyed  
By those that gather, and let waves lash  
Us in our sleep, the sleep of that hurt.  
Dreams have aroused the anger of the sea,  
The ocean is teeming with hatred  
As the water has accused us, and warned us.  
Caught in the storm I pray and pray,  
For an event that keeps on saving.

Naveed Akram

# The Story Of Wine

I see the words that importantly convey the disguise,  
I man these thoughts then in collision, for I die now.  
Returning to the guests is my condition and performance;  
Since the days I have won, my victory is sealed.

Let the jar be an awkward pleasure,  
Inside the jars of this world there are three pleasures:  
One we must describe and look lovingly at,  
One that tells a story of sin and cowardice,  
And one that outstandingly disregards all lusts.

The bite of a snake has arisen,  
We see those winds and words  
Offering me whispers and utterances  
That sell the story of wine and love.

Naveed Akram

# The Streets

Understand me now, how I arrange my life,  
Why do I limp and clumsily speak to the only people  
On the street?

The street is a wedding with the busy,  
The street works wonders on the rich, as  
Fame is a delivery to the weak,  
When the streets look at you!

Shops are crowded now, when I know how to buy  
The rude works!

Understand the religion of the streets,  
As we entertain the living, the steering is unique.

Naveed Akram

# The Streets Are Colourful

The streets may be colourful  
Yet you are sensible and comical;  
The road may change when left  
But your gaze is special as theft.

The street will offer new work  
Where other roads lead to an artwork;  
This has trained my belief  
And won every relief.

Naveed Akram

# The Strong Dialogue

The following dialogue is the very best,  
The fellowship of the followers is a best deed;  
One factually concentrates to extract blessing,  
Listen to his words that contentedly express  
His wisdom; my balls of fire are aimed at him.

The minds are exact, the pains command strength,  
Internal errors abide in the heat of the heart,  
From today onward; and the next days are complete  
For they are tomorrow's blessing,  
My fire has been spreading forever.

How do pains collect after the suffering is complete?  
These warriors of the Gnosticism are full of weather,  
And the storms command their strength  
That is not undermined by anyone.

Naveed Akram

# The Strong Survive

Your strength in mastering the few is solid,  
But those few master you,  
But those few have avenged you.  
My complete art of rediscovering is flavourful,  
So strong men urge the weak to force  
And coerce the rocks of the country in union.  
Let the minds of the west and east converge  
Like a sequence of thinkers who abstain  
From the satanic offspring, the armies of evil.

May the masterful rocks be thrown at the devil  
Who signs his own fate like a coward,  
The nation needs no worries,  
The nation is alarmed by the frankness  
Of leaders,  
This nation wants disintegration like role-play  
And the fanatics who whip another man,  
We are a nation in triumph over odds.

Naveed Akram

# The Students

The teacher looked into the depths of darkness,  
Personally overwhelming and responsive;  
The teaching carried on diligently like a log,  
Filling itself with planets of the right action.  
This log has many trees lost to the world,  
Borders are crossed in efforts to maim the few  
Who decide the age of reason for their child.

I told anyone to be a friend, assumptions were safe,  
Teaching has been sport for the meals and wines.  
Feelings for the space had approached the clergy,  
His desire was to be protesting and obeying.  
The teachers of the whole masters were abhorrent  
When faced with dangers from their students.

Naveed Akram

# The Successful

I am a member of success,  
You are also in my address-  
The very resident I know  
Over rest, the one to bow.  
It is bowling that is problem,  
Not real sport, but venom.  
I need a vampire to show me  
What venom is and to be.  
It is bowling and all,  
Fruit of a tall ball.

Naveed Akram

# The Suffering Of Authority

I seize the authority entering my vicinity,  
Strategy follows my plans that endanger,  
For troops ready their scalpels with some pain  
And they collect a real find of the treasure.

My wars are planned from the erroneous heart,  
Numbers like integers from their arrays  
As the words cascade and an avalanche  
Must be near to be herself, the witch of heartache.

My twenty or so pains are ready to be discovered,  
After the war bleeding inside,  
Reading the plans is like studying the disorder,  
So far are the pains of a suffering.

Naveed Akram

# The Summer Sun

The summer sun blew change on our hearts  
As it shone on the masses and the fields;  
The breeding began when there was no change,  
Then we had clothing from the moon,  
The moon had just begun its course of travel  
As it misses the planets as they run.  
Open to the mistake we found afterwards,  
When the moon commanded men of wine,  
They hail and prevent a tale to be told.

Naveed Akram

# The Sun

Redness obstructs the colours we find dim, so fabulous.  
Blue skies are above us all. They become red and orange  
When always the sun has changed its spots. It cheats.

Naveed Akram

# The Sun And Moon

Sun runs its hand  
On a burning bush.  
Moon walks to be free  
From all of our burden.

The sun shines carefully  
And scrupulously forevermore.  
The moon dies and delivers  
From water and stone.

My sun is certain of awe  
Reaching the planet we learn.  
My moon exhibits a danger  
Too late in the Earth's glow.

This sun decides future wealth  
When sunny weather is about.  
This moon denatures the enzymes  
Of our body once dissolved.

Naveed Akram

# The Sun Has Collapsed

The sun has collapsed now that it strides  
In the sky that is happier every day;  
The stars at night fade into oblivion  
When the entrance of it is certain.  
My star is a dear one of such clarity,  
Its breadth can not be matched this time.  
The clapping of hands accompanies the time  
Still in our sight, still the eyes are enjoyed.  
This magic burdens the losers,  
The winners of the crime called death are fancied.

Naveed Akram

# The Sun's Labour

The sun wears solitude's grace,  
Finding the art so belabouring,  
And keeping news of your comfort.  
The heat of the stars combines,  
As far as the naked eye can master,  
Following the grin of a day in union.  
The swearing is often in the air  
Of oaths and felonies so condemned,  
Guilty people convince us of their care.  
The world is open ground for endeavour,  
The sun has escaped the atmosphere,  
And now darkness has its seat once more.

Naveed Akram

# The Supermarket

I paid a visit to the shops,  
On the arrival my wits died;  
Money was exercised and I was made,  
My own business stayed in the eyes,  
The money made me rich and also richer.  
No game was in the air, the shops,  
The shops, and more shops.  
This was a supermarket bustling with goods,  
Food employed me to encounter it,  
The wit of dying came to ruins,  
The care of dying was living,  
And this was the supermarket.

Naveed Akram

# The Sweet Life

I congratulate you in the way of living you command,  
And the situation is cocoa, and vaster than chocolate,  
As far as the envy is concerned, as well as the sweetness,  
The bitter food and drink is concerning me lately.  
O it tasted! O it hated! Are we not in absolute assurance  
Of the polite entrance into a world of travel and trance.  
O it requires a man of good to see the bad men out.

Naveed Akram

# The Swimming Peace

Crazier than the sun is the swimming of a century in space,  
Remember them well with their hats of trust and distinction,  
I roll my feet into position towards the goal of finding,  
Then I tread on with feet coiling like the event of strength.  
To swim in space is to win a guess from the horizon,  
Peace has stumbled and reformed by the way,  
They lift their fingers and salute so that my tea is prepared.  
The sun is crazy as the sins are poverty,  
Truth must launch into the bringing.  
Let beliefs of the underworld make a difference.

Naveed Akram

# The Sword

Give me the sword,  
Worlds of action, contaminator;  
Attacks are brief, and deserters  
Fetch their cowardice and the act.  
My acts numberless, I refrain from new  
Thoughts making me sudden in ideas,  
The well of beliefs shudders by.

Give me your sword in this place  
And time, throw it where I can slide,  
Your demands are completely outstanding  
Since the hands of mine see why.  
The combat shall murder the mind,  
Another godly helper is divine  
And seeks victory always.

Naveed Akram

# The Tables And Chairs

The tables resent the chairs, apt to sit  
Like the people who sit, forming froth  
And food, tables so clean, a likeable soot.  
This may disguise chemistry, even biology,  
Between the anger and hatred is beauty,  
Fully we admire them who talk of it.  
The table is sweeter with food than the chair with people,  
And who does not eat on this furniture of the soul,  
This future of living, kindness is adored,  
For we are abhorrent in conversation, in laughter.

Naveed Akram

# The Tablets

The tablet stood on the counter,  
Pulling us aside like a trap;  
The door cracked afterwards,  
Like Saturn's rings or eggs.  
Only a year turned us upside down,  
Left the door locked, at the end.  
I grabbed the door before the floor  
Collapsed and this ringing started.  
The door cracked again, repetitively,  
Once it broke, the door collapsed.  
I pulled the refuse onto the counter  
To await sleep and the medicine.

Naveed Akram

# The Task Of Gardening

A task awaits us in the morning,  
Pulling my leg and arm for five years.  
The days and nights pass for the same task,  
Yet these years, we experience a more important ghost.  
The tasks are gained by the brain,  
And to this are exhortations.  
We have goals to achieve, fright to decline,  
But when do the flowers of the garden grow  
With brains of humans?  
The morning needed us when it expressed itself  
And made appearances.  
The task of the garden is unique.

Naveed Akram

# The Telling

The telling founded by love exerts something  
To do with your soul,  
Irritations create the lawn for the body,  
Splitting and smashing,  
Forming and fighting.

Living with lovely people  
Suggests that the loves of a year  
Are erased due to infinity,  
And life does lie for the liars,  
Always they sigh and decide.

How will the patient one see through  
His eyes if he is blind?  
Told by their enviers,  
We are simple and seeing  
Frothing with juice of the stand.

There is a hole in the head  
That believes in blind, deaf and dumb  
Beings who swear to the task  
Ahead, yet you  
Live among us in rapid touches and states.

Naveed Akram

# The Thought Is Made

One may think of a thought to hold an opinion,  
But never does that thought fit in every mind;  
For their minds do not accept a man to think for them  
That they must gain a stance on a deserving area.

Thinkers demand compliance, as thinkers exceed intelligence  
That the hugest of them are utterly acceptable;  
It is not permitted for the philosophers to question the laymen  
On subjects related to demanding material.

A thought conveys much and is a fierce achievement  
For the relaxation of brotherhood, the only source of endeavor.

Naveed Akram

# The Three

The three were at their table,  
Continuing their stare with frost  
And ice, the glare of windows was  
A parent of the world we call a child.  
Who is sniffing me when those three  
Are deathly in the slightest?  
My real rent is affordable,  
My house is in the form of tables.  
I have triumphed, for the innocence  
Has won its pride and mark.  
My best friend was a proud joy,  
Clear blue eyes had been his profession.  
Let the three of the table be a  
Free hand from too much cost.  
I have too many being too little,  
Grumbling is the best option.

Naveed Akram

# The Thrown Thought

I served a role in the headache of thoughts,  
That men of thinking established throughout  
With their likable schemes and laws of the pen.  
I served a role in the joke of eternity,  
Forging lessons of the relatives and relations  
With the smiles of our ancestors;  
For they reacted to simple virtue  
And trained with the eye a conjecture  
To uproot the problems that are conspired.  
My servants destroy their production,  
Relationships mutter a solution  
After this.

Then we laughed to what happened to me,  
For I was now master not servant  
With the sentences of opinions that mattered  
To the beds of collision,  
A work had approached me from behind  
As the boulders were thrown in my direction.  
They sadly missed, me.

Naveed Akram

# The Time

One rejects the knowing of a century, in time,  
There the clocks are still as treachery, in this time.

The religion connives but contrives a thinking,  
One darts forward to end the archery, in the time.

Remind us once more of this clock, a real piece,  
One shakes into being due to this butchery, one time.

A feeling makes another one dry and then I go wet,  
This felt good until times changed, into flowery of time.

Once upon a time, the real story of my life got defined,  
Descriptions altered settings of our robbery in time.

This star I call myself negates surprises,  
I feel towards the weak who keep the rubbery time.

Naveed Akram

# The Time For Journeys

The time you stared into outer space  
We crazily led the swarming chase;  
Woman and child worked hard and fast,  
And the house of leavened bread was last.

This may swell the throat as if to comply,  
From fields of eyes, without the lie;  
But work commanded the rest and respect,  
For crazy journeys stayed forever intact.

Naveed Akram

# The Time For Lamps

You span a time for the lamp to drop,  
It lands heavily for shame and harm;  
This doing is for material hearts,  
Light emanates from it as it rolls.

The room is aghast with furious alarm  
Of catastrophic shapes and magical traps;  
The sound of the air manages to stare  
At my goals, and religious awe is great.

Inside this time we solve the mystery,  
It travels like lightning bolts to the floor  
To instigate sound and matter,  
Munching me with light and delusion.

I have earned its corkscrew, the very thought  
Turning me inside-out, like a terrible light  
Earned by a man with much pain  
And this means my lamp speaks like me.

Naveed Akram

# The Time For Words

The time of my end approaches  
As the words of my soul have unleashed  
Their meaningful worries and delights  
For everybody in this living age.

I once found miseries, and more profound  
Worries, after the period of doubt.  
But words picked my heart with claws  
As I worried less of distinction and cure.

To foresee is a look of happiness,  
Finding time is happiness for all,  
Yet insight is with the tongue  
So the words will bite the very heart.

Naveed Akram

# The Time Of Warnings

At precisely the time we marry our senses,  
My baths are taken with seals and symbols,  
Water has mattered to the beds of solemn deeds,  
A water collapses, and an air is a gas of greatness.  
Water smiles, warnings charge the face  
With smiling and acts of remorse.

Their warnings are our friends,  
Air has escaped due to the friendship  
Of this fallen letter,  
A scintillating lie of the old days.  
My time has approached me into the hall  
Of deaths,  
Watching me from afar.

Naveed Akram

# The Times Of Love

Let love be sized as silence folding out,  
Lose that that love is solved like air and ice,  
My fence is fed in floods of tears with clout,  
This blackness buys us time with one device.

My love is cold and white, less by himself,  
The souls have art, the souls have tarts serene,  
They have the colour of that man Randolph,  
His girl is late, when some play tambourine.

A meeting has then been, with figurine,  
The same has been, the love of those bewitched;  
One fights an Alexander that is clean,  
His frown is dry, with war saying you twitched.

The loving man who seeks to know the lame  
Is kingly like those damned by a real claim.

Naveed Akram

# The Tongue Of A Wise Man

He writes like a wise man with his tongue,  
Enjoying, striving, briskly walking in honest worlds.  
He endures the books called biblical literature,  
He must be pastor, but is he one of those?

The wisdom is sacks of gold, the learning tells  
Much sense, and the knowledge became heroic to be.  
My dear heart hears the rights affixed to the grave  
That is to live in by the years, and to exit.

I see angels that master my pains,  
They warn me with their questioning,  
Beating me with staff and sentence,  
I have so wronged the world as I die as a soul.

The wisdom suffered I did not remind,  
The learning visited did not reach,  
And the heroic play with words was remonstrated  
By this situation with angels.

Naveed Akram

# The Tradition

Extend the tradition mightily winning  
Like righteous people who endanger the minority.  
Peoples gauge the wars devastating the few,  
My feuds run thick with temptation,  
My feudal family remade my tube of delight.  
Under the seas are beds of roses,  
Sweet showers of devout green,  
Weeds and fish manage the internal cosmos.

This cosmological principle is divine,  
Joining the divine units of affairs that come  
According to needs of the finger and thumb.  
Extend your hand to the man who cares  
Like those nurses or doctors in red and white,  
Blood on their hands like gory white.  
This white puzzle has command of my eyes  
Like those eyes that have to stare at my picture  
As a chapter of this time and history.

Naveed Akram

# The Train Made Me Play

As the train pulled straight out,  
I left my home for the destination  
I liked to call my home on this planet.  
The world shivered, quaked and bit  
At the back of my body, forcing me open  
And gasping at my lungs to see more heavenly  
Ache, the very opposite happened to me.

As the cars were shifting their gears on the street,  
I lived a short time with delivery,  
The reality adored a fixation of purity,  
Those pure people praised my sins  
As far as sedentary workers,  
They were the profiteers, and marketing  
Committee of the decade I dedicated to  
All my experimenting and play.

Naveed Akram

# The Trees Are High

The trees are high as after they have storms  
Their produce is low, and their height also forms.  
The tree has branches entering the sun and might,  
May destiny of a life be in the brain of someone alright.

Life may obstruct life if lifting the stones  
Shall penetrate the massive population of bones.  
Push him then into the grave, where they die,  
The tree is sacrificed, and he must die to beautify.

The living plants are no objective in our hearts,  
The trees have enough acquisition of knowledge and charts.

Naveed Akram

# The Trees Of Life

The trees command authority when called upon,  
Young men or women proclaim facts more than brawn.  
Branches of knowledge come from people called trees,  
Young trees are like orchards, they are not absurdities.  
The abilities we define as pleasant come from corrections,  
Young learning has solved our problems and aberrations.  
May our problems exert funerals no longer,  
The trees of life exert the influence of an actor.

Naveed Akram

# The Tribal Leader

He shivered looking at the tribal leader,  
Taking off the statues of this day he led,  
Like one of the bold men who died again,  
Littler than the beasts devouring him.

He shoved his glove into the head and hand,  
Striking was the habit that had been custom,  
Yet to leap at his sword was sacrosanct,  
Liking the burden of the land animals.

To clear away the screeching sounds  
Invited more beasts to bray and burn  
Under the sun, or that same star felt ashamed  
Of all the burning scent, this belabouring whole.

The flowers of the glittering sky  
Felt the fire of the night that enlightened  
Too many birds to sleep, as the land  
Had awoken from belief too strong.

The tribes arrived in a disintegrating  
Fashion or so their attire showed the way  
That was esteem, so much folly was  
Apparent in this distant land of leaders.

Naveed Akram

# The Tricky One

To the advert I cruise and burn the tricks,  
Wrong and right are fluent speakers.  
I am here, my trying vocation is same,  
Loaves of bread sustain my body.

I've come a long way, I am no magician,  
Properly here is my heart and liver,  
Inhabitants of the problems and solutions,  
Living in the body of this reality.

I noted another spell in repayment,  
Tricking the forgiven people,  
Their crimes are without sinning high  
But I take affront as the boy or girl.

My trust labours with hardiness,  
I fall and tug on the rope of love,  
But the body does not derive a death,  
As the realities unfurl before the heart.

Naveed Akram

# The Troubled Box

The box is trouble,  
Its corners murder its worship.  
The box elapses due  
To haste, and it unwound  
Itself like an animal of right.

Build with boxes and call  
Them bricks that we lay,  
To build houses of red and love,  
Full stomachs see the box  
In their middle.

The box trusts me as it  
Corners me in the street,  
The boxes trouble me,  
Their love is my hate,  
And bricks must hasten to seek.

Let bullies be boxers,  
Underneath the doors of right,  
Under the table or rights  
Of humankind,  
Like the blue bellies of abodes.

Naveed Akram

# The Truth Is Before Them

To their homes they fled, and they raced  
For their fear in the Lord was great,  
And still the fierce winds tore their hearts  
And the straightness of their whims was corrupted.  
Death arrived, death stopped existence,  
To be sure the death had happened,  
Too late!

Most people saw a sight too fine for their soul,  
And yet when the tornadoes inhabit this Earth  
The creation shall shake as if the Lord had forbidden  
Our stray thoughts and actions.

Naveed Akram

# The Tub Of Water

By the tub of water stands an object too frightening,  
The steel dagger awaits bloody ruin from the majesty of evil;  
Into the place we surrender our will to the enormity of disgust,  
In this place of ruin we see everyday objects become murderous.  
To the touch it seems a murder has been committed,  
Blood is desired beyond the mirrors, beyond us.  
I heard practically no sound, so astonished by the silence  
I carried by own living body to the realm of the other side.  
Camps of ruin, camps of blood were before me,  
Antagonizing my brain and mind, my guts and feeling.  
The tub of water vanished and became a tub of horror -  
A monstrous man pushed up, with bloody wounds  
And too many gashes to the skin, ripping apart now.  
I had to disgust itself with my action,  
I had to discuss with him his fate,  
The fate I gave him, I never forgave him,  
I hated his being with the dagger to release  
Him, and me from the clutches of horror and blood.  
The dagger is enough, it is enough  
To employ in reducing the man,  
The man who is now dead from the gashes,  
The ones fresh from my dagger, the pouring blood  
Is astounding, and filling the tub of water.

Naveed Akram

# The Tunnel

I start talking once you will say four summers  
Are your dressage, the way you address me with solitude.  
We are married when mothers are you and your soul  
That blindly makes fifty years of your whole hat.  
Ahead the fathers burgeon and brew with their tops on,  
Faithful commanding is their accomplishment,  
Faith is a strong result of their good doing.

Wells of water cannot amount to that moisture  
Of the heart, a witty weather closes up the house,  
No more is heard, no more seen.

I look healthy and energetic  
To be the coiling cold, a realm of disaster,  
Those cataclysms are furnaces from  
The old prehistory,  
Lava erupts in this summer of the sky.

Go down the tunnel of cleverness,  
Enter the ancient rooms and hallways,  
And the eerie passages are fed alone.

Naveed Akram

# The Turn

The turn is your turn in this sleep,  
It deceives your pleasure when  
The goings of dreams are tougher  
Than a look into the reposed beings.  
They observe the experiments of people,  
Seeing what is in the way of sight,  
Like the person who holds a light.  
The lantern of the lights is a lively  
Commodity to sell a perceptive being  
Who is a man of the unique arts.

This turning into trumpeters,  
This bell chiming,  
Is a last act of the ultimate variety.  
Already they went to a little house  
So fashioned by regarding servants.  
The turn was their turn to die and live  
At this same level, at this pure design.  
My family phantoms, my brothers elders,  
I am a worshipper of the true bison,  
And the true poets, who enter the field  
That believes in life itself.

Naveed Akram

# The Two Towers Of Fear

The two towers of fear are against the wall of fire,  
The fire swells and roars like water of the waves,  
And streams of binary input are conducted in concert,  
Like open ways and closed factors that sting onwards.

The towers of scare and fear are futile for their tasks,  
Ahead in the life is the tower of strength,  
The tower of peace shall always remain,  
For the towers of peace shall always define.

The fires of the hosts are stronger than the guesses,  
They make each argument from a proposition,  
And truth illustrates the real doings of a faithful city,  
And being of the highlights is a listed price.

Naveed Akram

# The Ultimate

He hated to be alone,  
In the wise world where dolphins  
Swim their hardest craft,  
When seas of silver and twins  
Cast their eyes, O how sweet!

He thinks a bicycle looms,  
And so shakes his head,  
Has a chat, has a calamity  
Yesterday, with the foil and coil  
Of the livid years.

I looked at him and wondered,  
Why do we speak too fast?  
When do lives send their deaths?  
The looming creatures surmount  
The warlords of this politeness.

The only sign of life commands me  
To spring into the factories of ingots,  
Making fire meet the spire  
And so burning is my incident,  
It is the ultimate!

Naveed Akram

# The Understanding

Four men are the understandings,  
Their will is linked by the seasons  
And the sea and the moon.  
Look in the direction of youth,  
And feel like an occupation.  
These four men are so obvious,  
One can read, one can write  
And one can study, the fourth  
Can do each, justice is their standing.  
For the will of a man is such that  
He can never cry, nor can he wonder  
Like one who asks and one that works.

Naveed Akram

# The Understanding Genius

The 'understand' is a genius word,  
The 'man' is a delighted term of sequence;  
We from something, find worlds in action,  
Men of understanding fill the rectangle,  
Some of the women are of the family,  
But geometry and trigonometry never falter.

No cause has the illness of a man around us,  
He revolves like the planet around its star,  
In an eclipse of perfection, the heart is dear.  
We are thinking of the hunted one as a genius,  
Surely, the strength of his action and thought  
Is disbelieved for it is incredulous and feeling.

He has illness, he finds a settler who famously  
Proclaims his orders to defenders of the crown.  
The wisdom becomes an anxious cry,  
Mental objects differ due their understanding of  
Us as the real people of illness and disease.

We are merely too suffered, too pained by ghosts  
Walking among us, for they died,  
Yet we must?  
Too many are governed by the encirclement,  
The revolution of a sick wiser human being,  
He is around, for all those around.

Naveed Akram

# The Unique

The reputation of the troubles is huge,  
So then the fifth age gains a partner  
Who hugely hugs me with passes of heat.  
The caresses of a day are unique  
In the sound of the scene that beleaguers  
All of landscape and moonscape.  
A sunny day is all we contemplate  
When the moons of our dire seeds  
Revolve to believe in men who see.  
The scene of a belief is a scenery  
Too big with manliness and young war.

Those with a triumphant being are aloud  
In their sacking and belting,  
The silly weather casts an eye on the mass  
Desire, the lusts of a winter that define  
A new logic that has a phrase of innocence.

All sounds deter all sayings,  
But the sifting of sands has time,  
And the rippling of waters carries tone,  
That is the believer of the belief.

Naveed Akram

# The Valley

The valley must describe a way to the end of the world,  
This much is to know, this need in us exists;  
Which weapon came about? Where rests the pain?  
The valley and the gods well-explain our musts.  
The musts so avid, mightily grow to encase us,  
The stupor of the region is ruining, too rushed,  
As we swing to the rhythm of a sound so great.  
The valley of deeds can explore us as well,  
Forests swindle the carriers, forming us with regret.

Naveed Akram

# The Vaster World

The world is vaster than you can walk,  
Like horizon-walkers you have contact  
With other realms, you are a member of  
A loose confederation of confirmed travellers.  
The world is vaster than the globes in  
Other planes, that also beckon to the  
Inquisitive man.

In this wider universe is a ploy, a devastation  
Of thoughts trodden by the warriors  
Of exact arrangement, a precise score,  
A motley war-like crew.  
The magical natures abide in the magic rings  
Worn by the superfluous warriors of late.  
The world is vaster than iron and lead,  
Gold and silver have travelled, traversing  
A path called the mangled road to nowhere.

Naveed Akram

# The Vegetable

The worst has destroyed  
My simple prison of plants  
Welling inside me  
In their longer life of might  
And light, and darkness as well

Naveed Akram

# The Very Last Day

The last day forbids you to invoke  
Other deities of the strong cults,  
A lingering hill is spent in journey,  
Like the mountainous trek and dress.

May this day be everlasting like blessings,  
Those statements in the heavens,  
That combine with more days and nights  
In the layers of the soul.

One day is enough to strongly disbelieve  
In peace and safety of surrender,  
That day we will be workers for the distress  
And then dress of ours will drop destroyed.

That will be the last day, of awkward song,  
Bards will hurry, bores of the guns will marry,  
But delight in the Hereafter was only assured  
For those in union and display of greatness.

Naveed Akram

# The Vigilant

The vigil was a night-time occurrence,  
Pathological liars were not apt for this,  
Instead the loftiness of their thinking  
Was liberating the mind further than expected.

A little probability of sometime knowledge  
Encased the discussion of times,  
With a man of steel in the balance,  
Sawlike with teeth, grinning with quotations.

I want my system of threads to be my body,  
Quotations recreate my longing for them,  
Drawing on past helpers and other forces,  
Marriages abide in the lawfulness of force.

Naveed Akram

# The War

It roams far away where there is no one but the trolls,  
There is much inconvenience in the land of trolls.

We are tired of the telling of tales by the people against them,  
Then our commands are not obeyed and they are not with them.

Who? The Trolls. They are not with the Trolls, who are hard.  
They, the Orcs, are not with them, fighting instead who are hard.

The ogres are grotesque compared to the Trolls,  
And the orcs are no match in strength to the Trolls

Or the Ogres, for they are in combat with each other -  
They, the ogres and trolls and orcs fight each other

Until one of them has defeated and conquered-  
Triumphant Trolls.

Naveed Akram

# The War Of Souls

The weight of the boy was solid,  
Inside the soul is a complete child;  
Internal worries subjugate the heart,  
As more love and spirits of love enter.  
This mighty gate is a blunder to cross,  
There are masses and crowds of importance.  
Let us bore them with song and dance  
After the music of the soul has been heard.  
Let them be solid and heights of hatred  
Are emerging once again.  
The souls of boredom and amazement  
Are born in the ways of men who appear.  
The wild grass is ablaze the next day,  
After the heat of the crowd and the war.

Naveed Akram

# The Watchman

The watchman is overseeing the god-like images,  
Inverted pictures are hailing their hands and figures,  
Supposed statues enjoy privileged excuses from the saluters  
Who see the men of arts and aesthetics so alarming.

The watchmen seek the over-cowardly forces of nature,  
Truth has happened on the stalks so swearing and hurting,  
These flowers are the sole benefactors of the stalks  
Like stars above in the heavens, so shimmering.

The gods and goddesses have not befriended others of kind,  
Generous awesome men or standard-bearers falsely swear  
To the hats of deceit, the truth of the worlds is above in  
The stars so shimmering, like their souls and minds.

Overseeing the god-like images or sculptures is a form of work  
Into a ritual or spiritual journey, the opposing forces hack  
At the resurrected beings, music accompanies my creation  
As the watchman of the galaxies dances, and not protects.

Naveed Akram

# The Water

Now you see the water and the river,  
Straight and absolute, it will stick like ice,  
Downwards the flow is moving,  
Downwards is the force of gravity.  
You can go over the edge and stammer  
To see words in ongoing troubles.  
That these engineers choose their trouble  
Is a sin for the science of our books.  
To be in knowing is to be hurt and curious,  
The thirst of knowledge can manage a diet  
That forces the world with words.  
My river is that of the rivers of old,  
And decades will trouble the unions.

Naveed Akram

# The Way Of Anemones

Where were the plain armies?  
Correct like whole mighty economies,  
They rode into victorious challenges,  
Making dummies of us all with lunges.  
Then he plunges into the deep water,  
Keeping sponges at bay with his words,  
And oranges and reds and blues crept up,  
Wonderful anemones in the coral reef.  
Change had to be a door to behold,  
Infringing on us with a heavy side.

Why were obstacles in the way of wisdom?  
Booby-traps of higher kinds  
Were in the way of revealing a truth,  
A bitter half of a bitter day,  
That night had been cross with.  
Some of the marriage of the army  
Was contained by a true man of illness.

Naveed Akram

# The Way Of Life

Their age is evidence of their age,  
Towards a final marriage;  
The reason of a year in happiness  
Is one that touches us.  
The age of reason is upon us,  
For all the rivers of the time  
Flow in the crevices of life,  
Opening our minds and eyes  
In the way of comedy, the way of life.

Naveed Akram

# The Weather Was Fine

The weather was remarkably fine,  
My solid helpers repelled due to the fineness;  
Without seeing two enemies in the sand,  
A feeling arose too expectant of safety.

For danger was banned and extracted poetry  
Was the norm of the days beyond,  
Likeable fashions wanted to see the fortnight,  
Driven ladies were mentionable.

I little, you big, the adulthood banned us  
From too much hardship, I was forbearing,  
You were wearing the right clothing  
For the righteous health and barrier.

Naveed Akram

# The Weepers

The weeping of lovers crowds us  
Inside the island of despair,  
Forming weeds and algae of beauty,  
Internal collisions desire us.  
Potions bind their love with our  
Throats that dry everyday.  
Squirt anger at the beasts of fire,  
As they squirt the blood in the veins.  
Open the gateways of death,  
Internal mysteries ally with us.  
The wept diamonds sparkle  
As the eyes made me one,  
Like special worry of containers  
Filled by the chastity of men and women  
Who seek pleasures and damage.  
The weeping of love ingrains in us  
The heat, through and through.

Naveed Akram

# The Wheel

Free us from the sphere that surrounds us,  
A shape that haunts us and decides our living.  
We wanted freedom of a different sort,  
A face is contorted by this freedom  
And changes it to liberty, the extreme sort.  
We calculate the life that begins to radiate beauty,  
And inside the sphere is a circle that is perfect,  
A hidden quality always worthy and special.  
A circle is not a three-sided shape,  
But a special line of fortune.  
We can never be triangular,  
It makes no sense, but the wheel is all we need  
To walk in freedom all over this Earth.

Naveed Akram

# The Whole Bun

I see the whole bun of meals,  
These controversial people object  
To easy meals, suffering from them  
As the heat climbs and you taste  
A blending muscle, frowning at you.  
Your eyes water at the climbing mountain  
Of straw, stars connect to other stars  
In these days of the highest rise.

I see the young mightiness of stars  
In buns and burgers, these meals string  
Along in their majesty and heat.  
One sees the bun of my concoction,  
It slits your tongue and eases  
The mouth with controversy.

Naveed Akram

# The Whole Show

This show is from an extrovert,  
Amazed, delighted is the audience.  
His speech is amber, for it pleases,  
The body to speak, the laughter is pleasing.  
Your armpits sweat as well as your forehead,  
But anymore showing creates agitation.  
The booing is prominent, always exercised,  
By the way, we laugh and jeer like cameras.  
It is the armoury of the show  
So impressive, an arm will stop.  
The presenter wants to listen intently  
To the whole arrangement of causes;  
A request is being made:  
Please sit patiently for the whole show.

Naveed Akram

# The Whole World

Together the world seems to pursue a dream  
I heard over the telephone, for toying this.  
Your proof of mathematics is supreme when  
A little gun is waved for the world.  
My interest laid in money, foolish money,  
Priced too high in quality, as a meeting of minds  
Inside another brain.  
The world now immediately condemns  
The whole of the money!  
Prices too strong, prices too high,  
Why on Earth do customers come?

Naveed Akram

# The Wild Leaves

My lunch is supper when the sun surprises me  
At noon. The dry leaves excite my being  
In the ways of the season I experience.  
This food we surpass darkens the life  
Fully and utterly, like the odd absurdity of the night.  
We are in the company of snatching and crunching,  
In the company of leaves that sound too real.  
My sweet shower of blessings incites the spirits  
To be released into the wild, yet scared are they?

Naveed Akram

# The Wind Returns

Return like the wind,  
Blow into the wind like air is a space,  
While essays are written to display mankind,  
When easiness is an issue of wide concern.  
My nature has blots of innocence due to air that breathes,  
It is inspiration of the mouth and heart,  
Speech has never believed the speeches.  
Must I wait forever in heaven, or do I die in it?  
Return to the winds of the sky,  
And laugh forever in union,  
In union with the sky.

Naveed Akram

# The Winning Combination

How do people speak in the positive sense?  
Their minds are offset by the ridiculousness in the mouth,  
The speech uttered from above is to the heart  
As thoughts are connected to other thoughts  
To make a winning combination, a game has been suffered.  
My sense is superior and believable by the outstanding men,  
Understand me as I speak of the world and its pleasures.  
The world flowers from its shoulders,  
Bringing a war or two in the positive sense.  
My people speak due to old age,  
A maxim is too hard when remembered.

Naveed Akram

# The Winter Has Come

My stain is in four colours,  
Though above the hearth is alive,  
Below the strains and stresses keep.

The frosted tilting dreams are beams  
Of timber broken by the night kneeling.  
For the stain is incredible on winter.

We found a farce in full shadow,  
Aside it considered a singing brother  
Lonely with his park and square.

The wintry sounds menaced creation,  
But grunting succeeded the sounds of  
Might and reason from leaves of life.

My stain grows musically, like a fountain  
Spelt by the friars, stressing a feather  
To grow around the dusted tome so broken.

Naveed Akram

# The Wisest Men

The wisest men stagnate the skies  
With swirling thoughts from their pipes.

The wisest men travel and rob coal,  
Without impressing the sheriff or his deputies.

The wisest thought comes from the pipe,  
Smoke is inhaled, inherited and inhibited.

A wiser thought comes to the very philosophical  
Adam's son, who denies the creating of spirits.

Any ethanol or any methane will become the learning  
Found in trees of hair and limbs that have fire.

The wisdom in the trees is of poems, prose and art,  
Paper erodes the galaxy of secrets, the space of might.

Naveed Akram

# The Wizard

In more wishful ways there is abduction,  
On the misty highways of Preston and its action;  
Preston, that small community of doers,  
Remains to be good-looking sewers.  
They act to the working of a brook,  
That runs away from the clearest crook.

Crooks are the main constituents of the soup,  
This city of liquefied corpses and group;  
The clues are set in the mud, in the mighty hazard,  
As detectives ruin Preston as the place of a wizard.  
The wizard is upset with bountiful magic,  
He wins and spins to bless the ones who are tragic.

Crooks have been inspired by his stay, his ray  
Of light shines following a consultation to say;  
The incantations grow wronger, with strong tastes,  
And strong skills so wanting, like the wastes.  
Many have been criminal since his stay,  
Might we initially brush our teeth with forte.

Naveed Akram

# The Woman With Heaven

From close quarters a lovely woman has deserted the field,  
An endless night is spent on the return journey due to the field.  
The better half of the woman is saying an act is according to an act,  
It is the duty that deserves special mention, knowing the ropes of life.  
Home was her prison, giving a wide berth to the traitors and cowards,  
For peace of mind it is she who never became lover of her nation.  
It is life on the other side that was a rainbow of challenges, a deep  
Dark water awaited us on the other side, the heaven must prevail.

Love is a fine wine, love is like a garden to be touched, firmly and wisely,  
To be like an open secret, to ruin the separate destiny, to disfigure the bad.  
We are consumed by love, with noisy stomachs as we eat and drink  
On a loving basis, a foundation is too late, a roof is our shelter.  
In the heaven there is no disease, no panic stations, no serious fun,  
So reposing is the habit, flogging is not present, as a blanket of love  
Is smothered on the reposers, who look on others with delight and leisure,  
They are the overlords and onlookers, the beholders of the unseen.

Naveed Akram

# The Wonderful Heart

The heart is wonderful  
And my pies are producing blood  
For my body has grown a prison  
To refuse it is huge.

The heart and head combine  
To meet me in the world after it spoke.  
The days are few, and I am few but several  
So that I desire and might need a life.

Life has a Lord, one of the mightiest  
Who created my body and instincts,  
Like the hearer and seer of thoughts  
Found inside, above and below;  
In actual philosophy I see like him.

Naveed Akram

# The Wonderful World

The world is in a wonder all on its own,  
The speaking of men is special here.  
Any sort of land carries a burden,  
Moving across the terrain is like melting and boiling.  
May the plants of this kingdom complain,  
And about the animal kingdom.  
Lonely people are like the women,  
Rains come to ban us, to bandages.  
May worlds instruct this much, anywhere,  
Your work orders us to speak.

Naveed Akram

## The Word "wisdom"

Words can not construe apt wisdom  
For that amount of pain, those suffered feelings.  
Inside me, the very inner being, there is gladdening,  
More than that not, just too much emotion.  
Felt by some, known as if, the acts of our age  
Are managed in their entirety, fully forming since daybreak.  
A night shall pass, forcing mind and body into darkness,  
Congratulating us afterwards, as the daylight shows.  
May words and spells undo themselves somehow,  
Since somehow the meaning assigned to them is inapt.

Naveed Akram

# The Words In Thoughts

The words are like thoughts in membranes,  
Inside you describe the actions so wondrously.  
With a soul a word is born to endanger  
The ghosts that move solemnly, there must  
Be witnesses to overcome, there were many  
More to come, many more to achieve in a space.

The words are the brains of our unity, forgiving my  
Intellect as well as my completeness, that shakes  
And buries the burdens of brethren who overwhelm  
With scariness, the same ample scariness to melt  
And persuade another soul that is born on us,  
The same soul has vanished due to death.

The words override discipline, the words stagnate  
The temples of worship, overcoming the majority  
Of thinkers, who discern traits and ridicule.  
One has a house of knowledge in this brotherly  
Community, a safe society, a safer difficulty,  
This difficulty supremely enjoys the whole of society.

Naveed Akram

# The Words Of Warning

If you order me I will order you, and worse will appear  
Like a stranger in the mist and horizon, offering some form.  
If you invite the living to the dead I require a doctor,  
For I need to cure my illness, my wound of bloodiness.  
The statements are fetched by someone who knows,  
Kissing the worlds of words from the farthest reaches known.

Stopping by the woods of words, we confront a majestic being,  
A stranger whose eyes are incomplete, for it only has one  
And one only, like the hills of grass, and the mountain of hope.  
My nightmare has come alive, for the words that truly bind me  
Are disrupted by the forces of darkness, lying in the shadows,  
Like a warner of hate and love, like a wonderful being of the night.

Naveed Akram

# The World Cry

Why does the world lament for its replies?  
To drop one tear through air is certain,  
But never do faces show such illness  
When the rains have washed the shores  
And lands that fairly speak of certainty.  
My light has hit the ground from the smiles,  
Seeing a hot glow is like weeping and wetting  
The face with ablutions.  
Why do tears return to this lonely planet?  
The insects of incisions are on the return,  
Tears have flown to the bridges of certainty.  
A gown is wet and shivered are you,  
A going company arrives at their destination.

Naveed Akram

# The World Is

The world is up in flame and wrong health,  
It seized me by the hair and leapt in to ruin  
Which is enough to burn my life and living;  
My horror has come, and I wrong myself  
Just as my life has come apart like toffee,  
The heart has come sticky like the soul,  
It seizes me by the throat and my blood stops tonight.  
The world is adorable now, just like criminals  
Who feed on blood when the world is in rest.

Naveed Akram

# The World Is Earth

I have godly work to involve with the world,  
The world is Earth, the master so supreme when unfurled.  
The master of science is seeing a light on the end of the Earth,  
The end of the Earth is near, so near, and so dear that we are in birth.

Naveed Akram

# The World Of Joy

This day I provide the world with joy,  
My price for the company is brilliant,  
I kept reasons too many for the toy.

Joyous occasions occur from the word to annoy,  
My pencils are spun on something abhorrent,  
This day I provide the world with joy.

What may cuddle or embrace is an alloy  
From the heart, so hard and tough, inconsistent,  
I kept reasons too many for the toy.

Then we wandered too far in the forest of a boy  
Who through all his pride was obedient,  
This day I provide the world with joy.

I have a ghost of martyrdom, a choirboy,  
Who sang a tune to the nonviolent,  
I kept reasons too many for the toy.

Inside I am happy, happier to employ,  
Since our times of nourishment,  
I kept reasons too many for the toy,  
This day I provide the world with joy.

Naveed Akram

# The World That Lies

Go to the world that lies and exhibits cruelty,  
That sins in many ways, in those ways we call evil.  
Then resent it from all your heart, and head back  
Introducing yourself to the evil people of your own country.  
This is a circle of harm and wilderness,  
Of forests that contain hideous dwellers,  
They occupy my life so madly to resist me,  
To occupy my soul and my country.

This country is a team so bright, so like flight  
That evil has disappeared, for they have been floating  
In a world of prayer from my mind and body,  
And, as well, my moods are like the monuments  
Loading more picture in my sight and eyes,  
My very heart breathes for the light of this tower.

Naveed Akram

# The World's Remains

The top of the world is only the remains,  
This splashes with oceans, and it collects.  
This world created me and all that exists,  
Inside my bird and animal is a song.  
This is singing all of the time,  
My destroyer is not a created form  
To be effective or arresting,  
Just plans are the plans we deplore  
When destroyed ones are becoming Law.  
The remaining sort of prize is again,  
The world connected to this space.

Naveed Akram

# The Worst Crime

On my pouffe I add the worst crime,  
The rejuvenation has begun of a time that conquers;  
The rabble subside into the horizon,  
Like radar I see them off, like war.  
It is a rendezvous, a ready spread,  
This event needs a ratchet-wheel to conquer  
The slopes we enrich with movement.  
This is my rendition of a worst pause,  
The times of stamina are abating.  
Strangle someone once you care,  
Like a dog so paused at the will of the master.  
On this day I relax and contemplate  
In order to clasp the flag of defeat.

Naveed Akram

# The Wrong Brush

From his horse he has had a vision,  
A diverted interruption, we used to say.  
No suffering there, their pain is rules,  
Ones to explain to the masses.

Taking the wrong brush, colours fall  
From the palette, so commanding,  
Rousing no feeling, in every small atom,  
Very close to feeling the vibration.

The very tears close and open,  
To imagine a dramatic great man  
Requires an artist's touch of the pen,  
Instead the art of writing is complete.

Naveed Akram

# The Wrong Path

Never swear to the wrong path  
As much as the halls and mirrors,  
As little as this blindly follows.  
One path devastates some of the worries,  
Another swung and collapsed from sleep  
Too hard, and those too hard beings  
Are veined and delivered.

One pillar stands before the ideals,  
A sunken ship waits and pleads for danger  
As the pirates of the deeper regions forsake  
Your encompassed life, thanking no being  
Of wonderment.

Never swear to the enemy that sinks your ship,  
And do not swing from one branch to another  
Bough, trees are nimble and quick in growth.

Naveed Akram

# The Wrong World

A world of wrong has overcome me,  
Inside I feel not wanted, not ever in my anatomy.  
Any pride has been depleted due to anger  
That swayed from side to side, like danger.  
This intrepid author acted like action of the road,  
This road meandered through the different abode.  
An adventure is issuing from our mouths,  
Like months of torture and sweeping changes and droughts.  
A world of hatred erupted due to anarchy  
From another continent, with a monarchy.

Naveed Akram

# The Year

Fast and forever in light, January lets the year,  
Each of us carry whims of something dear;  
Let January take on the next month,  
A saintly episode of high labyrinth.  
We do much in the way of sadness,  
Yet worry is the cause, in this I bless.  
Anxiety will resume on the day of birth,  
A working day of nights, forever on Earth.

Naveed Akram

# The Years Gone By

To symbolize a year is to notify the world  
Of its influence on the years and centuries housed.  
Daylight has occurred and been received on this day,  
Inside them the days of the sunlight regress  
For the time has travelled ever so slowly.  
This year, and next year it will be variously portrayed  
As years of strategy, ones for the idle chatter to disappear.  
The years are symbols of centuries we define  
In the deepest corners of the mind.  
In the bigger depths a wonderful speech has arisen  
Where ogish talents are never depicted.  
The years of purity outshine them all,  
Whether the rides of a park are numerous  
Or they still collapse from no fun at all.

Naveed Akram

# The Young Fight

The young man cringed forming a truth of liquids,  
In the direction of flight and fight.  
A little piece of resentment created me instead,  
I desired a fight in the whole factor,  
An army armed was a selling sight.  
Officers could argue, ask and hate,  
Filling forms was fellowship and fierce fight.

The young men who cringed called us in,  
The fight was heavy and hated by highness,  
The young stupor was a ready fight of roars.  
May the image of the youth in flight  
Be called a mutiny, and a blessed act of charity,  
Fiercely won by those in unity and delight.

In deeds we are one, in words we are many,  
As if rights and wrongs called in a hurry.  
These tragic young soldiers of the battalion,  
These drastic measures,  
Were inhibited by illness and ire.

Naveed Akram

# Theatre

To keep a man alive in the theatre,  
You need those who laugh to laugh,  
You must be a play, and an acting  
That lives with the very life you create.

Once the act begins you must perform  
And out-endure the others, or die.  
Will you answer the questions of the playwright?  
His mysteries are unsolved by you.

To keep a man and show him the role,  
His eyes light up and give you a secret look -  
A sight of wonder, a real funny sight.  
What is the choice of the director really like?

He, the director of worth, is selling you a secret:  
Really you're good, you're real good.  
What is the point of sentences that do not show the action?  
Dialogue can occur and selling tickets begins.

You have money, now, and a reputation  
For the very finest roles and occasions.  
Dialogue can occur, and more auditions.  
Your life is again the same as childhood.

Adults do not confer such as this,  
As many more shall sit at home and watch,  
Or shall they skip television, the good old box,  
And see the stageplay, on a platform in a theatre.

True plays are sensed by Some  
Not many.

Naveed Akram

# Theatricality

The curtain is blessed by the action of courts,  
It is the court of law that we revere for law,  
The laws are demonstrated again and always.

The curtain has bemoaned the activity of a theatre  
And not a performance by the axioms of government,  
It is the red curtain, great and glorious, beautiful.

My curtain is again a glamorous canvas so grand,  
It hides all sight and hearing, as if spoken to by the grandness,  
And the majesty of a queen is all that is good in this hall.

My theatricality is holy, all the time, aware are the king and queen  
Who list their favourite actors and actresses, with their book,  
Without a bias or grudge, without too much contemplation.

Naveed Akram

# Theft

Destroy my living place if the cares are left,  
Open this home for your destruction and so it is theft.

Naveed Akram

# Theft Is Not Death

God is the one who tells us all is well,  
That the genius has command over the cell  
That is inhabited by a prisoner of zeal  
From the political upbringing that can steal.

Theft is not a spy to be put inside,  
Always to suffer a burden beside,  
Which is the chain fixed to a wall  
The one made of stone and very tall.

The towers of this prison-place are very strong  
And do not have escapees or intruders who are wrong.  
The towers are also with cells, too many bells,  
Worse than the chiming ones of a church that impels.

Cell mates are fed with worms and torture,  
With much hatred and darkness for the abuser  
Of the system of prison, the distressed position  
Of a man, not a woman, who was given a decision

By the Judge who shall harm him  
And execute him by hanging the grim  
Man, not woman, by the neck until death  
Has managed to take away his breath.

Naveed Akram

## Their Best Work

Like their best work, a back road built so long ago  
Was hiding something decaying as the pavement,  
Overgrown in some places with moss and green  
Like the murders of the district and radio.  
Grown to the criminals was a mainland unseen,  
Dragging along with it a slain corpse that deceased  
On the events of the war,  
A rigorous battle with biting of raw hands,  
And barreling south from the pines  
And snobs, the real pretending objects  
That defeated the objective.

Naveed Akram

# Their Business

They adjusted their business wear,  
Sickeningly rich and ringing with ruthlessness;  
The money of their triumph subjugated  
The talented men of strong covers and codes.  
A real vest was faster than fellows  
Of strength and zeal, the knowledge of  
Living was vast, far too vast.  
The timing of the shots was smooth,  
The shots themselves grew and mattered.  
Most of them had dispensed with perfume  
Of the gun, and hallucinations formed  
To outwit the real troops of monkeys  
That sensed the firing of tense rifles.  
It came from the heart of optic nerves,  
It saw and seized the life of heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Their Daughter

Their daughter has passed to another world,  
Forming an image in the mind, in the heart;  
It lingers from frail limbs, the movement of death,  
This death is significant, and I am distinct.  
This daughter may shudder, alone in the night,  
And pick up distressful voices telling her to wake up.  
She never does, all the time in silence, every second  
Is without her now, but why do you also live?  
Love her if ever she falls in love with heaven,  
After the death, and more laughter.

Naveed Akram

# Their Enemies

Their enemies result in air,  
To stand forever now;  
My work does work as your affair,  
This stance works on this brow.

The meaning of this world is cruel,  
A life has one event,  
You start from one of them able,  
Towards the event bent.

Disaster looms on this old world,  
Defend itself, to live,  
My anxious reading so unfurled,  
The reasons now active.

The mind encases wildly this,  
Too much of it is wild,  
This mental work comes not amiss,  
The world is reconciled.

Naveed Akram

# Their Freedom

Delicious freedom exalts the Wise of this Earth,  
Only the richer society becomes fat with rage  
On the food of the planet, and for the chemicals of age;  
Our cheers commence, to intrigue the free men.

Our stay is like a pan of ache and pain,  
The heat is unbearable so that we master;  
This freedom in our cleverness is from joy,  
This joy, dependent on closure and numbers, contents us.

Let demons begin their freedom, to last until today,  
The brains of their ancestors are dead like a fly or gnat,  
But we stay with our free hands and feet,  
Not like the slaves of their joy.

Naveed Akram

## Their Hands Joined

Their hands joined as faces turned,  
Thinking up a reason to marry  
And clasp the eternal goal,  
Forwards to go and march.

Thinking so, their faces burned  
With heat from the senses,  
As eyes swam and met with precision,  
They were barely capable.

Their wasting of the hips was great,  
Honey and bees never came into existence,  
Further was mostly the disease,  
From their beds a nature had arisen.

Naveed Akram

# Their Heraldry

Never do loves and likes coincide as butlers do,  
Doers of faith are the rich-at-heart, the well-to-do;  
Faithful servants overreach and call their signals,  
Of the impairments their rules are fixed.  
Never does the healthy man be a fond man,  
Frothing at the mouth with disorder and menace,  
Like a wolf that devours its young players,  
Feeding on the bewitched for the whole mind.  
Never do lovers of the richer kind stray from their paths  
As their jobs are one of the richest and sparked.  
Nevertheless, the richer few command the poorer sort  
From their heads and quivers, calling their heralds.

Naveed Akram

# Their Love

Then their love subsided, nothing was frozen  
With fright but love urged its belonging,  
By the gliding it belonged to souls and all,  
Very nasty stories would help against the villains.

Then their love foretold a frozen flight,  
Its path was a lie and an utterance of love,  
A technicality, a piercing gaze, a kiss of a son,  
But the loves of lightning bolts were upon floors.

Then the thunder of love abated from the framework  
Of sin and darkness, love had entered with goodness  
As the tale to tell with fright and flight and belonging,  
A bolt from the blue is a bolt from the dark.

The love has said sorry words, of frightening looks,  
To its friends a lovely message was relied upon,  
Immune to the talents, immune to the abilities  
Of a man and a woman who obviously learn.

Naveed Akram

# Their Teachers

Never do the same signs show their details,  
Details are simply abandoning the very concept;  
Signs fool the teachers of this era as we speak,  
Details are against those who teach and display.

Naveed Akram

# Then Find With Your Eyes

The sun rises so go and find me  
Under the star that belongs to your eyes;  
You possess it with your moon,  
Enlightening the mind as if connected  
To sudden impulses, that stir and water  
The plants, with animals to bursting point.

The stars are stagnant in the darkness,  
Opening jaws of light, feeding and feeling  
Like plantations of such expense and cost,  
The industry is alive due to the likes of you.  
The sun should rise and it ought to devise a plan  
Of daily pardons, fixing the victories of jaws and rights.

Naveed Akram

# Then Fly Away

They fly away on thinking doubts,  
With celebrations that relish the relics  
They have worshipped, that their sound can concoct.  
Days come by the edge of a river,  
As if startled were the animals when too late  
To run from the moon's spirit  
That awakens by night, always by night.

It is now silence. The water mutters all the pulses of washing,  
coming from the water's gauge,  
He lives with the instruments and the gauge  
To live with him, and doubts do shape his skull  
When the water is not dirty and when dirty he admits  
What the river wanted.  
The flies are around.  
The river is never around.

Naveed Akram

# Theory Of Knowledge

Knowledge is the personal construction,  
It is such that so-and-so worked on us,  
As an universe the possibilities are of fire,  
The opposite of fire is inside the void.  
Knowledge has collapsed the whole world  
Yet it has truly benefited my faith.  
The environment plays with books,  
And epistemology worries for them.  
This theory of knowledge causes us to think.

Naveed Akram

# There Are Lines Outside

A punchy line gathers no throb,  
Might lines of stamina stride along;  
My puns are intended to astound  
Like the forests of my home town.  
These scrappy writings work wonders  
When stalks retire from life of eternity.  
A peal of words outgrow the outdoors,  
These outcries outdo the sentences of stains.  
We are lacking kremlins, bushes and wheat,  
These spy on you from the outdoor compulsions.

Naveed Akram

# There Be Knowledge

There will be knowledge,  
And there will be more of it;  
That was over and then begun,  
Names may hurl at strangers  
Echoing light, fully doomed,  
Gorgeous faced, without attire.

The name of the game is nearby  
A city of elders who fashion robes  
Of red blood, staining their assumptions.  
For they hurt one another, like bricks  
Sealed to each other, like atoms of the  
Travellers between mountains.

There will erode the shores of our land,  
But fixated are the eyes of the sharing hand;  
It will fix its stare at beloved eyes,  
Eyes of a horizon are at their zenith,  
Feeling the residue of a land too late  
In quagmire, so innocent a mash of marsh.

Naveed Akram

# There Is A Sweetness

There is a sweetness felt coming from the ease of drawing,  
Its sweat is of the skin light-hearted and calmer than the sea.  
A beautiful maid is delivering her illness on the fair youth,  
A community of young gatherers makes happy knowledge.

So there is sweetness offered by athletes who endeavour beyond,  
So art is their keep and wear, like clothes of the strong character.  
Then the sweetness dies, falling from a cliff, like a gentle pond  
Being disturbed by those in unity and blessed divinity, beyond us.

The sweetness falls like a wand in speed towards the ground,  
Silk is bettered by gentlemen who wear simple clothes, stained  
And happy, to be kept by the shops of tomorrow, and today their  
Still suits match the wanderers and their children who abide in law.

Naveed Akram

# These Woods

These woods are clever in loveliness,  
Bells chime and tell of the mistakes in odours;  
The sylvan stench understood the deadly men,  
Who fastened their teeth to the barking dogs  
With claims of dangerous pain,  
And fitting healthy pangs.

The frozen rivers are also my loveliness,  
They are attached to me from healing,  
The properties are against the chemical properties,  
Staying is the power that ends all comely affairs.  
Such high tasks are fitting to the lame and heated,  
Fixing sounds that are shaking the void of this universe.

Listen to the woods of this world,  
An effort designs us when we work  
For a jug of ale, from an alehouse  
That remains an abbey of such inclinations.  
We serve the woods with such alcohol  
And drink too much due to the pains of fairies.

Naveed Akram

# They Are Knowing

What may one call a wonder of joy?  
It is making eyes glare as if to annoy.  
It is joining the two points with a line like a boy.

What is called the knowledge of God?  
It resides in the head, when you are awed.  
It is training the circle in a way not flawed.

What do you mean by wisdom?  
The very thoughts are wise, ad-infinitum,  
Like the numbers of a space that are loathsome.

What do these relationships mean to me?  
They are what I am. They enjoin you to keep the ability.  
And they relax us, they relax us to be.

Naveed Akram

# They Cannot See

Their eyes can not see what to hear,  
The path is so strange we do not bear.  
Childhood is weak in surrendering  
To the way I have explained, the way God is crafting  
Openly, for our intellect, and our song-  
This song has might and power,  
Due to special measures,  
Duty arises from this.  
I call him a God when he has proven his way,  
This is exactly why my life is obeyed.

Naveed Akram

# They Disappeared

Your mother disappeared,  
Who had taught remedial English;  
Taking a stab at the dark  
She entered the wetness of the day  
As circles cursed their related circles.

What happened to your father?  
You need a satisfactory answer  
And you need to take one supper  
As a prospect for the eternal varieties  
In heavenly sights too visible.

I see the circumstances?  
I played dominoes and sung  
Darker songs than the ones before;  
Pictures of special cakes came in,  
I couldn't imagine the familiar.

Then I found a stack of magazines  
Launched by the propellants of the  
Unique minds, and in some of the  
Pictures was a crime in this garage  
We inspect on our birthdays.

I drove my car into parties that swayed  
With hotel barons and sheriffs  
Of unique buttons so shivering in rains.  
They came into town to deliver  
Messages of justice to those infirm.

Naveed Akram

# They Gravely Live

They gravely live with the masses,  
When the crowd is larger than life.

Their wages are sound and honest,  
When the religion will fight tonight.

A maze is to be clipped by the gardener  
Who lives in this life of sound and minds.

Religion shall dissolve us as soon as fever,  
Mind and body will contract a disease.

Naveed Akram

# They Walk Instead

They walk and interest us in our deeds,  
Posing questions after weddings and festivals  
That shatter our praises from the heart,  
They walk alone after the meals and stroll forever.  
The life within is splendid tonight,  
Our lists listen too far, our light is little like opulence.

The words have arisen and disobeyed us,  
Random thoughts physically replace us.  
The roots of the far one are stronger than the hurt  
To fight and walk alongside fine company.

Walk then in front of the gardens of delight,  
Living beautifully as the inspection is sound  
Like the lives of the beautiful epics,  
Heroes come from the hated ones.

Naveed Akram

# Thief's Soul

A thief leaves his house like a mansion,  
Treading the road he owns under his feet.  
The servants of the kingdom are here  
To entice a man with food who pays.  
The slavery is concrete, wisely playing,  
Designed to innocence, described by the lords.  
A thief is among us who is now a slave,  
This same man uttered a roadway for his soul.

Naveed Akram

# Think Alike

Think like the sun as if stars  
Empty their light,  
And that black hole means  
Death, of the other sort  
And the same kindness.

Thinkers are more splendid,  
Often their thoughts are unthought,  
Simply their homes needed a  
Fire or some dragon that  
Looked like feeding ones.

The thought that came with  
The compass means too many days,  
And these behaviours strive  
So that devils are against you,  
Thoughts derive their function.

This star in the sky thinks alike,  
Bits of words are like stars of the  
Black sky, but vivid colours  
Resolutely diminish on this world  
Called Earth. Think alike to matter.

Naveed Akram

# Think Of The Sea

Oh sea, if your tears do not halt in my moments of death  
Swallow me whole, in a mild hangover do cry drunk.  
The question is sent to your soul:  
Why have your deals with death made so loudly and calmly and smoothly?  
Answers to my name began from early times,  
When islands were missing from the maps,  
These days are crazy, just dear to me,  
I love the islands that instantly curve the desires  
But I was a cast-away and my seas did not listen.  
So I shall fall into the sea this time, hope is at hand,  
My glory is not gone, the sea has done  
Too much to me.

Naveed Akram

# Think Positive

I think positively like leisure,  
Surprising like the clock;  
A sunlight took my spirits  
Jostling in the dark,  
Opening a fair stream of waters.  
Pellets of sunlight shot through  
The branches and struck the ground.  
To strike the ground we die over and over,  
Smelling repulsive scents of bliss afterwards.  
Caught by the breeze, a star such as ours  
Feels in a warmth, feels in an emotion.  
Strong stars are stronger than miles,  
Planets rock on the clock.

Naveed Akram

# Think Wonders

Close your eyes and think about wonders,  
The selling sun with fragrant rays,  
The delicious fruit of apples and pears,  
A slight foretaste of the wines in the nation.

Close those imaginative minds,  
And criticise squarely the free thinkers,  
Philosophically conjure an idea unique,  
And display all these in the form of actions on the web.

Create a diary of troublesome sports,  
Like football mania and freedom of basketball,  
Kicking the pumping, sliding and evading,  
Little by little, and similar to our movement of the eyes.

This day has been created for the likes of you,  
This scent in the air overpowers like musk,  
Feeding the mind's relaxation policy  
Far too late, and far too kindly.

Naveed Akram

# Thinkers

On thinking you are fine is another book,  
Of every little pleasure I see and seek,  
For the plant to grow as ever to speak and  
Live a long, long life to always keep.

I think that your soldier is braver and more on  
The blessing of human danger. Much is the  
Expansion, the Just Upbringing that gave and forgave  
the lesson of human help.

Still the thinker can believe that simultaneous laughter  
Can rid the planet of pleasure and leisure;  
But not it is. It is more than pleasing to confer and  
Destroy for All Time.

Naveed Akram

# Thinking Heart

What were you thinking?  
Where was your heart wandering?

As you pour out your heart  
As you make a straight path  
You will destroy your very heart  
Yourself.

Let there be no pleasure  
In wandering  
Lost in sadness

Everywhere men offer their prayers  
For you to be versatile  
Your heart makes you sometimes  
The maniac

Naveed Akram

# Thinking Of Wealth

My backer is the bank of thinking,  
A special boast for all the time.  
Loose are the raiders who speak,  
Less thinking and considering is to leap.

My personal thoughts are inner talking words,  
These shine from woolen garments,  
Utter actions remind us continually,  
The chains of these phrases are hired.

My bank of thoughts requires money,  
Only one man possesses and demands wealth.

Naveed Akram

# Thirst For Words

Thirsty icons are displayed by the public,  
Then messages revolve to astound the majors  
Who control the lesser troops of the day and night,  
Much is to be sought in this haystack.  
Open the lacking doors so that determinations  
Appal the major crowds of contentious tongues.

My thirst obliterates the major questioners,  
I am thirsty and hungry for words that belong.  
Internal worry is to be held as an orthodox worry,  
With reliable men, men whose thoughts are unthought.  
My days are totally thirsty, as the streams enter brooks,  
We satiate the stomach with organised words so visible.

Naveed Akram

# Thirteen Nights

I was thirteen nights without an afternoon,  
Before sleep the eternal snows began  
To reach into my arctic heart, the running  
Was about and fruitful like the heart.  
It was snowing forming crystals  
As the cold and the gardens bowed down  
To the whole arena from the first cry.

I have a muffling silence to trap my socks,  
On the garden walls, like dangerous balls  
Of ice.  
Enemy and hearings approached the roads,  
Inside them a hearing collided with  
Right snowballs.

Beating the ice was like a hunter  
After its prey and breaking the ice  
Confirmed a really panicky gesture.

My waiting for the ancient ice  
Found me in a swallowing for the rights,  
The going was rougher for the icicles,  
Blue were the eyes of a reality.

Naveed Akram

# This Container

Tough are the edges of this container,  
I contain them, I persuade them  
To multiply inside and sting noone,  
Just to be polite and not harm someone.

Just be so polite to my corner  
In the haze of speech, the speaker is!  
May I add the ingenious remark to relate  
So that my progeny shall never deplete.

Tougher swerves of the pen make for more noise  
Than this container of quite too much joy.  
Joy is in the pen of concreteness,  
The stated art so piled up from centuries of work.

Naveed Akram

# This Creation

The whole goal of this world  
Enters the mind of columns;  
A universe has begun to resume,  
So time is tempting us when we are old.

The telling of a statement by the creator  
Of the universe is entering the soul  
So that life begins to unfold,  
Beauty is entering fully in our lives.

The sport of the stars in this creation  
Sorts our southern and northern roofs;  
The seas of the moon enter once again,  
Rivers from the creator entice me.

Naveed Akram

# This Crime

The want of this crime is astronomical,  
Feeling like the weight of a star, like our own  
That shines in heaven's quarters,  
As if it smiled upon our face everyday.  
This crime harasses us day by day,  
Feeling us like heat and never losing the effect,  
It is astronomical.  
The fight of a century was boundless  
Like the infinite chasm called space  
Where our family resides,  
In a palace we call the stars.  
The crime of a century has been committed  
Like the message has been conveyed,  
To too many people.

Naveed Akram

# This Day

How may I be this day?  
Be proud of course, not lazy.  
Jostle with the crowd now  
As fast as the winner  
Who is on the rostrum.  
The talk of this day is most,  
Yet you speak in tough guise  
And submit to any will.  
Why do the scales rot  
On the body and brain?  
I have no question but  
This.

Naveed Akram

# This Day My Heart

This day my heart pounded due to the sun  
Raging down on me with awesome rays,  
One of them was called Lucifer, and one was called  
Darkness, the one solution had arrived.  
Darkness must arrange itself like the stars  
That shine along the talking season.  
When words breach, the liars fear our hats,  
Wars of words are fought due to strong stars.  
Step into the happening of this cosmos,  
Stances are needed from the East,  
Devils are needed from the West,  
And then fires rage on like the Star  
That roams along the world's eye.  
Features sternly persuade us to command the sun,  
These men have faces of brown and black,  
And some are of whiteness and yellowness.  
This day my heart pounded due to the heat,  
Arranging the love of the heart with one human race.

Naveed Akram

# This Endless War

This endless war manifests itself,  
In their helmets they turn their backs,  
I do not know communications,  
And I do not have any irritable crimes.  
But the bombs are launched on a location  
By the cruisers and low aircraft.  
By this time an old weapon has emerged  
That elevates the people's ranks  
And tears down the television and radio.  
The war of communications has been a loser  
For their war crimes are unnoticeable  
And the crimes of the domestic sin  
Are laughable deeds of difference.  
May one break down the walls  
Encasing the forgotten souls of events  
Far-reaching, their homes are lost  
To the sentences of the battles  
And minor skirmishes.

Naveed Akram

# This Game Lasts Forever

The winning game resolves itself from the pain of time,  
Success lasts forever, the doors to it remind me of space;  
Then my keeper trains me well, with food to demand from me,  
So that wealth is a picture of wonderment for the relaxer.  
My exterior shows sailing and mailing, asking for the time,  
The winning game lasts forever, to be the games of tomorrow.  
See the keys to potential grin like the swords of lovers,  
So that my lover speaks what he seeks and caresses the blindness  
Once in torment, and next in utter darkness.  
Old worlds are old enough, to connive them is brilliance,  
Three of us are one of them, and the old worlds speak tonight.

Naveed Akram

# This Gentleman

This was a gentleman no longer young,  
He gazed blankly and dreamily at her;  
She was wholly unknown to the prolonged yawn,  
But then he pulled out a huge silver watch,  
Gazing persistently at the time,  
Though without understanding  
And sinking on the pillow,  
His name was a little space between the heaven  
And hell.

Gazing drearily at the huge silver watch  
Was perspiration, and more of the sweat,  
A whole lullaby of trees in stubborn times.

Impressive receptors seemed the only goal,  
It was wholly unknown, opening the mouth  
With awe, receiving no information  
Like a priest that pressed more words to those  
In shock.

Naveed Akram

# This Greater Pilgrimage

This pilgrimage of the heart entangles me,  
Inside the isle of the soul is another soul,  
Leaving us aside with blades roaring,  
Daggers dangling with split fires.  
The real pilgrimage exacts itself,  
Falling is dying with a sign to do with death.

Go on with this lesser pilgrimage,  
A bunch of roses shows treasure tonight,  
This night dies with relief and death,  
This night devils in those jokes of the ultimate  
Fool - a good devil is a bad devil.

Without any form you speak and resist the ideas  
From collapsing to see them aside.  
You are with the sacred ones,  
Faced by the demons and the devils all alone.

Let the greater pilgrimage be no laziness  
To do with the air of heavy love,  
One soul is not three or even ten,  
But one soul is one flower or rose,  
Sweeter to live with than another devil chained.

Naveed Akram

# This Heart Has A Purpose

This heart bleeds due to love,  
This love enters the folds of the Universe,  
And my heart has served its purpose.  
Then death collects its sayings,  
Deeds are originated from the clay,  
As each son of Adam is worth himself.  
The sons of men are like excellent ones,  
The daughters of mothers are special,  
And the fathers and mothers  
Will leave the trees of the fruit  
And obey the righteous people and saints.

This heart has bled from too much opinion,  
Opinion has collected due to sayings,  
As more hearts of philosophy and theology  
Create a new blood vessel, new arteries  
For the acts and accusations,  
For the bent brotherhood and the spent  
Sisterhood, little has been done and said.

Naveed Akram

# This Hunger

The hunger of life is in the food,  
Food is a charm that never dies,  
Food describes itself with splendour,  
Heat and taste of such deliverance.  
The bags of gold are heartened by  
Parcels of nutritious dinners traveling  
To distant weathers and climbs,  
Towards the residents who dissolve in  
Famine and faulty calamity.  
Their solution is our solution and we  
Find the weaker disputes among many.  
The hunger of this stay on earth  
Is called a shameful residence like a  
Place of hideous notions and movement.  
Let the life be movie after movie,  
Calling a casual labour, a case of desires  
And food that is splendid,  
Like the internal suffering of a soul.

Naveed Akram

# This Inner Line

My bars are stars and guards, the inner line,  
So carry my fight on the life of boards, the inner line.

So the blackboard needs awards from the helpers,  
Teachers, lecturers and professors have beards, the inner line.

My daughters and sons bury one another after joy,  
My container is my concealment of chords, the inner line.

Let snakes and ladders be the game, of a near relative,  
Some have animals and mammals one affords, this inner line.

I may begin to clap and withdraw so closely to philosophers,  
My butter and bread is tale and story of awards, this inner line.

I begin to look at standings and understandings of doom,  
My book is this poem of the utterances and hoards, of this inner line.

Naveed Akram

# This Is The Place

I have come from a long distance to be patient in this place,  
I am remaining, I am staying where I am to stall, and this is the place.

I have to be a perseverance, for my progeny shall require dedication,  
The same direction that is to be followed is surely then rainfall, and this is the place.

To love another being because of his virtue is surely the journey too great,  
May feet and hands be covered, so that hearts are unfurled to reinstall, and this is the place.

I have a sport for my deity to love me for, and that is the supreme joy,  
It entertains my soul forcing its tail to end up in a pitfall, and this is the place.

My shoes are invented by the great teacher of manners and education,  
What can we mean now that I have shown you the truth to scrawl in this place?

A building will collapse forming love like an army so bladed by routing,  
The sincere truth is to love the friendships and kill like a snowball, and this is the place.

My days are numbered, the nights have been worded by the scribes,  
A living voyage of the seas entails my progeny to be small, this is the place.

Naveed Akram

# This Island Of Eyes

This island is fluttering its eyes,  
With shock the tail of the land is on,  
Fire has been, fire has seen,  
Like boulders of the ire and pride,  
Leaving the rusty leaves with fear.

This island shatters the glass of water,  
Water can be conspicuous attire,  
Echoes of the eroded parlour are grand  
Like bees in their hives, feeling ill  
Like the landlords of golden politeness.

This island cancels a dire warning,  
Waterfalls line the outer world  
When fires and heat fill the green void,  
Fisting the eyes of the overall lord  
Who seeks those strange dark strands.

Naveed Akram

# This Kingdom

Had the kings and queens of this kingdom bled?  
The wild and eerie winter is upon us,  
We can not witness a criminal who has been dead.

Your solution to royalty is absolutely ahead,  
The summer believed me, it was absoluteness,  
Had the kings and queens of this kingdom bled?

We say and did formulae of chemistry in bed,  
The same post of evil as absentmindedness,  
We can not witness a criminal who has been dead.

Our results bespeak in front of the led,  
The exact opposite of leading is malice,  
Had the kings and queens of this kingdom bled?

When does the king seek kindness from the misled?  
Your happiness is special with malpractice.  
We can not witness a criminal who has been dead.

The understanding I sought was hunger to be read,  
A shining example of pride is in books of passiveness.  
We can not witness a criminal who has been dead.  
Had the kings and queens of this kingdom bled?

Naveed Akram

# This Land Of Souls

The soul of Britain is upon our saying,  
It determines the citizenry, the values;  
For we have loved humanity, and fevers  
Mark the occasion for some more leading.

There is human sense, justice is not bewitching,  
For witches are the craft of their destiny  
As far as magic exists.  
The land so grave is a sea so strong.

My genuine love has a honour, and its love  
Is purer than the bodies of men that hurl  
Their strength at the beloved boulders and rocks.  
The rock and cave is fetching a new inhabitant.

Naveed Akram

# This Lord Exists

You conquer a lordship of the world,  
While He, the Creator, masters the world  
With his creation, the light of existence.  
A secret bestowed upon the Gnostics,  
Conquers the people of light, if pain exists.  
I saw them in parties of youth,  
Yet when the loved one seeks more love  
From His Lord he abandons youth  
And is plunged into a darkness of life  
Called adulthood, the parents of your soul.  
We have a secret that the Lord does not give  
But some of us possess it forever.

Naveed Akram

# This Man

Who is man?

The resurrected spirit after death.

What is in the sea after him?

A great dropp of blood forming a clot.

Where is the mirror of doubting him

Among the birds and plants?

How could disease affect him when in loss?

Why does he die yet live forever in the Hereafter?

I shall forgive each one of them

And marry each to each with my heart.

I shall observe the practices of youth

As a seafarer of perfect truth,

And dispel the wonders of creation.

For wondering is only what is golden

And lovely, yet it is merely an art or science.

True existence lies at the throne of God,

Mankind suffers only by his own choice.

Naveed Akram

# This Mountain

The mountain is washed by the clouds,  
The mounted beast is ridden at last;  
But adventure is the solution to the sky  
And the dangers lurking in the chambers.

This mountain is hot red magma, volcano,  
Like the hottest bright star, at each avenue  
Of space and time; but where is the fountain  
Of despair? This mountain cannot stare at it.

For when you lick the waters of purity,  
This mountain will wail and thunder,  
It will avalanche, distress and torment you;  
Like the old monuments of the dead and slain.

Naveed Akram

# This Mountain To Climb

Come, you gifted men and women,  
Climb the mountain peak if you want;  
He who strives and cannot disturb  
Must watch and enjoy the very summit.  
I caught it, the ball was caught as a light,  
Drinking the very brew of Experience!

May I be far removed from certain dogmas,  
Entering my mind and contemplating;  
This mountain has forgotten all difference  
Between myself and others.

Naveed Akram

# This Path

In the very path I trod, words were sung,  
Learning them was my business, around the trees.  
But I kept to the path of life, not of destruction,  
For peace was another avenue, one I took.  
I find it easy for lovely-me to see your actions  
And then praise or reject them according to laws  
That my deity has illuminated for sound faith to appear.  
Their hearts are many, they carry acts of strangers,  
But the love of peace stings us with its reply.  
We shall indeed be pleased when even this reward is duplicated.

Naveed Akram

# This Path Is To The Palace

The sense has to surround you with wet water,  
That is the dimmest of news for a wanderer;  
One way to forsake is dribble and ache with sight  
That believes in itself with taverns of almighty light.

I have to feel in this delivered state, this waterfall,  
That steams and falls to destinations that you call.  
My path is straighter than the sticks of late,  
My staff guides me along the one city of the state.

I have to see palace after palace in my dying and waking,  
The life befalls you with its grasp and making,  
I see a light at the end of the river that swerves and tells,  
Like a stream or brook, but a mother and father who sells.

Naveed Akram

# This Philosopher, This Soul

This philosopher of thoughts made himself soul,  
The man whose supremacy climbed above,  
Glistening and polishing other souls,  
Yet never agreeing with the same religion  
Striking him, stroking him and striving.  
One philosopher was pistol, for the pincers  
Were not enough, not rough and so tough.  
I see the me, I sought a religion and he climbed  
Up my being with super force,  
With pro-to-fascism, wincing with antisemitism?

This philosophy was against me,  
Then he was suddenly anti-christian,  
Suddenly the whole of Sudan would wear  
Silver and be silent, the shoe of Germany  
Would be worn and left to the other people nearby.  
Was not the God who was dead himself?  
Who are you with death?  
Your deadly words seem to evolve from mainstream  
Thinking, as the gods wear paint of a glove.

Naveed Akram

# This Prison

I have decided to stay in this prison,  
My world will redefine the whole dissociation.

Naveed Akram

# This Sky Of Clouds

This sky is with clouds of grey and silver light,  
Magical wonders are beheld with much to bring on as rain,  
The songs in the clouds are weak and strong,  
Their music is weak and strong, heavy with volume.  
Guidance is gained by the extremely lucky,  
Their stargazing is a precise science.  
The clouds are giving rain and droplets of fire  
That reign as kingly particles of some stain.  
To be healthy with the doctor  
Is all due to the rain, and its weird effects.

Naveed Akram

# This Smiling Race

I looked across at him now, feeling the pulse,  
With the hold of a pen that curses and hurts  
The individuals of the halfling-race.  
These small creatures define what fine men  
Naturally bring to the joyous occasions.  
Be the reconstructive surgery of the beginning years  
So that this small race is a small race!  
One hurts the small race as the definitions are exact  
Like excavations and the souls of their trade.  
Feet endeavour to fasten their feet,  
Hands occur to the majority.  
Lesser men can connive a tragic invention  
For in this place we look rough,  
And in this real psychology swings the beastly bargain,  
Looking across diligently, lagging a split second,  
Not quite in particular, not even in particular.  
The halflings are a sowing people  
And love their peace when blessed by us all.

Naveed Akram

# This Truth Is Everyday

This is the truth of his progress,  
This curtails the young heart and entices  
Us to interrupt the realities,  
I can honourably say what is miles.

This is truth, this bountifully describes  
A morning in union with the rising sun,  
A little dead leg is happening to appear,  
Waking from the bed of worry and war.

Many good fellows strike alarms,  
Lighting the rooms of the real furnace;  
A quarter of a mile contains a morning,  
Then evening has been everyday.

All northern lights and southern dreams  
Collapse when the lighting is lightning,  
The thunder is drumming of the head,  
As the ears are penning their poetry.

Naveed Akram

# This Universe

This universe continues without bridges  
To the other side of this good country;  
This continuation of life increases duly,  
The acceleration is compulsory and just.

Why do stars exist in this galaxy?  
What shining factor congratulates me?  
I have adored the lady of my peace,  
Many counsels have come from her release.

This cosmos of duty concerns me if life  
Ever entailed destruction and promise of strife.  
The life of planets contains attributes  
Opening our anxious men's doors to their heels.

Let their feet carry an adventure to far states,  
Stationary globes, still stars radiate a light.  
Light of the eyes considers the rife danger  
In the frozen wastes of this cosmos.

Naveed Akram

## This Voice

This voice may resume in finer fashion,  
So that sweetness and voices are in the past.  
This voice is diviner than most light,  
Green and golden is the light of the tree.  
May fashion behold a fast lane, the very same.

This voice inherits a flood and fuel,  
How did heresy be condemned this way?  
Green light is not of the plants, but  
White visible light inhales and ignites.  
Where do you stay with this very light?

Naveed Akram

# This Whole Life

Inside my life thoughts are good,  
Ogres sell their souls to the commonfolk.  
Yesterday we saw a substance so special,  
This was special for the dozens in slaughter.  
Yes, our laws were acceptable and we frame a result  
For the common good of people.  
Let ages pass and more laws come,  
Too excellent is the product of our lives.  
Our children left us in concise heaps,  
Spoonfuls were fed to us in the dozens.  
Inside this whole life is a feeling of luck,  
One person objects, but everybody loves.

Naveed Akram

# This World

In this world of acres there is all being,  
Collecting weeds to kill and degrade,  
All creation subjugates the senses.

My world is full of weeds my way,  
Killing them of their existence,  
Letting the universe expand.

This endangerment of the community gathers,  
Speaking of floods and ruination at once,  
The waves transform, tsunami ensue and annex.

This day is stronger with pity than the rest,  
It reminds me of death and hardship grand,  
This night is surging with water, and never dies.

Naveed Akram

# This World Is Good For Travelling In

The appearance of this world  
Is of the four elements,  
They are earth, air, water and fire.  
One stands still like a reed,  
Those above you are the predators,  
Who chase you like wolves.  
It is the lamb that is you,  
Towards the world we swivel and twist.

A molecule enhances our livelihood,  
The atoms burst over sheer weight  
Of the body so obese when fully enlightened.

The world is like a friend, the world tingles,  
It enjoins the food of the equator;  
My beloved way is to be a lamb,  
Then the foolhardy one enjoys his life.

I have this adventure with my thoughts,  
Sweet and silent, white and free,  
Many of them hurt inside and out,  
So the earth and the sky resemble  
Outward faces, intellectual ornaments.

The world is my friend when it carries  
The four elements, fire will make me fine.  
Earth dissolves and air weighs,  
Where is the water so flowing?

Naveed Akram

# Thor

On Thor I rest my bones,  
On his throat is an emblem,  
On my tongue there is burden,  
And my malice is strong and forced.

I will bend bars when strength  
Limps like it does when commanding,  
Brute force beckons, brute force saves  
The days and nights that are swallowed.

On Thor I see strong arms and hammer  
Of pure heat, nuclear supplications  
Emit from his veins and arteries,  
For capillaries of blood exhaust others not him.

Onwards Thor reigns supreme,  
His brothers and sisters overwhelm them,  
Fierce in battle, tight in courage,  
Vacuums are bleeding from the size of him.

And so my bones are crushed by delay,  
And so the antagonism spins around  
In circles of young fire, fulfilling heat  
And energy, strife is committed fully and totally.

He reigns over me, his weight is of gravity,  
For his hammer are the tongs of strength itself,  
Stray and fair, warm and harmful, fixed by deceit,  
And so stranger wisdom is harnessed by him.

Naveed Akram

# Thorns Will Shine

Trying to be a dilemma creaks and moans,  
Acting towards the goals of a calm night;  
The hurt of painters is like the filling of wonders  
In circles of destruction.

To be a grave is though a tragedy,  
I must twist the bricks this once,  
I must turn here not there in the grave.

This disaster has spun around,  
Living along the days in their light;  
Winning is the axe that is wielded,  
Linking light with this steel weapon  
Is like the linking overall.

I want this dilemma to end at the road,  
Fixing blue and red and green  
And fists are ready.

The disaster has begun like reading,  
Shade is afoot, thorns will shine.

Naveed Akram

# Those Liars

Those liars in the middle of dungeons speak the truth  
If iron has emitted their anger, if lying especially mattered.

The bags of corrupt people inside the dangerous times  
Connected to the hands and arms and forefinger, if lying especially mattered.

The leaders of fishermen sell more if the dangers are limited,  
A shop can expel more of its fish, thinks the fishmonger, if lying especially  
mattered.

Youth has written the right slogans once they fought a postman  
Who decided to time his job with reality of hunger, if lying especially mattered.

This strong matter wanted more intelligent thoughts from the rulers,  
I saw him rule and write with force, no younger, if you were lying.

Naveed Akram

# Those Merciful

Those with mercy shall cure the blind,  
Choosing their wrapped friends,  
Citing prizes and complaints.  
One is full of concern for the youth  
Who see nobly the signatures of the gnostics.  
Their dear friendship outlasts time  
Endless, the times of the forefathers  
And descendants who shiver along the sun.  
Heat is without the letters of pain,  
Saving us from safe passages,  
For delivering the dangers to the fires  
Is like igniting the flames of a devil chained.

Naveed Akram

# Those Seasons

The spring and the summer can be in time,  
So forcible are those seasons, never with grime.

Naveed Akram

## Those Terms

Define those terms that need a distance,  
They must be distant and far away from home.  
Our language is made of those names,  
We describe the worry and behaviour  
As if the same name has erupted from a mountain.  
I like only that talk that lifts one, that crept on my shoulder  
From your mouth and uttered a mountain of anxiety.  
I can not forget that even though I shrink from it,  
And this is my worry of course, of hard belief.

Naveed Akram

# Those Who Shine

The sword is like the ocean and moon,  
Beauty preoccupies it with glaring beauty;  
This weapon of a massive hue shall be  
Wielded in the direction of you and yours.

The words to describe this loving operation  
Are many and far before the eyes than ears,  
Hatred shall shine in its eye and ear,  
Love will be muttered by those beholding.

Naveed Akram

# Thought Of You

The thought of you connects to other thoughts,  
Escaping you brings misery, and so much avenue.  
Letting seasons pass enjoys itself, for we breed  
In the hours of the year, and fix the knives of life.  
Here the burden is taken to end with matters,  
For life is now a ceiling and a beginning for ever.  
Heaven's player is called the angel of angels  
And he listens to underground inhabitants too late.  
Lost in triumph, we accuse nobody of the crime  
As it ripened by itself affording one too many of them.

Naveed Akram

# Thoughtfulness

A thought has resided in my head,  
And it is considered the blessing of the Earth;  
Very brave is my character if the thought has any basis,  
And any commentary still has a provocation of another thought.  
Beauty resounds in the head, as the heart collapses in time with itself.  
Better is the art of the thinker who kept his wit,  
And drew his mind in his mind,  
Declaring thoughts that decided to twitch in mine.  
A thought is a wonderful goal in life,  
You love or hate it - especially when it ticks and spins  
All in the name of thinking aloud.

Naveed Akram

# Thought-Program

A program of thoughts surrounds us with virtue,  
The broad picture of delight appears openly.  
The problematic issues in current times  
Are far too slow and thoughts are controlled.

Naveed Akram

# Thoughts

Inside the thought is an array of knowledge,  
When do computers basically examine this object of the mind?  
Never do they scrutinize, never do they work on brains,  
Like going to movies in the cinema, and risking their lives.  
Never do screens and boards show signs of thoughts  
Unless too much intellectuality.  
The thoughts control us, they work upon us,  
Little do they resent us when we think.  
This thought, that thought, will wisely bring,  
Forgiving the communication of such wisdom.

Naveed Akram

# Thoughts Beget

My red colour shakes in the begotten springs,  
The blood streams ahead of reality today.  
For the colour of fortune is the same as clay:  
Sleep in innocence, so I admire though abstain.  
The real avenues of thought beget other thinkers,  
Their forceful pen is upon us all with glaring neon  
Lights, fulfilling the autumns and springs.

My righteous thinkers sustain the only pen,  
Then the loud estimates succeeded only once.  
My righteous philosophers sustain and cherish  
One after the other.

The modern world has been a fact of brilliance,  
More periodic fighting begets music and pain,  
Then the truce of truth is forgiven by foretellers  
Like monks and priests of the noble character.

My blue colour is like the sky at day in fierce  
Readiness, into the fighting jets above.  
Neon lights glare and stand on the ledge,  
Lulling the paint of an artist, the arts are more  
Than me, the sciences relentlessly free  
Certain individuals who concentrate.

Naveed Akram

# Thoughts Exist

The lonely wands are magicking a religion,  
Their force survived as if the martyrs existed;  
Their thoughts existed, their acts existed  
And we exist in this union of laughter and marriage.  
Swear to the love of the world in thoughts,  
Never be near the soil of fought people,  
Who see orchards in full honest blood.

I see killed men and women in the orchards  
Of the skill they wear to adorn the treasures;  
I see everywhere the queries of elders who display  
That living library of thoughts that connects to light.

Naveed Akram

# Thoughts Inside

An agriculture of thoughts inside the brain  
Remains artistic, a feeling of war too attained.  
The traders of mental weakness are few,  
The industry of exact sciences remains the same.

One triumphs when the losing of thoughts is attained,  
Ignored and betrayed, the victor now ends up.  
The set of articles pertaining to his record  
Are consulted to read into and to busy with.

One government is enough, one thought cancels again,  
This thinker wonders along life once more.

Naveed Akram

# Thoughts Of You

Thoughts of going away are abrupt like the snow and hail,  
I may never behold a costlier sight than castles on Wales's mountain.  
The adventure of the district is far greater than a general or computer,  
Forward-march is the ritual offered to some who bereave and sin and grieve.

Thoughts of you, are thoughts of winter and snow, jolly gold,  
Or good silver, like the silver on the Versailles Palace,  
For the nerves of the sky and the balance of the economic power;  
Failing it is like learning of an abode in the deepest cavern.

My mind grows fond of treasure as I sin and win, feed and lead,  
Like an abductor or retriever, the loose work is afoot, dark work is effort,  
Little is learnt from the noise of the wind and rain, falling around  
As speedy as northern winds and as slow as the canyon of golden choice.

Naveed Akram

# Thousand Bullets

There are a thousand details pulled in scenes of borders,  
Countries have various posts to deliver their protection.  
One clicked and the other sang a tune offered by the clergy,  
Troopers triumph in splendour for the creation of the nation.

They recollect the generals for their courage,  
Their guns go off, and they send the barrage,  
For the swarm of bullets defends the strong from the weak,  
And force them to eternal death by hanging at least.

Perspiration claimed abundant pressure for the lot,  
The generals themselves gain the upper hand  
From the mistakes of the enemy, the opposition is mad,  
For the opposition is the proud evil of this community.

It requires endless repetition and pacing to strike a scrum  
Of attack on the passionate betrayers in our vicinity.  
The real stammer is in the old and also the young,  
For both ends of the spectrum deserve an equal measure.

Naveed Akram

# Thousand Years

I have lived out a thousand years,  
And in them was tranquillity, peace  
And various species, offering escape.  
Soon the light from the sun shines  
In the days and not the nights,  
The never-ending life begins at home.

A thousand years have passed,  
Underneath the sky of clouds  
And stars shining brightly forever.  
I have lived out my enemies  
Forced by the military, affecting me.  
This station of importance  
Decides to turn into a cradle.

I walk among the clouds  
After a thousand years of worry,  
Filling everybody with awe and inspiration,  
But not with nights and days of ancient kind.

Naveed Akram

# Threads

The threads are collected, my art is this,  
For the beating of our brain.  
I hastily chase the boxes of string  
To finally attach these threads,  
They are harming my head,  
But the problems are getting solved.  
The hassle is enormous and banned by most,  
But my stringing is the one solution.  
They are normally quiet, sounds are collected,  
But the threading is managed by me.

Naveed Akram

## Three Ghosts

Three ghosts to the head of my thoughts  
Have the bowels to fuss over my teapots.  
Three are beauty and homage and kindness,  
Names suited on the characteristics of their blindness.  
The charmed sword was angry from my hand,  
It bit a gash from the spooks on this land.  
I am inclined to stand on the beds and argue  
On their selfishness, and the very barbecue.  
It smelt glad of their feet, of their feat, of all,  
Like the clamour of the thunder and rainfall.

Naveed Akram

# Three Gifts

There are three gifts  
We should donate to  
Shadows of our progeny,  
As ghosts walking the lands  
Of being.

One is goals, one is fire  
And the other love.  
Goals are to unite the  
Freedoms, fire bestows  
Fountains, and love conquers.

To see through the eyes  
Of majestic beings is to  
Enhance the progeny's  
Success, right from the  
Arts of fertility and mortality.

Immortality transcends the  
Important spheres to be  
Actualising a certain difference  
And an essentiality.

Naveed Akram

# Thrilled By The Cold

I have thrilled, past was present, we were stock-still,  
Stoic people were like us, rather longer in health;  
But we were still like the ice in stillness,  
Stiffly sticking to the air, of bad warmth.  
I have mounted on a mountainous mule,  
A mule of worth, such a donkey for me,  
This trail leads south where the river arrives,  
We cross a bridge too well, we are this mountain.

I am losing more men, and we are now again still,  
Stigmatized by the cold, and the flu had arrived.  
My mighty river so bold, was against me for a long time,  
Rivers attached to my writing were indeed mighty.  
Bad warmth was the ritualistic belief,  
A little cold does no good, I am not thrilled!

Naveed Akram

# Throne Of God

One God remains and is heard,  
With an apology one hears,  
With decent health a hearing is made.

I have asked those in charge of his kingdom  
To become a deathly kingdom.  
Their devils rage and expire.

One lust is lost. Losing is a burden.  
One loses his soul to alleviate  
The suffering of the people.

In this small nation a burden is laid,  
To strengthen the few who retain,  
Like a knowing people of health.

The thrones of longevity arrange  
Their egos around the authority  
That beams with light from above.

Naveed Akram

# Throned

How do you include your lovely throne?  
Be a king of a kind called lucky, lucky alone.

Naveed Akram

# Through My Eyes

Look through my face and actualise  
Acids and bases forming on the cheeks;  
I can spoil a surprise, my eyes squirm  
Hardly when you scream as a pie in height.  
I have told directly below a recipe for life,  
Faces angrily see the foxes you must see,  
Shoulders will keep alphabets, seek laughter,  
As the bedroom furniture cracks and looms.

My house is cracking, forming, and collapsing,  
Poor light enters the little room, pressing anger  
With floating beasts, that is for the eye,  
And that is for the face or soul.

Look through my eyes and set into little boredom,  
You mustn't move! Don't touch the crinkling,  
And work hard to respire forming yellow anger.  
I have a cool pair of hands, slipping away,  
Telling this undoes this, for the hands are a moment  
Of time.

Naveed Akram

# Through My Life

In longhand my life reveres the ideals,  
Books and volumes are bizarre  
Now that ideals fill the prisons  
That are barred to the correct and right.  
Be alive and keep the wolves,  
Eerie conversations are adrift  
With the sea at night that rages.  
My obstinate relics are regulated by  
The blood of the veins,  
Enduring a heart that murmurs,  
Drawing breath in small amounts  
So that letters are words in some likeness.  
Have life that revolves around the desert  
So as to reignite the force of the dunes.

Naveed Akram

# Through The City

Through a village there stands a maze to count,  
I gather gold from this new city, and the amount  
I can not care what it is, its description may change  
According to times and magic for the wall to derange.  
I fed a tunnel of love to those at bruise and bash,  
These are special, these straightaway are a lash,  
Like a flogging arena is taking place, and no gold,  
No gold for the punishment, forming laughter so cold.  
The whipping carried me forward, as a veteran or victim,  
Life matched living of a far away land, the mixed and fearsome.

Naveed Akram

# Through The Garden Of Love

He strove through the garden of love,  
Without limit the light glistened and moistened;  
His veins swore to tell joy as their relaxation  
Was becoming itself in the foolishness of light.  
His deeds came to the roundabout of foil,  
The aluminium, the metal of a day that swore.  
His deeds stumbled like a friend or fiend,  
But which of those are there these?  
He strove a guilty master who stormed the sword,  
His walking was swifter than the phoenix.

My garden had been his backpack,  
The green part of love was a playable option,  
Must we stare with full eyes and ears?  
Ears touch the light, searching for love as right,  
Loving is caressing, cherishing, dressing.  
My garden is bright, brilliant red of roses, prime  
Noise of a nose that was lavender, turtles bloated.  
Green was the love endangering me when I stood  
On the bridge that swords must play.

Naveed Akram

# Through The Heart

I see through the heart like glass,  
Opening the books of the mouth;  
My solutions are clearer than the lips  
That politely shut to avoid duty.  
My lies are so much absent and present,  
Begging is no escape, begging is no properness.  
To solve the riddle of the past  
We must solve ourselves like the heart.  
Open this organ of hidden qualities  
Like the opening of a drum and song.  
Long and hard we seem to strum like a past,  
A past well hidden at last, particularly now.  
The heart is hidden in height as a weight,  
We wait and we wait, the heart is fond.

Naveed Akram

# Through The Tunnels

The tunnels look at you,  
Entering their pathways matters  
To the district so enclosed.  
My small river of mercy overflows,  
Meddling with the yesterdays  
And the tests of this exhilaration.  
My separated one argues, fusses and fights  
For hurtling stories  
That are plagues,  
That are matters,  
That beam on the listeners with  
Accuracy.

The tunnels are aghast at  
The sound of osmosis,  
The struggle within,  
And the perspiring of inhuman bodies  
Lingering in the slime and cake,  
Muds of various lakes  
Seem to accost you from without.

A tunnel speeds up travel when  
Ignorance has a sign to sell,  
Unhappiness has set in,  
Happiness was a tunnelling process  
With layers of difficulty.

Naveed Akram

# Through The Window

My name was coming, from my window,  
I wanted him to retreat and collapse.  
The simplest desires have been looked at,  
Sewing thoughts for several people.  
My window and door carried hard steel,  
Mahogany seemed the best work.  
Disinterested and crazy, the people through  
The door were feminine and masculine.  
My names count themselves with luck,  
It has arisen from the heart and mind.  
My windows and door shall be a war of homes,  
Still the watching of outsiders is strong.

Naveed Akram

# Throwing A Ball

During the ageing process is a gift  
For the hearty heads and the chiefs;  
They mean too much to be hidden away  
Like the age occurring with cultures.  
Mighty thinkers bash into the plants of the past,  
Exploring a sudden path for the dark and dank way  
Still in my head of love.  
No-one appears with genetic habits,  
The effects of thinking possess small ramifications.  
To end this life frontally objects  
Like the face that nears us.

Shunning and throwing a ball,  
The games of thinkers have ended too  
Meltingly, wearing the plates of stings;  
Allow the past to reconcile itself,  
Brides are on the road to victory!

Naveed Akram

# Thrown

The stone is in an ocean of gladness,  
It cannot converse with our spirit, but we desire  
A conversation with the swimmers of the ocean.  
Freedom exalts, gems and diamonds excel us,  
Without them we are nothing whatsoever,  
Just so that we understand, we are all men  
With signs to accept.

The stone is thrown across the heart and head,  
Shining like the moon, so giant is the welcome  
It contains, so much like an archway or entrance  
Into the jaws of death, when speaking is not allowed,  
Where the pages are read and written, too late  
Is the time we are travelling,  
Employment has run out.

The stone collides with another one, when the book  
Orders your pages to turn like sheets of milk,  
The stone talks rapidly, as a stone is certainly  
Blessed, but why do words fly away when the reading  
Is desired by the few, and the writing is submerged  
By the many, may we deliver  
The actions of an author and priest.

Naveed Akram

# Thrust

Thrust us with brilliance, how didn't I realize?  
Poke me with fun as murderers advise,  
In this is wisdom, my wisdom that has shattered  
Many souls of evil, those eager people who mattered.  
Why are your traits inwardly colossal like giants?  
Your giant has too much of that science.  
Heaven holds about a tonne of food  
Inside that which can delude.  
We remind ourselves of the heat and agitation,  
Healed are we on this hour of decapitation.

Naveed Akram

# Thunder

Stage after stage,  
Thunder has been passed.  
Concentrate on the noise  
To go away.

Naveed Akram

# Tickets

The ticket was sold, in the soil of waters and roots,  
Profiting from the sale of plants, a real awakening.  
The gardeners travelled to a gathering so great,  
Locomotion no problem, making progress against the weeds.  
What are these plants? Plants give soil a trouble,  
When do flowers reckon their demise?  
The tickets have cancelled the talk of the nation,  
Then the stages ended for the whole conversation.

Naveed Akram

# Time

The forces of nature connect with Time,  
To overcome the mountains that we climb.

Naveed Akram

# Time And Another Time

A man wades into the sands of time,  
Time sends messages to another time;  
When a man decides to plant a main thought  
In the cogs of time, he means it more than life himself.  
This clock is gazed at by the real newspapers,  
Lustfully read and passionately written by some.  
A report carries some deeds that orientate the society,  
A society manages me tonight.  
A man surrounded by the desert,  
Actualizes sins too far into time,  
For they are deserts of the whole kind,  
Death masters him if time allows.

Naveed Akram

# Time Belittles Me

Time is swift to end its display of colour and shame,  
Time is like the army of men who keep their practice;  
A predator has kept always its standards, in this life,  
When it is belittled by Time, and we as humans love  
With the carefree life of a mammal that will always love.

Then winter has approached the world with winning ways,  
It is of chill and snow, hurt and toes that are shivering;  
The exile is the winter of this world, so look at your heart  
And say what the birds say when in apparent flight,  
Under the stars of the sky we have too many eyes, so behold!

I then see a traveller in the heavens, passing me by,  
Like a swift flyer, that my mother has left and left me  
In pain, the traveller has passed and has left me,  
Both have passed and left me: so success will fill my mind  
With thoughts like pouring wine into a cup.

The fires in the heavens and earth often cry, we both cry,  
We cry because we find no treasure after wandering  
Deserts and jungles: I only found myself, I am my own treasure,  
For my soul is precious to me, I am so poor that debt  
Will depart from me only by the will of the Maker of Paradise.

Naveed Akram

# Time For The Heart

May time be a bonus etching the hands of a clock,  
This grandfather betrays my upper lips,  
This small treasured clock betrays my lower lips,  
Let my mouth be a jargon of repetitions,  
Language is the colossal subject of taste and time.

Dreams are manufactured on this united spirit,  
Loving you with vigour, loving the kindness  
Of a pious man, whose parted hair redefines him  
And clasps him like a man with forelocks.  
Loading the back with ammunition, he cries!

The guns must be blown and shot,  
The musketeer is where we lie in prison.  
His historical period believes in him,  
The mildness is polite, and hardness of hearts  
Manipulates, bleeding is the job the heart loves.

Naveed Akram

# Time Is Night

Poison stayed last night for the effect,  
My house in this time has an aspect.

Naveed Akram

# Time Is Of Love

Time is a destination called Love,  
It reads itself in the annual dreams,  
Forgiving, resenting and pacifying,  
Like tanks of war and tanks of peace.

My dream creates another failing image,  
Lulling the night's despair little by little,  
Sleep is all due to my simplicity,  
Slept ones are those who have souls.

Time is next of all, it tests the superiority  
Of souls to the inner energy,  
That contained in the matter of our times,  
In the universes and the religions of old.

Time shall pay its transparent age,  
The contract appears all too gladly,  
To see the pages of a day that seeks  
Enlightened spirits always in the sway.

My heart and my desire are lusts,  
So that timely events give birth to resonating  
Designs, always the created spasms,  
Always the read variety of day and night.

My teasing few are like my children,  
Tears flow from their eyes,  
Noses drip with sweat when they are seated  
Like icicles and like fruits of the oldest time.

Many hearts are of this food inside,  
The stomach of your genius is a going,  
The best going creates a fulfilling remedy  
For the oldest book, the oldest letter.

Naveed Akram

# Time Itself

Time has presented itself,  
Rolling and naming the highest thoughts.  
We are uneasy as to which thoughts are correct;  
Why do thoughts arrive so highly?  
The language of time is here,  
We have the roads to all events.  
There are holes to fill and findings to make  
As you carry your share of time about.  
Time is presentable and is leader of all substances.

Naveed Akram

## Time Long

A long time ago with monstrosities,  
A godly prince once reigned with slight bend.  
Opening his doors to a wide variety of  
Colourful textiles, he concentrated on speech.  
Speaking badly, the prince wanted language  
To be designed by the heart and tongue.  
He desired the lusts of speech, meaningful talk,  
Attending abilities of the exoteric and esoteric.

This day, we see royal princes in rebellion  
Due to feeling speeches, active words,  
And special hearts of such ground green.  
The long happenings constitute warfare,  
But the wars have been spoken when defied.  
The going is pestering best advice,  
Those with life-blood ponder willingly,  
And so the pondering continues not breaking.

Naveed Akram

# Time Of Disaster

In this minute is a time of disaster,  
Up with a second of mild calamity.  
This means a battle has been won,  
Life is on our side again, for the peace has come.  
Water and ice can not be the same,  
Nor can they be different;  
Similarly, the accidents that happen  
Are one of the same and also different  
As they exist, and in these seconds.  
The Sun had a notion of my day's catastrophe,  
Heat melted the ice of the polar region,  
And travellers forgave the stationary men  
When the dull day ended with an accident -  
The roof fell, muttering away first then collapsing  
To accept us as buried, by the rubble as you know.  
This disaster was concrete and never the talk of nonsense,  
This second was a tragedy of the highest eminence.

Naveed Akram

# Time Of My Years

I had the time of my years,  
Owning glories far-reaching,  
Feeding on the inner tastes,  
Keeping ceremony after ceremony.  
I saw a guide to my soul that learns,  
I saw a guest that finds ideas.  
I had the time of a year and one month,  
Feeding on frenzy as a fanatic.

This time of clothing was a bitter taste  
Of death, the suits supremely kept.  
One saw a midnight fever,  
One of these ferocious ideas attained  
Acts of earthquake and seismic activity.  
Then my guide understood  
And this much was understood,  
And this much was understood.

Naveed Akram

# Time Stands Still

Twelve months of the year  
Concern us when we have the life.  
There is a black sea on all of our eyes,  
Inside our eyes colours flow for all-mankind.  
This time is perfect for legal thoughts  
That travel when visits to clocks are made.  
My issue is with the world as a planet,  
And the planet as annexation;  
My maids travelled here before this time  
To scare us with beauty.

My time for glory awaits me  
Like some wounded soldier of the stars,  
The soldier called Time.  
I back away from him,  
As I am scared.

Naveed Akram

# Time Stood Still

It was time that stood the stand,  
Yet we return to the clock with might  
And represent our families with affirmations  
And respect.

Open the fast revelation from the heart,  
Little clocks are ghosts of the journey,  
Offering some of the assumptions of this day,  
Afterwards a colour is recovered.

Implications are spoken of,  
Commandments are obeyed,  
And to initiate disasters is spectacular,  
Frothing from within.

Naveed Akram

# Time-Lord

There was a time-lord from back in Time,  
Living a life of abominable crime,  
Was he in a war  
So desperately far?  
Or was the reason for living a slime?

Naveed Akram

# Timeness

Descend into the mists of Time,  
Climb now fast and also at times slowly,  
So that the hours are passing by the hours  
And minutes do freeze enough to contribute  
A certain flow of Time.  
Such is the desire of your logic  
To travel in ways of magic;  
To keep the soul,  
And manufacture accomplishment.  
Time and Time Again.

Naveed Akram

# Times

Turbulent times require my inspection,  
To instruct and display mankind, every nation.

Naveed Akram

# Tiny Humans

Humans and tiny creatures are into the earth,  
Later they picture me interested in what they survey  
With eyes soldered together with iron and haste.

I accept the secure lairs, of this surpassing land,  
Interesting trade has been sipped by traders who smirk.  
Humane calls are addressed by soldiers of folklore.

Creating and recreating laughter of the folklore  
Discourages growth of the economy,  
This boost of the century is against all odds.

My humanoids are all theatre-goers of the flesh,  
Comely dancers evade them without shutting up  
Their mouths so disinterested by the cacophony.

Then my friend resided in the sipping drinks,  
With mouth of pursed lips touching spirits  
Of the day and night, in wonderful revolution.

I am recreating the existing members of society,  
To be familiar in their claim to gatherings so wonderful,  
That folklore decides to mingle with the frost.

Naveed Akram

# Title Gained

A fitting title gains me prestige so golden,  
Flint and tinder construct the fire of no imitation.

Naveed Akram

## To A Friend

In these days you surrender to a friend,  
When does the turning-point reach you?  
Mighty are ships of stone that had sunk,  
They were built by those in moods of highness.  
A mate will be your captain, a fully able sailor,  
Not the whole person of weakness and frailty.  
The nights seem longer than your days  
When the friendship has disappeared.  
Your days of friendship are over  
Ever since high secrets entered the soul and mind.

Naveed Akram

# To Abhor The War

To abhor him sides with evil looking people,  
Ablutions are made by the priests for their prayers.  
To abhor them is to love them, in ways of good,  
For therapy arises for the able, the good in ways.  
Priests spoil the time when they fight, fighting prospers  
Inwardly, too considerably, like a mound of water and ice.  
Marching, the cavalry sends itself through the waters of the land,  
A camcorder calls its picture to us in a campaign,  
To carry music when aloud and allowed,  
The battle of the men of war is afire, with abhorrences,  
War measures too supreme by the commander of the forces.  
It will escalate beyond our vision, to abhor priesthood is wrong;  
It is a comet of warriors that the priest is abhorring.

Naveed Akram

# To Adapt

To say and explain we imagine why the one of us shall say,  
Your being is held in a fist after fist after fist until we end the day.  
This is totally abrupt, a policy to please, a lonely river of time;  
May majesty spell my soul without a flower, so the bell does chime.  
When this bangs fifty times I submit to it, like a turtle to the human race,  
Open are all hours to the future, the rupture, the conservation of grace.  
Will fighting cease, will understanding believe in men who give birth?  
The right of a man fights for laws to understand, to take on worth.  
Worthy men are inside the book so great, so extraordinary and apt,  
Much of the celebration exits to give a laughter, so much to adapt.

Naveed Akram

# To Afford

To afford the scene is torture, as it speaks,  
For always is the scene, and the scenery.  
Or will tomorrow sustain the ideas of your dream,  
That wakes this hour up, and then the summary  
Of your life extends to the utmost limit.  
Goals of the future reside in the head  
To stun and stagger us, with its own initiative,  
Without the flowers and plants and planets.  
To afford the pain and sting  
We forsake years of living well,  
We are feeble in this forsaken way  
And the way of the hour is fought.

Naveed Akram

# To Allow Me

To allow me the rests complains to my spirit,  
This spirit that rests inside my heart shall never cease,  
This spirit is a ghost of the sums of gold and silver,  
Forming me aright, from the icons that are displayed.  
A real reason rests with the righteousness of relics,  
My angers are asked by the rest of the angry crowd,  
Turbulent times call for the truer punishments  
In the heart of mine that bleeds.

Do not be mean to my spirit that sentences a man  
To deathly encounters, fixed in their realms  
As the eyes have calling of tears, rests are afoot,  
And about them the wrestling is about.

To allow me a solution to these problems  
Causes me to found a society where I  
Judge the right punishments and sports  
For the hearty men and women who live.  
Those who love and inhabit their daily habits  
Shall mime with the heavenly maidens  
As their eyes fetch a golden coin.

Naveed Akram

# To Always Enjoy

Someone always enjoys the spring of the year,  
I already share my thoughts with the summer of the year;  
A lovely ending is a gracious beginning,  
One has relationships to enlighten  
With the day transiting into the night  
As if heroes and villains had arisen from the deep.  
A clenched fist is a racing utensil,  
To learn more than fathers and mothers,  
So the fist disfigures your face,  
As we write poetry or prose in the light  
Of the manners we are endowed.  
So your announcement is preordained,  
Achievements stream in for the killing spree,  
And we are offended by brilliance and forgetfulness.  
So defend the charisma of some beloved leader  
Who loves your single attitude,  
The soul is enough to see in this world.

Naveed Akram

# To Astonish

So many of them produce a storm of anguish,  
I am one of those who listens solidly to astonish.

Naveed Akram

## To Attain

Engage in deception of the order we attain  
To astound our enemies and count leading.  
A stately ritual has been born from the fires,  
Sadly, the wars have shunned us and left them.

My time goes by, hating one another as if quiet  
Exited to be replaced by tomorrow's bill;  
Curse the swallowing of morsels to do with God,  
Take on destruction and vile acts just to please us.

Naveed Akram

# To Bake One Cake

To bake a cake needs pride,  
I stay and hear, stay and watch  
To see what is clear on this work.  
Offer us a cake when it is sweet,  
Savoury dishes need to wait.  
My superb lunch needs a dessert,  
Why do cooks especially provide us?  
Because we are rich, and our cakes,  
Our cakes are poor, just far too away.  
The caking and baking needs time,  
And money costs a fortune, like pain.  
To then make a lake of water,  
It needs you and the real deal of riches.

Naveed Akram

# To Be A Palace

This house carries skies of life,  
A pleasant country where it grows  
Into a mansion, and then palace  
So rich and glorious.

At frequent intervals the growth  
Has a spurt, a spurt of energy;  
Walking in and rising over  
An inhabitant is a combatant.

The somewhat cold gleam  
Entered the sticks and stones  
Of the walls of the house,  
It shivered for all time.

Naveed Akram

# To Be A Quest

To be a quest of such effortless tasks  
Is to clasp the reins and be a weather  
Of toil and suffering as the pains request.

The grasp of heaven and hell is more than  
The grasp of this living and dying,  
This life and death that overburdens the souls.

One loving thought evades the mysteries of  
This right path we follow with ways mentioned  
To the old men and chiefs, the very brains of society.

Naveed Akram

# To Be A Special Sky

You do not have to be special,  
Clean blue air of the day seems relevant,  
But the small hands are a staring start,  
Deep stresses will overcome us always.  
You keep babies in the heathen's eyes,  
Seeing eyes of the lordly men who have brains.  
You seem to announce the people's praise,  
Like a leader of the southern kingdoms,  
That never stop fighting with the flags of gold.  
Lions are on their heraldry heard from desire,  
Lions fiercely awaken the soul of the foe.  
This is special to be reasoning,  
And this special mind's affair takes  
A switch of the whole light to shine.  
High in the sky is a lantern of the time,  
Family of these dividing colours,  
Rainbows who swim along the day and night.

Naveed Akram

# To Be Adept

To be adept is brilliant in conversation,  
We are adequate to know this manifestation.

Naveed Akram

# To Be Cured

You accuse me of corners too tight,  
Living a lie that was demanded of me,  
But when do shoulders visit and dismay  
The liars who perpetrate the crimes to be.  
You sway and dash like a river into its sea,  
With me you swing and search to see if needs are met.  
The real religion is a faith of certain epic nature  
That I trust and hope to suffer for all the days in my life.  
To accuse me of slander and backbiting  
Is next to enslaving my body to the rigours.  
It is a regime that ordered me to be good,  
To be effort and comfort, and to be all that cured.

Naveed Akram

# To Be Forced

To be is forced on everything this day,  
Those questions come when work is done, and now;  
The beauty of this page is anyhow  
What life is brought for those who are a way.  
Then force the most from artists anyway,  
Keep stealing from the money I allow,  
To monsters keep exciting and avow  
That this today is formal to display.

What pleasure is that kept us working here,  
The super pride is pleasant to the taste,  
Food tasted fine, now there were debts for us.  
When fun is gotten our disease appear,  
To jump is not to laugh, nor please the chaste,  
Will grace return to mend this whole crisis?

Naveed Akram

# To Be Gentle

To be gentlemen is an ideal worthy of the game,  
So lady after lady carries the emblem of good taste;  
To be this good gentleman is working too many days,  
They describe the features so eloquently these days.

My laughing crew are in corridors of different hues,  
Chambers of hurlers and shooters of words collect  
Their passages, good wells of water accumulate,  
In the very eyes, so offended by the falling men.

I have to see a picture of the world in some odd part  
Convincing my substance of the beckoning winds.  
They use the state of this health to make me defender,  
As the work of the sacred helpers will be sacrificed.

Naveed Akram

# To Be In Peace

To love, we demand it this century,  
Asking who commands the reasons for life.  
Happiness overshadows me after news  
Of a just law on the event we share.  
My knowledge exceeds yours in response,  
Posts of religion enter the vicinity,  
Having found the indelible writing of our master.  
To love the religion finds peace and rest  
For its followers of time and space.

Naveed Akram

# To Be In The Extreme

To be a thought there must be work,  
Only work endangers those with thinking.  
Open fire on the enemy with whistling noise,  
Suddenly we clear the sight and interact.  
To be this thought is to be a whistling,  
We stagger with disbelief, we stunt our deed.  
The thoughts have been at our skulls,  
Often the surgeons dissect a brain  
To help with nationalities, but the brain  
Does twitch rapidly when danger is near.  
Nearby, a rocket is dispersed to instate calm  
In other respects, on ramps a bomb has exploded.

To be a thought we consider the peaceful lessons  
Of the heart, of the fascination as it encases the soul.  
Peace is martyrdom to some, while some are pious enough  
To let saints be no mischief,  
No saint is possible in the extreme!

Thoughts will have to wake the souls that beleaguer  
The citizens of the state, religious priests engage  
In prayers and preaching due to the heat of the plague.  
We need to help the heads and hearts,  
Their roles embody the soul of happy retreat.

Naveed Akram

# To Be In Years

To be in years before the outward aspects  
Is the infinite wonder of this generation;  
To witness the fall of men as they stand before time,  
Is to be warts and abscesses, those finite changes.  
I waded into the swamp of humankind,  
Seeing mysteries unravelled before my limbs,  
Those same yawns and sighs,  
These infinite beleaguered notions.  
My time has arrived, many explode to be dreamt  
By the hearts offered by gods,  
My time explores under the lands  
And under the snows so ravaging with decline.  
The descending flakes of snow are a testimony  
To the ever-increasing anger of the authorities.

Naveed Akram

# To Be Medical Men

To transport the medicine to extravagant lands  
Means much to the relentless storms that brew  
And quake with some dignity of the old times.  
Horses enlighten one beyond the knowledge,  
And transferring the soul is of the body and trouble,  
Horse after horse enters the foray and stays away.  
I see vagabonds mix with silly waters,  
The infected kind of kindness is afloat,  
I saw them one day ago in the evening sun.  
To see medical men like doctors of the straight paths  
Is like seeing an earl or baron, no matter what  
You have absorbed in the lands of the old times.

Naveed Akram

# To Be My Sincerity

To be my sincere friend is like your own fate,  
To take the pinch and marry the wishes  
Is a sudden feature to be highlighted like alms.  
A leader of the talents and abilities  
Corrodes the rusty iron like acid rain.

To be giants is reason and fellowship,  
The rational man is of the pinching and  
Residing so far this time.  
The sudden nature of the sincerity is applauded  
By more wishes by the intelligent men.

I am compelled by men who slay the women,  
I am nail and hair of the oldest men and chiefs.  
The hardest feature is controlled by justice,  
A sincere regret to be forgotten and delivered  
In my directions that change every day.

Naveed Akram

## To Be Thinker

A thought may reach the other house,  
But my expertise stayed in this home;  
My thought is in the head like a mouse  
That risks its existence with a cat that can roam.

My doing is for the pleasure of the year,  
My years I count, like a mathematical computer,  
As fast as one, and as precise as one can bear,  
For they who are strict are like a member.

One thinker is only a righteous man  
When he stopped another action  
That is thought of as ugly, like a ban,  
Like a police man or one with aggression.

Naveed Akram

# To Be This Garden

To be this garden is to be found  
With a name distressed as the flowers,  
They abide in the well of anxiety,  
Their illness lies in the wilting of time.

My garden comes next to your door,  
This door fixes its heavenly glare at voices,  
Fitting to the heart of the manner,  
My gardens are too many after the quake.

Then the seismology is different,  
Too many quakes mean too many times  
Of beauty and ugliness as the world  
Falls and disunites, to be a culture.

To be this garden betroths you to unity,  
For this union is strong like the wind  
Blowing only in one direction so dire  
And strange that forts are built to match them.

Naveed Akram

## To Be With Provisions

To be furnished with provisions,  
Avert theft so as to be certain and measuring,  
I clasp you by the hand and deny  
The apparatus of your legend.  
To think is to sow the seeds of water  
And earth, like the enemy without you.  
I carry a slave loading your luxury,  
Feeling some sort of anxiety about work.  
He is not a thief of the stars, nor one  
Of the hundreds who remark on talents.

Naveed Akram

# To Be Words Of War

To create a profession of being is like calling a home the house,  
My life is full of comedy, full of tragedy, fulfilling ghostly precepts;  
The book is a glamorous option for the dozens who ignore war,  
When war has been, the heart wrestles with its future like iron ore.  
To be radioactive I be the listener of woes and devices of the praised  
Men, a volume of words and sentences creates full tension in the mind.  
When war has been, my mind hurts as much as the body, for generals  
Murder other generals, and their soldiers, fully and entirely out of wish.

To create a being we must be men, full of action, thoughts and patience,  
Creating conflict to defend and aggress in the ways of the wonderful world.  
This is the profession of war and the kindness of colonels and captains,  
A war-like footman accuses the other side of massive harm and distress.  
The fools of the show are the artisans and architects of praised monuments,  
Quite derelict, quite stupid and lonely after art is demolished with disgust.  
To create the bags of gold, is to be books of glory, to be a war-like being,  
Like the authors of wisdom and learning, the founders of original thinking.

Naveed Akram

# To Become Itself

To have emotions but be in dim light,  
To be stubborn yet subtle in life,  
A return is asked by the one who sent.  
I am perfect so call me sane and not insane,  
This meaning flavours the past and its agents  
Like the chef's knife cutting the sauce,  
Food is for my stomach churning as long as living,  
To be a letter I must be a writer of words too livid.

When I see the roaring heights of a mountain  
I seek a sale for the eyes and my food returns  
So that fools extinguish their business  
For the evil has not won quite yet.

This is painful that divides the special relation,  
Towards the eye a vessel is sailing,  
Hopes are here detailed like the plague  
Or even the Black Death,  
Its history steeped in misery of the winning  
And miserable losing.  
I need to succeed at this crippling sport  
Called life or living.  
The suffering joins with special nature  
To become itself.

Naveed Akram

# To Being

To being a word is enough, a word distills  
The cosmos, it carries on regardless,  
Feeding the frantic soul with hearts  
Bleeding from the factual books.

Scripture uplifts and elevates, in sincerity,  
As the beauty of the words are not  
Obstacles, their beautiful ideas are some  
And some may be rare like children.

Parables have appeared, going to happy  
Quarters of existence, crowns are worn,  
Adages are spoken brightly, and stars shake  
With their cores, facing us with their pain.

To being is a word from the up above,  
Above the sky is fractured, little clouds  
Obey us with their staggering tallness,  
To being a word is so broken that it tries.

Naveed Akram

# To Climb

I tread and swallow, just swallow my food,  
Altitude is high, and higher when arguments are argued.  
Beauty was halved and the old mountain stood,  
It was looking like boyhood, just now it was advanced in life, not babyhood.  
Inside this cliff of wonder were caves, and inside these shelters were crystals  
And diamonds, jewels, beads of delight, also there were angels.  
Inside the angels light had irritated us and our soul,  
The adoration overwhelmed, the angels were control.  
The police are against us as we climb this rugged and steep alp,  
It is hard to endeavour such great heights, to expose the scalp.

Naveed Akram

# To Combat

To combat I strive and find at close quarters  
The opposition, who build a closet of anxiety.  
Struggling and wincing, the combat is high,  
A higher man shall concentrate and win.  
The biggest one will fight for his own achievement,  
The other one, a smaller achiever, graces the living of others.  
A lettered man hides his own achievement,  
With a reasoning mind, a rationale of exceptional strength.  
To combat I live in a stupor, live in unhappy weather,  
Just to let the rest be pitiful of me.

Naveed Akram

# To Cry For It

To cry is to believe in tears of toys,  
To lament is to design a corridor to youth.  
Knowing can create obstacles for the heart,  
But real knowledge digs into cardiac flesh.  
Blood has arrived, bleeding can be a river,  
Let the dead be dead, and the living alive;  
I have fear for the deaths, I have fear for lives.

I will cry incessantly when confronted by God,  
My tears roll fully like a glacier or creamy river.  
My design for life is a trumpet of sounds and energies,  
You are the blower of the bugle, for your mouth  
Purses it, pushes it, pulls it, and plays with it.  
I have to reside in the mansion of hope,  
For my cardiac flesh is a hearty disaster.

Naveed Akram

# To Cuddle With A Picture

To cuddle and mention the verbal talk  
Is when ignition has been contained,  
Plumage matters then, and plumage spreads  
Inside another demon that resounds in the head.

To be a sprite causes one to ignite,  
Listing the praises of a certain god,  
With future and past being the condition  
Of a matter interesting like the day.

With a night my picture is painted,  
The right tools employ the right way;  
Without me a word seems futile,  
Quitting the words of old seems penniless.

I feel along a ridge that bespeaks  
In manners of the hearts and minds,  
This devil has been a demon of sorts  
But evil is still the felony of a generation.

My night is a swan now that you are gone,  
My sight lingers inside the tongue of secrets,  
Full of the godliness that resides in sides of a square,  
The very square or shape of round stratosphere.

Naveed Akram

# To Deceive Me

There was rustling and muttering in  
The foe-swarming fields this time.  
The captain of the company decided to  
Visit this stadium of mumbling joy and pain.  
Following this came the acute exasperation  
Of a presence that disturbed comrades so  
Rolled in the installations of superior instants.

I saw then a youth's face, always red and heavy  
With sin and shame, one saw a red rage  
Of blood issue from his lips, this dear boy  
Saw a saloon of troubling sweat, a blistering sweat  
So sweet and sacred to the flesh so foamy.  
There was an uttering of the lips from his cousin  
Who surged in front of my body to deceive me.

Naveed Akram

## To Deceive Me Carries Burden

To dissemble me is like flowering the planet  
With insidious plants, watching me afterwards;  
Like a film I associate the basket,  
The ballot is strong, an animate procedure.  
This is the biscuit of strength, an amulet  
Too gorgeous and exact, like alternating current.  
My furtive habits gambol in the evening,  
With beds and rooms of strength.  
I have a comely sleep, always a territory of leaping,  
Needing the leap.

Naveed Akram

# To Deny The Death

To slay is to deny the real deaths,  
The realistic death is a cosy affair,  
Feeling down the hill and country  
A certain pleasure from a nature.  
The traits to occupy the counting  
Are many and varied due to taste,  
As attributes of the soul and treasure  
Are abating this very minute.

The disasters have spoken, a little  
Like death in all its foraging,  
Needing the whole goal like weather  
In this reading happiness.  
A book is to be a book in all piety,  
In deeds a man speaks of gruesome  
Pleasures that sort the soul out,  
Like a soul that defends itself with plight.

Naveed Akram

## To Dine

The night we dine is a fine old time,  
Worst health happens to those who abstain from fun.  
The nights are cold to the touch,  
Dinner awaits.  
We have health as we speak, and eat,  
The worry of limping and being lame has gone.  
The dinner we eat cancels our sleep,  
And my legs are enough to satisfy my health.  
She points to my head, and my heart jumps,  
Insults are rapid and food has been dumped.  
On me, on me, and on me,  
Me and my legs,  
The drink is on my face.  
The night we dine, we fight for good health  
And never speak again.

Naveed Akram

## To Dissipate With Time

I gather enough sin to dissipate with time,  
Time shows no reason to speak to me;  
I gather you sinfully deceive me with deeds,  
But words aptly discover the world within.

I am a giver of weapons to the intellect,  
You must repent and be just to the young,  
I have so many words to be united  
With the prolonged words of suddenness.

Naveed Akram

## To Eat Some Admiration

To eat away at souls, we recede into darkness;  
To conceive thoughts primitive, we must deceive others.  
We are told the philosophers of our own time,  
The best part is a strict joy from strict woe.  
To contrive a meaning is too patriotic,  
For the whole country is then in admiration.  
Unpredictable manometers seem talented,  
But the tetrameters can be artistic since we play  
Along the menu of food and drink.  
To consume like onlookers is to be a soul,  
Created by the rich god, or the poor souls.  
We seem to betray the whole ghosts,  
But they haunt us with their primary characteristics.  
The whole neighbourhood wants to know,  
We ought to call police and destroyers for a price.  
So philosophy has saved us, when bliss is precious,  
Where the will has spoken, and the words become horrors.

Naveed Akram

# To Enjoy

To enjoy yourself your energies exalt the brightness of truth,  
Too many men involve themselves in cherishing the stars of truth.

One of the stars lurks behind another to confront the enemy,  
The enemy is extinct forever, the enemy considers a crime.

My aim is on the reality of the paths, the speaking is pardoned,  
It distantly strokes the atmospheres, its intensity confronts nobody.

The arms of a belated man are frontally posted at the entrance,  
So enter and believe in his horizons, working wonderfully in weeds.

Flowers overpower the fun of the moment, a sending signal is kept,  
My own gigantic family carries a whole harvest once a year.

Naveed Akram

# To Enjoy Life

Our life has many windows of joy,  
The joke is serious and to enjoy.

Our existence is special and fully exposed  
To other elements, so as to enjoy.

The living individual that aspires to Job,  
Is the very sentence of our writing to enjoy.

How does the sprightliness of a lifestyle  
Turn into something not to enjoy.

Really merry people are mostly proof of laughter  
Being the source of help always to enjoy.

There is a safe place for all,  
Everywhere you must even think to enjoy.

Naveed Akram

# To Enjoy This Treasure

To enjoy the life is a blessing unto humankind,  
One remembers the days and nights like awe,  
In the end of this time on earth is a blessed reality.  
One's moments are counted and numbered,  
One's appearance in court is to help the humankind,  
And this year you enjoyed your life like illness  
In the majority of thinkers, fulfilling the statements  
Of death, little by little the realm of your habits  
Were forsaken, on the present moment.  
Creating the souls, a god is to enjoy our life and all,  
From it the creation is apparent, the creation of all.  
Never then finish the task of nature, of natural help,  
For this life is like a treasure found at the island.

Naveed Akram

# To Envy

To envy is to die for the sport,  
The block of wood was broken  
So faster than the wood of the heavens,  
Let their spices run deep.

A river has spun its mass,  
The biology of citizens has been praised  
By the authors of denigrated men,  
Those same people of the elect.

To envy is to die for the sport,  
My wooden legs have eggs that marry  
With those in hiding, the lying  
Is on more for the heavens.

Naveed Akram

# To Evaporate

To evaporate is to cooperate,  
Then operate on oranges far too little,  
Juice has a car in the engine,  
Decelerating is the hobby and endeavour,  
Commiserations to the losers of fun.

Accents of the regard are opposite us  
Just in the way,  
Often a muffin is split with hyphens  
Which knowledge has endowed.  
My orphan is again in prizes,  
He softens the gun to shoot.  
Let the stiff ache be again,  
Drunk like a tank of water.  
Those blank weapons sink into muffins,  
A bank of talking tails is afoot.

Naveed Akram

## To Exalt Him

To exalt Him we feel praise first,  
To Him is the regard out-beautifying belongings;  
For Him is transported our stones and idols  
To the Hell-Fire, when souls disintegrate.  
By the wands of cleverness our minds flow,  
Praying with words to beautify the ground that we walk;  
With these words mentioned is a gift of help and guidance.  
We are swords and helmets on the battlefield,  
Our questions are not answered, yet we must return  
To Him.

Naveed Akram

# To Falter At Times

At times applauding the old and young is similar,  
The unwavering support we trend towards is missing.  
Centralize on this issue and why hearten thousands of young  
Where hundreds of children teem with darkness?  
The freedom clashes frontally from all the collisions,  
Complexion changes accordingly, just what is eventful?  
Pursuits of the old hearts and heads runs thick with learning,  
Inside the head is a brain and where are the teachings?  
Of the old and young, where are the teachings of the family?

Naveed Akram

# To Fight A Lazy Man

To fight a lazy man, who is fatigued by illness,  
Causes us to decide gratitude as fast as vastness.  
Howl! Pills comb our hair, forever the light is dimming,  
Fine are the faces, for the faces are howling, screaming.

The illness of hearts makes marking a sacred idea,  
Ideas fell on me, my dangerous foe, forming me,  
Howl those Januaries, toward the city of kind misses,  
My illness is sacred, it poses worms, itself the daily foe.

New buildings scare a bullet from falling, falling,  
Like barrages bloated, offering sanctuary, with foes,  
Whose fowl are winged? What voice screams searingly?  
The building buds with boiling stride, screaming settlement.

Naveed Akram

# To Fly

Howling may cease, their howls mean sense  
To the doctoring few who have some to commence.  
The shout has an animal on the brain,  
More than the worth of an aeroplane.  
It will fly and commence flight,  
Much like a hesitation of the sight.  
We interrogate the pilot for his intelligence,  
Again, the man who flies thinks of distance.  
The engines are like the fire of crying,  
They have wept, the pilots, in the time of beautifying.

Naveed Akram

# To Give Your Soul

To give your money is to give your soul,  
I have gold as shiny as the pencil of light.  
One writes letters of height and breadth,  
The calligraphy has a sound of the highness.  
To forgive a man is to be ghosts and goblins,  
He either thanks or disobeys, he steals or runs away.

Do not give your money to the devils and demons,  
Keep with your family the hundred coins you earn  
In a day, like the lion who beholds his plain of gold.  
One reads the words of the scowling few, and you  
Are mistaken by the thieves of late, who see signs  
Too abhorrent that murder arrives on the scene.

Tonight, the criminals stare and look as they lie;  
Inside the bitter soul, their glaring eyes fix their  
Dishonesty like the orbs of some diamond-quality.  
My soul is not in their hands, my body rots after death,  
But these plain criminals shall destroy the eternal  
Song sung by the honest, humble men of God.

Naveed Akram

# To Go To The Room

To go to the room of substance of mind,  
I press and think to understand the alarm.  
A white-washed wall is all I truly sign with my look,  
My face changed expression into curious  
Geometric progressions, for writing is all.

To go inside the blanket is to sleep and crawl  
Into dreams of hurt, that enter the entire world;  
I often do think which babe laid beside my fountain promise,  
It seemed a nice clear-spoken child,  
Full of worlds and cares of the mysterious legions.

The moon was lit on the cold horizon,  
Felt by some to be the illustration of godly men,  
Where dreams don't know the meaning  
Behind a lie that works again in one's head,  
Lies are surrendering to the whole doctor.

Naveed Akram

# To God I Promise

My promise is to God for goodness  
Is seen. It is muttered on the tongue,  
Released by the heart, as it sways  
To the bridge of eternity we cross.  
I promise God to uphold the laws,  
To guard the secrets best left on the heart,  
For I need the kindness of a secret.  
Let learning be strong for the adolescent,  
Its filings are rough as pain, in the middle  
Of twin figures we call religions.  
Let learning be swift, the captor shall inherit  
Peace, the fetter of heaven, the feet of a poem.

The caliph of learning has arrived,  
With calculus, and music, and song.  
For numbers force us into confusion,  
And he uplifts his complexity from them.  
Let him cry, let him madly love the strength  
Of words, then convict him if he speaks from within  
As a sinner, the very real reader of false books.  
They are hydraulics of a soul, they are  
Ready as plumage, and so appear beautiful,  
But where is the beauty in that?

To intrude on the boudoir of fashion  
Is to read volumes of work by the same author.  
The caliph questions and resolves  
According to taste, inside himself.  
For the promise of better knowledge  
Is upon him, that he consumes several beverages  
Of the kind that make people happy,  
And in love.  
Never accept the man who loves knowledge  
And asks for forgiveness from acquiring  
Too much of it.  
My promise is to God for goodness,  
And the tongue shall speak all ills.



# To Grow Inside

To grow old I must wait and sparkle  
Inside the doom of this planet;  
I must feel stronger than my brothers,  
Harder than the realities of the heat.  
We must all bloom like the flowers  
In the morning so shuddering and clear.  
We are the oldest men and women of this era,  
A century buys and sells the souls of areas  
That resign, submit and release their burdens.  
One must be young and sweet to benefit  
From old age that matters and masters.  
Softened by the races of the spiritual kind  
We matter too much for our kindred,  
Seeking the nerves for the process of adjustment.

Naveed Akram

# To Her Mother

To her mother a temper is kept,  
The life story is a vital force,  
Beginning is an ending,  
And what should be begotten?  
The activation of ancient nature  
Resounds forever, my long life  
Reacts to the solutions of vitality.  
The time of the day entertains me,  
And to her mother a creation has arisen.

Naveed Akram

# To Hidden Eyes

It had become a plea for the eyes hidden,  
Staying always in the twitch of the instant,  
Keeping beneath the covers of this life.

Taking flesh off the wounded men is trivial,  
Like their families they perish and surrender  
To enlighten those with stories, offering some.

Thus it begins. The other mother and father  
Retaliates so that summer and autumn will hail  
The praises for the teasing minors and majors.

Naveed Akram

# To Humiliate Him

Don't humiliate my humour,  
Don't deviate from a creation,  
And don't emaciate the inside task.  
To meet a dream of the future is a word  
Written due to godly scholarship.

I see no image worthy like the prince,  
He enunciates, he deviates afterwards.  
My heart is core of the light entering,  
Many sheets of beds worsen the muddy  
Dampness, for the princess is again.

So spices abound, fools abide, where  
Service abstains from service.  
This minute clock means images of wealth,  
He delineates the laws of designed kind.

To emaciate is to understand the diet of the prince,  
He must be core of the book, his tone  
Exactly compensates, precisely languishes  
The ruddy speeches,  
Forgiven by monied men of major fellowship.

Naveed Akram

# To Know

To know is like giving birth to knowledge  
Of the wise sort, and the learning will take time.  
But time has riddles, and these are solvable when a horror  
Commands the soul and body to act in unison.  
Pain and painful memories must be memorised  
To keep one's agony at bay, to keep leaders in high spirits.

Knowledge shall reign in the life to come,  
Lives matter to those who wait, and they come  
For their survival.

The colleges are schools to be the Fate,  
Supreme joy enters the young-at heart,  
They learn fast due to milk and protein.

Naveed Akram

# To Leap In Learning

To leap is to learn,  
Saying this is frolicking in the knowledge;  
This weakness, this hard luck,  
We certainly bend the rules of engagement.  
In detail, our arguments did lose,  
Contentment is the best spirit.  
To leap into the year is better than the month,  
Farces contend with these days and months  
Like the flowing rivers with the oceans.  
I love this learning, I live with them,  
They are who live with learning,  
With wisdom and justice.

Naveed Akram

# To Learn And Live

To learn is too enormous now,  
My life creates a mind,  
This land is bigger than your brow,  
On peaceful terms we find.

Your work may barge a rage so great,  
That desks are written on,  
That rest can then accentuate  
The day, with night all gone.

May living manage my pain then,  
With life as matter some,  
When exercise has been again,  
And clever lips are dumb.

Naveed Akram

# To Learn Bravery

To return to him, you must learn with the seeing,  
Pretty pieces of the pathway appear to us when sown.  
Cool and stopped, a freedom of the house is propped,  
Returning us yet again to oblivion and soul's rest.  
Hiding, creating and fulfilling is a fierce wind of might,  
Turning the present to the past or the future.  
Time is still a system of the painted paint, a pant of sayings,  
The rigour of righteous reality, the space of a region.  
Towards the cheek is the calling, alien to my neck,  
Feel the chess of my life, the phones of my calling.  
Fighting is just an occupation from above and below,  
To return to him is a liar's question, a lie is obsolete,  
A lie is a far fire, a lie is fierce gusts of a hurricane.

Accept then cheapness so soft, wrapped in poverty,  
But nevertheless hunger has entered the fold of life,  
And saying is fighting, fighting is speech of love,  
We interact due to the enemies whom we love.  
Begin the imagination now that your time is swift,  
It ends when emotion overcomes us in a figure  
Of love, wasting the muscles as sharp bravery.

Naveed Akram

# To Love Something

To love something praises me after some time,  
I see a value in the course of travels and deeds;  
But weeping stunts the growth of loving hearts,  
Tears have to feed high walls and living fears.  
I set my mysterious hair, I send the polite blessing,  
And silently wend my way to the bedroom of peace;  
Openly the fault has been trivial, like a lie of smallness,  
Yet the lesser men strip us of concerns and tears.  
The chimneys of the winds and rain are outside,  
And we are also exterior happiness,  
When words fail internally and words fail,  
Falling with mighty sights on the depraved ones.

Naveed Akram

# To Love This Heart

To love I love again, to test, to be gay,  
And further we gain sight of his heart.  
My height of laughter is too high,  
Gray and silver at times for too long, like clouds.  
To like is to love the breasts of some simple men,  
Towards this name is a building of trust.  
My lightning bolt of trust can be dedicated to hate,  
But it turns into love of the old and winter-like.

Naveed Akram

# To Love This Life

To love this life is to replace the ideas  
With thoughts, objects shall smash  
And ruin the place with fervour  
And flash work that rides in the sand.  
With some thinkers, the days are bright  
As the morning blue sky,  
Their cherished beliefs confer  
And arrest those with hidden pleasures.  
I see a mounted knight in the wilderness,  
Beaches of them have arrived and spent  
Their wishes on our flesh.  
What is the desire of the sea that rests?  
Underneath the dying sea is a plethora  
Of energies that stain the ground  
For all of those in command.  
I see my thoughts and see their heads  
For the idea shall be aroused with  
Dire impressions.

Naveed Akram

# To Make Money

To make money please decide the question and answer;  
Forming this requires patience, I dissolve like an ogre.  
Towards a star that bled, I store the stones my mother owned  
Which gracefully abide in my tongue, itself the one moaned.  
Open a gate to deliver the stone too sacred  
My gates are now closed to any expected.  
I lose but own, and I make money so long,  
That tears run down the cheeks of song.

Naveed Akram

# To Marvel

To marvel at the miracle is haste,  
Much slaughter happens when one is weak,  
This creature vanishes when it is chased,  
A frenzy instant crazes us - bespeak!

The nature of our lives must hasten form,  
The forms abound in riches each do weep,  
Has treasure found a word indulged by norm?  
Open the doors by force and be asleep.

Because of your creation of hitting,  
One felt over the hills a sense of wish,  
Internal whims practise abolishing,  
Hills make us full of hate, to astonish.

Naveed Akram

# To Melt

I have dallied in the relaxed sunset  
For the preoccupation of evil and good,  
Gaining powers that guard against triumphant  
Medalists, who forsook all their oaths.

War has a pastime in these woods of ancient wisdom,  
My warriors of stone are obliged to reignite  
Their strength and strongly venture to  
Unknown planets and different tales.

I must be the orchestra and you the fire  
Of music, that lives alongside the cold  
Ice that brings with it art, and the solution  
Is to melt beneath it.

Naveed Akram

# To My Mirror In Space

I see the melting crowds in sympathy,  
I mean my words resounding in space;  
Have I any wonder remaining in my muscles?  
Will my breathing ones be my children?

Their breath stays like the breeze of delay,  
The winds of sorrow, and the blizzard.  
My birth is my death, my death is my birth,  
Life is longer this time, life breathes aright.

When I watch the spirits in their business,  
When days meet nights faster than banshees,  
Now I return to the years so righteous,  
The loved family of time-periods-  
The beloved will shine in my mirror.

Naveed Akram

# To Our Destination

They wear a direction for their utmost pleasure,  
The direction is either north or south,  
Not west or east, like the compass shows,  
The directions are clearly seen with balanced vision.  
They must reach their destination with safety,  
Licking its food, fulfilling the commands  
And realising less danger, for danger is clearly erected.  
The north is where food is, the south is an opposite direction,  
We wear a proper bracelet, golden and silver and diamond,  
These are the jewels of the adventurer,  
One to take on the rivers and mountains is the ruby.  
So pleasurable is the journey we have designed,  
Mapping the way home with zeal.

Naveed Akram

# To Our Souls

This difficult conjuring trick faces me,  
Like the goons of the whole innocent prison,  
A fate lies in wait for the older region,  
Killers are abiding in pleasant news  
Of the rooms they inhabit.  
Much was traversed in smaller faces,  
Resins and tricks could be felt  
Lining the walls of a sanctuary,  
The success laid eggs that flourished  
With excellent furniture,  
The children of the fixed were living  
With special health, as healing  
Became a matter of importance.

The starchy tape was a piece of bread  
That could be played within the stomach,  
Returning each stare and receiving a glare  
Most worried, most specialised, and more played.  
The bread of the whole district seemed  
Fair and wide, like the hazards of the realm  
Open to us all who stare and wear the clothing  
Given to our souls.

Naveed Akram

## To Pound Into Salt

To pound the poor needs practice,  
My praise is for the jumpers within;  
Not in a million years do shapes appear,  
For poor people to see the light of day.  
Little men crawl and laugh incessantly,  
Opening the gates of heavenly splendour,  
Entering the regions most divine;  
I see a blessing on the wall to matter,  
The one of poverty is small on this wall.  
Can the innocent ones perceive the salt?

Naveed Akram

# To Quell

I quell the masses with poetry,  
Opening blameless ideas like fire and ice,  
Your light is lived in, inside the spectrum,  
Once positions are guaranteed.  
Fully developed societies may collapse  
Without my poetry and verse.  
The sufferer of my prose is exactly perfect,  
He or she combines intelligently the matters.  
To sway the masses we all enjoy,  
Picking the right sort of objects  
When vandalism objects to our living.

Naveed Akram

# To Question

God may seize us by the throat to question,  
Lusts are forgotten, illness is forsaken and what is then to frighten?

Naveed Akram

# To Really Fly

To fly is like living underwater, fully clothed,  
I am a man who is not a woman all-loathed.

Naveed Akram

# To Record What Is Kept

I had said something to record the legions of hate,  
Their soldiers came in marching like doves on legs.  
I saw a match between their species on legs and arms,  
But more divisions crept in like the older variations.

I saw a visionary in his chair as chances were bold,  
And as my building was stern and considerate,  
They worked a sin after a soul of hate,  
Inside them this was written and this was kept.

I had someone in the pumping pipes,  
Internal anger released itself,  
Opening the gate and door eternally,  
My pride was fixed with the stars of the age.

Naveed Akram

# To Report My War

To report is to warn, too darling of you,  
I understand what the meaning of man is?  
He is wary, he is scared, but nobody smiles  
And tells all belief to other minds with clarity.

For clarity is the praiser of a sacred day,  
Forming just men who never tell a lie.  
The mastery of life is achieved by existing  
Simply to sustain the belly that harms and enjoins.

I am beleaguered by your soul that whines and howls,  
Like a bike or a roving boat, full of health, full of dire  
Warnings to the prosecutors and oppressors;  
Like a man you triumph and take on new steps to life.

I have reported when I have striven and written,  
The writing is a lesson, not a prize for the beautiful one,  
Nor is the beauty of a lying man a complete beauty,  
For it is eroded by the clash of the seasons, and by war.

Naveed Akram

# To Ruin

I have a stance on my bed to ruin,  
My life is not spent like the realm;  
You spend money on the thoughts to revel,  
But living in words created fiction.

One man offends never me nor the woman,  
But instead this realm is full of offence;  
The revelry is of merriment quite high,  
You spend all your earnings for defence.

Words require an effect so bright  
The worlds of criminals are never at rest.

Naveed Akram

# To Say

To say is to be destroyed,  
I may quarrel but what may be stated?  
To detain a man for his romance  
Is like saying a quarrelsome action.  
There denigrated, we will never continue  
With the argument so stern.  
The awkward abhorrent chimneys of words  
Are blowing their smoke in our direction.  
The wind is the fault, an accident will occur  
When the windy days elevate meaning.

Naveed Akram

## To Say Your Belief

To say the many-faceted reliefs was a stone to throw,  
Into the pond it was delivered, to be picked up and thrown.  
One fish was like guards, the guards were customary to  
The region, as this county behaved and answered like spies.  
This belief is one strong belief of worry and pain,  
Under the steel apron, without the meanings of the few with fire.

I am an ogre of the hour, eyes are the pivot of strength  
And charisma, the nights knew ghosts for the hazards came.  
My fascination began to stop, sparks flew and began to spin  
Like man and his entourage, this fair lot.

Naveed Akram

## To See

To see is to bereave and to marry is to command,  
One death commands the lives of many,  
Where is heaven of the skies and touch so becoming?  
People have entertained their souls with fevers  
And survived their ailments for the betterment of mankind.  
To see us in beaches of glory is to become a soul of righteousness,  
Paths of the fallen are depicted in the pages of peace.  
An anthem of worlds has collided with marches  
So bright and sparkling like heaven and earth.

Naveed Akram

# To See The Healing

The healing of the hundred men so great,  
The hearing of a thousand months and nights;  
The seeing of the bleeding beasts so bright,  
Those who accused the witless devils and demons.  
It is a picture of your camera in the dusts and deserts,  
The beauty of the dunes excels a minority.  
My scenic tragedy is a dreadful landscape of sorrow.

The healing comes in many forms and ideals,  
Beauty is at bay, beasts are beaming like light  
On savage servants of the night and greatness.  
This night, the old spectacles break and shutter,  
Those nights bespoke, these nights blaze like fire.

Naveed Akram

# To See The Sun

To see the sun is to see a lamp constructed from ice,  
This ice is overbearing for it commands the strength  
Of thousands and millions, billions and trillions do upset.  
From the star in the sky we observe the wonders of this world,  
Seeing them is talking with marches and strong measures,  
Miracles must be achieved under the sun to gain acceptance,  
As the world revolves around the lovely comrade of the sky.

To see the sun is my own risk and deed, for it shines  
From the heart and whole diseases contaminate the earth  
And soil with its brilliance, from the heart we have said.  
Forcing the sun to glare at the soil is to entice the heart  
Inside to speak to itself, and see and see and see.  
For thousands of years the sun is dealt with pride,  
For shining stars wonderfully propel us in might,  
Like a word that explains everything.

Naveed Akram

# To Seek Food

Hunger is to seek food,  
Food has one eye and one ear.  
The food we abstain from are the heads,  
The food is caring over us, and we maintain  
Our lives with the food of the day.  
Liquors are taken as food,  
With a brain too bright,  
A table and a cook is required,  
Forming my life as a whole.

Naveed Akram

# To Seize Authority

To seize authority is to exclaim statements  
Too winning and sinning on the lending people;  
Their praise is fortunate from the top and cruel  
Into the night, this night may conquer disappointments.

My warm friends are in this point of life  
Where the influence comes from the sentence,  
It coincides with pleasure, anything guidance,  
Forming wounds that entail the wife.

My friendship ends with cruelty and strictures,  
The authority of brotherhood is non-foolish,  
Like medals and shields that accomplish,  
Without the need to reply, even in pictures.

Naveed Akram

# To Shoot

Convince me to shoot,  
And I will be whole,  
For my shot displeases you,  
Like the innocence of the nation.

Fall and farewell to you,  
The falling of you is signed  
By my sins, and your physical act  
That is so heavy of your weight.

Fancy my laughter, my jokes,  
That face me everyday,  
Like the lights and sights  
So good.

Let me shoot you now,  
Justice will melt and I will be Hell,  
The heavy fall you suffer  
Exacts the crime perfectly.

Naveed Akram

# To Sin Is Worse

To sins I relax my shoulders,  
My heads are two and they are single,  
For I am not evil as can be,  
From sins and religion that bit into flesh,  
Forbidden flesh that clings to the teeth.

Teeth are stolen, and their dice are stronger than more,  
For the sinning is the killing and I know more.  
More is the sight and hearing of a good man,  
He is man enough for me.

Naveed Akram

## To Sing

To sing in the remotest regions is safe,  
A musical harmony enlightens the very safe.  
I sell my goods for profit and hope to gain  
From them in the ways of your generosity.  
I safely groan, I employ masters for a price,  
The far storms arrive and enjoy me,  
When do the periods of festivity come?  
The price of peace is significant,  
For peaceful men did all their tasks well.

Naveed Akram

# To Slay

To slump and slay shall be the decision,  
To get the rest needs rest itself, as the basket  
Is carried by the limped workers.  
Sleep pokes at you from the higher reaches,  
Positions of splendour exist for those who wait  
And persevere like the bison and cattle of that nation.

It rests on a premise, and it rests on splendour,  
For hearts may conquer the beloved,  
He revolves around a circle  
And the circle revolves around him,  
Holding a foot with a hand  
And a hand made useful feet.

Naveed Akram

# To Soothe Me

The limbs of the saviour congratulate me  
Since they are drunken with stupid words  
Vilifying my actions then rescuing me.

The curious men among us stridently condemn me,  
For my limbs are in limbo  
Inwardly afire.

See the intrigue of the drum we call peace,  
After the fires of our whims have sung,  
The intrigue of day falling connects with my light soul.

I see with an interim, the grasped landscape  
Of solutions and metaphors,  
The relaxed splendour of our own majesty.

This intercourse with the crests and troughs of life  
Are like the seas and lands together,  
For even mountains of hatred condemn me.

To be brief is to be life, inward barriers must collide,  
And depart to the fore forming Me in reactions,  
This to malign the mollifying spirit.

Naveed Akram

# To Stay Put

Up to the end of the year stay put,  
Living in a twist of the atmosphere, stay put.

I gather words and breath of oxygen,  
Indeed the stay on Earth is to adhere, stay put.

My empire needs growing every day,  
This garden of the soul can appear and stay put.

The air is eerie and cool, once a day,  
The nights are clear with the biosphere, they stay put.

The slumber of ooze is such that the night is dear,  
When years function I am absent with beer, just stay put.

You must decide the life to fetch and burrow,  
A year takes shape, my enemy is to disappear, I still stay put.

Naveed Akram

# To Take A Chance

To take a chance breaking your leg  
Is futile and obsolete an act;  
The sort of complexion found in laughter  
Is an arm of the meal called breakfast.  
Living among the rich found me heaven,  
Keeping these bound to torture  
As the keeper of fire was abiding here.  
To wound around forty on the rope  
Was considered a displeasure  
Of the righteous actions not so.

I slept all night in the whole physics  
And chemistry,  
The whole of science bloomed with flowering  
Plants that coincided with lightning  
And the thunder following.  
Excuse the wrong manners from above,  
Pickings are rare and well educated.

Naveed Akram

## To Take The Place

To take his place you are against him,  
Three more rushed to take his muscle,  
His hands were on his head and they were big,  
His hands shook like feathers and more.  
Many escaped and exposed their face,  
Like a captain stepping closer.  
Because that's the name of science,  
As if an old woman snarls and purses her mouth  
From an awe or thought, an action.  
All we had was more knowledge,  
Kicking its madness and skimming the pages  
Of thought.

Naveed Akram

# To Tell Is To Know

To tell is to know what knowledge brings,  
I think upon the tune of good and justice  
So that my philosophy has changed the majority,  
As the major people concern it.

The communication is loud for the force is strong,  
To tell is to wisely conjecture and eliminate us,  
Forcing the leading role as a wise man  
Who keeps a rulership built on philosophy.

The molecules of philosophy are scattered,  
So major figures pick them up to solve  
The problems of kind humanity,  
That is the correct action that we can tell.

Naveed Akram

## To The Centuries

After adding to the centuries we think and think,  
Agreeing on almost art and whispering science;  
Attend to the sick when your apple explodes,  
The amount of seeking out is productive.  
My air formed in the end when aliens occurred,  
This authority meant all of the world.  
To the disgust we find the rules of the trade,  
Designs of pain and suffering enter the site.

Naveed Akram

## To The Copse

Return to the copse withering like green flowers,  
Staying remains the locality, the flowers of seeds.  
A blushing blinding pain subjugates to the excess,  
Oily flesh ruptures reverently and blisters remake themselves.  
A dead body has remained for a long time,  
Features are like cracks fully intimidating to the local flesh  
Of bodies passing by the copse of greenery and flowers.  
Cracking over them are flies too hard to find elsewhere,  
Lulling them means paying the penalty of death,  
For you die when observing the dead, the plain dead  
Of the copse, the corpse to fly never from this locality.

Naveed Akram

# To The Crucifix

My hand points to the crucifix and denies  
The object that melts, and I must analyse.

This grand larceny awkwardly mutters  
A pain and a pleasure, who are arbiters?

Naveed Akram

# To The Funeral

I came home to the funeral,  
Liking the battles of weeping,  
For the burial had no impulse,  
A little man was about to see us.

He altered the scene for times  
That altered us as people of death,  
The death was supposed to be wrong,  
That death altered the pleasure.

May we see black colours  
And then white colours of surrender,  
The matter was to sympathise with,  
Starting to last for a decade.

Let his return be to our eyes,  
And let the kitchen come for food;  
The whole battle with the deaths  
Brought a doctrine of belief.

Naveed Akram

# To The Gardens

I went to the gardens that behold me  
And the men who cross traumas in life,  
Subjects of the kingdoms are alight.  
A chattering frog is snorting like a superior  
Animal of the western hemisphere.

I went to the gardens remaining in the heavens,  
Playing became second nature,  
Offering my hands with ablution,  
Never seeing was never doing.  
The estimated population crumbled after some time.

So many filled the volumes with words,  
Books upon books faced us  
Even in the planets of the old spheres  
Once in abatement, later in denial.  
May the instruments offend you.

Naveed Akram

# To The Light

To the light we say our pleasant news of the evening  
Then dawn appears to the seeing eye like the twitching ear  
Resetting the clock, resettling the time,  
Forward march!

The march is on, and we are one, like blizzards we are,  
Like storms and triumphant kind that beleaguers the futile men  
And swears to God that times have changed,  
Fulfilling the drives and appeals like players and gunmen.

This pleasing apparatus is bedridden,  
My dawn is my dawn like a flower  
Burgeoning due to its gift from God,  
The strongest helper of the weak, weak emotional men.

Naveed Akram

# To The Sea

To show the shells a sea is strange,  
Their chairs envelop the massive ocean;  
Made by the evening sun, a star has appeared,  
Forcing the sea to impress us with beauty,  
A feeling has arisen for the thrones  
And the shows that bedevil the audiences.

A sea is a staged performance, opening the guests  
And the hosts all in the way;  
A saw is for the magician, a chord is split,  
For the circle is a groomed article,  
A clothing is upon the scene,  
Let the shells of the sea sing to misery.

My sea's wrath encodes a deliberate matrix,  
Mathematical men erode the land  
And the physical scene is aboard the sea,  
A ship gravely entered the stage,  
So what is the danger of the tangents?  
My acts! They have the sea as an enemy.

Naveed Akram

# To The Shadows

Return to the shadows, return to the grave,  
Mighty weathers of change are increasing on this Earth.

Risk a soft deed counting on the lucky ones,  
They have menaces, they have callous men  
All in Hell.

Have a spectrum of thought and abhorrence,  
Actually, the mind of a thinker is sacred.

A soft deed acts, a hard one perpetuates,  
So long as manliness teaches the shadows,  
All too dark.

Naveed Akram

# To The Sight

To the sight say your existence,  
To the ears a spongy mass has formed  
Devouring the eyes with their glares and tears.  
To this plant of woe we abstain the palms  
That house the hard heads of the sunrise.  
You hold the hands of the one above,  
His hands are like the handsome youth,  
Face is upturned and resolved like the book  
Opening with its pages of supreme patience.

To the sight say your existence,  
See those eyes others hold with faces  
Upturned like gathering blood from the brooks  
That accompany organs of wet tissues and flesh.

To the sight say your existence,  
The animals of a stimulated heart  
Accost you with polite work  
And ask the heart for more solutions.

Naveed Akram

# To The Stars

These stars shine for the trust of centuries,  
Collapsing with fevers of the real kind.  
Between the scare and fear  
A little pillar erects itself for fear.  
Find the stars as they trek across  
The heavenly space and regions.  
This ship basks in the vacuum  
Returning groggily and farther.

Naveed Akram

# To The Window

To attend to the window is hope,  
Towards the city it is propped;  
Do not leave the sad smiles,  
How did you tie the thread?  
Entering and exiting the doorways  
Finds pleasure and considerable shock,  
You could not be an elderly man or woman,  
Or the days shall be repeated,  
And the weeks will be entertaining,  
Like the worlds and the lords,  
And the months of the years.  
To make a home for the old men  
Is to matter to the homes of the highest heaven.  
This is the occupation.

Naveed Akram

# To Think Of The Devil

The best thinkers expel the worst devils,  
As rapidly as the angels of faith,  
As quick as the minds of men,  
Like the storm of a sea that smothers the boats of betrayal.  
The worst devil has inspired now the good men to be bad.  
How can we expunge the wrong one?  
By patience the sea shall keep on covering the vessels of evil,  
And let the blood of the devil believe in more evil  
So that we can kindly dismay it!  
To best describe this phenomenon I refer to sea and man,  
I refer to the captain and his boat,  
I refer to the victim and the good men of all.  
Each victim must survive its storm somehow?

Naveed Akram

# To This Door

To this door be a kind man and be a melody,  
The street is sacred, before the eyes of mankind.  
When I sing along to the words of my creatures,  
The quests are opened, reasons are donated,  
Epics are written, felonies are perpetrated like oil,  
Risks are taken by the melody of the wishes.

To this door be a spine righteous, and straightaway  
Ask for wine, food and scents of heaven that glitter.  
I donate these gifts to your majestic life and happiness,  
Singing is a criminal when offered stale juice, poor  
Ale, and atrocious champagne, we hate the records  
Of evil people in this majesty and this world of wonder.

Naveed Akram

# To Throw Jewels At A Floating-City

To throw jewels at the face is pointless like  
Rocking dynamite, like fire on fire and flame.  
To see the pool of blood is to watch the devastation,  
So must I too die in the minding of myself?

Measure with your fingers a day that resents,  
That resonates the marriage, of a special way.  
To throw jewels in the face is to be tall and strong,  
Opening the miracle-man's entrance and being strong.

I have an explorer on the list, someone who asks a deal  
That manners and answers cannot ask,  
I have an ark and a bulletin, I possess the riot and the liar,  
For my ways are one, for the one is my way, and this way.

Die for love, and it will push you into oblivion,  
For the explorer punishes a man for taking oblivion.  
The gift of knowledge awaits him over the horizon,  
Rainbows project themselves for the floating-city.

Naveed Akram

# To Tie The Neck

To tie the neck of a man in union  
Connects to the humane race of men;  
Without the bridges underneath them,  
Some are without.

To the dances of the young hearts  
One man emerges from a cloud of heat  
Summoning a real stone of throwing,  
The real diamond had cemented the earth.

The neck grew into the shallow river,  
Diminishing and receding like the foam  
Inside the stomach, one stomach  
That managed a golden chain.

Naveed Akram

# To Understand The Reading

I do not even read the newspaper,  
I sigh in the lounge to overwhelm with fun,  
Pins and more pins blow their odd ends,  
The headlines seem to shrink before the trees.  
Paper then sings aloud, lacking leaves of sentences,  
These strung words beam on those who listen,  
Rejoicing is for the cathedral,  
Learning the hurt will undo the world.

I do not end the books with regret,  
Two to three days in unison with the sea  
I see the worldly waves, the astonishing spells  
Of bad typhoons, the best storm expires.  
These books perform no play,  
But the actor can enter them,  
To see the sea and all its residue.  
My writing is of the reading,  
The reading of words is understanding time.

Naveed Akram

# To Unite My Hand

This feather is made to unite my hand,  
Yet to tickle others is a feat of bravery.  
For the One Above on His throne is to reside  
In this existence of the solutes and solvents.  
This feather makes humour,  
But humour is not within the realm.  
Life is a loving affair of brilliance,  
Humour is so unimportant compared to Him.

Life vanishes when He wishes,  
Feathers of the birds cannot amount to  
The same blessings bestowed.  
For we are His creation,  
Vanishing would mean sudden death,  
And that would be relentless,  
Like the objective of the hidden one,  
Who whispers in the hearts of creatures  
That solving the heavenly spheres  
Subjects mothers and fathers and sons  
To the depths of an abyss.  
The hidden one speaks like a devilish object,  
An idol to speak to and to pray to  
With a seal of the human heart.

Reject this being from the inner desires,  
So that devils betray themselves and  
Peace returns once more,  
So that the Throne Of The One Above  
Happens to our faculties more so.  
We must receive any blessing  
That we deserve for we are  
Ones not treacherous.

Naveed Akram

# To Walk

To walk is an action from the head,  
It requires patience and easygoingness,  
Offered by easiness,  
Instilling calmness to the head, beauty to the brain,  
A charm is brave as the system is strong,  
We fight along side the pressing people,  
Racing onwards is a goal too stupendous;  
Instead of feeling fire the legs can carry,  
And more than one person works this way,  
Fortunately, the pressure is greater on the return  
To bedazzle the mind with success.  
We see a reminder to the soul,  
That to walk requires a patient pair of legs,  
One of us is in the process of walking  
Yet defeat looms when in this process.

Naveed Akram

## To Warn Those

To warn those I say are apt to trouble themselves,  
I enter the cauldron of disappointments that never die;  
Who will share my path to the other side of town and city?

To warn them I make my punishment the same as dust,  
Inside the abdomen is a rumination of some doing,  
Whether you are mad or bad, innocent or guilty.

To warn the remaining souls of the city and garden,  
I relight the fire and extinguish it when ever needed,  
So that the behaviour of the gases are subdued.

One seems solidified by the warning I have endeared  
And the filthy riches of a heavenly fear so wild and apparent,  
My mastering is the mastery of the knowledge that made me.

Naveed Akram

# To Ways Forever

Be good to needing values that strike fear,  
Leave the sharpening moods that conspire,  
Coming is going from the places of claws  
Striking hard at beds of danger and jeopardy.  
Leave us sharpening our claws, filling voids,  
Strengthening the arms of a way that endangers  
So late in this world.

After the mother go to the straight road and part  
Ways forever to be distaste and the last group.  
Entering is still a rib of the old carcass,  
Sorting me out like a fact to be experience.  
My leader is a notification, rubbing the bedrooms  
With wood, as the relics of old resound in the head.

With glee the claws are struck at by claws,  
Followers enter the arena of luck and strike  
Down causes of the ensuing conflict.

Naveed Akram

## To Words Of Volume

To the volume I say it works like words,  
Feeding a frenzy in some hearts of ancient  
Spring, the summer has begun, the summer  
Has won, like the winning of the birth of a cow.  
These calves are luxury for the ideal eaters,  
Who are these ideal men and women?  
The richer define themselves as the seasons,  
The poorer declare their innocence.  
One must be a book of great stature  
To feel a wonder of wisdom that illustrates,  
And it illustrates the learned men who speak  
Separately, for the innocent bystander is to  
Hear the words of a thousand generations.

Naveed Akram

# Toady

For the historical record I report the scheming,  
It has liberated me, for the staff at work are accumulating.  
The tardy work suppressed our feelings,  
There were bookings and beginnings.  
The toady is occurring to our sense  
As we obviously begin with the consequence.  
I report the scheme the toady endeavours,  
I am actually happy with the actors.  
A beggar of work is this toady,  
He needs to be sacked for everyone absurdly.

Naveed Akram

# Today My Soul Breathes

Today my life became a living of the utmost quality,  
Tonight the passage of time accepts a lonely traveller.  
My patter of raindrops is the investigation from the heavens,  
When do breathing exercises cease? What are their values?

Today my life became a right, a left and an up,  
With flesh and bones, without the straight dealings,  
Sometimes with action and act, thought and thinking,  
Like a day of the highest eminence and concentration.

Why does science speak to me in contorted fashion?  
It resides in a corner of the mind, inside the trails of light,  
Killing the skin, keeping the wishes of a wise person  
As he or she laughs in pure form, into the distresses.

Today my life was my death, it considered the avenues of  
Life; it was a road to trick and tamper, to regrow in the  
Limbs of righteous men who lived according to laws,  
Whose speech impediments bespoke a laughter of ease.

And so the right end of the poker is a stick of light and death,  
Death is a vocation of the deaths, learning from the soul  
So writer and reader, so anxious and animal if left aright,  
Like the souls of the hateful men who love the life.

I have my life in recesses of the mind, a soul is a different tale,  
A soul watches a dancing man who ignites fire from muscles;  
The exercise of the breath is braking me apart day by day,  
I cannot force him a collision, and so the soul is free to believe.

Naveed Akram

# Toilsome Exercise

Toilsome exercise began sympathizing with masses,  
The work raised itself, belonging to our abacuses.  
The joy of our times touches on beautiful palpitations;  
Whittle away the clocks. Whittle away the hours and agitations.  
Our combustible material reasoned out as awesome material  
For the work forwards, the function of our cereal.  
Fast and slow came the weather and temperateness,  
A bona fide action arose for the improvement and accurateness.

Naveed Akram

# Tomb

Enter the tomb of the believers who are triumphant,  
It is a grave so famous for its heaven so decent.

Naveed Akram

# Tome Unopened

The book will remain unopened for its size,  
This volume speaks wonders to analyze.

Naveed Akram

# Tomorrow's Blessings

Tomorrow created me like today when my fingers pressed,  
Blessings are showered from this happy day, on this chest.

Naveed Akram

# Tonight Is A Right

I have been about what came tonight,  
I also resent the pillars of evil and concerts,  
Music of the future guarding our arms and legs.  
A book has neither entered nor exited,  
Bearing fruit so flying in the sight,  
Turning the roads into animals of design.  
Almost the ages of the gain are full,  
Life betters the old aged monsters,  
Life begs from an angle, a perspective begins,  
And the ending was in the middle of time.

I am an ampersand for the people in love,  
My fuel worships a concrete building endowed  
With the wise head, a head of brain and muscle,  
All eyes are like windows of the correct item of height.  
I am not a book or tome of understanding,  
But I am a skyscraper so full and right.

Naveed Akram

# Tonight The Mist

Tonight set in misty and silent,  
Till my knuckles tingled, and our fixtures  
Stepped into wildness.  
Through mud the wilderness did spread,  
Knocked from the edges with escape,  
A garden-gate tossed its light  
With the strangulation of the night-time.

I have this night with awesome eyes  
After it shook with inhospitality that defended  
The souls that partook and displayed their obvious  
Call, one just pillar boils for deserving  
The reality of a day of the night.  
The earth was hard to remove the chain,  
Killing some of you, keeping some of you,  
With handles the cup was drained,  
An inebriated soul was plundering the days  
Of the robberies.

Naveed Akram

# Too Much Friendship

Two friends are fused forcibly and wittily,  
Finding them faces me with interrogations;  
I see friendship after two long nights of crying  
As the weeping is carried out in a single device.  
Yesterday, two mothers and two fathers  
Have produced children that differ.

Naveed Akram

# Too Much Life

Attain the faith of your heart  
As it beats for your life to be certain.

Discover the laws of this land  
So that laughter may overcome the pain.

Beauty is the real importance of your soul  
For God does reward the beautiful ones.

Live in the magnificent crowd  
As it roars with life and soul.

Naveed Akram

# Toothsome

Toothsome material beckons total teasing,  
You must return for the throats and livers.  
The food consumed by the thieves of sin,  
Actually spent on you, shall be believers.  
Drinking me up, the palatable sort of food  
Descends into my stomach, my stolen dress.  
Inside the belly we swim, to lengthen the days  
As forward we march on the horizon.  
To see us see is a gift for all time itself,  
Myself I strive like a man of war, a man of spirituality.

Naveed Akram

# Toppling World

If the world was to topple and crawl,  
My heaven would be described by the wise  
As secondary to the wisdom of this world.  
For when we select the silver and gold,  
A reality has become the pressure.  
To master the words of a great leader  
Is far too expensive and proud;  
The real names of his command shall perish.  
If the worldly favours provide us on a day,  
The reality of peace is so strongly entwined  
That this planet submerges itself into the void of space.

Naveed Akram

# Toss It

He tossed the map to the side,  
A road emerged for the undertaking.  
This day a route was produced  
For the three miles or so.  
I had to mark the man with a muzzle  
So that descriptions resurfaced.  
My middle was his toss,  
And the map was mine.

Taken by the car was a disaster,  
One blocked the country too little,  
Searching the nation for the vacuum  
Was ticking, and clicking  
With much of the horrid hair.  
To see the whispers we are a mist,  
A gate opens for the undertaking.

Naveed Akram

## Tossed Map

He tossed the map from the finger of his right hand,  
Wondered at the middle of his month of November  
With searching amazement and lonely accusations,  
That were a mile away, in the breezes of the west.  
I see him back again, in a white raincoat,  
Lighting his cigar in a tone of regret,  
And hearing a gate being slammed hard too fast,  
Inside the house of silver and luscious coins.  
A river has won, a river has overburdened the fish  
And the animals that wander within the murky waters.  
He tossed his map, and managed to be kind to the rain,  
With his slightly heavier gaze and beautiful marketplace.

Naveed Akram

# Totally Bandaged

The arms are bandages with morbid juices,  
Those with flesh burn the cookery;  
My legs are shaved by the whole horizon,  
Letters flow through the letterbox.

My wife stays put with ingots to send the military,  
Its job reuses me and relaxes like the winds  
Of the desert, with rat men in a curling factor,  
They stare at my position and laugh all of the day long.

These heads they marry to the totalitarian state  
Are heavier than the stars of a religion that masks  
The ideas inside the mind that evolves and revolves  
Like guns and barrels of oil offered by the barons.

Naveed Akram

# Towards Him

Towards Him the dances are made,  
His world delivered me, after a time;  
I became His solution for all problems,  
He is on His Throne, with a reality.

I gather my forces to this very day,  
In truth the aid has arrived,  
For my angers are subdued,  
My lofty goal has been terminated.

Naveed Akram

# Towards Peace

Tomorrow can begin once you steer towards peace,  
Inside the house of mercy is stored Byzantium.  
To this brick of happiness and longevity  
We study the references made of joy to come.  
Winning us a favour on this side of the world  
Is like that of Knowledge Keep.  
Offer me a gift of tragedy to bespeak  
And I will inherit all riches, so to the hardest.  
Peace stores courage so mildly that we utter  
Words of decisive nature, the opposite of regret.

Naveed Akram

# Tower

Fade into wooden towers of lovers,  
My bench corrodes itself and recovers.

Naveed Akram

# Tower And Dove

Towering above the city are the buildings of love,  
It deserves a meaning, this meaning of a dove.

Naveed Akram

# Tower Erupted

A tower erupts suddenly, it is volcano.  
Severing ties with kin and soldier,  
Breaking the bonds of slavery with civilisation.  
The towers are full of people, the artless;  
Yet the listening acts are made  
For the emancipation of those same people.  
Those with love are also in fondness, audacity,  
Happening right, events are stations of the soul.  
When the tower erupted we found treasures  
Of sensible life, the tower was in flames.  
Authority is a book of the best ostrich,  
The weird yourself, never in sensible life.

Naveed Akram

# Tower Of A Man

My paths are numerous as the pens of ink,  
They write along the way that is righteous,  
And stray thoughts ignite my calibre  
For the passages are distinct and ready.  
My energy fiddles with flight as an atrocity,  
Fingers of my hand are numb  
In their eccentricity, feelings of the tower  
Are upon me;  
Little love has the guard on duty.

My paths match where the crosses run,  
And the map walks with me,  
Crunching the ground as a gift for the over clever.  
My way sees colours of blue and green and red  
So that mixtures play sand games,  
Fixing their juggles and jitters.

My pardon is the whole act,  
Neat writing is a part of the fallacy  
Of my life, where I dazzle the sports  
As a runaway man in flight.

Naveed Akram

# Tower Of A Nation

A tower seizes the thoughts of a traveller,  
Once again, tragedy strikes those below;  
The traveller invites repeatedly the men on top  
To a duel, and this meant war for them.  
The tower embarked on a mission  
To view the travels of a nation;  
The nation has the tours of a whole nation,  
Feeling the duels of travellers  
But the travel is over now that you request  
A seizure.

Naveed Akram

# Tower Of Strength

It is my tower of strength,  
This poses a threat to the man opposite,  
In his attitude is a look of harm  
So I thrust my sword to darken the matter.  
He is a strong skyscraper,  
One that blessedly and loudly declares,  
It declares the beliefs of weight,  
And devises the suggestions of sin  
When asked further, so dream on!  
My strong talk is selling a thought  
For the infirm and weak, the utterly helpless.  
They shall inspire themselves  
After the act of healthiness is accomplished.

Naveed Akram

# Toy Face

My unfamiliar face was another altogether,  
In one moment, the muscles were meaning it,  
Then next one cut the air with a sense too bright,  
Looking at the sky with all the colours so hard.  
I murmured my loudest tune, the air was to be solid  
With the air of murmuring, in abundance and joy.  
I could persuade you to try to contradict me  
And my face so bright with the star called the sun.  
I am determined to be professional like joy,  
A few seconds free my talents like enjoyment.  
But my unfamiliar face is an expression of the toy.

Naveed Akram

# Toy-Making

There when I played and told,  
The hearers placated me with their ears;  
Closing behind me, taking all the seats.  
Before the toymaker and the officer  
Started to take their breathing right,  
You must sing on, play on,  
Reign the heavens with your galloping  
Horse, he is the heartened who is your  
Friend, before the eyes have seen  
Those closing in behind.

Some old sun has blundered and bought  
The riches shining to the blindest,  
Crying aloud like the wastes of Africa.

Naveed Akram

# Toys And Tomes

Toys discard the real gestures towards pain  
And the families at the end of the world stay  
As familiar ones would in the same day.

My offerings are to be hated and their voice  
Excites me as much as the ruins of the runes  
Inhabiting my dusty tomes of rock and stone.

Toys for the toy soldiers are greater than  
The long number of masses with real  
Volume and molecular cohesion.

Let the soldiers of war be comforters,  
Their stay on this world is a word  
Of the reality that is buried in books.

Naveed Akram

# Toys Bring Joy

Toys are to obey and part with,  
Their answers solve the goldsmith.

Toys bare all secrets of youth,  
Of childhood, of over-stretched tooth.

Toys may not harm the child or infant,  
As well, the accidents emerge like an elephant.

May the toy bring joy, wonderful jokes,  
Like anything that breaks the blokes.

Naveed Akram

# Trade And Tread

Never more to tread and trade its serenity,  
Pass those lives with charm and stoppage;  
Why are you buried and burnt with stupor?  
Supply an action of new neatness that offers  
Me the yesterday and the plumbing of it.

Lives are different offering some not years,  
But the costume of a man is the life,  
And the girls of the boys are again in stretching,  
Generous and cowardly in the extreme,  
Plump and happy, unable to distinguish  
The right from the wrong.

Let suburbs be written down and stretched,  
Straightened and jostled by the weather of rain.  
Never more to fear than the fears,  
Basking in the holy star once more.

Naveed Akram

# Tradesmen

Forced by tragedy the tradesmen sell their goods,  
Damning the praises coming for their livelihoods;  
Cotton, wool and silk give in to their owners,  
Wealth shall empower some of the loaners.  
The giving and taking may be scalded and disrupted,  
Having been trusted firstly and lastly, but corrupted.  
An interest achieved by the merchants is despicable,  
Let coins fall into a pit of gold, that is admirable.  
You seek abominations from the tradesmen,  
Yet goods achieve the status of wonderment with countrymen.

Naveed Akram

# Tradition

Already an ancient tradition,  
Wisdom travels further than saliva;  
To digest is to consume and understand  
Meeting the sky and being among clouds.  
The language is simple, relaxed and expert,  
The wisdom is among the heads of the state,  
Beheading is against us, when there is comprehension.  
Stick in hand, a woodcutter has woven a plot,  
The axes have produced a fine example of objects.

Naveed Akram

# Traffic

Traffic emerges from the underworld, farms, and roads,  
Let saviours capsize their boats in their efforts from their abodes.

Naveed Akram

# Tragic Comedy

Amusing and comical, the tempestuousness of animation  
Was of weight and mass, of heavier degree to the common.  
A furious burden enraged me of a comedy,  
It featured in my animation, in my life,  
My existence, my love and strife.  
The fuss blended so well like an alloy,  
Killing the existence as a werewolf employs mischief.  
I was burdened by the brotherhood attached tonight,  
Combining furthest with fusion, like a bomb to explode afterwards.  
Futile speech emanated from my lips  
To defend this comedy and tragedy.

Naveed Akram

# Tragic Rains

The sudden roar of rain is running swift,  
May we pray yet another day,  
May our prayers be the roll of paper  
Withering in its sleep, curling its  
Fingers inside the head.

The suddenness of the weather is like  
A thunderstruck face so alarmed by  
Beautiful men and women of alertness.  
I have hurried forth, in the middle of middles,  
Fetching the grace of my deities in sight,  
But can I see any god who does exist?

The way of the world creates a wayward one,  
Stale pains ignite the fiery heavens,  
One roar of rain stimulates the raging  
Of delight and felicity,  
For rains are of the tragic causes  
And the tragedy of life of the death.

Naveed Akram

# Tranquil Setting

My friend's disposition grew intense  
Towards the purloined thoughts,  
As I reiterated my own speech  
In favour of a tranquil notion.

My land of dreams is of this disposition,  
Entering the supper and lunch.  
The external sign carries principles  
Too economic and political.

I am before my mind, placing there  
A certain thought delivered,  
For the tranquillity of my friend  
Has entered the frame of existence.

Naveed Akram

# Transaction

Those considered in life as losers  
Shall die as a success, but when?  
Those considered fearful of death  
Shall create sayings applicable to love  
And happiness, such is the amount.  
My gratitude bespoke the meanings,  
Inside the prayer went a message  
To the angels to transact words for laughter  
And bliss of Paradise.  
I crushed the bones of a person in command,  
And so when is the death of mine?  
I had to fear the acts of a cruel manner,  
Never do I pray for more fear,  
No people describe their attitudes.

Naveed Akram

# Transformation

I made a story that snatched away the transformation,  
Its transmission fully solved that there was a light;  
The flashlight of an age is like blood and guts,  
Never does a story work more than boredom.

The conversation abruptly ceased due to old age,  
This dialogue within was dice, so greater than age itself;  
Looking this way the dice seemed to transform  
Into a number of luck, the fortune was eventful.

This is a story of transformation and metamorphosis,  
The actual store of knowledge is in the results of change.

Naveed Akram

# Travels

The road up to the Acropolis  
Winds around the hills  
And the souvenirs carried their treat  
Like a famous puzzle in the heart.  
In the future Turks will make a new way  
To the recent joy and pills are not made  
To make him go up that way  
To the Acropolis.

Inside my heart is the proud mistake  
I managed to speak of the world of Tissues,  
Of bodies that concert blameworthy sighs  
Of ill-health, of distress and any hotel of luxury.

I am now glorious, like a cushion in a bedroom  
With a Turk who loved my harbour:  
Inside is the really fun part, the organ  
Called the Heart.

Naveed Akram

# Traverse

To walk over this Traverse  
Needs courage all around your view;  
Valour is an enemy of soldiers  
But you befriend bravery like Spartacus.  
One lunge is ready from you  
And he shall topple doing over you.  
One craves for majestic rewards  
But you hunger for food, drink and clothing.  
This management of your inner self  
Rejects others in your wake,  
For the shield of deliverance bathes you.

Naveed Akram

# Treasured

Treasure is a lovely love, a built book,  
One of the heavens contains the treasure.  
Treasure forbade me to truly become you,  
Understanding the gold and silver is becoming clear.

Let golden items sway, let gold become heavenly  
By being money and wealth of a man in reign.  
The money colder is the money touched;  
Anywhere you go, is the silver being rich?

Let coins be coins as far as the eyes glance,  
The body I suffer shall happen to be in the river of gold.

Naveed Akram

# Treasured Horizon

Hold onto rapid treasure  
Due to gods that lighten the load  
As death approaches the wand.  
I cannot mind you if deserts  
And grey clouds insert their  
Souls and relish the behaviour  
Of a hundred herds of cattle.  
The wand that binds them  
Is power of the electric fields  
And the helpless few who  
Have chemistry and biology.  
My doctors delay the horizon,  
As treasure is faster than the sword  
So livid with rage in the very wise  
Discussion.

Naveed Akram

# Tree Of Diamonds

The diamonds on a tree radiate their warmth,  
Having flown to the summit of the earth and rain,  
Having love and cherishing qualities that beat the soil.  
One imagines diamonds on a clear day,  
Lonely as heaven and its wastes,  
Earth may house some treasures similar.

Diminishing skulls have grown and described  
The teeth of the realm we call majestic;  
The knights of the kingdom answer to the prayers  
Of a sad dramatic age, one of the chronic habits.  
Crucial circumstances inhabit the earth and soil,  
Many habits are constructed and are mean to the favoured ones.

Naveed Akram

# Trees Of Darkness

The trees of darkness are tall, wise and livid with rage,  
A cheese slice is covering our eyes then the tree-cage.  
Black trees are not yellow, red and orange  
But the slice of fun moved like a lunge.  
I plunge into leaves of Autumn, faults of time,  
Carrying my food with my mouth and crime.  
Trees grow forward in time, and we shall be divine  
In different places, diverse views are taken to align.  
Dark places will spoil the view and place,  
But why do some people define this space?

Naveed Akram

# Trees Of Pages

Underneath the tree of lights springs a bird  
That flies through mountainous wastes  
And deposits eggs of the higher calamities.  
A word has been brought to feed the masses,  
Fiercely the pages have been set to proclaim  
The young intentions of an author who fights.  
The recorded words have reached the plains,  
Distributed beyond the belief, like essences  
Of the pen, beautiful findings of the playwrights  
Or the melodious tune of the artist's talent,  
Fixing a glaring eye on some witty youth  
Who is a young man on the real journey of pride.

Naveed Akram

# Trees Of The Wilderness

Trees housed in the wilderness stick to the earth,  
Nations believe beyond the meaningful men who rise.  
Tree after tree forsake all vegetable and fruit  
When branches of faith glide into being.  
The trees are a wonderful new beginning to the laws,  
Laws shall wake up and kick us again.  
Then the sport of forever stays tonight,  
Flowers eventually reawaken to master the fruit.  
How do flowers and plants contrive  
On the new ground so dwelt by us?

Naveed Akram

## Trees To Prize

Listen to the prize of effort that is present  
For the roads of right are in speed  
And really my grass has been trodden  
To perfect the trees that have grown  
Like the sketch of an artist on the wall.

Into the road runs the vehicle that loves,  
Loving the velocity of my thought as well,  
Like the well kept trees in bloom  
In the season we call greater than each.

Naveed Akram

# Treetops

I believe in treetops that spin around,  
Dizzy heights revel, dizziness dispels,  
As the sun becomes a dwarf  
And the world turns cold with sinful ice.  
My hard heart responds to will and way  
Of the higher sort, the glamour of old  
Is present.

I sell the sausage of sentences to the sane,  
Their minds freeze with delight to reply  
And question me as to their prior visit.

The trees are of the conifers, for they confer  
And endanger the soul of sight,  
The poor souls are never in blight  
Until the next time we exist.  
But we are in a mind of diffidence,  
How we matter to the statues that rest  
And that are found locally,  
Along the way and path of the beloved trees.

The forest of this day and night  
Fell the day we died, forming  
Leaves decaying and dying towards  
Their road to wilting death,  
A safe and sacred end so well timed  
By the soul of the forest.

Naveed Akram

# Tremors Exist

Tremors exist and transmit their errors that exist,  
Forming entrances to the other world that pour their waste.  
One death shakes, one life succumbs tonight,  
Their lives are deaths, those fruits of abundance  
Wilt like leaves made in the back garden.  
Ways are open and closed tonight,  
Tense are celebrations, tense are the words  
Found in their light, found in their waking life.  
This is but one caption, a capture of heavenly status,  
The rhythm of this jive has reached a sacred bridge  
That we must cross to arrive at scenes of skill and love.  
The earthquakes forgive like jumping frogs and  
Abundant words are mentioned to symbolize their stance.

Naveed Akram

# Triumphant Day

Yesterday was a day of triumph and laughter,  
Noises were cumbersome, much like the activator.

Naveed Akram

# Tropical Trees

A tropical disease may result,  
The visit defines a point in our lives,  
The country is poetic, like a river  
Or like a garden or enclosure.  
The palm trees shed their look  
On our eyes like awed beings,  
In strong containment of piety.  
It is a bent door like a building of heaven.  
The disease spreads fast from the bloom  
Of the trees as if tropical diseases are real.  
We need no trophy, no graceless entry  
Into the heaven so bland,  
When health at home is not of the tropics.

Naveed Akram

# Troubled Nation

It were these stories and the contained ethos  
Supplying a troubled nation of tests and triumphs.  
The code of the heart was trained with habits,  
Minds of the psychological world were cultured  
Like the mentality of artists, principles shook  
With body and purpose, fleeing the battlefield.  
Words seemed traits of bold men who humbled  
The low life, the stagnant, and the oppressed.

One has habits of the psyche, worthy beliefs  
Too sacred to adorn the galaxies of trust,  
My minds were only one, the ideology of irksome  
Crowds became the mindset.

Naveed Akram

# Troublesome Names

Names ask for a trouble, some code,  
And we are doubly troubled, encumbered by the mode.

Naveed Akram

# Truck

Truck ponders on its rust and grenades,  
Crackling wheels surround kinetic roads.  
Inside the buried name of crawling words  
Hits flesh with flesh - the road is at end!

The parabola was twisting the scene,  
Drags as themselves were masterful;  
Twisting and creaking, the metal of  
This code took contours at the leisure.

My mouth is glum towards the very dark lad,  
The lad who highly recommends me to stay put.  
I watched and learned of mania at the buses,  
Buses carried on regardless, justice was the chief!

Naveed Akram

# True Dreaming Bursts

Truly the dreams of our youth collide  
With some of the victims of our lives.  
True nature is the truest form of talent,  
As the natural weapons are held tight.  
My wand is spoken to the ideals of lanterns,  
They jingle and judge, spin and spit,  
Like volumes of the open zone,  
Lanterns upright, lanterns in roars.

Truly the dreams are our inner lanterns,  
Displaying the crafts of unease,  
Disfiguring some from the environment  
Like the jousts of medieval days,  
Like the world of a religious minority.

Truth resides in the heavens as well as  
The earth, so seemingly full of mud  
And clay, that this soil shall travel wilfully,  
And neglectfully, causing the ground to  
Wake and shudder, forming earthquakes  
And seismic interruptions of ire and innocence.

This dream within the shadows is causing  
An uproar of the body and mind,  
Fulfilling our worthwhile objectives,  
Like the strategy so enforced,  
Lending a hand to those in authority.

The dreams will burst like lords  
Of the page, and the narrow avenues are  
So travelled, and narrow to cause  
Upheavals so swift and talented.

Naveed Akram

# True Hearts Call To Love

Truly the heart calls its own love  
The mysterious vital liquid of love;  
So true is the heart that nature  
Bends to designs of old and ritual.  
My art of heartache is a cure to some,  
But to others the beat of the heart  
Conveys danger, extremities of souls  
And worthy opponents of life as we  
Know the life itself.

True hearts are the truth of our nation,  
Continental hurt resides in this cause,  
For the hurts of the sufferers are infinite.  
In this world we see crowds of people,  
In the heart we see animals and planets  
Full of warlike men and women.

I see you in my heart one day,  
Calling to the side of the square so just,  
Like the magistrate of ancient lore,  
And the judge of deceit and cause.  
Why do true hearts demand matters?

Naveed Akram

# Trumpets Blown

The trumpet blew a wand for the real river,  
A caliph will show his knowledge afterwards;  
On the level of time one sign has been shown,  
Demonstrated by the leaders of the world.  
This time a trumpet has blown to mock,  
To munch away the life of stones and money.  
I have ordeals that stretch a lifetime of worry,  
Feeding a frenzy is my cup of knowledge.  
Understand a fault of mine to understand,  
This mighty feat condemns the snow that is a river.  
Falling away fast, a snowy monument is a relative  
To the mind that thinks along family matters.

One trumpet connects to be me,  
One sound has obliterated the only reminder,  
It reduces its speed and calls on more sayings  
From the fame that brought you near.

A sound from a bugle is cheap and full of it,  
Bells are better at chiming forming me as well,  
The bells cling to bells and trumpets ask.

Naveed Akram

# Truth Hurts

The truth hurts like a pain of bread and butter,  
A painting is grasped by the toast and sandwich.  
We must eat to stay alive in authority of our lives,  
The powerful reach further when confronted by food  
In massive quantities, so awful and praised.

The truth has entered the soul at the morning,  
Inside this pellet of heartiness is a soul of an ant  
That marches and works to be an unemployed animal.  
The truth is certain that birds collect their seeds  
To feed their tiny infant babies, the chicks of heaven.

The truth is exact, it is pain and distress, suffering to be,  
Inside the soul is an artefact of the soil and earth.  
Clay was the component of a young man and woman,  
Pottery fed the ideology of mankind, and all its display,  
Fetching a part of the mind, body and soul as if followed.

Naveed Akram

# Truth Is A Flower

Doubt may crack from deletions of war,  
Such that delusions mutter slowly  
Making the populace to be mad  
And then madder  
And madder than that.

Truth is a different job and career,  
For you who has guilt in the work.  
Mud and wild flowers can be swallowed  
In a mouthful by the liars.  
They are all mad liars, that much.

Naveed Akram

# Truth Of A Real Religion

A few hours make his bed seem like a thinking thought,  
Anything faces the same way as the beds, anyone is at the protrusion,  
Then fences are built to make how long the room rests for the rested.

From the foolish beds of truth and falsehood, a real religion has been  
Born. From reactions and forces a new frock is worn, with similar  
Actions to ax and similar bleaches and detergents in the household.

Answering a pressure shall obey him, and those who obey him hear  
The hellos and goodbyes of this existence as it stays at rest,  
Finding faults with this eye and shoulder brings up hope.

The mouth twitch makes a gentle nodding, the rest has achieved  
New work of the world to bend and be a strong point,  
Fixing and fastening to make a new century of thought.

Naveed Akram

# Truth Of Space

This limpid truth is yours to face,  
To volunteer and steer into space.  
The medley of stars surrounds our vision,  
Interwoven, installed and in circumcision.  
The fading of the suns is like the stars,  
Abolishing the inner cities created bazaars.  
The trade between them is among them,  
Shall nature of the galaxy condemn?

Naveed Akram

# Truthful One

With witchery of the profession and art  
Is a wand of pleasure and a falsity;  
The wizards fight the most monstrous souls,  
And the hunters of artists and scientists  
Cause them to issue demands and then  
All of the heavenly bridges tumble  
So that nobody can escape, nobody.  
These magical numbers remain awake,  
The scholars revive the sciences and  
Strong subjects are understood  
With glorious topics and masterful paths.  
The whole sign of glory is shone  
On the mind and the heart  
As the tongue of the heart will speak  
From the true ones, the ones who speak no lies  
And who are truthful.

Naveed Akram

# Try The Sword

Have you considered a battle with death to be sufficient?  
Then powerfully try the sword in the hope of the replacement.

Naveed Akram

# Tumults

Tumultuous times require despair to rectify disaster,  
The offerings made by the priests equal the onslaught  
Of the devilish gods so concerning us.  
Titanic waves plunge us in mortal worry,  
Effects of youth endanger the young,  
Kissing the perfect apples, wondering further.  
Inside we decide on the future, the past has no question  
But to mutter relief, grief is on our side.  
Gardens of joy inhabited by some  
Are like flowers in friendship and merriment.

Naveed Akram

# Tunnel Of Wind

In a tunnel of wind and blood  
My spirit reigns and calls the flood.  
My laughter sings now that I've began  
The ruling of love in this life I ran.  
My windy tunnel of hate is gone,  
It stopped its blowing when I did yawn.  
The living is yet to begin in slumber,  
The arms and legs are too much number.  
The blood and organs feel again,  
This wind is soaring like to airmen.

Naveed Akram

# Turned Into Stone

Change the course of history,  
So that the building of rest is absurd.  
My gorgon hisses fully in my direction,  
The underworld can keep secrets,  
But a gorgon hisses in me  
All of the secrets of stone,  
That I become stone itself.  
The history I observed as a child  
Made me an angry statue  
By scouting this far,  
There is no glimmer of hope,  
And I revere this.

Naveed Akram

# Turning Back

There's no turning back to the faith you live,  
The strategy of right struts before the conclusive.  
Your dying action provides blubber for the kill,  
My country acts to stimulate so as to fill.  
My faith alleviates suffering, forward and backward,  
This anger exhibits flowers of hatred always awkward.  
My love has armour, as the kingdom exists to the shut,  
Please animals, do rid of the essentials that alternate.

Naveed Akram

# Twice My Fun

Twice my fun has begun,  
Open the door to some ghost,  
Once a middle name is learnt,  
Join the brigade of the Sun.  
Join the messenger of the gun,  
He is called gunner over-burnt,  
Gunman of the supper-sonnet,  
Real person, real tonne.  
Because I have many colours,  
Something blue, and already new,  
Like red and green, of the leaf.  
Going the way so tailors,  
Like or love a station of you,  
Often over you so many creators.

Naveed Akram

# Twins Of Death

Twins of deathly courage embrace each other's arms,  
Bravery enters their dying arms with deadly aims,  
Courage has formed a collision of importance in the meanings,  
These twins are your armies of throats and illnesses.

Within the twins there carries a sight of boldness that means,  
Meanings within the capillaries dazzle the dying arts,  
Those dogs with rabies turn them to madness of monkeys,  
For their armies are full of war that rabies has transmitted.

Let twins be twins of courage, letters are written in the end,  
For armies have forged their swords like rifles of the livid rage,  
Letters of words are written tomorrow with actual authority,  
For letters of the armies and navies are abiding in rabies.

Naveed Akram

# Twisted As A Snake

Twisted as a snake, the man is pausing to reply,  
Response is unlimited from him, loathing him,  
Clothing him in ways known to the scriptures,  
Finding him a distinction for the whole people.  
He found himself face-to-face with unspeakable beliefs,  
Twisted like a snake his face was disfigured,  
In the way of solutions and significant elements.  
This snake and scorpion stung the book of dreams,  
Jostling in the mud, soothing the expensive purse.  
Cry like a solver, crave with hunger, in the way of men  
Who reply with grinning as they are smiling.

Naveed Akram

# Twisted Plot

The twist of the plot is upon the lips,  
He embraces a virgin with colours  
And calls the chastity of splendour  
A real stamina, a real hurtling arrow  
In the form of shapes and messages.  
The twisted, bitter habits bring to life  
On the brink of life that grazes and stays.  
The twisted sort of brotherhood emerges  
Like the stones thrown into the pond  
For good luck, some of those weapons  
Are brought to the fore to seek  
Wisdom that wisely numbers me and you.  
The plot of the years is upon their heat,  
The twists of the story of life carry beasts  
Created by the one with poems.

Naveed Akram

# Two Candles

Two candles and an old oil lamp  
Shed a dim light on the house of blood.  
This manufacture folds and entwines  
Towards the horizon and seeing is old.  
My respiration folds and causes us to halt,  
Dismay and connect.  
In these days of the dreary life  
We observe the station that life  
Has to offer,  
Internal worries brought a liking.  
Often the light is blamed  
As it turned tonight.

The real candlewick enlightens us  
Returning to the episode of doubt.  
My thick days are thinner still,  
With ten and elegant ten nights.  
The roasting of skin cancels the pleasure  
Of a brief winter.

Naveed Akram

## Two Debates

Two matters conceal one another,  
The passing of the seasons is a factor;  
There are faulty workers in this season of our  
Making, the making is in the folly.

Two masters are debating as to their composition,  
Their skills are markets of disapproval,  
Feeding them is the job of the losers,  
Who fence with each other on the swords.

Then wordy sums of money are like honey  
That is gulped down with pride and relish,  
The sweetness of sins confides in you  
To see the exact number of words in the debate.

Naveed Akram

## Two Innocent Men

Two innocent men walk into each other's paths,  
A crime made a spectacle of them both,  
A cell of squalor occupied them after much hope,  
And the end of life happened all-of-a-sudden.

These men were names that sought no corruption,  
But the hypocrites blamed them for their high-approach;  
The accusers claimed a prize for the world to know  
That their judgement was the best, the very holy one.

But no holiness or blessing could reach them!  
Just this was not asked, just this was the only dispute!  
We are those two innocent men today  
And we will remember them for their special life.

Naveed Akram

## Two Loves

I have loved you with two loves -  
A selfish love and one of the other loves.  
As for the love which is selfish,  
Therein you must accomplish  
To the lusts and desires of reunion,  
The days of resurrected being  
Are of the nights of this great plane,  
The plane of indulgence and death.  
I have in the other love a worst crime,  
The worthiest of all crimes resides imbedded.  
May this tiny hole in hearts be collated  
With other holes in volumes of sages.  
Knowledge of the godly love is rudely  
Interrupted by the souls which conjecture.

Naveed Akram

## Two Manners

Two cats and manners assure me as the death,  
Preserve us when silly, it can be said;  
The knowing of laughter causes us to resent  
The futility of the island, as impatient as it can be.  
A great many shores are waiting, meeting goats  
And meeting manners of inclination.  
They were long enough to make a journey,  
The same height of the rocks met days not weeks,  
No current occurred as the place of worship stopped  
And worked miracles afterwards.

Naveed Akram

## Two Men

Together the brains of great men amount to all,  
Their tall stature is like the seal of the forehead.  
One is in agony over the student hood and cities,  
Bustling transactions, and devious routes are argued  
From a standpoint as a transport is a safe joy.

The brain will be more precious than a day of fasting,  
The mind will conquer the best of marvels as a soul  
Is not an ass, or the dislike of all the community.  
The two great men are like twins solving all crimes  
In the precinct of the blessed saints and trumpets.

Their minds are exact and forgiving, like a horse  
In full gallop, like a filling of the tooth, only to be served  
By foes and friends. A brain will house the mind  
Once more, like a lover of wisdom, too polite a man;  
This mind, this mind is worrying over status.

Naveed Akram

## Two Men On Fire

The air of two men is alight,  
The fire surrounds them and fights,  
What do we gain from this?  
It stings and shudders our blood,  
The fire retires and is stolen,  
Fierce winds dissolve its anger,  
Minds attached always collect information.  
The air of two men is afire,  
The clothes possessed are an attack.  
Two men are on fire, two men will bear  
The time so rare, and the fierce winds collect  
And more collect, to dissolve the hurt.

Naveed Akram

## Two Other Gardeners

Who might he be? His name was number,  
The prize was certain and curious,  
For the look over the world deserved it,  
Like the two other gardeners,  
Who walked the plague, for the arts  
And the mirror, stories old ago.

The world was a player for home,  
Grades of slopes were afoot,  
They wanted more observation  
And prison, to see the seeds of deformity,  
Once the seeds were put to ground,  
Living a lie was terrible.

I have created a faith for the creatures,  
One world is wanted and lust is certain,  
To be the certainty is attending a story.

Naveed Akram

## Two Paths

Two paths diverged because it was cold,  
I marked the real destination on the map;  
Somewhere there was a road of significance,  
It had made all the congregation.

The roses of the roads were a proof,  
That a congregation mattered,  
We danced around and spat at the grass,  
To sound like matters withdrawn.

At midday the fields struck camp,  
A goal for the war was around in skill.  
Roses fathered us when we were young,  
Flowers sold their mark soon enough.

Naveed Akram

# Two Soldiers

Two soldiers have nearly died fighting with heavenly  
Swords, their names entwined, necks bruised, legs shamed,  
So blessed are their bodies once chewed by the earth.

Two rocks fight a subject of strength, the rocks cannot  
Talk their loudest, but they are kings in some jealousy,  
That pain is the result of their misdeeds, the misdeed.

Two brains are plotting to capture their captors,  
The bodies are twice resolved, their souls have pristine  
Glory, but where is the fight? When do they trust the light?

Two houses of the country delight in the fires of heaven,  
A solution is about, a problem has been solved by two men,  
Being in the world's glory, being an event of some revolution.

Two wars are fought and bought by the lightning and thunder,  
Twins of the whole explosion; training is about, trains are white,  
With black steel and grey light, a solution is going to be right.

Naveed Akram

# Ugly Men That Lie

Ugly men carry meaningful lies,  
Beautiful men understand knowledge,  
So the liar halts, and the man of justice carries on.

On earth a letter has been shed from tears,  
This letter is the opening of faith,  
With an envelope of love and hope.

Let lies be liars' questions, yet live along them,  
Feeling and writing, being and keeping,  
Like honoured servants of grace.

You are His men and guards enter to protect  
The lame and infirm, bearing no luck,  
For the day I wail is the night of distrust.

Beauty enters the home, feeding trillions;  
Flies on the bed, food on the seats, water spilled,  
We deceive nobody but the granddaughter.

Naveed Akram

# Unceasing Rain

Unceasing is the rain, all of pain  
And suffering, and mild anger;  
Its cold nature is choice  
And lasting effects are present  
In the dropping rain.  
Unceasing is the rain, always some rain  
Is absent some of the day,  
Opening a sacred time, of special  
Leaning, a laugh is heard sometimes.  
The showers are sending heavenly sights  
Altogether heavenly, how awesome!

Naveed Akram

# Uncertainty Of War

They hardly think of armies and war,  
Uncertainty is brought to the far.

Naveed Akram

# Undead Warriors

Horrible bizarre men are brought as fodder  
To the pizza-parlour to exact a punishment,  
For eating their pleasure is consuming distaste,  
For the drink is essential on a form of travel.

Cadaverous men work undead, for the century;  
Their punishment came from desires,  
Since their fodder had contracted the spinning  
Of games thinking their way into existence.

Nimble warriors arrive and admonish them,  
Vanquished they leave and enter the gates  
To be won over by them, and terror is the product  
Of insanity now that the undead slaves carry buzzes.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Bed

Underneath the bed of my believing family  
I find the worst possible nightmare or rivalry.  
It was a dragon, a multi-headed beast of fire,  
But now I thought I was imagining, what a liar!

Naveed Akram

# Under The Dawn-Rays

Under the day's sun a worship is dreamt  
By the tongue of the heart,  
And great houses swing into remorse  
At the sensation of a strong source.  
Those sailors dance on a weak garden,  
Sea has erupted with blooming ambition.

Go to the sloops and fix their stars  
Dancing under the dawn of the sea;  
We will moor our ship and taste of delight  
Down by the regions of space,  
Seeking grace until the whole day.

We will be young and foolish on the light of land,  
And on my leaning shoulder rests a butterfly  
Meeting me with unquiet height,  
It bids me to take existence as life  
To uncover the sanity I expressed,  
After so many years of travel and tears.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Eyes

Tell me, what are your eyes  
That wore lids and plentiful numbers  
Open to the public hours,  
Loathing the stay of the century?

The back of a house is an hour from  
This room, that shudders and shouts  
With shooting breath and noise,  
Examining the fur of the roof.

Tell us why your eyes see diversities,  
This simplicity shows to the public,  
A hour has passed before the break of dawn  
Under the roses and the noon.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Heavens

Submerge and see how the water flows rich,  
Like the springs of heaven, inside a lever so blessed a switch.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Moon Is An Ocean

Under the moon is an ocean of anxiety,  
Underneath the waves of doubt is an abyss.  
You must submit to the realities of blessings,  
Your employment is precious beyond all care.  
When the moon fades, it is your turn to reside  
In the hopes of your home, the dreams of an abode.

Under the canopy of the forest called Life,  
Is a virile height, is a harmful sight, of love and drama.  
But when your moons are sentenced to the night,  
The light of the suspicions come to sight  
And rolling hills master the very great chapter  
In life, when satellites are not enough to despise.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Peaceful Sea

Under the sea is a revolution, of water,  
Wells have been blown off the map,  
Volumes of water are stretching their pains.  
Inside the sea is a dolphin, a sole founder  
Of the waterways, a waist is wet and worse.

I handle the hinge of the height, of a whale,  
Offer him, or her, frisk them stiff, to see criminals  
Burgeoning, kicking, or are we sleeping in blue sea?  
The work of princes is upon a winter's place,  
The cold sea frightens the iceberg, so finite!

May the sea offer the otter a district of peace,  
So that sharks empty or refrain from doubt.  
The height of the river is the height of the sea,  
As if a revolution was underground, on others,  
Like the next day of clear news, a wide and ample sea.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Pleasure Of Snow

Under the snows fallen by the wind and rain  
A little man of grateful beams of light has emerged;  
His visions powerfully strut and perform an escape  
From the endangering isle of a great weather and might.

Understand their talk and allegiances, many bloods  
Concur and result, towards the essence of a prison,  
To dissolve in wastes and ink of the better sort:  
One finally admits the cold weather arriving.

From the face of pleasure evolves a real moral value,  
It subsists and sustains the living  
To be frightful and kind,  
A kind being of strength shall believe and form a value.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Sea

Under the sea is a boat,  
Lovingly fond of a sea,  
Under the fountain I wrote,  
Of a mastering tea.  
Find him again tonight,  
Inside the very dexterity,  
Out of a love for right,  
Onwards might I be.  
Cast away the wrong  
As you have found  
It beneath the zone.  
Converted in the water long,  
The rights of the ocean sound  
So wrong of moan.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Shade Of Paradise

Under the varying shades of Paradise, my stars have exhaled,  
I say my words with honesty, under the shade of the old tree.

I am like the lion of the peaceful season of the sides of the square,  
My words bite the flesh of a blissful martyr, a readier man than any.

The musical hours caress me and embrace the familiar blessed ones  
Surrounding this side of a peaceful season, a hundred skies are my desire.

The eye's pupil is kept with ease, a dead man is a dead woman,  
Forcing the blood from the head and heart, like a famous organ of flesh.

My tears righteously fall down from the mountains, keeping peace and size,  
Little tears are questioned, big tears are left alone, like their friends and foes.

This heavenly spring has gushed forth like the heights of a waterfall,  
Blowing on the hardness of a mighty martyr, blessing him or her many times.

To uproot the trees of this divine garden of graves, we must use shovels  
Of gold and silver, diamond cutters are possessed and the devils are chained.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Sun

Under the sun is a reason and a run,  
Forming clever tactics with the real one.  
The moon is intelligent and wise  
Like so many lies under the clear blue sky.  
Many faces reveal many diverse views,  
To learn those with art is a blessing.  
The angelic voice calls out on the surface  
Of this polite planet, and we emerge to be reunited  
With family, with religion and opinion.

Naveed Akram

# Under The Water They Live

Days of the friendship can stay awake,  
Forceful in love to bleed with hated-like.  
Fierce is the struggle and undersea they hurt  
Where the water is too deep and learnt.  
They live in the ocean, forever in love;  
For every merman there is a mermaid of!

Naveed Akram

# Under This Heat

This heat, this heat is penetrating the joints and meat  
Of my corpse, later to have risen for some blind life ahead of me.  
I am forgotten by most, resurrection is no crime,  
Follies abound inside my soul, that readily is devoured  
Like a zombie has fright, so much fright that it angers.  
Vampires shall arrive for the fights, of a lifetime,  
Answerable to God, for the religion is wrong, and you are wrong,  
Forgetting me as I speak, launching a party of the crudeness  
One asks for in the middle of the night, the night of hatred.  
My corpse collapses halfway between life and death,  
The death is not sudden, and the life is not exact,  
Instead the ruination is within me, I am of the Undead!

Naveed Akram

# Underneath Is A Monster

Under the fountain is a loathing monster,  
How hundreds have perished from such a beast.  
The internal conversation we are having  
Represents the evil within and the one good of it.  
This maniacal beast eavesdrops whilst we lean,  
And often it speaks to the mind, fully hurting.  
The voices gained are the very hallucinations  
Actually, truly, properly, that we attain nightmares.  
This fountain remarks as a ghoul,  
They are utterly defeated by its call;  
Their moments have collapsed from all the cares,  
And a monster within has emerged  
To be loathed forever due to the visits made.

Naveed Akram

# Undersea

Under the sea grows weed and fishes of grandeur,  
The sharks are the small monsters to be amateur.

Naveed Akram

# Understand My Horse

Understand me this time.

By what is knowledgeable and certain,  
The reins of this horse weigh on my hands,  
As I approach the house I built,  
On this path my living exists.

On this arduous path a horse is exalted  
In its ardour, like the way of the sword  
Shining with lustre; strange lips move,  
Twisting the shape of a heavenly ghost,  
Almost it's angelic of names.

Understand this poem once more  
From the spacious acts of this delivery,  
For swinging lusts alter the rocks of  
Locking consideration,  
The key is turned too late sometimes.

Concerned and bright, we understand  
The mighty horse so skilful in its cantering  
That the art of such movement is abolishing  
The world organisations, so faint is the far  
Horse now.

Naveed Akram

# Understand My Religion

Understand my religion of triumph,  
This way and that is the line in front;  
An apology asserted, we are heinous sometimes,  
Upon a time we asserted the truth,  
And that truth promises everything.  
Open the doors to faith, the door is wide,  
For the seasons of four relax us  
And better the prospects and success.  
Often, some of us wonder and search  
For the truth, yet truth comes knocking  
On the door, with no guilt we let it in.  
Comprehend the faith and know it,  
So that further promise is asserted.

Naveed Akram

# Understand The Stars

Understand and know the reasons behind me,  
Raise the certain issues with frank discussion.  
I look into hearts with a certain praise,  
Look at me now that you are gone.

One image is one freedom of the liberty,  
Inside this shell is another egg that hatches  
And sheds the living spheres, always a yoke  
Concerns me.

I have gone tomorrow, for the beloved speaks  
To me in the day and night,  
Feeling my soul as a departed one,  
Death has captured the certain one,  
Dead men and women concern me more  
Than the rest of them.

Sleep in your sleep O perfect one,  
Live according to the realm,  
Speak with accusations of slight  
Love,  
Now that the founder of your faith  
Has been.

In your deep sleep  
See me shine like the stars  
Of the night, of the star  
In the day, and the stars of the say.

Naveed Akram

# Understanding Reality

Good work comes to those who are real in their effort,  
Good will is a factor of brilliance in the ways of the world,  
Good living carried all audacity throughout the time,  
Good jobs are distinct now that they pursue righteous action.

The right and the wrong are committed on the side of despair,  
Despair has a token of deceit,  
And I am the weapon that carried sleep,  
Sleep is an amazing dreamery.

Naveed Akram

# Understanding The Birds

Understanding a bird is like knowing a deed,  
Deeds fly for the joys and laughter to come forth.  
A session called the season mattered most to our heart and soul,  
This Autumn my manners attained the fallen leaves so brown.  
Every session walked in the legs, in the mindful ways we seek,  
To bring a joy and bewitchment, for the eternal altercation.  
This enjoyment brings into a different state the session,  
Beauty so gorgeous blossomed like the Summer, such as the Summer.  
May birds vertically and horizontally pilot their souls  
Over the ample stage we call the world of deeds of deeds.

Naveed Akram

# Underworld

The underworld is full of complete yellow  
Of red and yellow to follow,  
Like fire and no ice under the Earth  
When underneath it is hot and of worth.

The underground journey may swallow us whole,  
To supply a degree of heat, sweetness and coal;  
It stings us in the head, wonder may mystify,  
But does it ingrain us with thinking of what to apply.

Under worlds are plenty and under us is the entrance  
Of a stinging and potent lifetime, of a sound chance.

Naveed Akram

# Uneasy Elucidation

I made an uneasy attempt on my own,  
Repeating the requests of salvage,  
Like opinions of the desert,  
Otters were swimming along the bay of the  
Elucidation, liking the streams of hot water  
Falling into their mouths with waterfalls instead.

The otters climbed the women of old adages,  
Their silk dresses emptied their pockets  
Like the warts of the seven ages we corrupt.  
I made an attempt on you as if my rest was  
For humanity, where is the spring of my eyelashes?

Inside the longitudinal waves is a noise  
Offering some the crests and troughs.  
Falling ingots spread their weight,  
Those factories are like the streaming skills,  
Inside these abstractions are weapons  
Of iron furnaces.

Naveed Akram

# Unfitting For Him

Unfitting for a man, obligations are prominent,  
But unfitting for a man, since a woman is absent.

Lucky men have such awareness, forever in consideration,  
So luck is the case of this blush, this case of relief.

I knew a dying man, he strove to be joining to praises,  
But the fortune was a reading of a book in exile.

The extant words tenderly persuaded us tonight,  
Women of the labours and pains suffered from consideration.

I saw a lucky woman in surprise from the necessary pain,  
This pain swallowed her whole, with sheer love to the side.

Despite my eye, I caught the losing of the captives,  
These women of enemies, these fighting frozen dilemmas.

I have the lucky pen, words in the pen, those words are  
Blessed by the luck of painful people in their finality.

Naveed Akram

# Ungovernable In Her Arms

Peter was ungovernable in her arms,  
They murmured a measure of imagination  
To themselves, forgetting the stereo  
And radio, to be forgiven at length,  
And then the television was on for ever.

Then another altogether: Peter and herself  
Were staging a rebellion through the forest  
Of doom and delight, the forest that arms  
Itself with gloom and glory and gold,  
Whatever they acted they swallowed.

Peter and his friend Sue crept into the factory  
Found outside the forest of gloomy appearance.  
Inside they saw the story of their life,  
Life was gloomy inside and a machine trapped  
Them faster than the eye.

They were in a distress after too much love,  
Yet the human who mastered them does not help.

Naveed Akram

# Unholy Gathering

Icy faces walk among the graves,  
Hapless victims of an unpleasant case;  
Heady potions, imbibed by the dead,  
Are strong in intoxicating spirits.  
Handsome and hideous are some of them,  
Hanging like residue of the filth.  
May we find it hard to investigate  
The alms attached to their visit.  
Handy slender arms outrage the dumb,  
The dumb outweigh the not-so-dumb.  
Jittery motion encases our behaviour,  
For they exhilarate us while we live to die,  
They merely die to live, dying is for them easy.

Naveed Akram

# Unicorns

Are you uneasy about the many ghosts in the palace of fright?  
The feathers in my head and body,  
When the ghosts commence, and the air  
Is sweeter and sweeter,  
The real manners are hidden, the men are held to the end,  
Only the spirit world;  
He is understood as a spirit, and a genie is too much of beauty  
To wish from.  
I can not make my desire:  
Ghosts are not read in the book world,  
Hold on to the reins of the unicorns that were those ghosts.

Naveed Akram

# Union

An union has appeared before my eyes,  
Sight yells hard health, due to heavenly hearing.  
My amalgamated spirits are due to the words forming,  
Collapsing and disintegrating like paper burning  
The words spread into animals of heaven.  
The books of knowledge gain proud residence  
In the height of warmth, due to old age.  
A connection is in order, a fuel for the brain  
To contain a good thought that presides  
Like the objects ornamenting the palatial doors.  
A good thought is a good gate to the other side,  
With springs and fountains, rivers of honey  
And the seas of milk, the healthy wedding of the soul.  
An union has been achieved with health as  
One wonder too beautiful to the eyes of the One Above.

Naveed Akram

# Unique Heart

I have been a twin of the soldiers of the heart,  
I awaken the spirits to be accused of delight,  
This lightning is rain upon the soul of life and death.

My problems are unique, accursed souls will repent,  
But my brain seizes the correct thought from blessings,  
These straight actions of the heart inside the heart.

The tongue to roll its duty is a tongue worthy of birth,  
Speaking so hard is speaking so well in the light of earth,  
The clay is a muddy substance making us what we are.

If Adam was made from clay, then we are all deliverers  
Of births and deaths, enacting the young desires, young  
Fauna and flora have accosted us in the same delight.

I have a friend too fierce and feared, I have an enemy too  
Exact and encumbered by the appalling weight of the world,  
My problems must be objects animated by the tongue.

Naveed Akram

# Universe Kept

I was very dreadfully nervous about the ball,  
A ball resides in freefall, in the universe  
And you must never escape the ball's sight  
For the balls and the flying few shall die as matter.

The space reigns when rolling is achieved,  
One of our eyes is missing in this void called Space;  
Space exactly develops according to your whims  
And your wishes, the glorious facets of life.

My toys are numerous, opening so as to thrust  
Into the stomach of green, tethered to the wall;  
I have been pushed for the time being,  
Keeping the Universe in its entirety.

Naveed Akram

# Unknown Health

The reasons for living are few, so few,  
Yet we survive many times, but so few.

How does sport entice the believing?  
The true survivor embraces and climbs, so few.

A medal is awarded to the permanent in health,  
Awards always work on the bedtimes, so few.

We have innocence in the lordship, the kingship  
And the presence: this bell chimes, so few.

Let us marry the veterans of war with distress,  
As maidens or ghosts are the crimes, so few.

Unknown are the facts of war and peace,  
Reasons for my living are for nighttimes, so few.

Naveed Akram

# Unknown To Books

The unknown is the beautiful one,  
The one that stares and encompasses.  
It presides and collects the gem stones,  
Sparkling in the minds of men who see.

The knowledge awakens to ears,  
It passes its scent working in the air,  
Looking like a scene from the orders  
That wore a rebellion from the east.

Eastern work provided the ancient men,  
Eminent historians resolved the crisis,  
Little do the workers fold their papers  
Into books to show and resupply to the needy.

Let now the wisdom be taken  
And won by those in command,  
Books wear a silvery lining,  
And books are books of learning.

Naveed Akram

# Unlawful Business

Unlawful systems result in disaster,  
Inside this terror lies a further horror.  
Internal stories reside in the head and heart,  
To fulfill terror and the letters of the young.  
Mighty winds blow for the ache to differ,  
Junctions met shall liquify the vile criminals,  
For the terror has escaped from entrepreneurs.  
These businessmen shine due to old thinking,  
But the travel inside is beautiful enough.

Naveed Akram

# Unlock The Desk

Unlock your desk and retrieve your fitness,  
Trust the acid of the heart, trust the reading;  
An industrial activity has been in condition,  
In bewilderment, always your own admission.  
Enter these conference rooms in vain  
And you find a solution to man's worries.  
To hurl this drink in another's face  
Hurts his face, for you have read the face.  
Pleasant reading is the reading of the boss,  
The boss is learning, knowing so wisely you.

Naveed Akram

# Unseen Affairs

You have been knowledge of the unseen affairs,  
I have committed boredom of the sense, of the unseen affairs.

Some give duty to the realm of the heavens and earth,  
My thesis is perfected in the ways of frankincense, of the unseen affairs.

Nobody dares to object to a majestic being, a story of the old,  
But when are they subjecting the bolder nonsense, of the unseen affairs?

The palace of the grand fearer, the house of the alterable one,  
Is a duty-bound mansion to rightly inflict what is dense of the unseen affairs.

My heavenly abode returns to my heart in a way of the reality,  
It exists, in my hand it has importance, like my defence, of the unseen affairs.

The real integers of the mathematical world are a merry-go-round,  
In the funfair of the wild and hearty, the very intense, of the unseen affairs.

My henchmen serve me afterwards, to close the deal and reward me,  
I have to defend them and hold their pence, of the unseen affairs.

So then the signs of my book resound like a man who sells his devilry,  
But it is not my word that revolves so immense, but the word of the unseen affairs.

Naveed Akram

# Unsuitable Ladder

He is merely unsuitable,  
For the task terrific,  
Mighty flesh has connected  
To the lusts of the future.  
My needle flashes in the light,  
Interiors are fed with slices  
Of real life, and the real life  
Is a real life, of those who let angers  
Be their heavenly frame of mind.

The tasks of aliens describes ships  
From the stars that dazzle their load.  
My future is written on the hands,  
Also the hands of a clock,  
That flips the ladders of hope,  
And she and you climb it.

Naveed Akram

# Until Death

My saving of light considers the art of life,  
I derive equations of beauty to fit my heaven.  
The god of love descends on the night of power,  
Open to the love, open to the beauty of a saying.  
May the lights of colour damn the black air,  
An adventure is a prized fortunate mission,  
Freedom will grasp you when luck happens.  
The light to store in your soul eventually declines  
Until death overtakes, and mutters to sleep.

Naveed Akram

# Untrained Combat

He was untrained in combat due to his age,  
Some formal training had been gathered;  
Dazzling was the beauty of the moment,  
A spark raised the question, forms of disbelief  
Made the combat special, to be attainer  
Was to be a relic of utter condemnation.  
I combine the realities and rarities  
To manage a dining room of thought-twists  
That far into the future of our maids.  
Beauty is a marriage with their heads,  
For their hearts illuminate stretches of time  
Forcing us to eliminate the exotic few.  
Invisible rogues come untrained  
From the marvellous creatures of storms.  
I have included a realm of chaos  
So fuel is the minor comparison.

Naveed Akram

# Up In The Skies

Up in the skies, there are matters of strange habit,  
Just we succumb to labours, these are accurate.  
The fate of a man skills in armour and pain,  
Open history of someone when to abstain.

Upstairs in the clouds their songs are like fog,  
The skies solidly think like Socrates and his dialogue.  
Inside a layer of ice stays mission, consideration,  
The height mistakes the heavenly splendour, all mistaken.

Let matters of habit still be strange, on the up and down,  
Concerning us as we feud and always in town.

Naveed Akram

# Up In The Winds

Up in the winds carries a scent,  
Fully dangerous for its beautiful smell.  
Gods are with us, fully aware  
Of the brilliant Sun, for gods bring  
Thunder and Lightning,  
A moment we express in this night.  
My night is new, merely abject,  
More than the arrival of day.  
A day has passed its character  
Interestingly and intriguingly.  
We are full of the wind up there  
Under the outer space feeling us.

Naveed Akram

# Up The Road

Fellow of my life and hazards, as fiend not foe,  
I speak of misers as road-like and toad-like.  
Fellow of retribution, find suitable lodgings,  
And speak again to friends and sly people.

Your heaven is in sight, or loud I said on way,  
You decide which bend is nearer to you.

Naveed Akram

# Up There

Up on the mountain a confusion breeds,  
Poising on the summit is coherence;  
A rotund man confronts conjurors  
Who confine him with a penance.  
The imposters conjure and jeer to connections,  
A congenial man is rotund and fabulous.

The congruence of his actions confused them,  
Conjuring was feeling pride, but the summit?  
The diet of acts grew daily at the top,  
Feeding us with plenty, stamina was retold.

Naveed Akram

# Upon A Hill Is A Sword

Upon a hill is a sword that intimidates,  
It strikes at the expense of tragedy,  
What does it do but fabricate debates,  
Meaningful dates are spoken with ability.

Upon a chance so acute, the sword is handed  
To a singer of reasonable songs  
Finding waters of lovable words like pearls  
From an abalone.

Upstairs the heavens are crossed to come across  
A weapon of magic, abhorrently working  
And chiming the time-clock like applesauce,  
Where the orchards keep with infinity but abating.

The sword does not love being abolished,  
With adoration it speaks of hatred abounding;  
The dagger is shorter and inadequate, brandished  
Like a weapon in abbreviation, one that is abandoning.

Naveed Akram

# Upon Death

They are passing their tests so seriously,  
The graves house the dead who talk  
Due to their success, and their successes to come.  
Passing the test is like graduating,  
And this means facts are held by the head.  
Then one learns all that one exerts,  
Once the tossing and turning in the grave  
Is complete.  
This is the final test, how does one respond?  
The physical suffering declines,  
A word or two is passed and the soul ejects.  
My angelic help is tremendous,  
My own guardians will respond.

Naveed Akram

# Upon The Grave

He stepped towards them to lay upon the grave,  
Soil fell and clouds broke up to dust the feathered wastes;  
So it was all right with smiling back,  
Withering in the breeze was the embarrassment:  
Together they stood with green strawberries,  
Waking wondrously to be awake and jolly,  
The happiness gathered its grapes.

He thought the weather was clearing,  
When the fires were prepared by the beasts that walked;  
Colossal dancers fought plastic bottles  
Thrown at their feet to crunch and laboriously smother  
With the pain.

He reckoned their pollen was dangerous,  
It would burn and perish like a fatherly crop,  
Looking me, looking like some satisfaction,  
Little children grew so cheap and weird  
These days, those ways.

Naveed Akram

# Upon The Mountain

Upon the mountain was steering animal of minor flesh,  
It tasted of the forests, and plants were kingly and fresh.  
Fixed and pained, these creatures leapt onto the moonscape,  
Tilting the axis to risk the whole loving ritual, to reshape.  
Kings were hidden under the sun, on this was blamed  
All the fire and wind, to beasts it was what to have claimed.  
Queens did claim a prize or throne of grace and station,  
The same we conquer as animals or subjects of a nation.

Naveed Akram

# Upsetting Sun

I feel the upsetting sun on my hands,  
Felt like a monument to be acting,  
Like the black death or white stupor,  
This motion of the planets never stopped.

I feel the uplifting sun and stars,  
Grace has shaken the poor one,  
Kicking and pulling the stray dogs  
You find with decided winds of the night.

Naveed Akram

# Upsetting Thoughts

It showed simple questions  
With thoughts of blond men and women  
Going on deck and slaughtering  
The weak, infirm believers,  
With sour-faced people belonging to the floor.  
Crowning the face of the pain,  
A man of indecent verbosity obscured  
The sight offered by some of those waiting  
And guarding.

The screen was upset, the screen was an apology,  
Worthier men delivered their hundredfold prayers,  
With ablutions and supplications to follow,  
But the poisonous air wailed and shrugged  
Forcing the comrades to leap into the air  
With ferocious calls of their own majesty.

Swearing was not allowed,  
Swans flew above their heads  
As they swore never to lean on shoulders,  
In their nakedness and slum.

Naveed Akram

# Upstairs Peace

Upstairs is peace, when I lie down and sing the blues.

Naveed Akram

# Use A Thought

Use your mallet to strike a thought  
Into your head of wrong.  
With the real money of your house  
Win back courage and peace.  
Let it be known of the dangers of striking  
And damaging the reality of life.  
It is like your mallet, a burden on the brain,  
Opening wounds and pleasure for the others.  
They are mosquitoes in your net now,  
So please make home a worry, make home a thought.

Naveed Akram

## Useful Life

A useful life begins at the home of life,  
In the deeds of men are soldiers who learn;  
To learn is godly, much too much,  
Searing heat has been launched on us.  
Homes sing so merrily due to pleasure,  
And travelling from the country of worth  
Enjoys itself and all its memories.  
Gloom and sorrow are the special qualities  
Too many in number, there are too many!  
Life begins at home as if charity,  
The length of coping is required.  
More than this time there stands a riddle  
So engaging and cruel that we are not useful.

Naveed Akram

# Useful Troops

Useful troops are pronouncing their names,  
Loosely clasped, eagerly submitted;  
Let the chase be on, let them come to the kitchen  
So that worries disappear, so that replies are cast.  
Resenting them is the heart and all its blood,  
Pumping iron and redness, like the books.  
Audible and sensible, the words are spoken,  
You are a blacksmith, a yoke is frowning at me  
For it was once a chick, from an egg.

Naveed Akram

# Users

Go to the computers and hail the users,  
Their programs are unique according to the losers.  
Here inside the mini-computers are super works,  
Then work yourself with boldness like clerks.

Go to those with the profession that hurts,  
A body of ice married us to the water-alerts.  
A computer will correct us from the snow,  
This machine works, this world is to know.

Naveed Akram

# Vampires And Mortals

They crowd our hidden imagination,  
Only by embarking on such a journey  
Do we expose their true nature.  
Mortal superstitions deal with vampires  
Utterly bizarre, each feeds on creatures.  
The lungs no longer breathe once the heart  
Has been taken, for they feed on creatures.  
One needs a strain of self-control,  
Like mortals that are fortunate.  
When the first city was acquired,  
Its rulers fled, growing a new period.  
Without restraint the rebellious ones move  
Into their victims with teeth bedazzling.  
Blood is a fluid so loved by them  
That this liquid becomes their food.  
Threatened and challenged, the vampire  
Is a great horror for the sight and hearing,  
It is better to reshape your life away from these fiends.

Naveed Akram

# Vampires Have Disappeared

Gouge the eyes of feminine lust,  
Those dreary men do give a thinker  
One good stare, and you compel her to order her  
Into a riddance, one of those funny songs  
In the mind of the ejaculator -  
His life has spanned forever,  
Now that the Vampires can hurt  
Those in dire need of trouble.

Eyes shall giggle and awareness be spoken  
Through the eyes of a monk who lives as a cleric,  
He can never ever sight It - The Demon.  
"I spoke of a creature that arrests our stay  
Into the world under the Sky, with blood it  
Shall accomplish. And forever this way  
Is the accompaniment of dread that I speak."

Now, and then, a master of sorcery has bellowed  
Strange words of nuisance to the existing crowds  
Which are under the Sun of the Blood Brothers,  
Or should I say Sisters?  
Let the nocturnal setting be a reminder  
Of a sick age of dinosaurs that crept so sylph-like-  
As they call themselves for their pretend size.  
I rather think as a philosopher Vampires roam the woods  
Of a night that haunts many and many who dwell therein.  
No more thinking. The Vampires are upset  
And their extinction was from something.  
But what?

Naveed Akram

# Vanished

I saw what vanished from under the nose  
Of feathers that crawl beneath the soul of roses;  
Nothing reminds me of the days ahead,  
On this stage I commit my jokes and laughter  
To fuse with the concepts of disgust, worry and deceit.  
I have seen the Unseen with bold eyes,  
Internal eyes shall stare at the venomous words,  
Deeds are internal like the succumbed ones.

I saw that the phantoms of disgust beheld our activities,  
Broad and skinny, the ghouls of the past passed into  
A joke of some sort, and a joke is only too simple  
When ghosts are afoot with existences and joys  
Of the late art, of the late art, of the late artists.

Naveed Akram

# Vanishing Flood

The air is forced into tragedy  
For those who work are indeed called  
Work, as this speeds up the age.  
The drama is unfolding sweetly,  
Like a circus that drifts among provinces.  
In this living learning we see a  
Fountain of colours unimaginable  
As the rainbow of the flood.  
His ark was sacred with all its animals  
And we are the modern animals  
Tied to chains called action.

One flood vanishes to remake another,  
The ark is now too small to reflect.  
The hammers come down fast,  
Breathing in their strikes is faultless.  
For the nails embedded in the rock  
Are those of antlers and other articles.  
One flood is aptly furnishing the Earth  
With good many saints, and some sights.

Naveed Akram

# Vast

Vast story of pain, lulling the blamed,  
Its deadliness was forcing my soldier to run  
And hide, forming the reality behind his back;  
Your backs are turned to him by the temperature.

Hosts of the party meddle with laughter,  
Loathing you, and entering the gallows.  
This goal has entered and created us,  
For we cheerily are geese that gaggle.

Pain still causes us grief, as grief is pain,  
And painfulness subdues the leaders;  
A running man shuns us, and hidden from us  
He attains climbing actions that revolve.

Naveed Akram

# Vast Oasis

Open with obesity the vast oasis  
Of this fragile planet we call ourselves;  
Absent with abruptness, this land of love has achiness,  
My counting counsel has many bookshelves.  
With everybody in the world working like werewolves  
We have whirled into whirlpools for the acts we commit.  
Obese assemblies of ancestry wing their wolves  
Into oblivion as time testifies with sin what to omit.  
Permit me to call on the aces and kings  
Of the playable cards and their wrangling,  
Each wanting it, walking about with bearings,  
Acute awareness is their pride on this planet accumulating.

Naveed Akram

# Vaster

The heavens of the heavens are vaster than space and time,  
They unite the past with the present, and the future.  
Our playing is in the middle, the opinion of mastership,  
Which carried full life, living like lice, loving loathingly.  
To live under the Sun, we master itself,  
Then where is its rays? Where do we play under the Sun?  
The rays connect us to the past, we believe in it  
But do not worship it, clever danger.  
Vaster than space and time,  
Beautiful like Time,  
Better than Space.

Naveed Akram

# Vehicle In The Mind

He had an unplaced vehicle in his mind,  
The alligator thought, the trotting pony.  
One was a sentinel of the graver anger,  
One was sentenced to a death, forced to  
Arrive, fed into a frenzy by the dozing jest.

My vehicle was in his windy mind,  
I had controlled the beast in him, for his  
Vampires began their favours on him,  
The same depths of the ocean were ahead  
Of time, ahead of the battalions of war.

I have to mightily ache, inches deep,  
Inner destinations being saints.  
My vehicle is my laughter as fast as death.  
The scroll of names combines with names,  
As jokey as the words of the serious kind.

Naveed Akram

## Verses After Verses

In the world are verses after verses  
That revolve around a tree called Pain.  
This tree burdens the young folk,  
With brotherly pains, with corrections.  
My life is a gorge of the ultimate strength,  
Wide as mouths upturned in song.  
The tongue of discourse is upon the wild  
Habitats, a future folk are against all hope.  
In the world are sensible lawyers,  
Like the aborigines in that ruling land,  
Like the huntsmen of the ruling forest,  
Like the rivers of the Amazon and Nile.

Our juice is fought with code called Basic,  
It is the computer that forces its price,  
Beginning is of the beginner,  
And so machines begin to outwit intellects,  
And so the wide, wild world of worry  
Engages with Fighter Pilots stricken  
With clouds of snow.

Naveed Akram

# Very Big Answer

I suppose they give goodness signals,  
And that is whatness of levels very big.  
Actually they side with a big answer to irksome quotes,  
As they are nowhere on Earth and everywhere in Space.  
We are nevertheless describing a huger task and task it is.  
Tasks are when they begin at all costs,  
Such is a black issue and white issue - 'in black and white'.  
The questions are not harder than others.

Naveed Akram

# Very Friendly Computer

Very friendly, very automatic  
Is my computer,  
Leading us astray in many ways  
And finding a humourous mask  
As fit as musk.  
It talked to my joiner,  
And this enabled my programs  
And joy.  
I became one to understand a fellow being  
Such as him, or it.  
I mean the computer is fellow and bad,  
Wilder than most monsters of thought and disease.  
Very friendly, very automatic  
Is my computer.

Naveed Akram

# Very Lost

Fade from gracious being to be sold at your cost,  
You are now a slave of chosen nature, the very lost.

Naveed Akram

# Very Praiseworthy

Very praised and happy, a futility occurred  
To the man with eyes of gold, golden eyes.  
They saw like crystals and diamonds,  
In the very snow, in the snows, and in the winter.  
My occupation was of his predicaments,  
Lenient and straightforward was the forfeit  
Of his youth, a sad command of himself.  
Then the happiness became a golden blunder,  
A solution to the wars if apparent,  
And a weapon in itself.  
Never can praise be of heavenly worship  
Compared to living and dying,  
That is the prize of existence.

Naveed Akram

# Very True Doctor

I well remember a very true doctor,  
In his school of filial love and honour,  
Finishing the sense to stay until the meanings  
Entered the hearts of the true cured ones.  
These were the adored ones of a fresh life,  
Managed to reach a station of health  
So important to pictures and wealth.

As you know, they disappointed one day,  
As acquaintances they pursued the wrong angle,  
Towards the horizon was the travel  
Of so angry victims of the crimes.  
Those humans believed over their heads  
That quotations altered the frame of knowledge,  
That psychotherapy was a drug for the infirm  
And the happier children forbade its use.

One day, a favourite doctor deceased  
And called his heirs the deeds of the night  
He travelled to that destination of such ancient nature.

Naveed Akram

# Very True Friend

Very true, my demon-friend, my foolish song,  
This play concretely states easy melodies too long.  
Very false friends discuss new meaning so boring,  
May the deities laugh in their faces when one is abusing.

Very functional is my mind, too complete in fire,  
The same friendly fire from a friend who will expire.  
The writers of law mean sudden hell so as to expel,  
This friend of mine is a demon finding himself a doorbell.

Naveed Akram

# Very Upsetting

Very upsetting the eyes became sore,  
The soreness can be contemplated;  
One thinking moment enables the ideals  
To vanish and appear like the cursor.

Eyes shall convey their wishes too well,  
Ears become one of the clouds in the sky;  
The attacks of the air shall be water of the sea,  
Like the submarines of the whole war.

Naveed Akram

# Very Worthwhile

Worthy is you if worthier is the bone you lick,  
Often the hammer has a guess and kiss,  
That wonder can be a bonus to each and every woman and child  
And every man.            Yet I find it in me to erase all hope and entity!

Naveed Akram

# Victims

An unassailable victory has been in demand,  
To forgo is to relax and be polite like a mummy.  
To abjure the heaven is to relate to disorder,  
And where is now the victory? Where now?

My victim is completely with defeat,  
His victory has cancelled due to defeat  
And my revenge, for it is never wrong.  
Revenge gave innocence to the soul.

My living is for the one who lives the longest,  
The death of the victim is important;  
Likewise, the life of a victim is so great  
That I need to repent and be forgiven.

Sins are a waste of time to some who denounce,  
They let evils destroy us, with sins to double.  
Victims of displeasures need favours of greatness,  
The whole year passes without a thought for others.

Naveed Akram

# Victorious Nights

Theirs is the grief of challenge and servitude,  
Forms of livid rage have been understood,  
From an age of living and life-saving,  
To the very days and nights of mourning.

Naveed Akram

# Victory In The Eyes Of God

Goal of demanding challenges,  
Please us with the victory,  
In this land of the courageous  
And the brave  
And the triumphant.  
Fortune is bold a gift from God,  
As it gashes a wound from above  
And the head of our populace shall bleed  
A death so dangerous and then designed by God -  
Those dreaded ones must be contained in the inhalation  
Of good deeds, as of now.  
We casually determine our routine on the path to heaven,  
As well, the munched travel is befitting to sword of dreams.  
The goal has been attached to our life,  
And breaking the bond to the dead is called living.

Naveed Akram

# View The Dragon

View the powerful dragons of this century,  
Find their names and view the common logic,  
Chew the warehouse with its smoke and abbey.

With computers define the current times abnormally,  
Fence in the animals too good and heroic,  
View the powerful dragons of this century.

May winter complete nothing of itself as an absentee,  
Religion carries the videos and classics heraldic,  
Chew the warehouse with its smoke and abbey.

My terms of the moon are foods from absurdity,  
Keeping individuals of theology who are heretic,  
View the powerful dragons of this century.

Zoology states classes and categories that are lively,  
Horns sound on the way to what is hectic,  
Chew the warehouse with its smoke and abbey.

My decision guesses as thawing carries on limitlessly,  
This day we mar the region of skin that is ironic,  
View the powerful dragons of this century,  
Chew the warehouse with its smoke and abbey.

Naveed Akram

# Vigilant Soul

One result will be a word of relationships and customs,  
Another can mean a phrase of strong punishment;  
What is the judgement of blessed nature and act?  
Where do you listen to these monumental figures?

I have a soul and your hands are called a comfortable time,  
I must extract the wisdom of the blessed sentries,  
I must uphold the law, and become a nationalist;  
When does the portrait of a man inspire a man with a portrait?

His words are commanding, impressive and dubious when some  
Time has passed away, the lies froth like the sea  
And its dominions, what do they lament? Why are they  
Upset, in the ways of the soul, the soul is follower of the soul.

My soul is never to be tested, for I am a soul of vigilance,  
My supplications and invocations submit to the Lord,  
And the punishments are from the self; the answers are  
Found in the ground, when death has appeared.

Naveed Akram

# Vile Sleep

I sit back as the evening draws closer,  
My snout is of an eye, my endeavours duplicate.  
Two eyes arise, with the spectacles in the collision,  
This man fought my brain and body.

I sat to the music of the times, such time spoke  
Like children, and my arms surrounded me  
With decisions, like the election of living  
In the cosmos, as snoring as sleep.

I forgave the offending men, the smells of a day  
In ruin, a riotous few enveloped the majority,  
Where are your accused men? The shame is in  
Your eyes and snout, like the vile diseases.

Naveed Akram

# Villainous

First a beginning takes place,  
Secondly, the rigours are rallied,  
Then thirdly a witch finishes the sport.

This simple method bears fruit  
Like the trees of figs and apples,  
Also a side to truth is shown.

What is more, a reality blesses us  
When this above all occurs,  
Not only fruit grows but also words.

A felony is equally a course of study;  
In the same way, a reading attains pleasure,  
But villains fall from heights also like trees.

Naveed Akram

# Viridescent

The sky stood out motionless,  
For a moment it was highly probable  
That electricity had verified itself,  
Or the clouds surpassed in surprise;  
But initial meanings floated,  
Like the balloons of the fair.

As I watched the viridescent sky,  
One amount of green land was seen as well.  
Black and blue was the ocean of health,  
Rich beings had been accommodated,  
Or they still wept under the oceanic boughs.

The buying was concentrated like sins,  
The sky stood out all so dark now,  
With frogs and signs of disguised beings,  
Frequenting the common lands.

Naveed Akram

# Virtue

Kindness to your organs is a necessary virtue,  
The body supplicates, nobody must argue.

Naveed Akram

# Virtuous

Seasons flow from the sentences of virtue,  
My task is not to subdue, but concern is an interview.

Naveed Akram

# Virtuous Youth

Going to the flowers of virtue  
Overshadows the other half;  
On this side of the face is strength,  
I sway my arguments so well.  
Going to the death-place is  
Knocking on the door of youth  
And seeing a tooth slide down.  
So go to the flowers of youth,  
A prime move is melting and boiling.

The virtuous man entered the  
Cemetery, living his best when hurt  
By love so overshadowing, like ice.  
The places of the existent are like  
White light shining brighter than most.  
This cemetery is blessed by divine  
Light, entering the jaws of men.  
I sing along the times of my youth,  
It mends the sway of my entire life.

Naveed Akram

## Visited By The Press

Lucky evidence has emerged and submerged accordingly,  
Bending on both beauty and best action of soldering affluently.  
I guess the prime pressure has numbered in thousands,  
I estimate and extrapolate the desires and wont of legends.

Today put in the comment of everly natures,  
As regards to health and beauty and wealth.  
Perhaps style is a coward over the grace,  
So keep on concaving the youth in your designing.

Naveed Akram

# Voice Of The Gaming

The voice is blooming,  
Suggestive of fleeting thoughts;  
Yet beauty is the order  
Of strong behaviour.  
My voice stagnates and gasps,  
Feeding the gambolling men and apes  
Whose fathers got enlisted.

To become a herd is like sheep being  
Frightful. Yet thoughts are like gossamer.  
Invisible pleasantness entices a good  
Elixir that is for imbroglios.  
Pretty voices enter the jaws of death,  
Their roundness is of the spherical world.

Naveed Akram

# Vulgar

Vulgar tastes recombine to make a new taste,  
Ugly, and so ugly;  
I wanted a darling feeling, not one that tires,  
For haste is the best solution.  
The dusty roads are not blue as the sky,  
This sky tastes of water and air,  
It worked more for me than you.  
Taste now when thirsty and honestly  
We are not hungry now.  
Screaming youngsters flee from a lonely taster  
Of food; in love was the baby who grew up.  
Howls were around, but the baby grew  
And with this hasty measure he fed himself.

Naveed Akram

# Wailing On A Mountain

I wail across the edge of mountains  
To echo my speech, that is a roar.  
The lion has a heart of language that is old,  
Rent in twain, like fire in the wind.  
It is volcanic to cry forever,  
But the lion is always on fire  
Like the same mountain or fountain.  
Rain is against rain and showing what rain is,  
But the weeping has changed from the awed observer  
Who listens to my speech that echoed on a mountain pass.

Naveed Akram

## Waiting Angrily

There were moments of anger and waiting,  
Rustling and muttering was among the men.  
The one cried, the one cried with effects  
Constant and overreaching, like barking  
From a dog that captured its prey and cooked  
It like a chef, then heads of champions cooked it.  
Then the lenders of money found a ghost  
Which cooked it faster and vaster than pies.  
A cartridge was given great care, with food  
A mouth entered the scenery of lands that befriended  
Us with smiles and laughter,  
That encased the buildings we inhabited,  
That were fierce as winds in sympathy.

Various positions were rifles,  
Red scarves energised a lovely neck  
And slotted necklaces,  
Fencing like a rapier,  
Fondling a book was craftier.

Their moments happened to matter  
To all of the landscape behind.  
Mouths excited us, when food came  
And fixed its home on us.

Naveed Akram

# Waiting For A Death

Waiting for this moment my life is raised to the grave,  
It is mind and matter that is erased, minds enfold the  
Moods of death, they play on the wishes of the soul.  
My life enters the route to unhappiness, blessed,  
Yes it is remaining and absolute like the planet on its  
Last day, a fighting ground for the forces of nature.

My inspiration is like a godly statement of old ruination,  
Falsehood vanishes when the true beings of godliness  
Raise me to the grave on a lonely voyage to the other.  
A world is waiting, freezing like hunger, cooling like summer,  
In a day and night, inwardly forcing a butler or priest,  
Like nurses and doctors of the release, a wage is earned.

Naveed Akram

# Waiting For Success

This day I perfect the whole hour of reasoning,  
Inside this whole month my sentences are concise.  
Philosophy is sweet, just and not ruinous,  
With polite speech you talk over matters real.  
Scholars are of the opinion,  
Understanding is the key to manhood's success,  
May the months survive and the weeks endure,  
May the philosopher too holy prevail to enlighten me further,  
Justice is the key to overall success.

Naveed Akram

# Walk In The Forest

One walks in the forest to see good plants,  
They burden each other, they are brothers.  
The family is larger than the world itself,  
Botany so bountiful is absorbing the air.  
My relief spends its bank notes on you,  
Who loves the moist forest of trusted qualities.  
The good glancing mushrooms reside  
Inside each other, like different types of houses,  
In a family of relatives that speak to each other  
With some modicum of respect,  
Like the respect of some numbers in the making,  
The numbers you have found in theories.

Naveed Akram

# Walking Tables

How do tables walk as one?  
And why do chairs seem to run?  
How my rest is desired, and how  
Do I kick in the air for relaxation?  
My chimney is found with the soot  
Of a black utterance, as seemly as light;  
The light travels up and down the world,  
With smoke, crime is committed, like walking  
Chairs and turning tables, this world is one.  
With this house may I live alone,  
Where wolves like criminals detest you.  
Anyone walked a long distance, anyway,  
Justice must be allowed, and searched  
By the home and heaven.  
How do tables and chairs move?

Naveed Akram

# Wall Of A Boat

The wall is a word of much finance,  
It must be led into a belief of dance.  
The expanse of a sea is of a wall or fence,  
Such tragedy dispels magic of defence.

A well-chosen leader heaves his boredom  
In the sea of tranquillity, a wood or aluminium  
Has made on it a boat or ship, the very vessel  
I have ruled as a captain so accessible.

Naveed Akram

# Walls

Between me and you exists a barrier,  
A wall between you and me;  
I test you for prime evils,  
Your logical premisses dictate the time.  
My moss feels splendour,  
While the soil you attain crumbles again.  
This journey of time and space  
Causes forces, masters minds  
And finds divorce.

The wall must collapse over our patience,  
The hatred shown should disrupt the dream,  
An extremely bad image to finger.  
My brain excels in this game of good  
Against evil.  
It carries signals to you from me,  
The wall abolishes the walls.

Naveed Akram

# Wanderer Of The Seas

To exasperate this lonely wanderer is to shoot the brain,  
It is mild logic to astound a thief, exasperating him.  
To astound the criminal of general state is appalling,  
The statement of an offence is in his grasp.  
Wander to and fro, like a pendulum of strong build,  
This riles the clocks and the cogs of Time.  
Applaud him when he is sicker in health,  
Lulling the noise of a dockyard and the ships,  
As the seas contrive, and as the noise indicates.

Naveed Akram

# Wanting Perfection

A news-sheet locally upsets the panic,  
The head of the royal family;  
The Kaiser wants perfection  
Not psychedelic arithmetic,  
A head of the family.

A fabled reason for lies has emerged red,  
The fabric of some tennis has begun.  
A newspaper may speak only once.

This sovereign was a fabulous favorite,  
Wafer-thin stomach and waist,  
Like the praise so frothing inside.  
Wickedly the sunshine spreads  
To engulf the regions of the prayers.

Naveed Akram

# War

Causes of the war are bleeding you, your friends and leaders.

Naveed Akram

# War And Joy

Joy is a product of war, like the fed up world,  
Like mania, danger and deceit, all the way too cold.  
Joy has decided to show up after all,  
In a guise too marked and cruel.  
I wonder what the difference is?  
Is danger a decision, or does joy come into it?  
Joy is a product of course of war, as we feed it.

Naveed Akram

# War Is A Lie?

The ending of war is like the finish of a race,  
It is never then in mystery, never in peace.  
The destruction has hurt a man too much,  
It has constructed the bridge for civilization  
And the pieces of meat are lost to the elements.  
We are objecting constantly, always we are dumb  
And the hearts are seeing things, hearing complex things.  
We found a lie in the beginning, at the end: No!  
Lies are made from the evil side, the darkness,  
From this is certain life and no destruction,  
For it lies that it lies.

Naveed Akram

# War Of Words

The war of words is a tiny fear,  
Inner schools of thought do wear.  
My action is nothing new and words made us,  
So thus the morning took place, after a basis.

To a few who open and shut,  
My writing is a bracelet -  
It has books worth developing  
And what is the budget for worshipping?

Naveed Akram

# War On The World

I like the war on the world,  
I love all of the prisons praised,  
An H-bomb erupts like a volcanic act,  
The bacillus will die, in front of the balustrade  
Actually in war of sight.  
Beechwood is the single and double,  
Cavernous tracts fill the anxious calls,  
While astronomy governs a balloon of weight  
So far in agitation.

My pancreas practices in full disorder,  
And what feeling resides in the heavens?  
To pounce on me, a child waits  
On his cushion with precision.  
It is practical powder of a day in derision,  
Precious salutary measures are bespoke,  
Full arguments are brought to a close.

I like the war of words in this world of prayers,  
I love the beechwood and the pinewood of this day,  
Finding pity in the arts and sciences,  
With ever-growing fondness for the exist-ors  
And the living who shall never die.

Naveed Akram

## Warm Cave

There is nothing but warmth  
In this soul of mine, O Beloved.  
A breeze interrupts me while I speak  
Through my heart, understanding peace.  
This cave around my skull captains  
Pleasures and aromas of the heavens and earth.  
My mind shall be nothing,  
Nothing shall be my mind,  
As needles pant over my soul,  
When do we see our Beloved speak?

Naveed Akram

# Warm Evening

A warm, smoky evening walked and ran,  
Knowing has a certainty, of resentment.  
I had thought of significant ideas and moments,  
Inner thoughts destroyed me afterwards.

The new number of probabilities increased,  
Inserting the longing of the soul,  
The shortest way to home was through it,  
It was the soul that mattered for the moon and stars.

Naveed Akram

## Warn Only

Warn only when instructed by the little brains,  
Their messages dissolve in water too finely,  
Fully ridiculing the blowing botany,  
And the zigzagging zoology,  
These behaviours of the sky and land and sea.  
Those worries dissolved in the past,  
I am a human being with veins of the hearts  
Too bland and morbid and unique.

Warn the right people with raiding reading,  
Onto the ground we stunt our growth and agility,  
Onwards is the health of a worldly belief,  
Like the marching of sound troops held in  
Revolutions of the historical night and day.  
This day is a month of insiders and checking laws,  
The rights of rudeness survive,  
Like the little people who observe their illness.

Naveed Akram

# Wars Above

Dripping visions collide with the fantastic,  
It was a failure, dressed or not dressed.  
One of the triumphs became one of the losses,  
Bunches of lilacs and groups of roses.

Once upon a time, repeated shocks antagonized us,  
Battling for the worst, being antipathetic  
And breaking up the earth like a brawl.  
We encountered the earth splitting and rolling,  
Spitting its blood, falling foul of the moon.

Duels of the planet jostled with death,  
Exchanging blows, encountering deceit,  
Opposing one another like children,  
Of the heavens and planets, the stars out at night.

Naveed Akram

# Wars And Words

Certain people ride and wage a war,  
Jostled by the crowds of cowards;  
Certain representatives speak ill  
Of those in the zone of battalions.

Some may describe a warrior of blood,  
Otherwise the regions of war are far,  
As these tests prove false that you are dumb,  
Asking from people with words.

The wars have forced us into sadness,  
Faces are turned to the realities of disaster,  
Dads and mums afford for their children  
Now that beef and mutton are served.

What is more sacred than the trust?  
The traitors of ages that have doom  
Bespoke this afternoon in the glories  
Of our time, but no one forgot the tragedy.

Naveed Akram

# Wars Are For Winning

They war on us to give keys and secrets,  
They war on us for reasons and with treasons.  
They war on us to shake a fist or beat a bone,  
They war on us to condemn and to destroy.  
They war on us for every wrong season and for all the destruction!  
They war on us from the deserts and the jungles, such is their deceit,  
And such is their war on us!

Naveed Akram

# Wars That Be

Wars of the athlete are solid like grass,  
The grass empties into the pit of sand  
And the legs are bursting forth over it.  
Many pits contain the message of eternity,  
They lack all vision of the reality  
As they fade into the minds of followers.  
I see many pains among the enemies  
Of this world, this world shall bow to agencies  
Of the super active, like the doctors of being  
And metaphysics, the branches of ontology.

Naveed Akram

# Was Blind

He was blind as a head of triumphs,  
The coast capped with headaches  
As hems of the sword were sworn in,  
Words considerably wept from the blood.

A happy heart concealed the nights of hell,  
Foil and butter were cooking their wands,  
As the cooks of the heathen men were afoot,  
Licking with legs and arms clasped.

He was blind like the wind of sales,  
Heaving to the music of homes,  
Hitting the jabbed men of bones and ailments  
That worshipped the gods of certain hearts.

Naveed Akram

# Washed Animals

After ablutions and breakfast, the cattle are raised  
To be fine helpers in the family farm so to speak.  
Turning the radio to a desirable station our keeping  
Is alerted by the frowning of a gentlemanly farmer.  
From the supermarket a produce is used for excellence  
To remain in the morning of salutations and remembrance.  
The cattle grow everyday to enlighten and disburden,  
This pouring out of wine into the jug of the golden variety  
Is stale action, stale thought and stale wording.  
We as cleanliness must reach a proper income  
By instigating and stating the sum of money.

Naveed Akram

## Watch Out!

The best and finest work of art is stored in a house,  
That looked rather grand and mansionly to put,  
So much framed I made of this home for the living  
That you even could not object and learn anew.  
Do it and examine it, but do not let go of your life!

Naveed Akram

# Watch Your Move

You seem to like my moves,  
In the rare instant lies my very moves.  
To lie is harsh, harsher still,  
For they wonder far on the other side,  
Reaching into the gladness, as fine as sand.  
You seem to know my face very well,  
Yet I do not know your custom, your dignified approach.  
The hazards of existence number too many  
Yesterday was a brighter day,  
And my moves be saved, all in hope of something new.  
I can not dare it, nor speak it,  
In this fashion is the gladness I have found.  
My moves are expected to affect the sighted people  
And you too.

Naveed Akram

# Water Defies

The performance mounts the horse,  
A thanking river blooms in full view;  
One is exactly admiring this natural  
Monument of strife and strictness.  
Its water defies the rocks with vigour,  
Frightening the boatman without eyes.  
One must thank him and the river  
For full passage, for wicked men strive.  
On the other side is a sea of vomiting men,  
Fierce and sinful without the eyes.

After the waterfall is the journey of molecules,  
This molecule thanks another molecule,  
When does the performer perform?  
When water fell toward the horizon  
In this sunset of the ultimate being.  
I have my strife in front of me,  
Water is the best of monuments.  
Let the liquids of salt be invaders,  
Like the brine of the mouth and heart.

Naveed Akram

# Water Flows

Any extraordinary water flows from the fountain  
To dive into more water, this fluent language resents;  
Labour terrifies our belongings and territory,  
The guns blow their bullets as fast as the universe.  
This wiser nature is earned by the one not wisest,  
Deep feet sink finally into the sand or water.  
Our purpose is found from the book of living,  
We read in it the stages of crafts and existence.  
Water may be finished, but one day the hills  
Speak more from it than all of the clouds.

By the help of the eddy, this water spaces and wastes,  
Fluids run deep in the nature of Nature,  
Points of endeavour rest in the countryside,  
Then pick thoughts from the swaying landscape  
So as to become a higher person with water.  
It hurried away, the water hurried away,  
And caught in its currents, the ocean was made  
And created by the whole work of water.

Naveed Akram

# Water In A Well

I have found a watery well in the living world  
And hastily embarked on a listening session  
For my future and past;  
Now my lesson has been proclaimed.

In a sudden word the lamentation is strong,  
Silently bathing the skin in mud,  
Never showing or seizing the grass  
Over the whole body.

The silent huts stand with prominent peace,  
With teaching from the leader who is me,  
Now that my lesson has been considerable  
And now that ideas of my high health are supreme.

Naveed Akram

# Water In Eternity

Water burdens the hated being of all,  
Earth cares for the hated burning body;  
But they are buried beyond a solution,  
Opening the coughing and fallen paint.  
This coffin hugely disguises itself,  
Like the warmer glare of the sunlight,  
And the lighter goal of the night.  
Airs and winds regenerate the ideas of hours  
That rely on the time of the eternal gesture.  
Water is burdensome, now that the sense  
Of the mind collapses, knowing something for us.  
I'd love the knowledge, of a day in stupidity,  
Like the wisdom of the superior shades  
And the lightning of the thunderous rage.

Naveed Akram

# Water Is From A Cloud

Water is the act of living a cloud,  
We twist and twirl, forget our country  
And skip the religion, wanting a leader  
To turn the tide and commit anger.

And so with anger the blood runs,  
We are blood at the beginning,  
We are blood at the very end,  
So soldiers of might will be towers.

Water and ice combine from atoms,  
A clear lake is brought before the one,  
Then the lovers cease and transmit  
A progeny to lower the self and the cast.

When you drink it is nothing but surrender,  
The liquid ooze is like the bone of torture,  
But fear is at heart, and fears will dissolve,  
So I shake from the waves caused by us.

The anger dwells against the will of man;  
He bespoke, lifted his hair and heart,  
To divulge in wicked longing, so follicles  
Crawled into view to make the offenders decide.

Water is the act of the heart shuddering  
Against the river of love, one is the titan  
Of all past remembrances, one is wrought  
Into iron by a Creator diverging in strength.

Naveed Akram

# Water Is Of Us

I cleverly walk the road as destitutes gather  
And walk with me as well. How are they to live?  
My past has excelled by its standards,  
And I achieve more than God,  
Forcing life into ruin and boiling fluid,  
The hot substance I called water,  
As water is like ice and every solid is from it.

I make offices to keep solid money and wealth  
As water is like returning to planes of travel.  
Rivers of motion are containing the emotion,  
The arousal of angels is against the feeling  
Of every body, of all that is consuming water.  
Water is bred by the God and earth is looking like  
That created. All of air is solid, and gas is making our fire.  
We must never burn in our lost position.

Naveed Akram

# Water Mouth-Full

A passing ruptured river or stream,  
I define terror as this single rupture.  
You have found water from utter violence,  
Violence from the jungle behind,  
All the violence, all of its sound and disgust.  
I dip my mouth into the freshwater, fighting books  
Of the water, of river stream.

Naveed Akram

# Water, And No Water

Rings of water collapse, interfering with us,  
A solvent is blooming with a solute.  
This pool can inspire the mood into a light,  
Full light, what is the whole light?

Then let darkness abuse, consequences are around,  
The black void shall end, the whole vacuum speaks.  
Problems of the making style abuse you,  
When the void is an universe in the flesh.

Naveed Akram

# Waters Of Grief

Could stagnant waters stare into grief?  
Could blame be cast on shadowy streets?  
My hearts are structured on unique winds,  
Blowing through the veins and arteries of size.  
I preserve hearing and seeing for glories  
Seized by soldiers from heaven and hell,  
Both styles within, both fears without.  
That form of straight road is again in flight,  
Crazy fierce armies of hate are arranged before  
Me, like phalanxes of mighty hearts  
So loved by themselves.

The stagnant water is deeper than blood,  
A truce is in eerie ways, as a tribal custom  
Asserts the dependency and independency.  
The fighting of wars is a serious hurdle  
For artists of the human rights.  
The soldiers are seized by the power of the wind,  
Nihilism contracts and exhales its stench,  
Nightly the dreams come roaring in,  
Let humans be absolved of all their tin and sin,  
As they are robots of the mightiest wars in  
Some form of existence.

Naveed Akram

# Watersome

He died of old age and not disfigurement,  
Yet I loathe the bold character inwardly clever  
Of a man who resides in the back of my head.  
He kept stinging and fed me with jargon  
That will need a fuel and furnace to last.  
It is all in the water.....

Naveed Akram

# Watery Eyes

This crossing kept my eyes watery,  
The marks of my command became abnormality;  
The beginning of my prose was bland,  
Fearfully, this writing was somewhat grand.

Naveed Akram

# Waves Of The Ocean

Waves draw back in the distance,  
Smart and simple waters up to the waist.  
The ebb is certain, like the teeth that munch,  
Forming a tide of grief.  
You must plead for me,  
You must draw back and retreat  
To spray the waters on jolly heads.

One must seek islands no more,  
To be despised is slurring the speech  
As the moon lies sweet  
Little by little.

Waves are meant to be mine,  
To judgement come!  
Why have I been chosen  
To see this massive ocean?  
I am to seek wise men and wiser people,  
Pleading for me like property.

I juggled and swore to myself,  
Since then, since the turn of history  
As these waves made a magical process  
Locking us in with slight shaking.

The soul is so far with anxiety,  
The effect of the wind is like anxious men  
Who are in a fit of rage,  
The souls are aloft, fixed after a time.

Naveed Akram

# Waves Of Thoughts

Waves draw back to see the breath  
Of a thousand gods and their lights.  
Warring day after day, they never suffer  
The blows of a cruel hand,  
Many hands erupt in all suddenness,  
Much has been handsome for the blamed,  
Might is righteous for succumbed beings  
Who draw a veil on their faces to outshine  
And deliver a note too hard in wisdom.

An eternal note of sadness has begun  
To oversee us with words  
So complete and distraught,  
One sad man outlines his respite,  
Two will overwhelm the pollution of thoughts  
And a thought conquers only  
When begun.

Waves draw back as the long line of spray  
Hesitates and erodes with huge abrasion,  
With huger erosion.

Naveed Akram

# Ways To Forget

The day came where it was,  
Why do exits come to will  
The ways of men and women  
In union?  
This place called Time was eventful  
In the comparisons and actions,  
This place was the most favoured  
And obsolete, this place.  
To grow the plants of anger is  
To show health to a mild man,  
And to show creativity to the woman  
Of substance, who will enter  
Their gardens?  
Our life is exempt from this time  
And honour in books of some sermon,  
Like the trees around a brook  
Quietly sounding,  
Yet silent at times.  
Life must forget the praise  
Ascertained,  
Life must congeal and settle  
In the midst of our times.

Naveed Akram

# We Are Generous

Please the poor with some money and riches of high nature,  
These people need love, full of loveliness, and we are generous.

To individuals of highest repute I look at their heads  
And then their hearts and wait for the day to arrive with achiness, when are they  
generous?

I am not poor or anything to do with the poor who are poverty,  
Hearts of theirs gain momentum, we merely pass our test that is gorgeous, for  
we are generous.

The spoken tongue carries society further, and those without money bring  
Us more money, but bring them no poverty, and bring gracefulness, we are so  
generous.

The tailor needed cloth, the blacksmith needs his metal, and the accountant also  
needs,  
What of those with the flame in Hell? Their heaven is not their greatness, but we  
are generous.

Money has no objection to the riches being found, to the oil being discovered,  
But fun is in the very life where living is explored with incisiveness, we are so  
generous.

Then talk never today but mutter with huge meaning, and never sleep too long,  
But meet your creator with a giving heart and the soul is incredulous, for it is  
generous.

May we be heartiness, sweetness, and merry-making with all this wealth  
Understood by men, by the kings and queens of infallibleness, for they are all  
generous.

Naveed Akram

# We Are Hearts Of Life

We found the life inside the heart,  
We find it speak to the birds and moon;  
Differences are higher than expected,  
Life is a discovery of the wonderful man.  
Let us stop the resentment, find the memory  
Of some time in some place,  
Subsisting as a whole lesson,  
Rude joys are against the current of the stream.

We have disturbed the bath of troubles,  
Life is a throne of the ultimate triumph,  
Seated like a bird on a nest as home,  
Living organisms have some world in them.  
Arrivals are soon tempted to dissolve,  
So clattering are the divine plates, as the divine  
Life squeezes the pounds of brain-cells.

Naveed Akram

# We As Poets

We as poets must command a sacred accent over a language of our choice,  
We as poets must gift the minds of a failing generation,  
We as poets must demand a clear explanation and a fair occupation,  
We as poets must dissolve into particles and dust if we have not known enough,  
We as poets must destroy the living standards of low quality,  
We are to be the poetry of utmost perception and suffering.

Naveed Akram

# We Can Build

We can build a nonsensical man  
So that ideas become a reduction,  
The increase in sin is expertly done,  
The symbols of a whitewall are absolute.  
We can sell a dozen dreams to lords  
Overpowering us in ways too definite.

I want to know when the ideas are innocent,  
Like the sowing of seeds and laughing of animals.  
The cacophony of monkeys dominates the scene,  
A police man has appeared to be my side.  
The monkeys are apes of criminal sort,  
Little have they known and believed.

The build of a man exercises him,  
A crime has elated the women,  
But men seem to differ and resolve  
Important distinctions by themselves.  
Women have been builders of atoms  
And men are like apes of the buildings.

Naveed Akram

## We Die So Soon?

The way we die? Death is an obstacle,  
Must it hurt to train the hunter or be hunted?  
Bruises are daily, yearly, infinitely, like liars  
Of the night that sparkle diamonds in the sky.  
Starry, starry nights have zero characteristics,  
The signals are electric, summoners of evil  
Entice, like Adolf Hitler, who destroys.

It does not believe that the stars exist,  
Our sun is merely a part of the imagination.  
One heart is training its books of gold,  
Once the tunnels open and the bleeding stops.  
Nights near, their fragrance envelops, and  
Evil trails behind, with powerful remains  
And residues, the opposite of the heart.

Naveed Akram

# We Do Not Remember

We do not remember a necessary fact,  
Events are too remote for greater respect;  
Great bodies are great facts of squalor,  
Under the names that are mattering to us.  
Occasionally a breath of Nature makes us feel  
The proper point of view, it seems to occupy  
The great body, like a single hit.  
The spiritual or metaphysical ideas surround us  
With everlasting force, to create an interest  
Of the country that resists, a countryside afflicts  
Us when we resist.

Naveed Akram

# We Dress In Human Attire

We dress in an attire so perfect,  
That skin is perfect as perfect can read,  
And the boundary I cross is beauty,  
For beauty has an another author.

I live in sleep, in worry and too much tennis  
Of thoughts, of gestures and skin.  
The clothes I wear are even there for me,  
Whereas he lived as a beggar like beauty.

One cannot find the country of ugliness,  
In the safe region was a planet of murder,  
When skins and dresses were red and brown  
And the theft of an appearance and feeling was resented.

You have the essential quality of a human being,  
For all time, your nation has complete control over you.

Naveed Akram

# We Find Her There

In this man we find God much more than her,  
Her names are different as they spell abler.

Naveed Akram

# We Grow And We Die

May we die as we have delivered,  
Natures of the brain are compact;  
Nested in the rights of Our Word  
Is the brilliant brain and the well-spoken heart.  
May we die like the spring and not winter;  
Offered to the mind is the brain,  
For they both grow with each other,  
Finding strength to resolve a certainty  
That we have delivered.  
The death of someone is a brain,  
The mind has much to consider.

Naveed Akram

# We Love To Read

We love to read the finer prose,  
Cool letters are like the breeze blowing,  
Inspiring my intelligence with souls  
That tread the complications of books.  
We are breezing in the normal sport,  
Colourful embers are excited yet again.  
The love of books bounces ready,  
Reading is the interesting occupation.  
We love to collect the sayings of a man  
Who mainly despises the illnesses  
And the insanities of men who think  
Their games are ready for play.

Then books bounce like bombs  
To ignite the youth, and then they  
Tumble to the ground like piles of them,  
Energy is floating for the portion of knowing,  
The portions of knowledge are exact.  
Their schemes are solid like the electric charge,  
Flowing through wires of ohmic disasters.  
They play and rewind the evidence,  
Effortlessly forsaking the criteria of the old tome.

Naveed Akram

## We Met In A Freezer

Vaporize me when I am ailing, pretty,  
As golden as the ripest cooked chicken.  
I have reentered my room of chickens,  
Chills are learnt, it is the chimp.  
My chin knows the damp style of weather,  
My fridge I enter escaped me from the start,  
My chinbone knocks hard with the furniture  
Of ice and icicles, I have entered the future  
Of cold weather, the real freezer.  
Please me when you are vapour or ice,  
Ice is all I am now, now that the man with the gun  
Is against my leg and arm.

Naveed Akram

# We Must Dissolve

We must dissolve and reunite like water molecules,  
Still the names are mentioned to be exact like my weapon,  
But these words frequent the pages for the exact men,  
Because we ponder and understand these talking points.

We must be like water, innocent and afraid of heat,  
So that destinies are proud objects so loveable by the rest,  
We must have death like the coffins of mahogany and summer,  
Only we have the residues of this chemical reaction.

The summer heat unbearably strikes free on our backs,  
Like courage of the mountain, and beauty of the hedges,  
Names of the ghosts are upon our lips so entwined,  
Like the follies of a tree that grows and grows and dies.

Naveed Akram

# We Name

We name and keep listening  
To the heavenly voices  
Which collide with the words  
I recite from old books and new.

We kept on searching for the reason,  
As much as the only one,  
It gave an answer to our speech,  
Of a knowing station.

We all listen to the blind and deaf,  
As we are both of them,  
As well as human can help,  
But why do you see more?

Naveed Akram

# We Negotiate

Electric as the wind in sizzling mode,  
The sweat of the train is at best and bliss;  
I cleanly arrive supported by statesmen,  
The friendly haste is suspense,  
These wars are fought from the ground.

Let discussion be swift in speed and scale,  
After destination is the result of suspense,  
We are clever as the weasel at news and sorts,  
Our trains deplore the destinations of conversations.

My wind has forced my arrival,  
The chief accuses the abusers,  
The debate has turned into a riot  
Of single gongs, awful wrongful talk.

Electric is the wind from house of importance,  
The house of the offices and officialdom.  
We greatly offend on solid words  
The retraction and invasion of words.

Naveed Akram

# We See Light

We see light and sound as waves,  
Arrows do sell a pain and pang,  
Finding us with guile and wit,  
Forming a circle of doubt with those who sang.

We saw them in the way so bold,  
A bold nature is again resolute,  
How is this so fonder to me?  
How do we believe in you as astute?

Naveed Akram

# We Stay In Light

We stay in the pleasure of the light,  
Offering peace to an expanse of sayings,  
Then light unfurls like a scroll of life,  
Watching the deities with a scary line.  
Clever lines are due to your soul,  
Slowly the caresses of the words are yours,  
Then the forehead sinks and swims,  
With wrinkled harmony as much as you.

We say liking you is like the folding of skin,  
Yet the days are exasperated by your day,  
Feeding the mothers with property,  
And cancelling their woes with pride and dignity.  
The offerings to the letter-writing are fond  
Of your souls and ladies, who entertain,  
Feeling like cats of the dogmas and rituals -  
How fond are your souls in this deed?

Naveed Akram

# We Stood In Awe

We stood in awe, my words reigned behind my back,  
Like frogs, turtles, and agonies of the summer singing.

More of the sky burst forward, capsized as a boat,  
Sinking with the intellectual kings and royal queens.

We stood with seas entranced, we asked a question,  
Feeling what the demanding notions felt, the questions.

More than the old order, it was more than the mild disorder,  
Fixing the nails in our very heads and pictures were hanging.

We stand in this stadium of the world, people have relented  
Dodging, rebelling, feeling the singing of a minstrel in harm.

This great triumph spells all words to our memories,  
More than the old order, more than suddenness.

Naveed Akram

# We Talk

Now we talk in ways of order,  
It must be sometimes the good of being,  
Or the rights of a human,  
Yet now the disease has spread.

Forget us when we stay at last,  
To see us I have a solution  
That I am accustomed to,  
Feeding the crystals of glass  
With light and darkness.

Looking at me, the faces of light  
Smack my teeth, feeling awkward  
I grasp the grass fully, sitting is standing  
As I warn others not to see me.

Naveed Akram

# We Worship

Why do we worship? The man who does this  
Is a person who believes in belief itself;  
A mind races with his hood and wage,  
Flowers are mostly strong in their talents  
Like the people's lies and eerie feelings.

We brought kinds of flowers, to worship us  
And so we do not worship them;  
Their faces turn to their star, in fixed ways,  
Living inside the shell of their dreams,  
With us and our gardens that are fetched.

Then the sun rages on them, living with us  
Is shame and disaster, for we worship  
And the flowers wilt and die,  
Reminding us of splendour and heaven,  
The graves of the flowers.

Naveed Akram

# Weak And Surprised

It means we abstain from pleasure and pain,  
Concluding the righteous life with an act  
We state on our death-bed, the very head.

This pleasant news joined the class of heroes,  
A heroine also discovers recent blessings,  
A hero related to a different kind of book.

The road of generous comfort commands me,  
In the way we inspire the roads in our life,  
The just ways of society stammer in recall.

What blesses the weak and surprised?  
A pleased man is a deserving man,  
When blessings span his heart from above.

Naveed Akram

# Weak Or Strong?

Never before in this life  
Do we extend our greetings  
To the infirm and lame.

The souls align to the mages  
And the mages corner the priests,  
We all pray for our flesh  
To be consumed by precious light.

Never before in this life  
Do we extend our greetings  
To the infirm and lame.

The magic of amusements  
Is amusement, so that we deserve  
The flesh of a career or river,  
One can swim in it forever  
If the fins carry us further.

We are not selfish or busy  
In our endeavours  
Until the life dissolves  
As though life has been  
A mortuary for the strong, the weak  
Or the lame.

Naveed Akram

# Wealth

I declare beyond fortresses then and now,  
I decide when and why my sayings are run,  
We demand the wealth of the world to be,  
And we devise a holy happening because of we.  
Wealth must not expire or be destroyed for  
the kings and queens have all the wealth.  
So many are dazzled by wealth, riches and money.  
So much has occurred afterwards, I believe.

Naveed Akram

# Wealth And Food

There is pity where we walk  
In the mouths we float our food  
Sin is again in the mind  
What will this bring when we think?

What food do we bring for our bodies  
When the mouth is strong in taste  
For the fine wine and lovely bites  
So strong in love of our soul?

The smile on your face is strong  
As the tale we tell will bring more food  
To the hearts of the poor  
Who will love us more for our wealth is grand.

Naveed Akram

# Wealthy Son

I leap and creep, like a baking son,  
Eating my bread from the one who stakes  
His heart on the love of wine and weather.

My riches are always in the lake, in the river,  
Where my words can marry with water and ice.  
The rich have been alleviated of their fathers.

Mighty matches forsake my riches like a folder  
Of papers and rich documents, always cunning  
And clever to the mighty awesome feathers of birds.

Let me fly in a plane that streams ahead of the water,  
The fluids have to be my precious heart,  
The seas are still like the future of our lakes.

This is natural of the fine weather, that you stroll in  
And fight a battle to the deeds of the lime and ocean,  
Feeding a fighter to his freedom, so that wealth is amassed.

Naveed Akram

## Wear A Joke

A wear is all of you, like me,  
But when do you just wear;  
The answer brings a morning ski  
In snow, in too much stare.

It is the morning when we wear,  
Like weddings, funerals;  
To ask a man to clear is mere  
Stupidity, just lulls.

I clear the weather first then pray  
In one demanding joke,  
But why do see just anyway  
In front of who awoke?

Naveed Akram

## Wearing A Shirt

It is better to wear a shirt to protect your happiness,  
The wearing of an item of clothing like this one is immense.  
We stagger and wait more than others, wearing shirts and trousers,  
Still this happened a long time ago, once when the sea opened.  
The land was for joyous fuelling, readying with swords and weapons,  
By the way, it was clothing on the way home.  
It was bitter so much like sour fruit, inside was a yearning,  
Too late was the bereavement of a shirt.  
The immense puzzle was solved on the way home,  
A vehicle stuns us amazingly in the worst possible touch.

Naveed Akram

# Weathers

We work like weathers so hurried,  
Today, we are crowded and accompanied  
By the slashing of rain accelerating,  
Muck like what is accompanying.

The calm day of the present,  
Is like a philosophical gesture omnipresent.  
Let birds dance in the air like water,  
Where is the weather so sad like my daughter?

Naveed Akram

# Wedding-Feast Is Over

The wedding-feast is over,  
The lawn is dark again,  
Shadows boil and become royal,  
Like witnesses of the puzzle.  
It is my raging need to tell  
You how time can pass  
All the storytelling time.

Weddings aside, the beauty of life  
Is the beautiful big living, not licking.  
I speak for the kindness of the fur  
Forever wet with dryness and fire.

It is a marriage made in the sky,  
Ostensibly, but for the seconds attached  
To joy a miracle unfolds called Life,  
And climactic living speeds,  
Beauteous dizziness forensically  
There.  
One day the date of merriment is near.

Then the weddings are all over and out,  
Due to an uncertain hour,  
In which we know, and we last tonight  
Like rain lasting in the breeze.

It is the beating of giant wings,  
This is the sound of the story.  
Alive and kicking my lover exceeds me  
In the foetal position.  
I like the tongue of emphasis,  
Clashing with the body of bright health.

Naveed Akram

# Weddings Of Colour

The song wedded itself when a note of illness  
Rang the other person, a man of stretched ability  
That stayed on his bed for a night and a day.  
This funeral was finer than objects of colour,  
Dark habits swung into the monkey's parlour  
Like a man-like being and like a woman-like structure.

The songs were beaten by the batons of wood  
That was harder than any ordinary wood,  
Loads of chipped wood piled high and were  
Ignited, like the mastery and its lists of words.  
The songs of ancient Britain seemed longer  
Than the simple words of this divine tongue.

Weddings had abhorred us as we swam towards  
The goal with stars in our eyes filtering the gaze,  
This gaze was precious, knowing a little by now.  
To be wife with man, and to be manly respect  
Was a goodly word in the direction of boats on  
The riverside, these steamed through the whole landscape.

Naveed Akram

# Weeping Has A Sound

The weeping sounds empty wallets one day,  
Opening an ossified mind, a solid sacred river.  
The weeping has been heard before time,  
A selfish colour of the deceiver.  
One weeps according to time and honour,  
For one weeps too slowly in front of mirrors.

The sky will fall, a selfish woman beholds,  
For the training of the soul is complete,  
Weeping is a form of utterance left without  
Words and clauses, weeping is the ceasing  
Of activity, of obvious natures,  
Since those with sweet breath are likely  
To fall in love and those with a heart  
Can sacredly cross the river.

One weeps into a river, and it overflows  
With fresh life, due to the sadness in our  
Hearts that fry a heated fish, from the dish  
Of a spoon in need of gods so goodly.  
One weeps into the ground of the observer,  
He sees a twin of the water, a deliberate  
Act of the whole-hearted one.

Naveed Akram

# Well Actions

Worship accordingly, well are the actions  
And the deeds concern us having an ordeal.  
In our banks of thoughts we have an ordeal  
For the money to grow on the heavenly branches.  
The worship is like a gun offering dispositions,  
Outings collide with other people's outings  
And the interiors of their homes keep life.  
Will we consider the options laid before us?  
Then please accept me as prayer has been offered  
To collide with, without my help there is nothing.

Naveed Akram

# Well Of Water

I pray to God and find a nation too old and real,  
Thirsty is He who finds fellowship of health,  
And big is He who is better of never never topics,  
Of little and loving statements, too hard  
To find water now.  
But drinking one liquid is like drinking another.

Naveed Akram

# Well, Don'T Die!

Well, dancer of the skies,  
Don't die for the forward action,  
Live like a diamond in the night,  
With wooden legs and heavy heads.  
Fulfilment is the creation of our likes,  
Soldiers seem to represent their offspring.  
Then the sky will not reach bare  
Hands like the worshippers,  
And turning to the sentences of calamity  
Shall respond to the question posed.

A diamond is like a blue crystal?  
A diamond clearly speaks like business?  
Well, because of your hurling,  
A light will capture the bright work,  
An edge will shine on, and bring  
Down the better ones, feeling like offspring  
Of a father and mother.

Naveed Akram

# Well-Respected

Infrequent manners are an area too well-respected,  
But where is a soldier when he appears to be corrected?

Naveed Akram

# West And East

A name is west and the thought behind this name is east,  
I call it geography that stands out before the very feast.

Naveed Akram

# What Can I Do?

Rather than telling me so many problems,  
Cling to me and save yourself;  
Too right.

I arrive at the airport  
After an ordeal which did not matter.  
Too much boredom whilst waiting.

I have my home, and I am in distress  
As the pets are missing in the fish bowl.  
What can I do?

Nothing. My wife wants a divorce.

Naveed Akram

# What Is A Man?

What is man?

He is the eternal reflection.

Who is the first man?

An artistic founder, of solemn birth.

Why does man live among nature?

Nature is the answer to woe and vice.

Why does man expect a medicine to occur?

The flash banners enlighten a majority.

We are reflections of a youth and young age.

From the separate health, a fountain is charged.

For a very long time, man worshipped a designer,

Those with scrawling on walls and those with acts of bravery.

Naveed Akram

# What Truth Is In Love?

What is the truth in love  
When the mountain air is complete?  
My interest is my intellect, sudden  
And abrupt like follies and findings.  
We know everywhere a reason  
For thunder that thanks the risen sun.  
Due to the type of weather,  
Our fathers are about with anger  
As they swoon like dead thoughts  
And thinkers, in twists of time  
That wisdom seeks to show itself.

What learned men have risen  
To greet the lightning?  
What thunderous charge is brought  
By the blacksmiths of the landscape?  
The sunrise bids new surroundings,  
The sunset sighs with sensitive news  
To the overall populace  
That is containing the fluids  
Of our times in deluge.

Naveed Akram

# What We See

Can we believe in our eyes when we see?  
Is there a reason to understand for us to be?  
Being can act like experience, and thoughts will dither,  
Implying safe contracts and wise descriptions.  
The understood men have a question to ask  
And that is: Why do we live and then not?  
As they are honoured by their own learning,  
It frightens, the answer scares and breeds fear.  
One is fearless and knows that death will accompany us  
To the after-life, as a religion states, as people relate  
And how children imagine.

Naveed Akram

# Wheeled Feet

The feet have wheels of young endeavor,  
Their signs are numerous and weighty,  
For the weeks go by to succumb to pain  
As the days roll by, as the days always sigh.

My Wednesdays are Thursdays,  
And their feet ache for the rest of the saying.  
These toes are bitten by the cold and frost  
That starts to rot with age and reasons.

My ice pertains to processions,  
The avalanche of the hungry abode;  
A real rest achieves much in the worst  
Of crimes.

Why do feet munch at the ridges?  
Many solutions are pondered over  
After the doors are opened to sin.  
Why do my feet retain their time to expand?

This rests the case of the oblivion  
That encases us now and forever.  
My legs are encumbered by the bright light  
Accessing the confines of my household.

Naveed Akram

# When Astray

A total warrior closes his sword when astray,  
Offered by him is the law of the cured, when astray.

Destiny has its roots in madness of a solution,  
Off the wall a man jumps to self-award, when astray.

Heads of government lie everyday to their comrades,  
Then fetching taxes is the priority with the Board when astray.

Some combat achieved combats, more than a sport,  
To swear to the utter ruin of elders to be adored when astray.

A section of the clause inside a commandment  
Shows us the way to the ones who have explored when astray.

The wars are attempted by one man mostly,  
My heavenly war is slightly deplored when astray.

Naveed Akram

# When Do I See Him?

When I see the prudence of the prophet  
I can see the sight according to oneness.  
In this emergency of lights fading into reality,  
My position smiles, it leaves like the lead in a pencil.

Where is the beauty of life if living is beautiful?  
My positional play creates majesty, as it registers  
Folds of space-time, creating the created world,  
Like the beaming light in the history of our times.

When my spies occur on this Front Line,  
I see a lie to be sentence, like the lighting  
Of a lamp, or the forgetting of a cure,  
While my life expands like the universe.

The sensible man is a liar to his children,  
And a bred sportsman for his wife,  
Little men and small women cause us to  
Hasten in their treks towards human suffering.

Naveed Akram

# When I Dream

I occupy him when I dream,  
His mind addresses the dream.  
His interaction can be cruel,  
But why do we cry for him?  
The tears roll down my cheek,  
Last night I cried and buried the talk.  
His nature is full of drama, drama,  
And the future of drama.  
The intriguing person dives into the pool of love,  
The pool is so deep, the diving forgives me.

Naveed Akram

# When I Was With My Father

When I was young, my father and I talked  
Of the ways we grew like magnets to each other;  
We went to the lectures together,  
Learnt industry by meeting the top bosses,  
Educating men who required skills,  
Like the science of reading and writing.

One was young and keen on listening,  
A look of the print was a king of the hindsight,  
Admitting the legion into the garden,  
Fighting sorry battles with miniatures and toys,  
So that artillery was evading our joys  
And the tries of the pen were limited.

I had to explain one day, that life was master,  
And I was student, of the days we lived  
In some of our lives, preaching our worshipping  
Stances to each other like harnesses  
Waiting for the donning, adorning the soul,  
Admiring the world in ways of man and parent.

Naveed Akram

# When Man Exists

Who is man?

He believes that his dreams are what reality brings,  
He thinks according to his own philosophy,  
He states the political end.

What is the world inside the universe?

It is a microscopic detail,  
It is a small object, but a massive dread,  
Its size is so huge for us.

Man cannot create the world or everything,

He can create another person,  
He could greet your son and daughter,  
And he stays behind to warmly discover a new avenue.

Naveed Akram

# When Questioned

To linger in the night requires patience,  
Reading the pages of a book.  
To wade into the day after sleep  
Gains the subjects and goals of life.  
We have patience, boredom and denigrated being  
When questioned, but hardly do questions  
Mean interrogation.  
Our quest is stronger in difficulty,  
Our leading of the strength we deliver  
Is the sharply furious quest.  
But where is the night?  
It is hidden from us, when strength is applied.

Naveed Akram

# Where For Me?

But, where is the prison for me?  
I see light through a window of my own making,  
And my tasty food enchants beings  
Who stammer in their speech.  
It breaks, the light breaks  
Forming a dawn.

But, when do my salaries expire?  
It comes to mind a thought from  
Plato or Hegel, welcoming new  
Ways of thinking for my food and plate.  
The dusk has changed the life  
Around my home and habitation.

The city is of the cities a bright star  
Too awesome like Polaris,  
It shines in front of the eyes  
And the character exhibited is  
Gusty like the wind  
That drives the vanes of such utility.

My use is my employment,  
The jail of our lives has passed  
With future prospects in view,  
Little is my soldiery but much is  
My awed profession, incomplete  
As the pen that runs out.

Naveed Akram

# Where My Parrot Lies

The budgerigar lines the tree sealed,  
Seeds are sown tonight to see if growth swims.  
The rug is a garden of vice, the brick is about,  
For the house of leaves collapses with guesses.

It is my balloon that a caravan of men pursue  
A fleeing guardian, brick houses line the floor,  
We are teachers braking with cars and doors,  
Sailors are at sea but the seeds are sown first.

One water and its leaves are scattered to mind,  
The parrot is back again to haunt my back,  
In brackets its name is in, the single minder  
Of all affairs, such a clown of a bird of prey.

Four trapeziums line the horizon, mostly ships,  
It was heedless of everyone to arrive at the docks,  
Ships shed their hulls when condemned, like liars  
And their teachers, inside the vehicles of the sea.

Naveed Akram

# Where There Is Grass

Out where lies the grass, we grow too, harnessing energy,  
Protecting the livestock, and ensuring happiness reigns supreme.  
Lovers are seen in the dust, causing our children to follow their  
Steps into the darkness and light, forgetting day and night.  
So stop acting the way of our forefathers if ceasing the smoke  
Is necessary action to take, by completing the strokes of unity.

Let the beautiful ones despise the ugliness of the world if entering  
Is seen by those who see, or if doing is the dangerous feeling.  
Out where the grass is chieftain do we be led and be darkened,  
Like the sun and the moon, like the stars and galaxies of our youth.  
Open then the visitor's pen, create books of voluminous nature  
And grow like the grass to be enlightened furthermore in unity.

Naveed Akram

# Where Trees Are, I Am!

Just trees will grow in shapes that please,  
My shapes do grow like limbs;  
Eyes see, ears hear - abilities!  
But trees possess just whims.

Where trees are, I am! So you are  
The one with limbs, the one  
Who swears with words always bizarre,  
Phrases of prediction.

The plants called trees are super-wise,  
The stalks are trunks profound,  
Their limbs and roots also advise,  
The trees are aboveground.

Naveed Akram

# Where Was I?

Where was I born? And now I am  
A new repeated spirit of some behavior;  
The disturbed house has been afraid  
Of the felt minds and occupations.  
Altering our initial requests  
Is alarming and over-working,  
To be made a thought of.

Crossing the threshold we clasp our hands  
And absently loiter with dressings  
And other clothes we shall wear.  
The emotion of hysteria was felt  
Within, the mind had troubled me enough.

A spare room was needed to ourselves,  
Considerably the weeping was dying  
And the diamonds sympathized with us.  
Our images were wrecking the show  
That was delivered to the world as a stunt.

Naveed Akram

# Whirlwinds

The rain petered out after days,  
Suddenly the rain began always.  
The fashion of the club we call the nation  
Was a fashion of rain, rain and erosion.  
The sea filled by the rain began again  
To beat at the walls of the Englishmen.  
The doors thoroughly shut,  
Were now open for the very accurate:  
The showers pleased my soul  
Like agony and pleasure in a mixed role.  
Rains blow with the winds,  
They never finish when whirlwinds.

Naveed Akram

# Whispers From A Dog

The beach whispers cold health  
Of weeds and the sea.  
A faint gale has arisen  
And gains the mind's adventure.  
A brown-coloured canine  
Reflects with its warmth  
And concentrates on me.  
I ask the dog's pleasure  
And of news of its health and well-being.  
He barks aloud to see me cry  
And whimper like itself.

I connect these events in a thesis  
That made my life bearable,  
To the many who live near the sea.

Naveed Akram

# Whispers Of Canal-Ghosts

The whispers of damsels are like moonlight,  
Subtle like ghosts of the winds and rain;  
The river banks overflow from their tears,  
Gleaming reluctance is in their breath.  
One sees barges of the distant places,  
On the canals where livings grow of white people,  
Brilliant worlds amass wounds of the area.

Mimsy men with warring women reside in union,  
The canals are a proud indentation  
Of the society we call and speak so waywardly.  
Tough arrows are shot at this antisocial upbringing,  
One sees water wasted by the lochs of headdresses,  
Seeing their follicles as wasted sewage of slurry.  
One day, a new canal will be observed by the future-men.

Naveed Akram

# White Ropes

Harrowing ropes glow from the throats,  
Tightening the throats can be gladdening;  
Upwards the stream of air escalated,  
Disturbing and traumatic was the wind.  
For it shared with other delights of the eye,  
Ears stepped in white light with ear.  
The harlequins derive their benefits from  
Examinations that decide and vary the colors.  
Unwholesome winters decide for our rights,  
Riots are risky and relentless from afar,  
Rotting floods are acting as leaders of the rains.  
A troop of kangaroos collects after the zoo,  
This meaning has chosen the exact winter.

Naveed Akram

# Who Am I?

A bleary friend is seen through my eyes,  
To be exact we derive a bleary eye;  
Be able of this moment, be the command of liberty.  
From liberal measures the abandonment of the eyes  
Comes to taste, and sight has reached memory.  
Maybe the sight is attractive, although polite  
By the hours, goodness knows what!  
Braiding the hours with skill is using sight,  
Prefect of the senses, louder than words.  
A bleary man is the size of my design,  
I now see this concerning picture of a man who knows  
Who I am. Who I am.

Naveed Akram

# Who Are We?

Who are we?

Are we humans that have made ourselves provisions?

The hierarchy results in collisions

And we are unique, in the way we were.

The zebra is like a page of writing,

And we do not write like animals.

Our character is defined by the sun,

Making tools is our lust and our shade.

Let feelings be ridding us of pride

For this emotion is so huge that we suffer.

Occupy levels pleasing to the human soul.

Naveed Akram

# Who Believes?

I believed in the eyes that devolved,  
Watching still the scenes of nature;  
I gathered myself to be thrown  
Into the abyss of my design,  
I see wounds on my body due to this abyss,  
Eating away at my soul.  
I am convinced, I am beautiful in thoughts  
That conquer the wide expanse.  
My sight is permitted to grow,  
As the journey resulted in sport.

Naveed Akram

# Whole Swan

The whole hearted swan has flown distant lands  
Where seas have merged and disgrace has paid an  
Awful amount of love.

The love forces one love to bring the swans to bigger  
Features on this earth of wool and silk.

The charts indicate their travel,  
Beauty has arisen, the swans have produced  
Some philosophy,  
When swans no longer dance  
And thinkers forgive their birds once more.

The swan is littler than the ostrich  
But the latter combines with fairness  
To see each thinker or mortal  
To travel at the speed of light.  
Fair joy is made from each flight,  
The ostrich must conquer the land  
Then the sea has emerged from the cart of the world.

Naveed Akram

# Why Am I Chosen?

Why have I chosen the priests to work hard inside?  
There is a stern reason to this simplicity,  
This light of joy that springs from the woods,  
And it survives with a long life of right.  
My fair lady has arisen from the deep trenches  
And requested some war of the days  
Fitting within the guns and minds of men.  
I shall never suffer again, I shall be chosen from you  
To oversee the waves that draw back and envelop  
The quarters of heaven.  
My moon lies sweet,  
My moon is sweet,  
And I shall never suffer again!

Naveed Akram

# Why Do We Know?

Is division a cure or is additional comfort the bridge?  
Why, I have almost all knowledge, all advantage.  
This adeptness in the mirror angers my intelligence  
As much as advice over the folly, the announcement in absence.

We describe few places in which live beauty of thought,  
Or the certain sequence is long of the curses caught.  
I may argue spirits, livid crimes and advice of long nature,  
But appreciation of this felony is longer.

Why do we know? Why is spirit of an intellectual sober?  
I suppose the look of ancient objects carried a neighbour.  
The near one nauseates the next individual so that knowing  
Is an awkward routine, and this was the abducting.

Naveed Akram

# Why Do We Suffer?

Why do I suffer everyday and sit silent from exhaustion?  
When do tears try a little silence, from the heart and soul?  
My authority is my blessing, his brotherhood stays an author,  
But Allah is the Author Most Great! Allah will judge your soul!

His brotherhood stays still and begins writing day after day,  
Night after night, month after month, generation after generation;  
The centuries have expired from their sin, as gold runs quiet,  
Running down the mountain with solid luxury, waiting for heaven.

It is bliss living like a successful believer, but where are the stars  
When stars have a light all of their own? Why do stars radiate?  
It is bliss, billions of blessings, best ways of the concrete ideas,  
The changes of a soul are concentrated where there is goodness.

Why do I then suffer when my brother is still at ease, with peace?  
My tears are silent, my drowning is complete, when do I enter?  
It is Paradise under the feet of your mother, it is still a fort, a cradle;  
Must we construct a deathly wait for the removers of sin in this world?

Naveed Akram

# Why The Gods?

Together we expect the Gods to grow,  
And our search is before the tomorrow  
Brings our results as wonderful feeling,  
An emotion I keep too bringing,  
Why could the hunt be on so?

Naveed Akram

# Why Was I Exterminated?

Why was I exterminated?  
Why are there destructive forces?  
When do they cease divorces?  
And where can they be debated?  
Fortunate and oil, bettered,  
Fellowship I design of choices,  
Deathly deserving of what entices,  
As obvious as pie and lettered.  
For though they live alone,  
I satiate my thirst, not just hunger  
In my stomach and all.  
For though their living a stone,  
I celebrate the faster and richer  
Inside my tissues and cell.

Naveed Akram

# Why?

I wonder for an arrest to be argued  
To leave a man without his job,  
With his job, without his job,  
With his job, without it,  
Or shall I say he read my letter  
And threw it away for the telling  
Of payment to be made by me.  
Shall I state I have a profession  
Inside of which my task is huge,  
And huger still. It is the worry of late  
Why I am in trouble.  
For somebody has sentenced me to life  
For being a liar, and an open one.

Naveed Akram

# Wicked War

War measures undertaken at midnight  
Seemed pitiless, wicked as pitying;  
The call to arms of a special race,  
A race of demons not warriors  
To overtake the other devils or lucifers.

Beggars pulled their jokes now,  
Like cadavers, like corpses of height;  
They blink hardly well at the light of power,  
Not escaping the powers of hatred  
That out tricked them.  
This is bloodthirsty and incredulous.

A bloodbath ensued, fighting was ignorant  
Of tactics, of some strategy,  
Yet everything vanished from the battlefield  
The next day, after uncertainty.  
War had legs and we had arms  
As fit as civilians.  
The cadavers became a redness  
On the field of great slaughter.

Naveed Akram

## Wide Crowd

Was it not for you the wide skies and wells of pure water?  
Have not the birds seized their wings in an effort to die?  
But you fly further, your flight is boosting the living life,  
Feeding the mouths of children, feeling their tension.

As many as a thousand men and women were arrayed,  
The gulfs and bays would not reply to their majesty;  
For each were kings and queens of their own migration,  
Of their necks and eyes they were burdened with royalty.

Has she seen a possession of hers? One has to try and  
Conceal it from her, so the queen will be tested.  
Has the king objected to this false amazing array?  
His gaze swallows his eager sight with immensity.

I sell virtue! I weep further! My name is greater than yours,  
When virtuous men and women compete in a just  
Manner: feeding the cities of their honesty,  
Fencing for their pride and abolishing the such rudeness.

Naveed Akram

# Wild Manners

Wild manners offend you in places that spit blood,  
Those hells are greetings from the wise at evil,  
Filling their holes and pits with holding fists  
That dangerously murder as well as torture  
The buns and food of the belly of man and woman.

Loving flowers are sent to the abode of a fiery man,  
He instils hatred in the flowers and they see other men,  
They feed the other flowers of the earth and moon,  
Together they spread a fearful episode,  
One of them even fears the crying of a man with a woman.

Shattering the mirrors produces another sport,  
The goal of spring shall eliminate a man who asks,  
Yet the other side forces his aim and he misses,  
Feeling the filling of the head with blood so humorous,  
One shall giggle and holler for the whole red club.

Naveed Akram

# Will Of A Shape

Here was the will of a shape,  
He became noisy in speech;  
Now for the way inside others,  
He lurched into the scene offering  
My kindness to the rest of them.  
He was a wavering corner of the globe,  
Keeping kindness in this whole world.

The pity with small boys was that  
Thinking mattered more than rest;  
He had known desire, now for the way  
Inside others who reduced their love.  
He thought he loved them, he married  
For love, as he asked them to grieve  
And deplete the forces of healthy contrivance.

Such people displayed a healthy attitude,  
Being in the world like a phenomenon,  
Reducing their love, and he thought  
What was unthought, a figure of the ace  
In some battle for his country,  
Like a flyer of the swans, beaks with  
Their talent.

The same love beamed on the fowls,  
But he thought a majestic spring in airs  
Too much with a party, a stirring completed  
The tea of this winter.  
Swans weathered the fray with new born,  
The same loves bespoke as if morning  
Was an evening.

Naveed Akram

# Wilting And Weak

Do not step on soldiers who mightily maraud the weak,  
Who are the soldiers? What is their command?  
These soldiers marry into fellowship and youth,  
Knights roam the country in search of young help.  
These are the band of soldiers, legions of rope  
And murdered by the cruel and wicked, the iron men.  
Then do not step onto the rainbow to awaken us,  
For the light is serene, and severe in strength.  
Steps along the way guide the old and young alike,  
A path has generated due to aging of the flowers  
That disburden the height of society.  
Follow the marching group and flowers wilt  
In a way you agree, the wilting goes on and on.

Naveed Akram

# Win

Losing is like rolling dice for a desired result,  
Winning will require losing and something difficult.

Naveed Akram

# Win Over

It was regular as clockwork,  
Opening the pages of a volume of print,  
Licking the paper of old and ancient times  
That swayed and swung from corner to corner.  
This blue, violet film regarded me  
With suspicion as my criminal past  
Superseded everything that was basic.  
The thoughts of a season laid a net  
To catch the authors of a brilliance  
At the other end of the world;  
Seas burned the oiled men,  
The lands ceased,  
Occupations were coming to no avail,  
The birds of the sky sat at the beach  
To reach a dying reason, the deaths  
Of a man were so small that dying  
Was an aspect best left to the living,  
Who created a sport to win over mud.

Naveed Akram

# Wind Blows

Never does the wind blow twice  
In this way that it blows.  
Many dearest friends are compelled  
To inhabit the air with frozen attitudes.  
Mild sweating erupts to free us all  
With frosts and ice to follow.  
My habits collect and pursue  
The nurses and doctors of ancient nature.  
In the hospital one confesses the sins  
Of the body, and the beautiful mind.  
A genius has been born to love  
A fellow human being or dwarf.  
Let the cold weather be helper,  
Without old nature and old adages.  
The beauty of this age sows the beauty  
That occurs from time to time.

Naveed Akram

# Wind Inside

Gusts of wind penetrate the room,  
The room widens before your eyes.  
It never changes yet electrifies you,  
This city needs space to be comfort.

The wind inside is now strong, with hesitation,  
And forming layers of skin.  
I see the devastation as poverty of feathers,  
The wind will change us as a gust of wind.

Then we willfully exchange our bodies for air,  
Water again is, elements can form;  
We lived forever in the gardens of wind and flowers.

Naveed Akram

# Wind Of The Last Day

The winds of a day are blowing  
When trumpets will be blown  
Like golden instruments of decay,  
And light has the glint one passes.  
A shaking star will vomit and shudder  
Into nothingness, like a burning wound  
Capturing time, with manifold butcherings.  
The crowds will disperse and fires will be lit,  
Offering the philosophy of an object  
That rests on easy ground, feeling and feeding  
Existence in its own right.  
The winds offer us a sacred joy of weather  
Residing in creation, from the calamities outstretched.  
A day will come when it will be the last,  
Offering the food for the last time,  
Drink and famine will be present  
But not to drink, waters will be massive  
As the wines are showering us all.

Naveed Akram

# Wind Outside

Winds are sounding outside,  
In fear we are sitting very dried.  
The air in here collects the aroma  
Of an idea, the idea of a sauna.

Naveed Akram

# Window

Ten windows light the horizon, this world,  
Once the atmosphere escapes into the unknown.  
Hearing grapes and cherries of the sky  
We glide to the sea's mystery, throwing harmony.  
This land is made of woes of time, honoured by workers  
That spend alcohol, sweet and secret, in their wilful calm.  
My windows are focussed on my bedroom mat,  
Where leaving is committed, a little sound collapses.  
The mattress seems heavy with laughter of last-night's  
Dreaming, escalading, jumping, and forcing.  
Let the windows of this tree of life  
Be shone with direct sunlight!

Naveed Akram

# Windows

Windows are forbidden in this season,  
The weather may be against, for the calamities;  
Open your door to the wind of heroes,  
My worst enemy is raised beyond doubt;  
The volumes of work committed  
Has combined and rested, forming happiness;  
Their worlds were over-ridden without us,  
You are gaping at my face that shines  
Because the light is kind, and the world is one.  
Look through the gaps in the wall  
And adjust to scents of pleasure,  
The wall is heavier than stone.

Naveed Akram

# Winds Blow Into My Face

Why does the wind blow in my direction?  
It is due to times of change and management.  
My cells in the brain offer me praise  
When winds collapse on the very skin.  
Then they lie cold on it, filling me with strength,  
So that preservation is an ownership.  
A sister and brother are blown away,  
But their parents hold their layers, much like success.  
These dreams are purchased by landowners  
Of the delicious earth.

Naveed Akram

# Winds Blowing

Go to the winds of learning and sow the seeds so sweet,  
They blow away like the dust under your feet;  
Blowing, blowing away like the spring and summer  
And all in-between, all of the drummer.  
We are steak and all-burger in this winning sun,  
Inside the seasons of joy there is winter and autumn, devotion.  
May the widow of sacred spring be better for it,  
It is summer just begun, for those who admit.  
I live with learning of the winds,  
In the way I have begun with the woodwinds.

Naveed Akram

# Winds Retire

The winds retire, the obedience wills,  
Commands require access for the hope.  
The will of weathers is strong, full,  
Like a ghost and its garden, the poltergeist.

May the dangers in the middle be united,  
Goodness is to love for the enemy,  
No impotence shall save the innocent,  
For power is compelling the leaders.

May humble bridges destroy the cars  
That roam above and the skies also fall;  
Abhorrent skies are a fractured sky,  
Fully forming like a universe after the bang.

Naveed Akram

# Windswept

I, the poor miserable man of the night,  
Placed a wind of dramatic consequences  
In the outside world, blowing fast, faster.  
I hoped it was my comrade, a great surprise  
For the world in its windswept state.  
The ships of change did not change,  
Nor did the swimmers of the sea.  
The love of the navy outweighed all  
The wind, and all the clever sight.  
My ship cost amounts of money too huge,  
The gusts of wind seemed to disapprove others.

Naveed Akram

# Winning The War

They brought the child back from wars  
He transmitted a death-rattle  
In the wettest of winters.  
Step by step the sky clouded over  
With its eyelids and snoring nature.  
The children of battles were very fine  
As broken eggs, caught in a time of war.  
In the peace and silence time passed  
And we won the war due to the infants.

Naveed Akram

# Winter Beds

Never in the end do winters wilt,  
Sadness applies to the soul of beds  
And their souls are of beds that  
Are cushions to the lives of man.

Much interests me as I gladly sit,  
Finding the extravagance too much;  
The fascination wreaks of the stones  
And pebbles of surrender, often the best.

I have stolen the haste from the prison,  
Cold and dank are the roots of its solitude;  
Much of the time is wasted by philosophers  
Who breed the energies and thoughts of society.

Naveed Akram

# Winter Comes

We would all be rich when winter comes,  
I am fighting a ditch when winter comes.

The galaxy of illness destroys itself,  
My lair is becoming my itch when winter comes.

I have to meet the minds of a ghastly town,  
The small knee is a sandwich when winter comes.

To see is to fasten the height of giants,  
My christmas is solved in the stitch when winter comes.

My faster race is spoken to the everlasting,  
I have to be given the football pitch when winter comes.

I must play by going where everything plays,  
My nasty tail shapes to attach when winter has come.

Naveed Akram

# Winter Is A Comedy

Winter arrives by misadventure, the kind of comedy,  
These spoken words are justified by their melody.

Naveed Akram

# Wisdom In It

To learn is to have pain  
In the longing for it,  
And this pain and suffering increases  
As learning turns into wisdom,  
For they are very different,  
Incinerating knowledge with proud energy  
Of the kinetic and potential variety.  
Knowledge has incremented for delivery,  
The minds work together to sustain  
The poverty of the riches,  
For those with money and wealth have more  
Of the thoughts of knowledge.  
A paint and brush shall cancel the task,  
In the shell of a cell so called by its forename.  
To learn cytology you must memorize  
The sole contents of the cloud  
Of judgement,  
Learning as you do the wisdom  
That is possible to attain.

Naveed Akram

# Wisdom Is Superb

In my brain is a thought that knowledge is mine,  
It is surely my wisdom, all over!  
Guard this fact and function with the book  
I have learnt in my heart, the best place for  
Storage. And so you are unwilling and require many  
Reasons to keep afloat what is in your mind.  
I give up and go away for my learning is superior.

Naveed Akram

# Wisdom Itself

Wisdom has energy of people in the heads  
Of men who say sageness and alacrity.  
Learning a peace brings no disaster  
But famine has escaped for itself.  
You are brothers to energy of purity  
Offered by some who live under the banner of kindness.  
To rob off a lonely wanderer is ungodly  
So that peace enters the souls of innocence.  
Views of the eyes carry promise so great  
That minute particles are awakened in the heads  
Of wisdom and learning and knowledge.

Naveed Akram

# Wise Brain

As in most positions  
The best internal position  
Is to finish and wait for the  
Right moment, then fix  
And fasten the rules.

My ordeal is over when  
The sentence has been written,  
By scribes of books,  
By learned men so old,  
And by the wise kings.

This I purposely commit  
To the forebrain, and speak  
Wisdom, so blessed and divine,  
Each of us are having it  
As much as the deity shall forbid.

Naveed Akram

# Wise For Eternity

Underneath the sea is a wizard of cleverness,  
Above the oceans is a witch that does witchery;  
They fold and design their plans for the wealth  
Of a nation they have called, as the faster news  
Spreads of a rumination in the galaxy, a polite one.  
It rests and suppresses afterwards,  
Like the water of the planet and the calmness,  
It felt too hard when you just spoke,  
As the weather fought with rage on the sacred world.  
Many sides of the universe spend in their health  
The very sizes of the planets and worlds,  
All due to the wizardry and the witchery  
We have quelled, and we have sought forever,  
For eternity.

Naveed Akram

# Wise Men

To be modest the wise man bespeaks in the performance,  
Seeing who to be avoided in the acting of the show,  
A far too legitimate reason has been compelled  
As gold comes to the rescue in its innate fibres of flesh,  
Admonishing the weak-at-heart and strengthening  
Those with mortal flesh.

The staring carries on with legitimate help,  
He is not resented by the blooming of trees,  
He is taught by us all of the time,  
Teaching those to forbid others in time.  
I see silver arise and be replaced with golden  
Learning so surprising and lukewarm.

Naveed Akram

## Wise Ones Have Said

The wise ones say they are afraid of words,  
You live your existence with the wisdom of today;  
But the calves of this world deny gears that matter,  
They are providers of beautiful flesh to be so selfless.  
I have talked with lives that matter and master,  
They have conversations of the hereafter.  
Those roses and starfish of the past  
Melt like the black clouds in the wilder skies.  
But life is a question, the life of a man is about skies  
Lingering in the head of the hurrying men.

Naveed Akram

# Wise Potion

A demure man asks no thoughts from me,  
An effervescent potion of knowledge includes me  
As a starting package for more solutions to life.  
Wisdom evokes sympathy and dread, too fine points.

My drums collect dew from the air  
And I hear such beautiful maths;  
A desultory tune starts to be sensed,  
Fulfilling the felicity of life itself.

I am your actual epiphany,  
I am a seeing man of intellect if subdued  
And outwitted enough for the arts  
Of collections and the models of property.

Demure men and women seek self-knowledge  
When ripe fruit plucks and transgressions flee  
From us and the battlefield, a most tragic site  
For the wicked and brave - a bravery lies in store.

Naveed Akram

## Wise Steps

The glory that escapes the glories has been admired  
Through and through, little do they know the wisdom,  
Little do they know a surprise attack from behind and in front,  
Lulling the air with such brilliant silence.

The goals of a glorious end have such bright work,  
To be obscure is nothing of this realm or universe,  
Too many have been slain by those pondering on  
The annihilation to come, this last forever has been.  
The eternal quiet says we utter from milk imbibed  
In a way too great, by the seekers of rich honey.  
To reach a sainthood requires luck and patience  
So that the sense of his step irritates no-one.

Naveed Akram

# Wiser Man

My name is surrounded by wisdom,  
The faces managed by the audience are a subkingdom.

Naveed Akram

## Wiser, Or More Than A Fire

Catapult the wiser sort into the fire,  
Where they have been burning with skill.  
The cemetery acquires them as pious ones,  
Ready to think, ready to prey on others.

When the thicket showed us the way,  
We saw people of the woods going out.  
We should brake, possibly stop and miss  
These wandering human-sheep of other faces.

Certainty requires fixed men to act in fixed ways,  
When celebrations reenter the thoughts of the wild.

Naveed Akram

# Wishes Of A Stream

A stream is not a seashore,  
The summer negates the throat  
As far as the horizon.  
Towns are jumping on us from then on,  
Still then in this city yearns a pride.  
Thrones over yards and slums  
Preside as prizes, and trails whirl  
Towards wishes and wincings.  
The stage of the years is growing  
Like the turkey of our doors  
And the chicken of tomorrow.  
Brushing me aside, the thrill  
Of a day is upon us.

Naveed Akram

# Wishes On Us

One measures a radiation of the wishes,  
The same heaven falls down on us;  
Open for debate, the real youth is forgotten  
In the time of day that I most deserve.  
My dangers number five, and these are the great ones,  
My pains deliver, the actions stay, youth is again,  
My authority is too strong, and I am a natural joker.  
These are the five that distress the young  
But the old are not ugly nor are they richer  
Than my welcome for I destroy the brain and heart  
Of the ones who interject in wrongful endeavours.  
This discussion has arrived at an end too dangerous,  
The meaning fulfils me and the ones who are above me.

Naveed Akram

# Wishing Well

A well of good water confidently acquires blessings,  
From authority of most high, the exact manufacturer;  
In this present hour the legionaries attain new goals,  
Good wishes are sent to the awed and the awkward.  
You describe a felony to a man of confident attitude,  
And he withdraws from his own well to spoil one.  
The waters of the energetic variety connect with each other,  
Forming pools small and big as well, to concern us all.  
Let wishful people continue with their blessings,  
Actuating their promises for all who speak of gains.

Naveed Akram

## Wit All The Time

For all time, the wit is bigger every several days,  
Then one religiously worships the hardest wit.  
Ghosts appear to judge, to be adept at life  
As darkness delegates and a future has begun.  
Kinsmen are again in wrong, in right for some time,  
Then offering juices in the food, kinsmen are not greedy.  
Mighty hearts follow a religious doctrine too fine,  
Killing the folk of a dangerous kind, of lethal nature.

Naveed Akram

## With A Crown

Demigods and heroes fascinated us with a crown,  
Worn by a king whose character was tested.  
The challenges caught in a funeral so solidly achieved,  
Here the heroes dimmed the atmosphere  
With the disappearance of the sun,  
As dusk was approaching.  
By night a god would challenge  
The heroes for the next day.  
A crowned man of kingly nature  
Had made the statement so solidly,  
That we achieve food and drink  
But those of higher worth do gain  
By the challenges of youth and old age.

Naveed Akram

## With Acts Are Deeds

Your acts are like rains of the haunted places,  
They swing to the music of the graves and pits.  
A picture of an act is like the opening of doors,  
A wonderful fountain depicts the misery of hurt.  
My acts are my acts, and your acts are good acts,  
Forever the arts are the actual actions so written.

Hit me with the speech of a leader of sacred heart,  
The beaming of the heart is heard by an author.  
He writes and writes ritualistically, so finely and readily  
That rainbows assert their meaning, and beauty  
Enters the copse of our desires, the unconscious world  
Of worlds, a real partner and realer friend.

Your acts compare to the hearing of a way so white and  
Weary of the harnessing of powers that subjugate.  
Hit me with the deeds so defined by later writers,  
Their words are like flowers in the wind and rain, tall  
Words that instigate terrors and pleasures; my own  
Wisdom is being in this world with a trajectory.

Naveed Akram

## With An Avalanche!

An avalanche was a screen to be with skill,  
On the fourth of July a smaller man became;  
Then they rejoiced with wicked nature,  
A myriad of martyrs wickedly destroyed  
A mastered man in front of the guests.

What a kerfuffle! After the flood had left  
A myriad of masters, an avalanche came  
By to twist the shoulders so much like  
Scavenging.

We managed to scavenge a lot,  
We left the kerfuffle!

Naveed Akram

## With Care

I found a bird of laughter with care,  
With this victim I wed the brilliance offered,  
These jokes are of brilliance and of care,  
Seeing them cause the brilliance of the stars.

I found a girl and boy in unity,  
The unities applied to them like the apples,  
Foes and friends wore the diamond bridge afterwards,  
I found the girl and boy be happier.

Deadly encounters of a heart are occupied within,  
The heart resides in the head and without  
Us, who'd pour herds of tears into Us,  
Like the tears of godly work that hide.

Naveed Akram

## With Concussion Is His Fire

Resting with concussions I slide with results,  
A ceremonious thinking strategy has been applied.  
Much to the distaste of enemies, I slide into a room  
Where martyrdom has occurred, to feel engrossed in God.  
The sight of your blessings causes him to strike fear into Satan,  
Those buzzes tear Satan from an understanding of bliss.  
Instead, the reality has been concluded  
And it has encased him in the ultimate existence of misery - Fire!  
Rest and compassion felt good and never do transgressors  
Flounder in their handsome paths to the beginning of plenty.

Naveed Akram

## With Eyes I Cry

Eyes may cry on eve of winner's day,  
But ears will also melt from the sunny way.  
My pets shall deliver a tear of regret,  
Me and my animals, they're such good friends.  
Let the hearing of some be minute,  
And let them all preach the same message  
So that we do not congratulate anyone.  
Merely we've cried a dropp of heaven,  
Listen to dew in the spring as the shine is on.

Naveed Akram

## With Fairies

One fairy arrived at the scene with flowers,  
Two children made friends with the fairy;  
On this dark day a crime had been committed,  
Brotherly people should not have false allies.

From their mother they found blessings,  
But a beetle has burrowed in their minds;  
Acts come from a system that must be obeyed,  
In a book of life is written entire guidance.

Conversations spread like fire, words have acted  
With meanings of the fairies,  
Two children are tested with a fairy  
But why do they oppose the book of life?

Naveed Akram

## With Joy

I perceive, with joy, my most valued friend,  
Devoted to my arms and my better neighbourhood.  
With my rifle I think of thoughts that bring success,  
Lulling the confusion in our hearts and making passion.  
Finding nobody in the heart, I see devotion and piety,  
The stern faces glimmer for their food is near.  
Within the wooded valleys are our former selves,  
Under the wilderness is a tragedy for all.  
I perceive a wall in front of my life,  
The hedges are trimmed for two miles.

Naveed Akram

## With Morals

What is good O perfect saint?  
What is right with those who do a perfect priest?  
Those are the righteous,  
These are the very hostile to transgressors.  
Divide and divide until the leaf of the page  
Delivers the evil that is gifted,  
Morality must enter the door,  
Moral values seem to utter their wars.

Which concept concerns you like it does  
With morality?  
For this witch of sorts seeks a broom  
That swings like the darkness that thins,  
Wondering by the second.

In the traditional philosophy a seeming thought  
Is displayed for the powers to see  
And observe with careful swerve,  
Little do their fortunes fortify the fitness.  
Off to the search of realities,  
Off to sons and daughters who live,  
This offspring is deceived,  
This is the offspring.

Naveed Akram

## With Reason

Those with reason have power encircling us,  
Because the ideas are so faster than aircraft,  
The hardship is faced, and the peace has resolved.  
One hardly thinks along the world's dyes  
Or the community's suffering that dives.  
One prepares to mount an attack on an ordinary  
Person,  
You hear regarding the issues of sovereignty,  
Yet your matches cease as you become deceased.  
Don't bite one morsel so stretched by Jung,  
Let Freud be your master after the dreams have left.  
Let reasonable men be intelligent more than you,  
So that easy disappointment is a past affair.

Naveed Akram

## With Sleepless Eyes

I have thought with sleepless eyes,  
I have born the proud device of millennia;  
These tiny, tiny fights entail the justice,  
As injustice bespeaks and quakes the ground  
With everlasting sound and noise of the return.  
My fortune endangers me with its force,  
Towards the harbour I sail and salute those  
With forces too smaller a force,  
So that sense encrypts a warning  
Delving and wrenching, soothingly praying  
For another warning to renew  
And another being to rejoice in.

My thoughts destroy a pyramid of gold,  
The gold gathers from the fountains of joy,  
With sleepy eyes I rest my time to see,  
And to see in this darkness is to be dreamy  
Like the winds and breezes of the mind.  
One mind is like two of the queer kind,  
Two is enough and the wisdom of centuries  
Enters the looking man.

Naveed Akram

# With Spindles

An extraordinary guy with spindles  
Worked in the main way to be caught with flies,  
They physically endowed him  
The skeleton of a fly, the same man  
Flew in conflicts of conspicuous categories,  
Stages had evolved with the man.  
The sponge that drew him to death  
Withdrew its aggression due to godly feelers  
And tactile talented helpers.  
The gruesome guy of a fly  
Cherished the autumn with summer,  
Some of us acted awesomely due to  
Spindles given by the authorities of the cries.

Naveed Akram

## With The Help

With the help the avowed enemy succumbs  
Within yards, in the hands of a charitable soldier  
Or the man who descends upon him with the heart.

These simple folk ask a dealing to be buried,  
Fearful mortals evade and lose the enemy,  
Then upon the shoulders a convicted being has occurred.

This loss of queerness is a peace who pretends,  
Simple people cure their requests with faithless sons,  
This much is known to the justices of the crazy soil.

Naveed Akram

# With The Mind

Never in times of change  
Have there been solids of words  
And their clauses built on paper.  
Never in heavenly stars are planets  
Housed to keep away intelligent beings.

Change expels us with the lotion,  
A stage of writing achieves clarity,  
Words build like skyscrapers to enlighten,  
Words justify words to the penny.

Let the closets and rain jackets  
Smother the body with joys of the heart.  
Change has intoxicated the mind with  
The soul.

Naveed Akram

# With Thousands Of Years To Come

Most of them got lost, the men of hearts got drenched  
In their own sweet liquor called blood of blue blood.  
I have a murderer on the loose, he strays far and wide,  
Objecting to shunning faces, believing in simple phrases,  
Like a man possessed, like a deluded swan in action.

I want him alive and hurt, with words for the dirt that dies,  
A lot of service is required by some of the buyers he encounters;  
His occupation is slavery of the highest odour and race,  
Where the roads divide and sacredly spell the fortunate ones  
From the not so older beasts of a slavery in our midst.

I have been enslaved now myself, for a hundred days,  
Enjoying the garden with roots of gold and silver,  
The start of a surgeon, an end of the curtain too laced;  
This private sport is private bought, but I am enslaved in  
The world at war, with thousands of years to come.

Naveed Akram

## With Unhappy Pain

I observed with pain their unhappiness,  
With a look of despair, riding a storm.  
To suffer is to lose a feeling so pleasant,  
My deep regards go to the lost hundreds.  
Opening an abatement, this defeat is too much,  
It is torture to me, to my case it is fury in the head,  
Like a fractured cloudy sky all bedazzled with electric light.  
The pains are tremendous in this foamy sea called life,  
Kicking the ground with a foot highlights the good days  
And the good nights, of an over understanding.

Naveed Akram

# Within The Day

Within wisdom is the ability to know,  
We certainly task ourselves in solitude,  
Then obliterate the murder of our youth,  
And creep back to the road of contentment.

We are artists of the young nature,  
Paths lead to the end of the day,  
Thinking big thoughts of the hardness  
This day brings of the city.

The night is entertaining for this sight,  
Explaining thoughts that differ,  
Creeping back are the deeds of day  
And night, deeds of the young sky.

Naveed Akram

# Within The Heart

Within the heart is a light of great sight,  
Opening this door of right is totally connected  
To the wishes of the Beloved,  
Who watches over us and entices us  
With whole apples of perfect nature and light.  
Taste then the fruit of this joyous work  
Created by the loved bodies,  
Concerning the few who require a lemon  
And regarding the one who sincerely  
Crowns a king to be himself,  
Like the other half and the otherworldly,  
A reality has transpired.

Within the hearts are guarantees of vision,  
This eye is a brother of another eye,  
And the family shares the manly heart.  
A manly man surely carries the worship  
Of reasonable experience.

Naveed Akram

# Within The Shade

Behold, within the leafy shade,  
Those famous dwellings called nests:  
Bird's eggs and twigs gathered.  
Stay near me, as I uproot  
This monument of Nature  
With hands of health.  
That is work! This matters to us,  
The eggs taste special from the wild.  
I consume and spare them at will,  
The people answer with loud acclaim  
That my eggs clad with gold  
Are the better waste, the better health.  
Behold, within the shade of dwellings  
Is a bird's work, my work,  
And the work of people.

Naveed Akram

## Within The Tomb

Within the tomb is another person,  
Fair and concentrated in his or her own work;  
It went many years before his or her death,  
In prayers there stood the comprehension,  
A brighter garden of tricks fell to the ground,  
Climbing was a tragedy, climbing was defeat,  
Mounting the horses seemed a deed of deeds  
To be met with failure and embarrassment.  
The person inside the tomb spoke  
And relayed the thoughts of a lifetime;  
To knock and alter the ages we wore.  
Like some cage the person wetted the sky,  
A ceiling of misery was in order.

Naveed Akram

## Woe Here

A sombre and woeful day has arrived for life,  
Inside me I speak, and often we stay like spears;  
Outside the hazards outlive us, for the storm,  
And arrest us O Sun for the acts offered by life.

A woe has arisen on this daylight hour,  
Forming hours of enjoyment, of living energy;  
Guess the adjustment understood by some,  
How guessing is erring I do not know.

Naveed Akram

# Women And Men

Let passion be a weapon,  
Men heard the women speak!  
They raised their voices to fit,  
And compassion faced us.  
Growth of legs begged us  
To see and delet the reading of eyes.  
Eyes saw more of the lenses,  
They entered the creation,  
Their spoken words were a gift.  
I saw swords erasing my enemy,  
As more villages discovered men.  
Never do men in that way beam  
On women of the past.

Naveed Akram

# Wonder At All

All you do is talk of why I was true,  
All of me is saying pleasant news you;  
Almost far I push the leather at whim,  
So to enhance my living at being dim.  
Wonder can exist in shades of sorting out,  
To keep quiet all silence and restore pout;  
So all of us who always are in power, snow.  
Where do you live? among the trees?  
Are you forgotten, or upset? I give status  
And confide in thee O Werewolf!

Naveed Akram

# Wonder Of The World

I am peaceful in this puzzle,  
Forming season after season,  
Keeping the air while I climb,  
With these pyramids of joy,  
The great pyramids of Egypt.

I still see a sandy mere isle  
Called the desert, and it hides  
The heat from Europe,  
And as the sand blows  
Storms do not cease.

I can see in the air what is Egypt  
In the air, and snow has emptied,  
Yes, it has happened farther north,  
And yet these pyramids I gape  
At with full force and disaster.

Naveed Akram

# Wonderful Dreams

Wonder is the brain of dreams, the wearing of wisdom,  
The highest praise, a negative positivity, a live wire.  
Wondered were they who survived the annual struggle,  
Their wonders never finish, never do they conclude into struggle;  
Fellowship has an absurd appearance from the wonder  
We have witnessed from mouth and nose, foot and hand;  
Struggle has never powerfully affected us to wonder,  
Rather the marvel of a day is like the astonishment of the year,  
What of the month? It cries from patience and toil, but no wonder  
Has arrived.  
Truth argues us to live in the days of the year to wonder.

Naveed Akram

# Wonderful Job

To travel and find a sensible person,  
Is the task of a scout who wants to converse.  
His job can mean several wonderful pursuits,  
One he chooses out of these.  
How sensible is he and what is his job?

To travel and find a sensible person,  
Can mean a long hour or so,  
To gain wisdom, exert oneself  
Into a delightful rhythm of beauty,  
A job for eternity and wonderful mystery.

Naveed Akram

# Wonderful Seeds

What does sprout from seeds?

The flowers might, but do not war with deeds.

Then a darling panting comes from the breathing space,

Wonders adjust the expenses of the body, and this is the case.

The seeds of wonderful nature collide with the wind

To sprint in the sand and loam, all agog, all dinned.

Such surprise! Such a soil of wonderment!

The seeds from seeds are springing into flowers and abandonment.

Naveed Akram

# Wonders Of The Day

Wonders of the night are lower when dancing is taught,  
There is pain and promise, pain and promise, fully taught.  
Wonders of the day are absolute, regarding the issues of light,  
Everywhere we see the night and the day, enlightening.

Our days carry rivers of the brightest stars that shine fully,  
They flow to the heart of hearts, the throne of thrones;  
One life is a misery, one life is a promising signal to the rich,  
For when the river speaks to the soul it bites and records.

So one of the wonders is parallel to man, a caravan of people  
Meet at heaven's end and proclaim their authority, everlasting.  
Our nights forget the dreams they hatch, and they catch rumours  
Of a day when the last day protests, and souls are only souls.

Naveed Akram

# Wondrous Souls

The wonder of the soul enlarges  
To fill hills with mountains of gold;  
This virtue of the whole fish  
Is lightly felt, but humans tread  
And expand their heads with right.  
The wonder of the soul respects  
A light delivered by forums of love.

I have filled my heart with the joy  
Of the soul that is the spirit of my  
Love, that ignites a fire of the heart.  
The heart carries fountains of water,  
Blood is the offering of a day ahead.  
Let light fill champions with sight,  
So their offices are delightful.

Naveed Akram

# Wooden

The wood of the trees is burning like a star,  
Its a satan in the greenery, a star of hideousness.  
The wood is cold, fierce with ice and snow,  
The star has been absorbed and all is called now.  
The wood of the branches is stronger than many,  
This field of ashes is a strong joy to watch and enjoy.

My tree is enjoyed by joy, and magazines of bullets  
Stream the natural alleys, like the valleys of old and new.  
The arrows are different then, but here they are wooden  
Bullets, inhumane solidities of stronger stone, forcing wands.  
It is a satan in the making, invigorating and joining,  
Liking the joining of minds, as absorbed ice is stealing us.

The trees of wood abstain from sound in the wind,  
Their personalities absolve the sinners of the wound watch.  
A clock reminds us today of the wooden trees whose  
Branches absorb what is permitted, feeling diverse  
Structures, fooling us with strictures fond of your mind  
That envelops the brain, wooden in size and story and heart.

Naveed Akram

# Wooden Staff

It was raining and the wooden staff conquered  
My daily meals for its veracity was stronger than before.  
All the greens and golds and clouds of stairs  
Came finding me with brilliant items of clothing.  
The wooden staff made summer rain,  
Washed out the heads from the bodies  
And thoraxes that glimmered in the heat of the day.  
Summer rains, once began when the soaking housed us,  
The wooden staff came to my door.  
It dampened the spirits, leaving the High Peak walk  
Mapped out by the steep climbers.  
This day the wooden staff fought for its glory,

It was a thunderstorm that made my blazer go red,  
Blood had arisen and warmed the transformed union,  
Offering me the blades to outperform a few people of warmth,  
Keeping the wheels at bay with the stare of camels.

It rained hard that day to be delighted in platforms of the snow,  
Transforming one shape, deciding one day, and creeping on another day.  
The summer rain arrived.

Naveed Akram

# Woodsman

A man of the woods carries his belongings  
To a hut, where he proclaims a message  
To his family, and restores himself with comfort.

The family knows he is not just a forester,  
Underneath the leaves is a buried soul, he says,  
One of the poor souls.

The forester never forgets the trees,  
He, indeed, is a being with the woods,  
Cutting down trees even in his spare time.

The family despises this lonely man of the forest,  
The denial of human life is utterly obnoxious,  
Life is precious, even all of nature cherishes it.

One day, this man of the woods described himself  
In his world of timber, and laid his hands on his sons,  
Teaching them not to take another soul just as he did.

Naveed Akram

# Wording Is Accurate

Cauldron of broth is alive with speech of vapour,  
Valour has a new notion of pleasure,  
Altogether, and altogether clever,  
Will simplicity speak solid?

When does the word behave worldly?  
And when do you behave badly?  
Why is the reason so round and ready?  
I complain to customs and culture.

Naveed Akram

# Words

Unutterable words have been spoken by the man in front of me,  
Fools sway, in institutions and in parks, with drink and joy.  
Words are hastened in speech, in writing by the professions,  
As professors teach new skills only to move onwards in life.  
To keep skills requires luck and charm for words are great  
When attached with meaning, the same education to succeed.  
Words carry a blessing on a path we fix in our heads and minds,  
Books are written, volumes are printed, for the health of the nation.

Naveed Akram

# Words Again

Thoughts can be words, can be flowers that burgeon like words,  
Thunders that are right in the middle of happiness,  
Ones that make talk with books and with all speaking sense.

The sounds are not anywhere near us,  
Yet the word can believe in living free,  
Where actions cannot, and nor can thoughts necessarily.

We work on the words of leaders like listening is,  
When speech is hazardous and non-wrong,  
And liars can speak offensively, like a long long wrong.

Speech is therefore recommended in the form of words,  
Of dementia I give word not or word obvious,  
But of sound advice for any goodness to come and seize.

Deceased are the word-lovers as much as fences are put up,  
As if the sea is given a status that delves too deep  
Of words, and it is funny how many words that there are.

Naveed Akram

# Words And Wars

If you understand me, duty calls,  
And it trains you in arts of thinking thin;  
The language of the soul is fast and warm,  
It slithers in the crevices, it dives into beaches.  
The language of the fall, is like the climb,  
But beauty bespoke in ways that are thin.

It trains you in the arts of law, and commodities;  
But nature is the real beauty of the world.  
It has a language of the creatures, fearless  
Humans, and reptiles so gruesome to war,  
That in some soul there is a disease;  
War is a posture of the wicked in the world.

It has a skill with words and war,  
The parallel worlds will develop the wars  
So battles become the particles of speech,  
The atoms of duty, the concrete past.  
Plan those wars, plan without paper,  
But never does the word touch the sword.

Naveed Akram

# Words Are Chosen

The words are the philosophy of our lives,  
Their wisdom has both brother and sister;  
The unique pleasure is a solid endeavour,  
Speaking casts eyes upon the user of phrases,  
Ones curtailed and fanciful are never resented.

My word is my order from the heavens and earth,  
It comprises the difficulties, the composed air,  
For we do not forfeit a blessing from their repose,  
On the sentence space; wonderful life has built  
A word to collect all of them, that is the word of joy!

My words are my oysters, without shell, with all the ink,  
That will in the end write a fortune from the mists.  
One uses the finest, choicest words for a fit occupation  
And wonderful offering to Mankind's work and offspring,  
Those sons dominate the other sons when daughters worry.

Naveed Akram

# Words Dressed

A tailor of your words has dressed you up  
And your old speech, to make you better for it.  
The release of relics is sacred, all this completion  
Seems to question the authority.

My tailor has clothing so pure, and words so pristine,  
That everyone respects, holding their hair on the head.  
The answer to the thoughts posed by certain educated men,  
Reflects the whole issue of grandeur and importance.

Naveed Akram

# Words In Existence

Speaking fortitude beyond the ideals of knowledge,  
We are on a bridge investing pride into the society;  
To cross is to ignite, today a delivery has emerged,  
Tomorrow will be a fire so huge that infinity returns.  
I succumb to the bridge of mighty wonders,  
Fixing my eyes on the little gains offered to me.  
These rivers, these shows in the right direction,  
Gathered too many roses in the garden,  
Where sizes of hurt and doorways connected.  
I spoke the words from the heinous sins,  
The needed taxes seemed now to dwindle.  
My forms of writing defended the urges,  
As words crept into existence afterwards.

Naveed Akram

# Words Of Heaven

The words of the heavens are arriving  
To see supplications from the believers;  
Inside the country of love is a belief  
To encounter and explore, for all the folks.  
The family has an abode forming pleasure,  
Killing an accusation from the sky;  
Looping fondly without the eye of splendour  
A soul is born to contrive the next invention.  
My quick work concerned me when in times,  
This time the builders of houses entered them.  
These phrases of love are hidden in the very breast  
And this means the solution of the life is near.

Naveed Akram

## Words Of Law

A madness has been adapted,  
My words of law are aborted;  
Abandoning them is like discourtesy  
So well claimed that it meant apostasy.  
My lever has me in the flesh,  
Its word concerns the very fresh.  
Where do good reasons lie?  
Banging causes the people to die.  
Maybe, a saying to convert  
Will deviously and truly assert.

Naveed Akram

# Words Of Peace

Peace had come, to arouse feelings with emotions,  
Gathering a desperate courage was ideal for peace.  
He observed the sails flapped more sensibly with clothes,  
By the intensity of the weather of the tempest, a system.  
You are the finest! Thinking of reading, the finest points  
Are mastered by the brain and heart, like a conscience  
That inhabits the room, to be filled with thoughts.  
One finds words that deliver speeches, yet speech is compact  
And peace has come, and peace will divide the masses  
Into camps, so great is one and so awful is the other.

Naveed Akram

## Words Of Some Sort

The balancing action of a few words wraps us in sin,  
Sin has a way of telling others the whole secret.  
The embroidery so sudden enacts the religious view and worship,  
A word or two carried new meaning to the select.  
A balance of words means new phrases and more sentences,  
Sentences cause us to seep in thinking, more than you.  
Those words are plentiful for the soul, in effect,  
The affectionate soul marries to the other soul.  
My acts are numbered by the absence of fondness  
For words that encase a comprehension of some sort.

Naveed Akram

# Words Of The Jungle

You feel the strength forever in this righteous night,  
You are dismayed by this blackness that is all right;  
Forcing me rivers, the light of the calamity is the day,  
These rivers bend and subjugate a mighty ruin.  
The path is toiling and boiling, fruits are commandeering  
The actual days with streams and rivers to be the objects.  
A feeling dismays me powerfully, to be strong the words  
Obscurely mean a repose and a saunter so plentiful.  
The strength has much direction in this wilderness  
That girders are branches and bricks are natural boulders.  
My stains are numerous and these funny reasons  
Bountifully regard my manner in this jungle of words and plants.

Naveed Akram

# Words Of The Sea

Fast and caring is the reminder from the words of the sea,  
Their fury attaches to the land, the phrases learnt will be.

Naveed Akram

# Words Remain Forever

They remain forever in the doldrums,  
I will praise their souls in this way,  
For happiness will now serve them,  
And where is the arm and leg for doing?

They remain with bent body, bent limbs,  
Precious as their heart that beats extremely,  
Instilling intellect in the world,  
From the doldrums that leap into scenery.

They remain downwards in the water,  
Under this dreary world is another swirling  
World that never dances or praises or vanishes,  
Since the words are remaining below our souls.

Naveed Akram

# Words To Me

Your words haunt me  
Because I became convicted  
From one thing to do.  
All the weirdest seasons  
Surprised me into notification;  
I don't even know  
Why the funeral was yesterday.  
Indeed my life needs legislation,  
I have got to go back to roots.  
Sleep right there, raise the chin  
And move eventually to sinfully act.  
Your words haunt me  
And my family.

Naveed Akram

# Words, Words, Words

We seem to define words so as to use them,  
Conquering the speech of another person;  
Just to be a speaker is even better for a person  
Than to read or write and practise scholarship.

We meet words carefully chosen by them and combine  
To form sentences that will be recognised,  
Thus the attached meaning is passed on;  
Prosperity is the objective, success is marvellous.

Scholars are thinking men, relaxed by books,  
They do not only speak, but look at the messages  
From the written word, learning godly works,  
Escaping blunders, escaping our mockery.

We are with fine words, words capture us,  
Your vocabulary depends on your cleverness and intelligence,  
So concoct the perfect sentences,  
Invent the same language that we speak.

Naveed Akram

# Works Of Nature

A nab was naked, carrying a malady  
Wasting my time once my damaged brain saw  
The differences of a wet day and night,  
The feeling of purification bled tonight,  
Once my station became my stage.

This looks like my complexion,  
In the way of words and deeds,  
Cast in the shadows of ambiguity,  
And their words warred forever with foes  
Bending in the valleys of winds.

When one strolled in them the winds chased,  
As the flight of the birds surrounded,  
As these works of Nature fought like golden delight  
And ruinous riches, the same way of the works of man.  
Their abdomens were their abdomens.

Jobs of the never-land rescued us finally,  
Skilled in war and the heavy factory,  
That machine is not knitting our way,  
That door is not closed to the majority  
In quite a way to speak for long.

Naveed Akram

# World Puzzle

The world is puzzled by us and our laughter,  
This name I supply is with a speaking dispute;  
My doctors are brilliant, as they profit from the bold,  
Going to the audacity we speak, going away.  
The path to electricity is to be a road to nowhere,  
I supply the daughter of commerce, as she tries  
To corrupt nobody, like a human body of worth.  
The enemies of the acts of the nation are within  
The borders too inclined to supply rage.  
May this puzzle or quiz be a technological work,  
Kind and best, the infinity of this world itself.

Naveed Akram

# Worlds Of Love And Hatred Collide

A people of haste can be wasted along a fade,  
Whereas a good number of armies lie in ambush.  
I love the warlords and ministers and secretaries,  
The laudable authorities that go under their name.  
However, they collide and disrupt to deride the fragments  
Of your mind in war and in unison.

Naveed Akram

## Worried About Work

A fact of worry instils fear in the scholar,  
Opening the volumes of worry conquers.  
Let scholars love the stars of scholarship,  
Justice will prevail from the heavens due to this.  
An anxious reply to the jester is not scholarly,  
A good student is of the best authority.  
A worried look in his eyes suggests his cleverness,  
But then evil uproots the warrior, the soldier of sages.

Naveed Akram

# Worrisome

I hurry and worry falsely and correctly,  
To burden no soul, interested directly?

Naveed Akram

# Worry

We were at a distance from the country,  
The countryside is solid, and worry.

Naveed Akram

# Worship Like Men

The dust is like the manhood of Generals,  
The lightning sprinkles its mayhem on me  
Within the bodies of disorders that fool me.  
The dirt is like a Friday of the era,  
Errors are committed by the young devils  
On this day of commitment and severities.  
But then worshippers ignite love in their hearts,  
These muscles smash the breasts of the demons  
Into the walls of ignition.  
A dusty corridor is looming largely,  
Within the shadows is matrimony  
Inside the whirling zone of high treason.

But the dust is the dust under the traitors'  
Feet, launching at dancers of evil creation,  
Their creaturely ways astound the passing  
Criminals of higher disorders and rent.

Naveed Akram

# Worshiping Deeds

Deeds are for the beauty of the doer,  
Did he ever stammer and stutter?  
Do people combine fortitude with courage?  
Yet some of us wage a little war with ourselves,  
Thoughts of your shoulder are near.  
Deeds of battle must be significant  
As they appeal to the worshipers.  
Never in the thousands of years of reluctance  
Do peace and war converge and unite the person  
Who summons the wars.

Naveed Akram

# Worshipper

There is something to need,  
Someone to hope for, who is need.  
Thanks go to places of worship  
To contain the flowers of ignorance.  
I worship because it is necessary,  
Tomorrow the worshippers are my brothers  
Of old. The state of their mind erects comfort,  
Cosy nature is within me, when you craft your job.  
Let worshippers lead other fellows,  
The same old religion will do, but then what is comfort?

Naveed Akram

# Worthily

A demand for life is really worthy,  
Worthier opponents to the craze admit defeat.  
My liking for food is tremendous, forming goodness,  
Oil and petrol realises our youth, like young animals.  
Fuel is bitter to the taste from the tongue, and the wolf  
Shall retreat with the relish of it.  
A car is a stationary object of alarm,  
Immediate aid is needed for the people who  
Are beset by grief, and so the process continues.

Naveed Akram

# Worthy Book

Who is worth more than yourself?  
The death of mighty warriors is on our shelf.  
They are books so golden like the crown,  
Knights strive with vigour, then they are down.  
Measure our fortune in front of this place,  
The luck appears in the bookcase.  
One scroll has been attached to our furniture,  
May musical films seem an enchanting dominator.  
One book of tactics and strategy  
Is satisfying, well fully.

Naveed Akram

# Worthy Man

Be only a man of worth not pride,  
Never be insolent or trivial just to be alive.  
Strict events are like simplest weapons,  
Involve them in your youth and strive  
To perfect the age you win and drive so well.  
To experience may be a simple thought  
Or a wandering in the mist of death,  
When is the collapse of wrong talent?  
The death is made for you on a reason  
From the Lord who reigns on his Throne  
Too mighty and wide, never smaller than you.  
Be this proud man tonight if you are worthy!

Naveed Akram

# Wounded Dragon

I am of the dragons a helper and wound,  
My name resounds for future use, I am harpooned.  
Like me, a wife is for me, to injure the revolting lot,  
I am a one who hated you, for you are an apricot.  
The dragons despise my family for being themselves,  
I am not one of those who shall be called elves.  
This dying if for my wife and my progeny,  
This bred, I seek to refute abominably.

Naveed Akram

# Wounded Liars

May we lick the wounds of liars  
To qualm their furious outpour;  
Pouring from their veins are words  
Too strong, too fast and talkative.

The liar of strength shall prove his prize  
To be at the centre of the Earth;  
Find him or herself to proudly batter  
With the sportsman's trick, a good punch.

May licking the wounds be doubted  
By the ones who defeat, who conceive  
Different thoughts and ideas so solid  
And illness-filled, too much has event.

Naveed Akram

# Wounds

Can we bandage and bathe my comrade?  
His wounds are advertised, all over his body.  
The bones are blasted, beaten and he is bankrupt,  
So horrifying is his condition, that I feel for him.  
The climate of this planet has changed  
And he has changed like a corpse.  
Can we dress his combat injuries of blood?  
He fought for ten people, and ten commandments  
Were followed, with the idea of striking rich.  
My comrade is skilled in terror,  
And I am adept at the wound.

Naveed Akram

# Woven

Hands are woven into the silk of desire,  
Fires are woven into the hells of abuse;  
Each hell is each shoulder to drive a wedge,  
Expanding the skulls with worse pain.

A grand new beginning unfurls like gel,  
This death demands a reply, this is the death.  
Who understands? When do they differ?  
The different and pernicious congratulate me.

Legs and feet are woven into practice,  
Standing to the whole of a majestic spring,  
Some time a world will collapse due to orders  
From within, the winnowing of illness begins.

Naveed Akram

# Wrestling A Foe

To wrestle a foe is suggesting a crime,  
May werewolves regulate our passes,  
This time no help is at bedtime.

Your nation lies ahead as we climb,  
May strangers lurk in the dark gases,  
To wrestle a foe is suggesting a crime.

Combatting the burden on our mime,  
May dangers damage the glasses,  
This time no help is at bedtime.

Yesterday, the day was like the lime,  
Will they not be sour and sweet as lasses?  
To wrestle a foe is suggesting a crime.

May today ask for sentences as longtime,  
Yet the nights swing in masses,  
This time no help is at bedtime.

The darkness eventually arrives in the meantime,  
Selling effort over as if in classes,  
This time no help is at bedtime,  
To wrestle a foe is suggesting a crime.

Naveed Akram

# Writing And Reading

Poised between writing and reading,  
You are hurting and flirting, crowding.  
The people are jesters of the silk,  
Rich are their socks, richer are the chests.  
My balls of beauty are rolling downhill,  
Does the ballroom feel sweat and ruin?  
To floors we see the rotten meat of death?  
A man has besieged, a man talks too late.  
We are deadly, they are deadly, but later  
The death has ruined nobody but life.

The reading is perfect, the sweat is twitching,  
My angers are of otherworldly acts,  
People are crowding, with sore feet and hands.  
Like a dropped ball, it carries on forever,  
Until a result is occurring too late.

Naveed Akram

# Writing Rebels

My writing on the wall results in murder,  
Murder on the horizon shuns me,  
This deed is done for the prison,  
Opening the faces as they murder.  
These walls ask of you a lesson of kindness,  
Kind men shock our helping hands.  
The idols are shattered in minutes,  
Offerings begin to stage rebellion,  
The altar was to offer its sacrifice of blood  
And flesh. I have known the reality  
Onto the realities, kicking the beggars  
In their fortune and in their blood.  
My writing is of the graphic writers  
Who wait with increased gravity.

Naveed Akram

# Writing The Deeds

He cut his ten fingers with youth  
Like the odd ends of a cigarette;  
One held together the playwrights,  
Their writing was staged forever.  
My biting of the hands was very handsome,  
I payed for my acting and my weapon.  
But the theatre pays everyone  
For the deeds that embroider our deeds.  
This act is an act like no other,  
Dramatic decisions tie us with yokes  
So split by those who eat eggs.  
The dialogue has been swift,  
And let them shine towards the end  
Like curtained Russia and bothering kings.

Naveed Akram

# Writing?

What is he writing? Listen to the sounds  
Of the keys, how swiftly his fingers move!  
The eager and loveliest minute is a thought above,  
It is in that touch, the moving touch of sweetness.  
Abhorrent and unlucky are some strokes,  
A pen sufficed but now the keys happen.  
Putting the quick aside, he breathes and sighs  
To see the palaces of gold, and the grand towers  
That he is writing.

What is he writing? A message of fresh beauty  
Has arisen, to wet the mind and everybody's spirit.  
In the temples of thought is recorded a lesson,  
That thoughts are written, and their nature is solid.

Naveed Akram

# Written

It is terminated, finished and complete,  
The writing on the pages of my book.  
I have learnt of the distress, the look of disease,  
Such as intelligence and wisdom of hard strength.  
My books are distributed like flowers and their petals,  
Gusts and gales spoil the air, the wind must be strong.  
The written words condemn nature if laughing is provided,  
The birds think and the animals speak,  
Of my words.  
The books are abolished one day,  
But energy is preserved for the one day.  
My career is suddenly with words one day.

Naveed Akram

## Written Words

One written word connects to another  
With fidelity, light life and strong snore;  
We have scores of the highest trifle,  
Words follow clauses of districts and names,  
Their light shines outwardly of the poetry.

When the written reaction is recorded we think,  
The tomorrows are also deader than joy,  
The writing flows like water from a mountain.  
For this water is purer than before,  
Immortal maxims are wrought by distinction.

Instead of writing, this bespeak due to acts  
That must vivify the light: a righteous plot  
Is afoot, with conspirers to end the tragedy  
Of a thousand moons, each collecting orbits  
Around the planet of choice and of righteous ends.

Naveed Akram

# Years Gone

Years have gone by, and I have joined  
With my friends in absolute peace.  
These wishes bestow mercy on us,  
The streams of joy shall spread into our lands.  
Once we connect with the outside world, ours is ours,  
The beautiful seekers bring a rulership.  
Then prison is promised by those in charge,  
The bars are between me and my child.  
Will my fingers bear my surroundings?  
Is the cunning mind of my neighbour so startling?

Naveed Akram

# Yelling

My infamous place inside this plane of existence  
Is of a heavenly nature, the nature of heavenliness.  
My hate is overcome by love for the impolite few  
Yelling fortnightly, yelling as if they conquered.  
Imaginary foes become high and mighty,  
Helpless and hideous and historically heartbreaking.  
My imported hollow wand chatters about hisses,  
The harmonious lot conquer the lot of heaven.  
This honour stays for those in a hesitation,  
Of greediness in the extreme, in this Hell.

Naveed Akram

# You A Soul

To be a soul I cancel my own look,  
Then schisms catch the whole of thought and speech.

To one the saying breaches trust so good,  
That wonders enter the concern of late.

You ponder at the mess, as the sunset,  
Look fast, look slow, and then lift high the bet.

My soul is one, at one, and with master,  
Old chant describes the scene of martyrdom.

Let lords entrance the fixed deceit over  
Our souls that mutter madness ever strong.

Naveed Akram

# You And Your Career

Your ears were choosing what to hear,  
When mighty jungles claimed noises,  
The reason behind the brain and what is clear.

My sight detained me and made me disappear,  
Where was I situated, afterwards with afterimages?  
Your ears were choosing what to hear.

Your instrument is heavenly in this world and atmosphere,  
Like music has spoken and never abuses,  
The reason behind the brain and what is clear.

I ride on a faith too majestic and pure to adhere,  
Such innocence exhibits the advantages,  
Your ears were choosing what to hear,

My mind is passing a test, like drinking beer,  
Inner fighting has survived the ambushes,  
The reason behind the brain and what is clear.

I can never refuse a man to speak about a career,  
The laughing is acted due to this and never ceases,  
Your ears were choosing what to hear,  
The reason behind the brain and what is clear.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Born

Knowledge is in need of action when you recite it from the heart,  
Rote memory is required, but the limbs from the prior souls also, for you are one  
born.

The mothers have given birth to you, your father is godly for he is good,  
Let his soul be at one with Him, the conquest of knowledge is from him though,  
for you are born.

The families of eternity shall bear you all along, testing your thoughts forever,  
The thanks given is the superior deed, of worship, of speech, of tomorrow, for  
you were born.

The excellence of wisdom is so great that the Lord shall question you on wise  
men  
And the men of wisdom reply to Him Alone, learning is on tiptoe, for it is born.

The storage of thoughts will supply good deeds enough to succeed over those in  
wealth,  
A major event happened to be with supplication to throw, for we are all born.

Those who practice the whole number of pages need small tests,  
Big examinations are like those from God, and He questions the souls of woe  
since we were born.

□

Any more thinking of the same subject needs moderate leanings, the whole of  
the mind  
And the soul are employed, and those in illness shall never winnow since they  
were born.

The philosophy and scholarship best described by the discussions is little  
Compared to my heart's thought and point - to look at Hell's volcano, ever since  
you were born.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Dreary

When you are dreary  
And feelings are rare,  
The sleep must be mounting  
Like horsemen who dismount  
After the war of great events.  
The picture is taken for rules,  
This maintenance of the soul  
Is supreme and longevity sets in.

When you are sleepy,  
And your wishes are felt,  
The night subjugates the day  
With eyes of gold and righteous  
Dreams, feelings and emotions  
Of the sleepy picture.  
My grinding is for your death  
To be far away.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Human

Fancy a jelly-like idealist, a manly felonious criminal  
Of ill-repute; He does all that pain for your summary  
And these poets carry pots of words on their heads,  
Telling or reporting, murmuring or completing,  
Just like the idiom in the wind tells -  
You mattered as if you were human.

Naveed Akram

# You Are In Loss

I am the one who loves most,  
If seeing me is bitter, then most will weep.  
My face is a solid goal for beauty innate,  
If seeing me is better then it is bitter.

You are a loser if you try to win in a court,  
The judge resides and smacks words with worship.  
Crime is not beautiful, crime is a disease of  
The hearts and minds, the reality of the infirm disbelief.

You are not committed as much as the written word,  
Yet your soul shines in beautiful ways, according to rules.  
Your soul flourishes if hate collapses,  
Criminals and diseases are the wishes of the greedy one.

I am the one who loves and hurts,  
My seeing is grander than the whole eye,  
My hearing is full of the height of the night.  
Yet losing is the illness of the criminals of the night.

Naveed Akram

## You Are In Office

Forced by the hundred and pushed by thousands,  
It implies the multiple office and ending of some.

They had an elephant of ice and snow police,  
Yet the gift is followed on the use of dignity.

We are cold and frail to indicate frenzy,  
And little I gain from you, O stranger.

Naveed Akram

# You Are In Triumph

I wail and wince at your triumphs,  
Whilst my urges grow stronger everyday.  
The garments of beauty on my body  
Outweigh the weight on my mind.  
It is rich help, hoarse speech, humourous talk,  
That aids and works for the future.  
Yet your triumphant hour awaits,  
And my little men and women are aware.  
Let this be a lesson for those in rage  
To withhold their beat of drums, even in fits of kindness.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Just A Small Bush

The world is a bush, and I am a small bush,  
In forward marching, I contain the ideal stance,  
Protecting my poetry as it unravels into signs,  
Knots are untied, their nature undone and exalted.

My thoughts contain a frequent white sight,  
Feeding me the mindfulness, piety and poetry,  
Linking the words to make an eloquence,  
Suggesting the work is not closed like a folder.

My exact peace is a sky of troubles and a heavy  
Woollen garment; they are richer with the riches,  
We are poorer than you, and this is the man who waits  
And loves the soul's achievement, the soul itself.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Minor

I am major, you are minor,  
For what do you meet?  
If size bellows from minds,  
Then largeness is your goal  
And gallows, like hanging is  
To theft and murder of the ancient.

I am resigned to fear you,  
My cap is worn by your soul,  
Like weather on a rainy day,  
For the hanging is far off  
And on my agenda, the same  
Agenda as my country of birth.

I am major and you are inferior,  
Like the bird on a branch of trees  
And the earthquake rumbling from  
Village to village, escaping towns  
And habitats, on the ballroom;  
A pitch so dark and strewn is made.

My fear is forbidden to me,  
For I behold you as old and lean,  
Figure of my destiny, the old  
Movie, or the trained comrade  
Whose companion is me,  
Little is the prize that awaits me.

Naveed Akram

# You Are My Character

But you are two and I am one,  
Superior talent beside the tree;  
The only playing is the board game,  
This playing is more of the complexions,  
More than your liars, and riders.

But you spend a lair and a liar,  
Returning to attackers, following the dice  
As they spray paint and pant,  
Towards the returning king or prince,  
Full of armies in the suicidal wake.

But you die and live according to tastes,  
Towards the oceans of smells, the maps  
Of righteous falling men, who met their  
Paladins in the sizes of their speech,  
Roleplaying is the game we destroy with fantasy.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Old As Well

There was an old man from the monastery,  
His life was too solid and goodie,  
Because of his expulsion,  
From the religious region,  
A maniac or monkey could be He.

□

Naveed Akram

# You Are Right

It may be that you are right,  
Yet Adam believed you were right.  
Righteous action is trusted,  
Like the storm of winds in trust.  
We all smiled when looking at the storm,  
And began to reform, like magic, like gold.  
Yet Adam spelt his name when asked,  
Grimacing, moving quickly and terribly,  
With bloodied hands, and wrong face.  
Such a blow antagonised him when left,  
They created him when he was old,  
The rights of a man understand humanity.

Naveed Akram

# You Are Sorry

You are going to be sorry,  
With distress gone back,  
When the brick walls cascade  
Like feathers of the hall.  
The staff are well the first time,  
Drifting across a standing stone;  
Their fresh scars make me touched.  
You are happy with all the wall,  
Two night-watchers happily ready their swords.  
Then you fall from the wall  
To feed the humans and lions.  
The wall breathes a sigh of relief,  
The relief is strange and narrow  
To whet the appetite;  
Cover the mouth in order to prove  
All food is all luxury.  
The air is swallowed the first time,  
Behind an abbot who talks to walls  
About godliness, and all the time.

Naveed Akram

# You Die

You die and life bestows promise  
And reward.

You die and live for the work to end,  
And to what reward?

It is a poetry to see people rescued  
From the throwing of death.

In this time does the illness vanish,  
After the world has escaped a zone of impiety?

We are death, if time is heard beyond the hearing of our ears.  
Surely, one feeds on eternity to bestow life.

Naveed Akram

# You Enlighten Me

You do not know a light that burns,  
So safe is your quality that hides.  
Its world is its group that hides,  
Light emanates like a life.

You do not know knowing as a man,  
But man is in knowledge.  
His school is childlike because of  
Joys in the day and nights of haste.

You know the light of a dark kind,  
The way of people who are students  
Of the living country, so handsome  
In the face that only a prophet smiles.

You do not light a candle in fear,  
Powerful light will never reach you,  
Life is so like a member of an ending,  
Powerful light is a community of workers.

The game has a name called life,  
A naive city so joyed in presidency;  
One moment of a law is experienced,  
That policy is a minute and second.

Much light has been exposed,  
Feeling servants of the right,  
Invoking the names of a god so real,  
Liking the departure of problems.

Naveed Akram

# You Enter

As you enter, a flag flies past,  
Fluttering and grieving like pain,  
A prize compensates you  
Like the winged knight.  
Going to ghostly horizons  
Is of legendary aviation,  
Prisons connect to your door.

The dungeon is swift in wrecking  
Your life of tears and tantrums,  
Solid doors bar your way, behind and  
In front, like the soldiery and light.  
One dungeon surpasses you,  
Another tower is the connecting  
Light. It hovers above your voice,  
With enough energy to ignite  
The beard coming from the throat.

Naveed Akram

# You Keep The Sea

You keep anxiously the longing for sweets,  
You have torn speech like dirty robes,  
And abandon treasure arriving at your feet.  
Because the brain is loving stones and pebbles,  
You accept the dawn of all dresses that stammer.  
Speech is torn by now, lesser saints are abiding here,  
Sleeping on, like the torn houses and wincing activity.

You who are awake in the deepest folds of the night  
Occupy a station called desired peace, lusty speech  
Appears like an apparition, so bound for the spirit-world.  
Beyond the place of disturbances, a house lies open  
To cockles glistening by the sea.

Naveed Akram

# You Linger And Fall

You linger and fall, songs are spun,  
Then the singing is paramount in time.  
Over the hill, is a heron that tumbles,  
Over its back the world is of feathers.  
Then the flight of a thousand suns  
Emerges and clings to the strings taut.  
You linger and fingers hurt, forces  
Of darkness and light are found over there.

To quests are ideals, towards the sunset sailing  
We stride with oars awesome, without words cold.  
The icy seas are minute in our red hot glow,  
Once the stars override the night-sky.  
Internal tissues like the heart are destroyed  
And made into furs, clothing of courtesy.

Naveed Akram

# You Lived And Died

If you lived too late the years would die,  
Your mind would reason fitfully like intellect,  
And the heart would burst in a thousand ways.

Do not feel like a spirit of the authorities,  
Feel only wise statements of status,  
Armies cannot defeat these contrivances.

If your mind is simple, years will die, an act  
Will remain, due to the sword of the body,  
It has a beautiful hilt and concerning blade.

Life is really a burden to the brother of will,  
A powerful brother entertains the night,  
His arms and legs are complex and simple.

It is achievement to believe in the opposite house,  
A neighbour shall overwhelm with charity,  
And the goals of the night and day overtake.

Naveed Akram

# You Love Hurt

You love the lover who mends your heart,  
In this mediation of strengths a lovely event  
Pretends to curtail the brilliance of life.  
My shot arrow sends its glint and rattle  
To the hearer's heart, once cold and once  
Hot, a reality is a mistaken reality.  
You love the bartered men who see their  
Other lives like that of eye and ear.  
You beautify the lovely hands of your own,  
But some of your friends demand the luxury  
Of seeing your handsome face instead.  
This heart yearns for the hurt too speedily,  
It creates a blessed account and decides  
The monologues to curve a region in India,  
Or sternly obey the fixtures so made by  
Buddha, that monk of great learning,  
This monk of meditation, this form of thinking.

Naveed Akram

# You Master

I fortune, you master,  
For the forces work and you consider  
My blessings for the ultimate day.  
A god has spoken to me on this day,  
Giggling, toggling, boasting as the pie,  
Forever in union, and joining the bonds.

My family speaks to me after holidays,  
Going to frontiers and lodgings,  
Various resorts impeding their ways,  
Hissing like trucks and on them riding  
A fair warning of the highest regard.

I see masters of the road, the reality  
Must be exactly the beginning,  
Going to the house of reality,  
The husbands and wives are a rise  
Of the sun.

My family happens to be full of the higher people,  
Highest forces fend for themselves,  
Animating the forces of explosions.

Naveed Akram

# You Mattered From The Heart

I nodded and you mattered from the heart,  
I proved difficult from a letter hurting me in the leg,  
Narrowness of the passage created fun,  
Without the magician a staying power existed.  
I nodded further to the truth from the heart  
That was masculine, and the women of heartiness  
Imbided the wine as if their heads were sorry.  
I purified their blood with continuing glory,  
Bouncing off protruding rocks with long session.  
There was no warming ritual to guiltily savour,  
For the true corners disappeared and withdrew  
Always, intimidating a watcher who was a controller.  
A reflection of the light on the wall  
Made it dizzy, dazzling and difficult like waters.  
What shadow reigns in this muddle?  
Why do sentences mutter their approval?

Naveed Akram

# You Must Cancel Your Wealth

You must cancel your wealth, coming to your heart,  
At night the counsel is obsolete, it spends itself.  
You are a nobleman of warnings and example,  
Your task uptakes as the swearing beholds itself.

You must cancel your wealth, coming to your heart,  
It pounds deeply to fitfully neglect an inner thought.  
The blood races like a horse, feeding frenzy and fire,  
Like a chariot on the controlling edge, a comfortable die.

We seem exquisite when fortune has become a fool,  
You must cancel your wealth, coming to your heart.  
I feel the emotions of the heart on my tongue justly,  
I froze a moment ago to abstain from existence as an elf.

Naveed Akram

# You Must Oppose Me

You must oppose me if I don't believe in God,  
Too many drops fill the ocean as we speak,  
Too many waves have struck the shores of your  
Territory, for they rumble and concentrate for Him.

Where is the light or lamp? When does my heart hear?  
The message beckons us with its lovely stresses,  
A complete road to tread, a fortunate heart has blinked,  
Why do tears run viscous as the rain bears down on Us?

I am in God's name a regretter, a pourer of souls,  
Not poor soul, not powerful will, never dying breed.  
It is my life stating its purpose, worshipping the Almighty  
With vigour and rigour, like a friend of a leader.

Sell and buy, buy and sell, little are harmonies of the coins,  
Clinking and diving into coffins awaiting your deaths.  
The market-place is alive to the sounds of the soul,  
One has been a far road, a father that reproduces.

Naveed Akram

# You Must Welcome

You must welcome loudly the leaf of slanting nature,  
Heavy is the tongue of laughter, heavier than before.

My tongue lashed at such choices that dogs barked at the wall,  
This welling inside of unwanted crimes and infection recklessly blessed me.

My divinity suffered from too many diagonal lines in the post,  
This side of the square was of the rectangle and the real shapes.

My offence sadly defends the public from too many hazards of mice,  
The mouse betrays me after my sides deviate and offend.

This time the logical sufferers abstain from pain, too much pain has occurred,  
Then workers assault the sailors of the sea, the ocean of the affair.

My time is mean to be in efforts of your luck and fortune of gold,  
Let the bygone era reflect a dire solution for the polygons and dice of silver.

Naveed Akram

# You Need A Family

You need a woman who is wife,  
You need a living man, and man who is manly,  
Yet children are the roots of contentment  
For they provide the religious attitude  
And their concerns are few,  
As few as nature has categories.

You need a tree of wizardry, of family,  
And the worst are impediments to the reality;  
They are sick when well, and they realise a spell  
That concocts their desires of normalcy.  
You send the bridge a crossing by the members  
Of the family.  
This is wizardry, and this is magic.

Naveed Akram

# You Remind Me

You remind me of pains and pleasures,  
The birth of comical relics is keeping company,  
This is the bishop of virtue inside the cathedral  
Of life and death with all their compatriots.  
Cerebration of an intellectual is a commanding aspect,  
Let us be conditions for his ploy that witnesses.  
To fill I am fed with the food of heaven,  
Embedding virtues into my soul so ignited by  
The springs of the Paradise.

Their elm is purer, their fidelity is sound,  
But what is more valid than the  
Arguments in heaven,  
For every philosopher who swings his moods  
Always in desire.

That is the element of distaste,  
That will be your monstrosity,  
Flat ground is of the grasses that swear  
Their oaths to the sounds of a manor  
So regarding.

Naveed Akram

# You Sit There

And you sit there, tearing your face,  
I am found already to be about you.  
Adoration, love and splendid emotion  
Fills the air of this planet of warmth.  
My faces are numerous in the threatening world,  
In the pleasing world the happier face emanates light  
Of a certain landscape cherished in this very place.  
Long love falls prey to methods of madness from the haters  
Of the truth and justice in this world.  
Muttering praise is absolute, sitting and standing,  
Loathing has been with no objective,  
Let love rule!

Naveed Akram

# You Speak Of Sleep

I see through you when you speak,  
Opening closed doors as you sleep;  
Dreaming is again one of the activities  
Throwing its use when in a period.  
I then saw you love the way you worked,  
Inside there was an island of hope.  
I saw you wend your way to the blood,  
Severing ties of love, seeming to be a muddle.  
Speak up, and be active to your mind  
As you love the sleep so deadly and calm.

Naveed Akram

# You Tell

You tell what you deceive,  
You send me back to the revelry,  
I am terrified beyond this matter,  
For I shake the beginning,  
Completely within my knowledge.

I see you behind the mirrors,  
Their image shines too lightly,  
For the tense limbs encumber you,  
Forcing wishes to be correct.

You can tell me about breakfast  
For the soul, convinced me  
I was hungry.  
Let my limbs be strong after bones  
Crack being brittle,  
Being this anger is a death  
For the sudden soul's wrong.

Naveed Akram

# You Will Always Learn

One studies the blind and their weakness,  
Offering them kindness is sweet indeed;  
For their eyes cannot behold the pleasures  
Of a day and night, for their darkness  
Is overseen, and wrecked are their sights.

One sees a blend of roses in the weak light,  
Inches of ink are promised by the pages of a book  
In the light of the day, like a tome of cleverness.  
This is the day of intelligent upbringing,  
Like the day that suddenly evokes certain words.

One is the night, one is the day,  
Blindness and sight is the blend of life,  
We inspire those with blackness and light,  
We expire when work is completed,  
And the seeing of beliefs staggers.

Naveed Akram

# Young Goals

Young goals massively exist,  
Like the wombs of the mothers.  
Never in the happy world is darkness  
A void, but a night of holy silence.  
A womb spilt blood when in darkness  
As it is darkness that is spilt by the day.  
Each and every day carries warmth of the stars,  
No matter when the day stops.  
The goals of youth are like these days and nights,  
Why do young men and women exist?

Naveed Akram

# Young Horses

I am seeking the dominoes of death  
To annihilate a being so supreme in waists  
And legs, honestly the brother of bad taste.  
How does the hatred of joiners be strong?  
I am seeking the well of thoughts that thwarts  
A galaxy of wearers in the prime of life.  
To see a blessed being in earnings and war  
Is to be divine after some accusation.  
Yesterday, a feeder probed the horses of youth,  
Riding a joyous occasion,  
Feeling from feelers and antelopes  
The jest.

Naveed Akram

# Young Liars With Medallions

Young life is the regretful worry,  
Everlasting woe has resented one man  
And his medallion of good faith.  
This invitation to horrors exceeds  
The torment of a life without chains.  
My caged parrot talks forever  
In his lair of habits so golden and chuckling.

Young parrots are birds of belief,  
Incredible though they are seen,  
Hearing them redefines loyalty  
Like the traitor in the dark,  
Of this ceiling we are gifts.

The human liar is a faith,  
His saunter fends for memory  
As in this sense a museum  
Uplifts a scene of nature  
So jagged with rocks and trees  
Of silver wines.

Naveed Akram

# Young Love

Youth my lover is too fond of me and children  
Of my own health and kind, their kindness outweighs.  
Youth is my lover, young ties spiritually decline  
The matrimonial tasks, and clamber on the ladders.  
Young hearts disturb the older men and ladies  
Who question ill-health due to clumsiness and size.  
My young headaches portray a picture of my astute  
Well-being, the being of the thrown kindness.

Yet the old reign is upon the man who died young,  
The kingdom of this world is older than trees of sand.  
Sad seeds sublimely murmur to lately fly with elbows  
Tonight, the nights are nuggets of the horizon.

The old knight bellows a strange warm secret to state,  
If it leans to the fore we distinctly swarm on the bees  
That swarm on the people to find their fed-up fodder,  
Honey has given youth a final passage to the man who died.

Naveed Akram

# Young Nation

Youth has dementia, after yesterday is today,  
For they spend wages and money on us,  
And then after, we succeed on others as far as the horizon.  
Our inward nature collides on the child who masters other children,  
He or she leads and stagnates the money, the prizes are taken  
And force is failing, finding us will stagger the economy.  
The ailments are cured when discovered,  
Money is spent on the arrival of youth.  
Controlling a fearsome woman will condemn the man  
For women and men must inhabit themselves,  
Loading their mouths with food and flowers,  
Those vegetables are good, better, more luxurious  
And the health of the young nation is in glory.

Naveed Akram

# Young People

Young people gather wood, rather rotten wood,  
Relaxing as can be, relishing the coal of the fire;  
They wait until death has arrived, on their doorstep,  
When steps are taken to disturb the real fire of life.  
Youth is spending a youth, young men and women,  
All of them are splendid in jobs, worthwhile endeavour.  
We space our life around the stages we encounter,  
The young heart masters a new strategy, feeling good  
About the way we wonder and wander, like burning wood.  
The heart of red blood felt all right,  
But young hearts defend themselves.

Naveed Akram

# Young World

Youth causes complaints in unexpected ways,  
Lulling the pain can creep on the brain so quick;  
Western people drag and kick, geese are they?  
No, their life is complete in the knowledge of religion.  
Their living is of the East, the West, the South, and the North,  
The world collapses in front of them and behind them,  
Yet bombs fly to describe the laughter of beings,  
The being is upon us called God.

Naveed Akram

# Your Berries Are Diseased

What do you want with your berries?  
Worship is a disease of logic only,  
But so many have played on this service,  
Strawberries are like red flowers  
That burden the roses of their bloom,  
Gloomy breath is taken by the exercise  
Of blooming,  
Gloom has read the ends of the mirror,  
Opening the pages of plants in botany.  
What are the berries of worth?

Warships behave like torpedoes and  
They exist after the peace of the garden  
That gloomily bewares of the dealings  
Of the hand left by the hands.  
My sleep is my taking with flowers  
And so many trees of oak,  
The old regimes are again in war.

Naveed Akram

# Your Blood

I surge the blood the bloods then submit  
To conquest is the dedication I admit.

Naveed Akram

# Your Captain

Your captain is your soldier of joy,  
His description is like farming,  
Any one of you live with him,  
As your father occupied him,  
As your mother welcomed himself.  
And then money is straightened afterwards  
To a concrete plan, and fetching water  
Is again futile, in the well of shame,  
Against the fire some water  
That has shadows and play of a life.  
Soldiers are welcome to change,  
After their commanders fill the lane of difference.

Naveed Akram

# Your Career

Yearning a school for learning purpose,  
Is giving the real content and accurateness,  
Like stiffening the tie  
Getting it in a lie  
And sending off the absurdness.

Naveed Akram

# Your Children

They are your children when they pray for you,  
Such offspring guarantee a real breakthrough.

Naveed Akram

# Your Cloth

Your cloth, your evening and the way you  
Die, are some wildnesses of the wilderness.  
Admire it, so singing earth is blossoming,  
In orange flowers, sacred jokes and funny tiles.

You feel the cloth will run away from you,  
My accountant dimly says the old world,  
From you this year, from the outcome of story,  
As unfolding words are like numbers.

Let me swear a road to the outer world,  
I correspond with an outer man of delay,  
His cloth will dissipate, the evenings will shine  
With cloudless skies, living like lemons.

Naveed Akram

# Your Cruelty

Rest your cruelty, read along the lines,  
Worship all that adores and combines.  
This resting business catches my hand  
And throws my weight, all the land.  
Let crushing and squeezing be sad,  
Yet cruel events approach us as bad.  
The mass of an object completes its dress,  
You must wear this object, nevertheless.  
A cruel find shall foretell a miracle,  
This miracle creates disaster and rubble.

Naveed Akram

# Your Death

The death of you, the blame fell on you,  
Like a feather has fallen in steam.  
We are in flames, we are in flames,  
Frightened by those aims and flares.  
Loathing me, lost in doubt, is the crisis,  
That matches my number of thoughts.  
The fire sadly sleeps as fire sleeps,  
Forming a weapon after huge serpents.  
The death is nearer to subjugation  
Than the Hell of our Place, the real Trance.  
Death springs to mind as a calamity,  
Mindless beings enact the concept of the living.

Naveed Akram

# Your Drama

Your drama is half-eaten like a toad has been caught,  
Faces rear ugly nuances, noise corrupts the young;  
One fellow after another creates fellowship and dramas.

Your dramatic moments amount to nothing after two hours,  
The face is nearly empty of sin, the sins of your fathers  
And even your sisters who reside in the whole house.

One seeks comfort in driven drives, driving a distance  
That hatters are solving for the prize of the grand,  
Forms of stupidity known to apemen contrive their apparatus.

Naveed Akram

# Your Dream

Your dream is colourful like the summer,  
And its change is like variety of the wildflower.

Your dreams inhabit the brain with joy,  
Further than anything to enjoy or employ.

Where are the nights in dreams now?  
When I was old, the dark night became a row.

Arguing on the interpretation of dreams  
Cancels your experience of their teams.

The real eyebrows sleep and when awake  
The eyes are fully stunned, much intake.

The dreams of youth supply us with fun,  
Too many hearts are spoilt with electrification.

Naveed Akram

# Your Dreams Are Mine

You dream so beautifully in your sweet mind,  
Your cares benefit the other souls of Paradise,  
But those who find fighting and distress, abhor you.

You dream so wonderfully in the meaningful way,  
An intelligent brain is a blend of decency and descent  
Into the realms of utter thought, they fight with you.

But I do not mind you, I do not adore you as much as  
Those who adore you, one shelf of books is enough  
To sear the intellect with promises of great endeavour.

My dreams are alive when you live beyond the ages,  
Age after age instills enragement and quiet satisfaction,  
Bliss is found by the flag and the reason of your nation.

My happiness extends far, yours is farther on the list,  
A remarkable effect, a quite excellent disposition,  
One must abolish dread and uncertainty finally, really.

Naveed Akram

# Your Face

Your face is smiling due to age,  
My age will erupt in your face  
And show laughter as well, like a page;  
May the gods turn over their airspace.

My face appears brilliantly, losing us,  
Opening us and closing us like a project,  
We facially admire descriptions of you and fieriness,  
In the ways of a collection of pictures, the aspect.

Let smiling be an accusation,  
One of the accuracies to abandon.

Naveed Akram

# Your Fire Is My Fire

Your fire is purpler than the soul in a furnace,  
Treading on leavened bread is soft and tough.  
For the fires are fit to die and leap into chasms,  
One fights their journeys towards the cities.

A flame is chanced on us with poetic delight,  
It whispers like Satan, finding a rare gift  
Locked in a small prison away from eternity,  
It looks like laughter and penalty is expressed.

Your fire feeds unilaterally, splinters exist,  
More fire manifests the flames of the soul.  
One fire is enough to rise into oblivion,  
Knowledge creates a life too thin with rage.

Naveed Akram

# Your Flowers

Your flowers are sounding like snow,  
Their bells chime like the wind,  
With this noise is advertised a beauty and kindness  
To man the society of friends.

A fellowship of all health can cry out,  
The customary feelings shall be felt;  
There is a creek in the blindness,  
Declaring spirits of joy as well.

My flowers stay still, staying this way is clear,  
For we keep quiet, like the sun, careless  
In our actions, until the wind moves our hearts  
On the occasion, when we are broken.

Naveed Akram

# Your Food

Your food is like that of the honey-sweet pies,  
My plate deals with honey, sweet honey to agonize.

Naveed Akram

# Your Future

Describe your future to the reflectors of thought,  
And inside this lies the truth of a man who has been caught.

Naveed Akram

# Your Gods

Your gods are like the little incidents on a mountain-top,  
They spring from below to above, like a full-stop.

Naveed Akram

# Your Hands

Dip your hands into the stream!  
The whole sky unwinds throughout,  
With tethered horses grazing.

The grass inches across the rocks  
Of the whole snow-stream,  
The whole town commends me!

The calling of a note  
Alarms and dismays the scene,  
Horses stepping out of their ranks.

Snow that means forests.  
Grass meaning jungles.  
This horse all-tethered is again.

Naveed Akram

# Your Heart Matters

Your heart carries water of fire,  
This ardent organ is complete.  
It is a cup so rich in taste,  
My protector resides above.  
With a sword the thumbs begin  
To craft my skin of beauty, arousing the blood.  
Bravery arrived last night for the shadows  
Began definitely, with awe the points of view.  
The soul mattered to me when I arrived  
For the body lasted and was fresh all through.  
Do not dare empty this heart in my breast,  
Give the force of love a moment of joy.

Naveed Akram

# Your Innocence

Your innocence brings order to us,  
It reminds us of our heaven,  
This religion is pure and crimeless.

Then the men who led the men of cruelty  
Define what life can mean with conclusion,  
Your innocence brings order to us.

Let the future tell us the solution to the crisis,  
Giving us order without computation,  
This religion is pure and crimeless.

My production of money is from cunningness,  
Forcing the actions from complication,  
Your innocence brings order to us.

May we understand each other as generous,  
Forming policies of kindness like a fountain,  
This religion is pure and crimeless.

The condition we experience from riches is joyous,  
Finding a happy home with the fortune,  
This religion is pure and crimeless,  
Your innocence brings order to us.

Naveed Akram

# Your Love

Your loves are staggering in performance,  
Belittling your hatred and your abhorrence.  
May kindness strike a heart full of zeal,  
To contaminate the evil men and women of the real.  
I love that which is slain, penalties are for it  
To show how grand it exists, how careful is the hit.  
The duel of the demon is stronger than the devil  
Of the wit, offering us fright of a diverse level.

Naveed Akram

# Your Mother

Your mother is desperate for knowledge,  
My art is to teach her the deeds of acts;  
Those acts inside the acts become wiser,  
And everyday my action will benefit the mind.

When he left the tree of his house,  
The little bird watching us was kinder;  
His kindness returned to the planes of fire,  
Wings furiously flapped for the whole age.

We have the wisdom of our fathers and mothers,  
Our praise is for those with kindness,  
And love teaches the artists and teachers,  
The love of the love, the love of the mind.

Naveed Akram

# Your Paradise Is Met

Your paradise is met by tones of laughter,  
Offering you love from up above like openness,  
Ladders erected can surpass its beauty one  
Day, to speak of little words after guttural sounds.  
Sensible as the springs and cisterns and saints,  
An artistic crook can never cook for you here.  
Lands and aunties, uncles and gentlemen stand  
At ease, with manual labour, fulfilling yourself.  
My paradise is your parachute into the unknown  
Of the souls and ontology that we pursue with  
Persistence, please persevere for entry  
And then gain your paradise to enact the play  
Performed by actors of the whole wide world.

Naveed Akram

# Your Play

Find the yards of heaven in your hands,  
Display and play to reach high regards.

Naveed Akram

# Your Pleasure

It is distressful pleasure telling fountains to cry,  
To no symbol to keep a once renewal,  
A fake treasure on keeping with union,  
Onto it is the celebration and festival that began.

Naveed Akram

# Your Problems

You keep smoking your problems,  
Like some beast to burn, to learn.  
Killing is an art too proud,  
Hastening the arrival of death.  
My astonishment happened everywhere  
When starting a dangerous role.  
The kill was being performed from nowhere,  
Surprising us still with its meek manner,  
Lunch is being served, with ferocity.  
May the smoking be condemned  
In hats and coats, inside the house as well.  
This is the house of every death.

Naveed Akram

# Your Real Teaching

Your sense is prodigious when you are  
A professor of likes and dislikes, the imagined  
One creates a family of scholars, the real  
One demands a sacred right, one of them  
Is tonight in the clouds with books of gold.

The books of silver encrust the hearts,  
Silver is as you know it, silver crosses  
The liquid and solid, cricket is burnt.  
The sports are like the books of gauzes  
And shining steel, one of the alacrities.

Your profession is a teacher to you,  
My solids are the imaginations,  
Your drama is your fervour and passion  
For all professors in this realm under  
God's own supervision, inside a real deed.

Naveed Akram

# Your Religion

Never do things of the religion be insane,  
Input is the key, the shame of the aeroplane.  
Heaven is forcing us to the sun,  
Just about your image of the bun,  
To eat, to keep, to learn and be stern,  
Just like easy work and what is to burn.  
We strictly learn, easily and eagerly in the ear,  
Like forms of justice, and entering the year.

Naveed Akram

# Your Shield

Ghosts are willing to penetrate your shield  
And converse with your intelligence,  
So learned and afraid are you that it speaks.  
The ghosts are like white disorders of the air,  
In a haunted house your stare is looked at  
And my examination of them is feared.  
The ghostliness of tonight gathers storm,  
Never then is the darkness to subside.  
To count on their willingness  
Is like trying to find something of danger.  
Their actions stay and they matter like guns  
And rifles of longevity.

Naveed Akram

# Your Sight

Your sight and the light that it shows  
Furiously uncovers inner afterglows.

Naveed Akram

# Your Skill

Your skill is presented to the rest of the world,  
As places are in the acres of this world,  
In this creation endures the skill of your study,  
The anchor of the sea, and resign now please.  
The skills destroy us when we learn,  
Inside is a guess, working the rest of the play,  
Wanting a danger makes me firm in belief,  
Decide to plant one favour for all in this dwelling.  
Your skill is present, your work is heaven,  
Let the favours of the place be like heaven.

Naveed Akram

# Your Social Manners

Your social manners are complete  
Today,  
For today the toads in the garden  
Croak a little like pies of strawberries  
To be taken by the dozen.  
Your manners are so complete  
Like thoughts from a thinker  
In this exact place,  
Your place or journal.

Your special character masters me  
With your head,  
The head is a space of the heart,  
The heart is a special action  
Of cardiac muscle.

Still be in the place, and still be happier  
Than today, for this mentioning  
Of this taste is far too complete.  
The tastes of the whole plate  
Are enough for this second,  
My time is fortunate now.

With special character come gifts,  
Presents that remark on this heaven,  
Easy as the plate of metallic argument,  
Easier than the whole wide place.

Naveed Akram

# Your Task Is Forced

We have sent you a task for all ponds of business,  
In the position of cattle you are kept like a bursting fruit.  
For you, a relentless act shines immortally,  
Forcing the belt to shake and break due to the old tears  
Running from the cheeks of your head in high task.  
Illness retakes your position and the station of deeds  
Shines forth with perpetual women and men in the way  
Of godliness and piety.  
Their patience is stubborn, a kind man will be for his religion  
A shining coin, a beautiful swan gliding into the distinction  
Of his life's collisions.  
Indeed, we will judge you according to your needs,  
As deeds are sludge, like the marshland housing the dead.  
We do not guide you tonight, in the daughter's head,  
And the alive son will burn his thoughts together,  
Overcoming the educated men in his and his sister's way.

We are in the brittle film, a cinema needs us tonight,  
For the film will shatter as our lives matter,  
Forcing the higher design, defending the entire hall.

Naveed Akram

# Your Throat

Backs are turned, sweeping changes mixed,  
So that ordered old men stroll so fixed.  
Disease mutters relief for the throat, and not the boat  
So fired with furious rage and oceans of the coat.

Naveed Akram

# Your Twisted Heads

Your bitter, twisted heads are like foes,  
Rolling in dust with the wind of joy,  
Instigating a trouble for the foes at hardness,  
Beset with gloom are the foes.

Your heads are a pair of trouble-makers,  
In my diving arena they are puzzling me,  
Their looks and stares are stresses;  
Does my setting of the sun be a son?

You may join with the path of righteous men,  
You may belong just like mountains of troops,  
But the whole stadium of disbelief concerns  
The columns of troops that meander their rate.

Puny, tiny and timid faces tread their smiles  
When the troops reign a kingdom instead of me,  
Causing the armies to abandon the foes,  
Cases are being similar now in the way.

Naveed Akram

# Your Walk Has Made You A God

A slow and masterly walk has much prison,  
And curtains must be draped around you  
If you are so sensible and proud of this waking life.  
I agree with this way of life, as it grows into a frenzy of achievement.  
The higher achievers become like living deities,  
As food for the upper gods, the ones with highest nature.

Your walk is sudden in the eyes of the gods and goddesses,  
As you appear in front of them in another continent,  
Far away it is and lonely you are in the desert.  
The God of Fire is angry, for it is called the Sun-God -  
A miserable god of frenzy and ferocity, I can not take it!  
It has burnt your skin, and sent dragons to destroy yourself.  
Poor soul.

Forget the sun's heat and look to the god of understanding,  
A man as well who looks at the science of walking and measures  
Your soul as one to be like a god.  
You have achieved immortality, at best.

Naveed Akram

# Your Wisdom

Wisdom is taken from the learning of the religion;  
When this is achieved, we strive for belief.  
Then evidence resides in the head, you must be dazzled,  
And you must be delighted at the news.

We are wise, separate from disbelief, the opposite  
Of faith is never taken, rather the wisdom of Plato  
Fails and disintegrates, compared to your beliefs;  
This comparison is legitimate and praiseworthy.

Wands of magic must disintegrate and the mathematics of the nation  
Must step into the room of your heart - flee from the policies of deceit!  
This ruination is not to be carried, an invalid will complain,  
An invalid will complain, and more disease will enter when wisdom is ignored.

Naveed Akram

# Your Wisdom Is

Your wisdom is not foolish like the wit of a fool who hits,  
It caresses my wise chest, my hat and stagnant body.  
If I were to be defined by the philosophers who love us,  
Let the statement reverberate in the heavens and earth.  
For knowledge is a matter, and for matter is an energetic  
Response from the senses that cause us to despair.

Your learning is like the soldier of might and darkness,  
He strode with his horse here, this is the symbolism.  
My act betters the acts of the devil, but does my act say more  
Than the friendly man, or the passionate one, who holds  
His breath to respect the atmosphere, will there be no  
Intimidation in this mythic setting? My knowledge is certain.

Naveed Akram

# Your Words

Your words are spoken from those in the dictionary,  
Heavenly phrases occur from the hearts and minds;  
A special action is intended for it is reminding something,  
Just everything is like that, all of us will speak.  
The word is more like surrender, the act is better,  
For when we speak those actions, the heavens alight.  
Downwards they climb, like rivers of honey,  
To sweeten the wordy world, for it needs to act.

Naveed Akram

# Youth Has A Charm

Do rapidly believe in youth and its charm,  
An attractive proposition to consider  
If one is rejected by it, if it takes you by alarm,  
If age has been the actual admonisher.

The crisis of age is caused by the rejection of youth,  
It is easy and hard, slow and fast,  
And age is splendid and fierce as a dogtooth,  
When young children resemble the fighting broadcast.

Naveed Akram

# Youth Is Splendour

Young bore young when in small age,  
Though my time coincided with my life's battling  
And my praiseworthy feat was destroyed.  
Young people bitterly reject, utterly in loss  
Of the world at large, their bellies ache from slaughtering  
The elder lot and sharing food, this may ache.  
Yet youth forbade the old, the aged, strict, loving and kind,  
Having laughter and so much to despise.  
We should be young who are mindful of age,  
Let us love oneself as well, just when young hearts describe  
Themselves in the deep world.  
The youth is splendid, the older periods of life are a consequence  
Of splendour.

Naveed Akram

# Youth's Anatomy

In an emergency is youth,  
Faint and corrupted it has a tooth  
To be, to keep awareness  
And to beat the back of a fairness.  
We are brought to death's gate  
Like a soldier is given a mate  
Who calls himself the enemy  
And may endanger the anatomy.  
Youth means young people who will continue,  
Never in the first place do they argue.

Naveed Akram

# Zombie

Looking like a zombie has guts and glory,  
Lock the window before one comes in worry.  
See their praises of a new season,  
An animal so cared is one of poison.  
Go to autocrats and they angered us,  
With their zombies in the window - advantageous.

Naveed Akram

# Zoo Of Life And Death

When the zoo of souls corrupts the youth  
With entered burns that radiate light,  
A foul bark has come with plague and gun,  
A barking sound justly connects with force.  
Feet are attacked from the flank,  
And the zoo of life is the zoo of death.  
Why do you burn tonight in prolonged  
Hardship, that must return to ease and occupation?  
My souls are many and wide like that of bears,  
My sayings craft the soldiers of living light.  
This generalship is the author of goodness  
In the playing fields of desire.  
The flowers of justice are open to the public,  
After the joyous burdens teetering on connivance.

Naveed Akram