

Poetry Series

Shahid Saleem Butt

- poems -

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He has been teaching to various levels from school to college students at varying time spans.

Main subjects of study are English Language, English Literature and Computer Science.

He has written articles for different websites and newspapers like:

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A Fallen Pigeon

A Fallen Pigeon

As I got close to road bend;
A cozy, grey, angelically-built fine-grain-feathered-haired pigeon abruptly fell,
Like stone from sky right in road-middle.
None of it moves;
Was it dead or alive?

Bird's and mine, souls talked,
It beseeched help;
I stopped at the roadside,
Bewildered what to do, how to save this angelically-dressed bride (at least body)
:
A truck, car and a light-passenger-vehicle,
Coming fast towards us.

I took a few seconds to think;
What to do to avoid crisis;
The vehicles came further nearer,
I couldn't see it run over;
I couldn't indicate the vehicles to stop,
Not sure they will stop or understand with so little time left;
Stopped at roadside with praying, crying and beseeching heart,
So vehicles don't run it over.
But
But
When gone were they,
I saw its pure-ablutioned body in fresh blood;
The bird crushed under one's cruel tyres.

The soul departed now or had already, I don't know;
Did it fall dead or it died now, I don't know.
But, but,
The crush of its heart ruffled my soul,
One crushed physically, the other got ruddy soul.

And, and, I couldn't stand;
With smashed heart, I moved, drove bike and reached job.

The beseeching soul's request filled my heart with passion;
As I think on with tensest ever temples,
Passion continues pouring in,
To reach over-brimming phase,
To disallow anymore passion.

How can I forget such an innocence and beauty run over thus?
Hard-truth demands me,
Run away to some abandoned land,
And forget everything.

Agony still tortures, promptest act may have saved the soft-lush-grey truth;
But how? I must have risked life to save its already dead or yet alive body.

Soul deep agonizing torture overpowers my heart, whenever it recurs;
And bleeding memory knows no moment when it blurs.

As easy to forget a hearty delight,
As hard to let go of an over-brimmed agony.
Shahid Saleem Butt

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An Infant's Acknowledgment - O Mother O Creator's Best Creation! Are Ye Human, Angel, Or Aromatic Cosmic Mall?

An Infant's Acknowledgment

O Mother, O Creator's best creation! Are ye human, angel, or aromatic cosmic mall?

Nothing is more important than you
To minimal weakling nursling in me
Creator's most important invention is you
Everything is significant when fused with you;
As all is futile if without you.

And when you bring face near mine
Fervently waving limbs, I face ye with moon behind thy caring round
And stars brightening the EVENT
For angels to come down to earth to encircle you
And beautify the magnificence that surrounds thy figure sublime.

The whole globe condenses to your kindest face
The entire love to your fluffy-loving-lips
The complete care to your cottony-hands
The full-length kaleidoscopic phantasmagoria (fantasy) to your beaming eyes
When you bow thy moon to caress my love-thirsty cheek.

(But the whole of me powerlessly and timorously waited
For a lips-lips kiss
You 'tricked' me by caressing my cheek
Oh! Shit
What a miss!
To miss a lips-lips mom's kiss
Aan - Haan - Haan - Haan)

Thy lips stick to my eyes and instill all inspiration
That God created and rapturous love overpowers my whole being
To move me back to paradise to experience eternal bliss
This is my world and universe and destiny all
O Creator's best creation! Are ye human, angel, or aromatic cosmic mall?

(Dedicated to all Mothers)

Written for Mothers' Day May 8,2016.

By Shahid Saleem Butt.

Shahid Saleem Butt

Class X Farewell Party

Class X Farewell Party

Bidding adieu is like leaving my heart at school;
Saying farewell sounds simple but;
It encompasses all those years of fun, joy, study, friendships,
Craze to surpass, hunting moments to standalone;
The bunks, the whole-hearted times of study, the pretensions,
The color days, the parties, PTMs (Parent-Teacher-Meetings) , and mad pursuit
to win laurels;
Labs, library, multimedia hangouts,
And craze to reform humanity;
Troubles my very heavy heart.
Is it something to disremember?

You took first step to refine my toddling spirit,
O my lower-primary, pre-nursery educator,
And passed me on to affectionate nursery and KG teachers;
Who refined my reading, writing and manners' skills;
And passed me on to class one's unending thrills;
Class two was as crazy as my best chum's shrill;
Class three and four were different in bringing real-time venturous trend;
To explore something new in ever changing ventures;
And finally my class five closes upper-primary school adventures.
Is it something to disremember?

Subject specialists satiated our ever increasing thirst in middle school (from class
VI to VIII):
And made every period and everyday unique;
With a lot many ingenuities and newness all around;
And pushed us intangibly to high school creativity on footings sound;
To finally show abilities to the world with title 'geek'.
Is it something to disremember?

Now, came my high school teachers to show real world,
Amazing facts and figures put before me to gaze
To find my real-time status in the contracting globe,
And tread my way to life successfully in the chilly out.
Is it something to disremember?

You never bid adieu to nostalgia to overlook school,

And too many days when bathed in this knowledge-pool;
And the spirit-parents who refined soul during all these moments;
From toddling to child to teen to gilded formative years of perfect sooth.
Is it something to disremember?

How can I forget my alma mater, my friends, teachers, staff and madam?
Can I disremember my alma mater, my friends, teachers, staff and madam?
Can I forget games, festivals, charms and delights of being close to friends,
The charms of unending talks, the charms of exploring everyday something new;

How can I?
Can I?
Tell me if you can;
Or sing perfuming unheard of songs for my alma mater;
Be strong!
Hold heart and say, without crying,
'Farewell, adieu my soul refiner,
Stay blessed with your flag flying'.

By Shahid Saleem Butt

Shahid Saleem Butt

Fate Is Equalizer

Fate is Equalizer

Fate pounds like flood, Tsunami, a Noah's Flood, a World War

Everything moves towards a natural level;

It is always imminent and spares almost none.

Most razed to ground, but there are a few

Who get more fertile lands

To grow and reap its positivity.

It helps humans to remain equal

Like they were born equal.

by Shahid Saleem Butt

Shahid Saleem Butt

Fate, Character And Life - Fate Is Leveler

Fate like Tsunami, like Egyptian drought of seven years
Turns everything upside down
And proves to be cruelest ever leveler;
Sparing almost none.

But if unswerving-character, grit and foreseeing-wisdom (as of Prophet Joseph)
join hands
They can build securest-ever embankments and dams
Not only to avert imminent fate-ravages
But to turn potential energy (of drought and Tsunami)
Into more gold (accessible water) , diamonds (aquatic life) , rubies (agriculture)
and all that
And turn home on globe into
A lovelier place for life to exist.

by Shahid Saleem Butt

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I Am A Talky

(Poem on talkative people.)

I am a talky;
My tongue is always itching;
To speak, of course;
You can never let it stop;
My scissory tongue, that loves to talk;
Talk, talk, talk, and continues talking;
O crazy! you can never stop;
With so many spicy, pungent, tangy, zesty, racy things to say;

These petty cell phone packages,
Are unable to satiate my desire to chat;

How can I cease to exist? How can I stop?

(in grave tone)

LIFE IS SHORT LIKE TIME,
and so-o-o-o-o-o-o many things to chat, prat, gibber and jay;

Don't you remember, I'm a talky, I'm a chatty.

..

Shahid Saleem Butt

Life Is Spiral

Life is spiral like expanding universe
It revolves and extends
The same events with novelty
To occur again;
Yes, again and again;

Finally to enter a black-hole
Where kaleidospic spiral of events
Become very fast
Yes, faster and faster
To reach an infinity
And snatch life from all existence.

by Shahid Saleem Butt

Shahid Saleem Butt

Life, Lifelong-Lifespan Bumbling Life

Life, Lifelong-Lifespan Bumbling Life.

When I behold skies, I fear
To fell stars to a tear;
Life is no simple,
To cast a shadowy dimple;
Around all cheek
To make me real meek (humble):
Behold universe with focused-intent;
And cross the world with lotus bent.

When I behold poles, I fear
To fell `em to a tear;
Life is so simple,
To hurl a ruddy blush;
Around all cheek
To make me real truth-seek (seeker):
Behold universe with focused-intent;
And engross the world with lotus sent,
To adorn my craziest ever love.

When I behold you, I fear
To fell you to a tear;
Life is real gamble,
To keep us always on the hush-angle;
Surrounding all reek (stench)
To make me ghastly-geek;
Bolden my heart with mournful-content;
And immerse the world with irreversible dent,
To sing panting ditties leading me to rove (roam) .
Ah! Life, lifelong-lifespan crumbling life.

Shahid Saleem Butt

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Love And Life

Life and Love

Life came to love, and said;
What novel-cool honeys' blend do you send,
To all those who before you bend,
And make them hanker after thee,
And search www* to find thee in friend?

Ah, sighs, loneliness and wholehearted gloom,
Overpowers their being even when they are in bloom,
Look for their soul to join the mate of the same perfume,
And make a cocktail of scent-rich unending flowery-tale,
To reach the wished-for soul with boom, boom, boom.

Love, astonished to hear, and said,
What novel-cool honeys' amalgam did I send!
To all those who before me bend,
And make them hanker after you,
To straightway find their friend.

I live to keep you alive, in all gloom,
Overpower souls and make them bloom,
Bring them closer than their soul-fume,
And make a creativity-zygote surround the whole psychedelic (mind-blowing) -
tale,
To give ye continuity through an exclusive aspired-for 'kun-fa-ya-koon'**.
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Notes:

* World Wide Web.

** In the Holy Quran, God says, 'Get it done, and it is done'.(They continue their life through their offspring.) - you may write 'baby-boom'

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Mother, My Soul Deep Supreme Refreshing Candy

Mother, my soul deep supreme refreshing candy;

I fall and ye hold;
I'm sick and ye load
Me with myriads of prays;
And bring me back to life as your 'conspiracy' and practice with angels always
works on all days.

Angels are all bound when ye are around;
My dearest mom, me unable to distinguish.
As thy pure, transparent and translucent figure;
Compels me to adore thee as love can't satiate my yearn as it whisper.

It surely took centuries to create ye;
Mom, you are not simply human but supremely-supreme LOVE-trodden.
I disobey, torture, desert or even kill my sis or bro;
Ye stand against all odds to save this 'FOE'!

What elements manufactured thee I don't know?
Seas are seas, even oceans can't suffice;
To make an ink I need to jot;
The soul-deep love that always over-brims my heart with thy jocund ruminations
a lot.

Mom, are ye really human?
Or an unfathomably deep-deep-deep;
Deep-deep-deep-deep;
Deepest ever loveliest loving-Love bloom-in.

(Dedicated to all mothers of the world) .

Shahid Saleem Butt

Pray To Allah (God) - 2016

Pray to Allah (God) - 2016

Ishq, love, whole-hearted love, fully intended and absolutely absorbed (SsELFAT) hearts

Are nowhere around;

Me bewildered what to write with lot many manifestations around;

Let me find Ye in blooming flowers,

Let me guess Ye in sprouting of novel buds,

Let me grasp Ye in expanding universe's mazy clone in butterfly's wings' glitter,

Let me discover Ye in my broken determinations,

Let me discern Ye in the life of an atom,

Let me notice Ye in the life of water cycle,

Let me identify Ye in wind phases,

Let me reach Ye in the working of earth's engine,

Let me discover Ye in persistently energy producing sun,

Let me comprehend Ye in fulfilment of my wishes kept in the deepest-n-darkest ever caverns,

Let me conceive Ye in plans to conquer world,

Let me detect Ye in emotions and passions specific to the 'one',

Let me cherish Ye in the first ever word that my child spoke,

Let me sense Ye in the Azan (call for prayer) that is all the time going on,

Let me notice Ye in the first ever chirp of a bird,

Let me perceive Ye in all scriptures always beginning with Thee,

Let me 'catch' Thee in the process of sea currents,

Let me learn Thee in golden ratio,

Let me treasure Ye in everything that is happening around,

Let me esteem Ye deep in all my privacies.

You are here, there, and everywhere,

I can't escape Ye though Ye may come-go whenever Ye like.

Saying overused 'thanks' can't work,

Let me be a 'thank' to thank for all You've done and promised,

People go worship places to find Thee, to obey Ye;

Alas! Subdued-n-mixed hearts unable to rise above mundane desires,

They see Thee, listen Thee and then let conscience go of;

Rising above self is what they need,

Pity! rising above self is what they lack,

Waiting Messiah is what they plan,

Waiting savior is what they demand.

Thy bounties keep them flourishing but
They continue messing universe,
Negativity is what they spread in gala,
And letting positivity die in deserty-Karbala.

Devil guising to 'protect' them under his vile wings;
Each knows the outcome but still allows,
Devilish things to touch absolute topsy-turviness;
And turning world to a series of fires (bombardments) .

Let Thy blessings overwhelm the whole of creations,
Send Messiah and save the ones who deserve,
And bring the rest to ultimate justice.

Mind, heart, conscious and conscience all,
Wait and see nerve-rending-gall (wound):
Beauty and truth waiting the Final Call,
Come, pull multiversal souls, and set aright all.

Shahid Saleem Butt

Softness And Control

Softness and Control

"Yes, I live";,
"Yes, I can do";,
"Yes, I do Control my Affairs".
Life-long efforts move toward failures,
When my control diminishes;
Success and all achieved valor,
Fall flat at world-affairs' sea-bed, despite sweetest wishes;
When my softness overpowers all limits,
To make me look like a brimful dupe.

Me, now to keep head over all hearts;
And employ soundest-ever novel ways to be in-charge,
Over my current loose affairs,
And let me take hold of them with exemplary harshness,
By jeopardizing even my soft image of gentle demeanors;
And be powerful in these concerns,
And show to globe,
"Yes, I do Control my Affairs";,
"Yes, I can do";,
"Yes, I live".

Shahid Saleem Butt

Terror In Lahore - On Her Fifth Birthday

Terror in Lahore - On Her Fifth Birthday

(A Fiction based on actual bomb blast in Lahore in March,2016 indiscriminately killing 69 at the spot and injuring 341)

Horror and terror roam all around,
As my people drink long draughts of drowsiness;
With seemingly dessert-full heady anti-Islamic drugs to touch oblivion,
Bidding adieu to pouring in topnotch concurrent anti news aloud;
And vow not even for lip service against terror-soul,
T'is maddening silence upsurges terrorism growl.

Sun and breeze 'conspire' with nascent flowers,
To awake Zainab Iman from deep calm;
The school van whistles to doubly redouble
Mother's anxiety and granny's starry-kisses and cares,
And our dazzling 'rose' on her fifth birth-result-day awakes.

'Mom, granny, pop, sis, bro, come n hear;
T'is my fifth birthday, forget not to bear;
It with balloons, gifts, and a cake immersed with cocoa, pineapple and pear;
To let it be an indelible event;
The pride of family as my result too near (today) .'

Papa promised a four wheeler auto if I got A*
Mom gives a tab, granny a Barbie and nut bar;
Myriads of presents n cuddles from cousins and friends;
My brain too little to know a place,
To keep them all in the attic of us three.

School time passed in excitement arena,
Close friends invited and specially caring teacher Alina;
Me ready with 'A*' - news to go market straight from school,
And get the prettiest dessert, a cake cool-cool,
For all my friends, for all, all around.

Cake was full flowery with cocoa and cream,
Fumes of fresh breeze and meshed pine-cum-pear like icy-cubes;
Embellishing the eventful novel-day like sweet dream;
Harboring my innocently-woven wistful wishes clad gay;
Known Joys are good but expected ones over-brim hearts' bay.

As I looked around for susans, lilies and roses,
Bang, bang, bang, a terrorist blasted his bombs;
He wanted to go to Eden gardens;
Probably he needed my cut-off limbs
To embellish his home there
And my flowery cake his manna-dew.

Take all my gifts, too, dear terrorist,
Take my body, my limbs and flowers along;
And adorn your new home but listen;
Touch not my face that used to have granny's 5-kisses' stars;
And gleaming front hair set in crescent ringlet (by mom) prettify my forehead;
My heart, my love-trodden heart, my oozing bloody heart will vanish from scene
And stay on earth till sees you jammed on the Day of Decision.

69 dead's and lot many's slaughtered bloody limbs gleam;
We, now equally strong souls, won't let yours' budge an inch from scene;
Have a hearty laughter now as thy hearty crying will follow soon;
Wait for Judgment Day, neither far nor yon;
Be ready to witness what our mamas lose and what precise bombing brought for
your pals;
Zainab Imans never fear Karbala's (battle of Karbala) incessant calls.

Shahid Saleem Butt

The Dignity Day

The dignity Day
My dignity with me, yours with you;
I fall to the deepest pits,
When I consider myself,
Better than you, and indulge in self-praise, eh.
But,
Let alone dignity, you get GLORIFIED;
When you love others irrespective of their faults.

Shahid Saleem Butt