

Classic Poetry Series

Samina Raja
- poems -

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Samina Raja(11 September 1961 -)

Samina Raja is a Pakistani poetess, writer, editor, translator, educationist and broadcaster. She writes in Urdu. She lives in Islamabad, Pakistan and works in the National Language Authority as a Subject Specialist.

 Biography

Samina Raja was born in Bahawalpur, Pakistan. She has a Master's degree in Urdu Literature from Punjab University Lahore. She started writing poetry in 1973 and has published twelve books of poetry, two Kulliat and one selection of her romantic poetry so far. She has written some books in Urdu prose and has edited and translated some valuable works of prose from English to Urdu.

Raja joined the National Book Foundation as a consultant and editor of monthly Kitab in 1998. In 1998 she also joined monthly Aassar as an editor.

As a media person, she has been conducting All Pakistan Mushairas since 1995 on Pakistan Television (PTV). She also has presented a long series of a famous literary program Urdu Adab Mein Aurat Ka Kirdar "The Role of Woman in Urdu Literature" on PTV.

Raja currently works as a Subject Specialist in the National Language Authority, Islamabad and is planning to bring out a new literary magazine Khwabgar (the Dream Maker)'s Ahmed Faraz (a great Urdu poet) number.

 Poetry Traits

The feminine and human perspectives of love and longing, nostalgias of past and past lives, socio psychological problems of the new age, mythological and metaphysical subjects. Raja is the most prolific poetess of her time and has full command on both Ghazal and Nazm.

Lams Zinda Rahay

Samina Raja

Punishment

Go! see the faces of those who hate!
Their eyes are the portals of hell;
From fires that burn in their dungeons
The walls of their hearts are soot-black.
See those faces
Whose teeth peep from their mouths
And when they talk,
From their lips froth comes forth
For whom, to face truth is impossible,
Who trample flowers to forge ahead,
On whose skylights,
Never do birds sit and sing,
In whose courtyards, sunshine and rains
Lose their virtue;
Whose tongues are unacquainted with joyful words
Whose words collide with the ears of the good ones
And become stone:
They, who celebrate death of other people, s happiness,
Release dogs on supplicants
And on their doors, with grotesque colours
Paint skulls:
Go-
See their faces!
From today,
You are one with them! ! !

Samina Raja

Why Was The Earth Created?

Why was the sky created,
stars beyond stars
shaping galaxies,
countless;
in the infinite farness,
unbounded, undefined
courses, directions,
their numbers varying,
made and destroyed;
light borne from light,
darkness from darkness,
one in pursuit of the other,
the splendid shooting stars;
fire, all fire ahead,
the past, all ice, just ice;
in truth, all a farce,
a game of deception,
all but the gravity,

But this was enough,
so why the earth,
why was it created;
the atmosphere, the wind,
mountains and oceans,
fruits, flowers,
fields and forests,
innumerable birds and animals,
water full of fish of all sizes,
for the big to eat the small,
the stronger to swallow the weak;
this animal of reason,
the human,
leading the beasts,
arrogantly bearing his body
on his feet;
his faces so many:
protective and kind
like the cool shade
or harsh and fierce

like the sun's heat;
bound in alliance
with alternating chains
of kindness and cruelty,
of love and hate;
bound in alliance
with fate,
the son of Adam
the daughter of Eve,
distressing, tormenting fate;
ever-changing ethics of
falsehood and truth;
alarmed by deceit,
this creature,
confounded and helpless,
errant and lost.
Much was created,
so then
why me;
why my discerning mind
opened to the mystery
of time and space,
the known, the hidden,
the ever-present,
the realm of
doubt and faith,
the expanse of the heavens above.
Laying bare the secret,
why was I then,
instead of the earth
prompted to look
at the sky.

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