

Poetry Series

Nida Nawaz
- poems -

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Nida Nawaz(Male-46)

Nida Nawaz, having masters degrees in Psychology, Hindi and Urdu with and diploma in Journalism and Computer ng as a Radio Journalist for last 22 Years in Radio Kashmir as a freelance, Writing the Editorial of Radio Kashmir 'Aaj Ki Baat'. Also translating different Programs from Hindi and English into Urdu and Kashmiri. A well known Hindi Writer and a recipient of a National Award of Hindi for non Hindi states, Sahitya Prabhakar of Hindi Sahitya Samilan/Mathli Sharan Gupt Samman/. Nowadays compiling three Books, one poetry, another Short Stories and The Dairy, highlighting the Past two decades of turmoil and uncertainty. Loves reading and writing. Poetry, Science and philosophy are his favorite likes to shares his ideas with Friends having Liberal and Progressive attitude. Hate conservative approach.

A Poem

A shadow,
A sudden cry in the dead silence of the night,
Consciousness of some mishap somewhere,
The flickering lamp inside this temple that my heart is,
An earthquake,
Last moments of a women in labour pains,
Last wish of a person sentenced to death,
Or a Poem.

(Translated From Hindi By Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

A Ritual Of Blinding Virgin Eyes

(Dedicated to those young children of Kashmir who lost their eyes for ever to the pellets of 'security forces')

It was a fine day
Or so it seemed
When you stepped out of your homes
Gingerly holding on
To your father's little finger
Your mother's long gown
Lest you would get lost
In the world outside
Little did you know though
That there lurked behind
In dark shadows
Round the street's far bend
The all too familiar cops
Whome you would address
In all your innocence
As 'soldier uncle'
Waiting for you to come near
So that they could snatch away
Your lovely little eyes
And all brilliance
That belonged to them
Your lovely little eyes
That were virgin as yet
Quite uninitiated as yet
In manoeuvring their curiosity
Through the spectrum of colors
And chiseling dreams from them
Your lovely little eyes
That were yet to know
The ways of the world
Meandering through silly differences
And bitter experiences
Your lovely little eyes
That were still very pure and fresh
From their first brush with the alphabet
And carried on their pellucid pupils

Lilting images of dolls and teddy bears
Besides a thick outline of round
Glass rimmed spectacles
Dominating Gandhiji's pencil sketch
Your lovely little eyes
That blinked and shone incredulously
While watching on television
Just a few days back
The Independence day celebration
Of Indian nation
Marked by unfurling of the tricolor
At Redfort
And the ritualistic release
Of white pegons
All of this is however
Past now
Well past you, for ever
For you have lost the grasp
On your father's little finger
Your mother's long gown
Lost as you are now
In the milling darkness of gloom
Stranded helplessly on the margins
Of an epic
Called life
You might at times
Find your imagination work its way
Through the contours of Indian nation
Only to find a rash of silhouettes
Images and reverberations
Some quite queer, some intimidating
Play in the constricted gallery
Of your mindscapes
Silhouettes of a map
Sketched out of drab darkness
Scary images of heartless soldiers
Deafening reverberations of pellet gun fire
All converging into an endless void
And every thought
Whether fleeting or studied
Of the Indian tricolor
Would churn up within your being

Dark melancholia
Strewn with the images
Of bloodied eyes and tattered wings
Of white pigeons
All across the sky's of historic Red Fort
And the familiar thick outline of round
Glass rimmed spectacles
Dominating Gandhiji's pencil sketch
Would appear to be nothing but
A poor camouflage
For an elaborate plan of violence
Drown into the creases and furrows
Of his face.
{ 24 ????? 2016 }

Nida Nawaz

All Encompassing Light

(1)

I shall be in quest of you
Till the last post of eternity
Where lies camped
The grand caravan of universal truth
I shall beseech the Lord
To grant me you as boon
Lord, the font of all love
Whose virtue shines forth
In the radiance of your forehead
And whose sacred halo
Resides in the soothing shade of your brow
Traversing all limits of time and space
I shall plunge
Into the ocean of fragrance
And there shall I find you
The hallowed light that obtains
Within the soul

(2)

O' hallowed light
Every time you travel across
The expanse of my consciousness
A million suns ascend on the horizon
Of my imagination
Columns of sacred fragrance
Surge rhythmically through my nerves
And each drop of my blood
Comes alive to celestial music
Every time you traveled across
The expanse of my consciousness
Mesmerizing play before my eyes
My thoughts get snugly aligned
To the strings of my orientation
And countless flowers blossom
In the terraced garden of my understanding
Every time you travel across
The expanse of my consciousness
My breath simmers
In the heat of the abiding light

And my tongue, through challenged
Lets out a copious and fluent stream
Of inspiring ideas
I shall dedicate to you
All my songs
Songs of love
Songs of the heavens
Earthy songs
Songs that gently tug at the heart
Wish you rule my consciousness for ever
I shall be in quest of you
Till the last post of eternity
(Translation From Urdu By Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Black Hole

(Addressed to the terrorist)

You challenge the fury
Of your own dark horror
As you try to devour
One after the other
Bright stars,
Donning the human firmament
With your dirt-black teeth
You plunder
All things natty and nice
To fill up
The unwieldy belly
Of your arrogant greed
Little do you know though
That your vicious ways
Have reduced you to
A black hole
A mere black hole
In this stupendous cosmos
That would vanish sooner than later
In the cavernous vacuum
Of its own darkness

(Translated from Hindi By Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Civilization

(Addressed to the terrorist)

How sheepishly exposed before me
Lies the struggling voice
Of your cruel ideas
More exposed than the sting
Of your devilish grin
You may try to devour
As much as you want
The fine, rich tapestry
Of our cultural fabric
And push us back
Into deep, dark caves
Of the prehistoric age
But you probably know not
That our aeons old cultural mores
Our civilizational riches
Lie consecrated in the vast sea
Of our sensibilities
Numerous strains
Of our genome
And foundations of our character
Strong foundations that yield
No space to explosive mines
We're comfortably positioned
In the sublime heights
Of our cultural brilliance
Where no human sacrifice is made
At the alter of a demi-god

(Translated from Hindi By Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Curfewed Valentine's Day

CURFEWED VALENTINE'S DAY

It's Valentine's day
Whiffs of gentle fragrance
Course through body and soul
Livening up a sea of emotions
In endless undulating waves of ecstasy
And refreshing gusts of heavenly breeze
Caress the innermost recesses of being
How eagerly we waited for this day
For one long year
So that we could at least
Sit across a coffee table in a suburban restaurant
To open up the tomes of our heart
To each other like never before
And in the middle of our intense exchange would I
Gingerly place a red rose in your soft, fair hands
I would then repeat once more
In all earnestness
The vow of love
"Darling, I will love you till the end of time";
To which you would reciprocate
In your characteristic dulcet murmur
"I am yours forever";, would you say
Striking chords of passion and dedication
Along each strand of my being
Nature would shower blessings on us
Of its choicest flowers and I would picture myself
Embellishing your golden locks with red roses
Myriad pleasures of love would cast
Their seductive influence on our amorous union
As my intent gaze hovers in the vast horizon
Of your crystal blue eyes
And in spite of having forgotten to add
A cube or two of sugar in our coffee cups
Each sip would taste sweeter than ever
But my love
It's all easier wished than done
Because "curfew"; continues for the seventh day today

A pall of horror hangs over the entire city
All roads big and small
Are deserted
And even the birds have curled up
Their wings in fear
Phones, Internet, Cable network
Are all paralyzed
So while their unsavory state prevails
May I decorate my forehead with the feel
Of a million roses
And bow before your comely image
In the sanctum sanctorum
Of my own soul
So as to save the honor of Valentine's Day
So as to save the grace of LOVE itself.
(14-02-2013/Srinager-Kashmir)
Transcreation by Ashfaq Lone

Nida Nawaz

Curse

Weep not my darling child,
I too am doing the so called evil deeds
that your father did.
I too shall endure
this curse of my time.
Tomorrow, come and
Weep to your heart's fill
with my children

(Translated From Hindi By Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

Do Sing My Darling Daughter (To The Three Daughters Whose Smile And Song Was Dubbed A Crime)

Don't feel scared my little darling
Learn instead
The skill of converting fear
Into a melodious tune
Then sing to it and smile
Smile your brightest smile, darling
Smile
For the sake of your own happiness
Smile
For the fulfillment of your own dreams
And smile even for those
Who hate to see you smile
Who fear for their ill-structured flimsy concepts
As the energetic flow of you song
Takes over
How anxious they are
To push you back into the dungeons of stone age
You mean nothing to them
Nothing but
The bitter, blinding smoke of an earthen stove
The crumpled cover of a mattress
And a child bearing contraption
They want to see your wings clipped
They want to see you deprived
Of your smiles, songs and dreams
You shouldn't lose your heart though
You shouldn't give in my darling
You should smile your brightest smile
And smiling thus
Let out a high pitched song
Of love, humanity and universe
And singing thus
Aim for the farthest stars
And for the largest galaxies
And for the uncharted heavens
Because you, my darling

Are a beautiful little butterfly
Who can fly well
Against all rough winds.
(transcreated by Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Every Word Is Blood Soaked

Every word is blood soaked;
Yes every word,
That appears on the black pages of our
disgraced History Book.

(Translation from Hindi By Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

Fear

Wearing a thick black mask
It walks in
At nightfall
Holding a dagger
Or a gun in its hand
And carries me far away
Into the deep forest
To feed me to a hungry lion
Or throw me into a large pond
Full of alligators
Or else carries me atop a hill
To push me down the precipice
Into a den of venomous Snakes
It walks in every night
What else but fear
Yes, fear
My alter ego.

(Translated from Hindi By Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Holocaust

I can see it well up
In the eyes of my own 'protector'
A gruesome look
More unnerving than the reminiscence
Of General Dyer's cruelty

I can scan
Broad details of the hitlist
Concealed by an extremist within the pages
Of a religious tome

I can detect
Behind the white starched robes
Of political bigwigs
Petty brokers of my nation's wealth
And worth

I can sense it lurk behind
The enticing smile of a beautiful girl
A clear intent of treachery
Yet fall for it helplessly

I can hear shrieks of agony
Issue forth from a female foetus
Mocking at the precision of new age technology
And challenging all constitutional guarantees

I can smell the fragrance
Emanating from every single blister
That forms and bursts
On the work beaten hands
Of a bonded labourer

I can detect inside tricky corridors
Of an emaciated democracy
The true saffron colours
Of a dreadful snake
Working its way up the Parliament

I sit up and ask
What wrong the innocent lad had committed
To lose his life
In crossfiring

I try and evaluate
The worth of a gallantry award
Earned for
Fake encounters.

I suffer and suffer
The queer phenomenon
Of prayer beads
Turning into bullets
And godly concerns
Issuing forth
Through blazing guns

Caught in the midst of this holocaust
I wonder
How I have been able to secure myself
And hold back a sea of mysterious dark secrets
In the depths of my eyes.

(Translated from Hindi By Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Ideal

Should you visit this city of ours?

Then please.....

Gouge your eyes

And trample them underneath your feet

The way you deal with burnt cigarette bits.

Burn all these pages of your book on idealism

The way you burn sun dried timber.

And then sever the nib of your writing pen

The way someone chops the head of the candid amongst us.

Now in this city of ours;

It is a curse

To have a vision,

Follow your thoughts

And use your pen....

Nida Nawaz

Imag

With the chisel of my pains and sorrows
I craft the image of my life
I go on building it thus
Until one day
My very own image
Stands before me
As an answer
To all my pains and sorrows

(Translated By Ashfaq Lone)

Nida Nawaz

Let Us Break The Silence

We will have to break
The deathly silence
That pervades these poor, numbed beings
Herded into deceptive pastures
Of queer compromise
With a politically-correct stick
Of communalism
These poor beings are pushed
Into a state of sustained sedation
Courtesy religion
The master tranquilizer
And then shorn of
Their skin
And flesh as well
Sinister little saplings of poppy
Are planted in their minds
For a monstrous plot of destruction
Their hands are filled
With the loose sand of superstition
In their very juvenility
And their eyes are blindfolded
With a thick black cloth
Of irrational thought
How meekly they try to hold on
To their life
While it slips mockingly
Through their fingers
And consigns
All their dreams and aspirations
To a silent, unnoticed death
Poor souls!
Seeds of rancour and hatred
Are sown in their bodies
And then they are blown up
In crowded markets
And big cities
With remote controlled devices
It is high time
We break the silence

And guide them back
From the mine fields of communalism
It is time we acted
Since the deep, disturbing silence
Has seasoned by now
In the giant cauldron of time
And reached the point
Where it could break into
A shrill scream
A clarion call
We will have to act fast
And expose in raw detail
This dehumanizing, crude game
Of deceit and exploitation
Played out from the horror houses
Of politics and religion.

(Hindi Poem English translation by Ashfaq Lone) .

Nida Nawaz

Like The Grass I Shall Grow All Over *

Let me be a pallbearer to his body too,
For I prized him more than my own life.
The irregular rhythm of his heartbeats
Was clearly audible in his smiles.
His heart laden with sorrows of Every struggler,
His language,
Their pain and miseries.
He knew he shall be felled
For he was out to show mirror to people.
Who likes to see himself over here?
And yesterday when I saw his dead body,
For a moment I thought "How could it be?"
"Is he really no more?"
But his poems are his body and soul.
Doesn't truth sprout from the soul?
Soul that never dies.
And Looking at his body I felt
As if there is a movement in his lips.
And as if he was proclaiming to his killers
"I am just grass.
I shall swathe everything.
I shall grow all over.
I am grass.
I have to vegetate.
I shall grow and engulf all your deeds as well *. "

(Translated From Hindi By Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

Neel Kanth*

Listen! A handsome visage of this existence
Is surely to gulp down the entire venom on this earth
And grow to be a *NEEL KANTHA.

And Another gorgeous truth of this life is to
be like NECTAR,
Gulp down the pain and sorrows
And grow to be a human being.

(Translated From Hindi By Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

Our Mother's Head Scarf

When they visit us at night,
Never do they knock at our doors,
They just break them open to enter.
Dragging our fathers by their Beards,
Pulling away the headscarf of our Mothers,
They ask us to stand naked before each other,
shame sobs,
mutual relations get strewn....

What if they hide their faces?
We identify them
from the pages of some old Books,
From the childhood memory of time spent together in the playground,
From the chair lying in the office,
From the shared swing rides of childhood,
And From amongst the students of the classroom.
Snakes just creep and move in our childhood playground.

The man sitting in the chair in our office,
looks like YAMA (The lord of death) now.
The rope of our childhood swing too has burnt itself in the blaze.
Sometimes under that dark cloth covering their faces,
We see the face of that boy as well,
The boy whom we had taught
When he entered the school.

When they come,
they just drag any person,
Drag him far away from his house,
Drag him away from the family,
And later for all to see,
Nothing more than his dead body hanging from an
Apple tree,
The body dumped near some crossing,
With their names engraved on the back
Before killing,
Names engraved in the language of terror,
Written in words of fire,
Written with red hot iron rods.

When they visit us at night,
Never do they knock at our doors,
They just break them open to enter.
They come to trample
our culture,
our honour
and
our relations
underneath their feet

(Hindi Poem -English translation by Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

Rebellion

I never asked the dark black clouds
For any guidance enroute
I never sought to tame
And befriend rabid dogs ever
I never tried to propitiate
Any god with paens or prayers
And never did I entreat for life
In the sinister alleys of mythdom
I have always resisted hard
All demands of an unholy lien
Made by the self-appointed guardians of religion
Ever since the dawn of my existence
I have been gathering light
Ray by ray
To feed my intellect
Day after day
For I am so intent
To launch a rebellion of illumination
And enlightenment
Against the dark night

English translation by Ashfaq Lone

Nida Nawaz

The One Whom You Love *

You should move away with
The one whom you love.
Yes move away,
Before this sun rises
Move Far Away
From this city of Bunkers,
And cross that bridge,
That bridge Built on the river of emotions,
The bridge of trust and faith,
Which now faces the punishment of demolition
Decreed by the gods of our present time
Who now sit on Pulpits.

(Translated From Hindi By Autar Mota)

Nida Nawaz

The Sea Of My Consciousness

I ask
The crimson dusk
If blood is the color
That has come to be recognized
As the true character of each word
The individualistic pride of every poem
And the title of each book

I ask
The dark clouds
If rain is the water
That streams down from eyes
Incessantly
Drawing in its wake
Dreams, desires
And the sense of deference as well

I ask
The bright sun ambling along the horizon
If justice is the queer truth
That holds
"A man might die
A thousand times each movement
Yet should suffer
The bitter accusation
Of being alive"

I ask
The exuberant full moon
If love is the overwhelming force
That compromises the bountiful fund of trust
With skepticism
Etching unsettling boundaries of conduct
And exacting the pain of test by fire
In the process

I ask
The harsh words strewn across
If experience is the spell binding light

That shines forth
From the eyes of that temptress
Who devours
Both body and soul

I ask
The coy whiffs of morning breeze
If air rides the horse of unruly wind
To pass by the sea of my consciousness
From where
Numerous suns of inquisitiveness rise
Only to get dimmed and drowned
In the deep ocean of my own sub-consciousness
Without a whimper

I ask
And ask
And ask
Until I am sapped of all energy
Like an exhausted, bedraggled horse
I stumble down along the dark shores
Of my sea of consciousness
And die an unceremonious death.

(Translated from Hindi by Mr. Ashfaq Lone.)

Nida Nawaz

Vitasta* ! Be Witness.....

Vitasta! Be my witness,
Look! The dark Kohl of my eyes,
The red colour of my lips,
Has washed itself with your water.

The tall shady chinars of my bosom,
That gave shelter to the weary Travellers,
That enthused them again for future journeys,
Have now been uprooted.

The heads of my children,
Have been cut like a plentiful crop,
Be witness to it Vitasta!
The blushing faces of my daughters
That bore apple like colours,
Look simply black
In this gun powder smoke all over.

The boats that glide on your surface now
Are eagerly looking forward to listen
To the love filled conversation of newly wed couples.
Be witness to it Vitasta!
Every drop of Your clear water,
That would sometimes reflect Hari Parbat
along with Shankracharya temple,
Is just red blood now.

Vitasta be witness to this fact as well
That this mother of yours,
This wounded valley,
Has now lost its identity,
After being walked over
By some unfamiliar and Marauding people
with heavy boots.

(Translated From Hindi By Autar Mota)

