

Poetry Series

**wardha jawdat**  
**- poems -**

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# wardha jawdat()

born: ambitious

achieved: degree in medicine

hope: to write my way into heaven

goal: to die with a at least a two lined epitaph



for my poor bleeding land..pakistan

wardha jawdat

**\*\*\* ...An Idyllic Love.... \*\*\***

from the other side of sunshine  
from the village behind the stars

i fancy your coming back to me  
i fancy you pulsating in my heart

i fancy your eyes were sad when you turned to go  
i fancy, and darling, i let those tears flow

i fancy your lips trembled as you muttered goodbye  
i fancy you even kissed me and the pain flits by

i fancy i hurt you, i fancy your heart even i broke  
i fancy thats why you left....not because you chose to go

i fancy the beauty of your desertion, i call it all love  
i fancy it because i have nothing, if not that trust

.ah my love!  
even this lonely eve  
i fancy.....  
from the other side of midnight  
from the village behind the hills

i fancy you beckon alluringly  
i fancy you loving me still.....

....sometimes a broken heart needs denial to heal...

wardha jawdat

## , , A Mothers Anger

you....!  
issue of mine  
borne with love,  
birthed with care;  
i look at you now  
the naughty gleam in your eye,  
as your worrisome ministrations  
wreck havoc with all order.

i look and marvel  
at the miracle of your evolution..  
from gurgles to mumbles  
and thence to comprehensions;  
the actions with anger  
tempered by the pouts  
which dissolve my resolution to be firm.

you, little bundle of joy and woe  
all atwitter in a fit of  
infantile anger..  
i look at you, bewildered  
marvelling, as a mother  
at what God had me do!

inspired by my year half old daughter who has the strange power to drive me to  
tears and then be smiling thru them as she licks my face like a little loving  
poodle!

wardha jawdat

...\*\*\*\*\*mutiny\*\*\*\*\*!!!!!!!!!!!!

leave it all behind  
let it be yelled  
'abandonment'  
let them censure you  
let them malign you  
leave it all behind  
drown out the blame  
douse those slavelike reigns  
in the fuel of your passion  
and set it ablaze  
let it burn  
let it turn to ashes  
let it resemble the ruins  
the remains  
of that prisoner  
you saw and spat at  
each day in that  
brown freckled mirror

set your self free.....  
abandon all bondages  
.....FLEE.....

wardha jawdat

## ...\*\*\*let There Be A Beginning\*\*\*...

i have ached for you,  
since time began  
to have any meaning;  
since the world began  
to make any sense;  
i have hungered for your look;  
that look, which will tell me  
that ive been birthed,  
and christened.  
that i've been sunkissed,  
and pocketed,  
in some recess  
of your heart or mind...  
i have lusted for your sentience;  
for your lips to mouth a question  
that will defeat my obscurity,  
and define my existence to me.  
for, since time began  
to have any meaning,  
and since the world began  
to make any sense to me,  
i have loved you;  
and awaited you;  
and dreamed you into godliness....  
till, i have lost my soul,  
till, i have lost my reflection,  
till, i have lost all sense of reason.

wardha jawdat



.....&\*\*\*sadness\*\*\*.....

the moon is so silent....  
the air so ominously still  
this night seems endless  
this sadness tireless still  
my heart...does it beat?  
i hear nothing in my mind..  
no breathing even..  
it's so silent  
i might be soulless tonight...  
theres no whispering fantasy  
to enlighten my sombriety  
no empty wanderings  
to chase away these morosities  
i feel alone...bereft  
tragedly sad.  
without knowing, i've been met  
with such a friend, as sadness,  
who comes upon me ever so slow,  
like a forgotten lover's memory...  
which is slow in advent;  
and ever ruluctant to go.

wardha jawdat

.....\*\*come Hither My Love.....

come hither my love  
lets hold hands one last time  
before you take the final bow  
and i have to let you down  
now come along.....  
just lets hold hands  
one last time before  
it's all long gone'and all i have left  
is your fragrance  
yes....thats all i have left...  
yes come along  
just hold on...  
to this wrinkled palm which  
youve loved so long  
and loved so well....  
just hold on...  
my tender love....  
it's so lonely just now...  
just thinking how..  
you will be gone...  
and just how  
life will  
have to go on....  
just as now...  
its so forlone  
i dont know how  
i will go on...  
i dont know how.....

wardha jawdat

## .....Paper Planes 2.....

i fly them by the dozen.....  
they need no names...  
no passengers save  
the wishes i alight upon them  
like faerydust...  
like the mesmeric heat of summer lust..  
the essence of you upon my pillow case  
the fragrance of your hair left

forever

in my memory

i fly these planes and in my mind  
serene  
they reach you..  
today and every day  
on time  
never late  
for any dinner you had cooked me  
for any party you had thrown me  
for any anniversary we had together

unlike me

so  
unlike  
me.....

fly paper planes

fly fly away  
and tell her

i'll never be late  
again.....

inspired by 'paper planes' penned by rehan which left me sad enough to write  
this...thanks for the inspiration friend!

wardha jawdat

.....Futile! .....Trapped! ! .....

its all so futile  
all so meaningless  
if you dont have the compass  
that points to your best  
its all so futile  
me standing and wilting shadeless  
all so painfully useless  
when you couldnt care less  
all those many question  
asked and reasked  
so many futile answers  
spanned over deaf years  
your mind so beautiful  
yet so dark to my ray of love  
your eyes so brilliant  
yet dulled to my sheen of tears  
all so futile this game we play  
no happy endings  
no smiles, , , no relief  
no escape.....

wardha jawdat

## .....Ode To Your Innocence\*\*\*\*\*

You toy with the idea  
Of being my Empathy  
You congratulate yourself  
For the humanity  
You extend unto me

I smile at your eagerness  
I marvel at your youthful face  
I regret the coming dawn which will  
Denude you abruptly of all grace

My senile world  
O innocent fairy  
I'll keep veiled in my silence  
and let you smile in your sleep  
as deep as the gurgling Nile  
while I stay up long into the dusks  
and measure  
the immeasurable...:  
time.

wardha jawdat

## .....As We Be....

I have to keep these tired eyes open,  
And trudge along some more,  
I have to safegaurd your 'morrow,  
Till we come to the ultimate dawn.  
I am the guardian of many truths,  
And the epitome of magnificent pledges,  
I have evolved to reach the echelons  
From the very grit which many spurn.  
I am chastity, I am truth,  
I am honor, I am the rule;  
I am the embodiment of Faith,  
The follower of the blessed paved.  
I reach not for shining rocks;  
My eyes are set upon the stars,  
I care not for your tuppence gold,  
My spirit is worth a million czars.  
My gaze is tamed, my tone mellow,  
But my strenght is true, my mettle fallow....  
I am a watchful, tolerant soul;  
Not judging, not deceiving,  
Not edacious, not conceited...  
Such is me,  
The Muslim born...

wardha jawdat

## .....That Be Love.....

i look mesmerised  
at the drowning darkness  
in your onyx like eyes..  
i look at those lips..  
ruby red as though bled  
i look at that satin skin  
smelling of peaches  
as though lusting  
for deglutition....  
i look at you  
and then pry my eyes away  
you could entice the devil into faith  
had you half the desire to it...  
you could rob me of my sanity  
had you been aware  
i staked it...  
you could have me snatch my heart out  
had you so desired to see it  
beat  
you..so pure a deity  
would have me sell my soul  
if that were the price  
for a kiss.....

wardha jawdat



## .....The Stare That Froze...

i look at you  
looking at me  
and i wonder what you  
think of me  
and suddenly i shiver  
physically  
and cringe away from the intensity  
of your stare  
for i'm no longer sure  
i want to look long enough  
to understand  
the hatred or the  
reprimand  
in that fixed and stony  
stare.  
i look away  
i shrink away  
i stand tried  
i stand convicted

just one of those scribbles in the margin of an inspiring novel.....

wardha jawdat

## .....What This Minute Is Worth.....

All these choices,  
All these notions.  
All feasible,  
All veritable solutions;  
Which one is for me?  
That 's what I have to see;  
The power I have today, casts  
Long shadows over my destiny.  
Upon the shoulder of this second...  
Lies the fate of a million more  
In my "yes" of today  
I can say "yes" forever more.

This is all, I shall perhaps have,  
This moment, when my mortal self shall  
Purchase for my immortal self  
A niche in the heavens above.

O my children, o my progeny  
Would that  
Within the shadow of this certainty  
Shall I lay in my grave  
with sweet dignity.  
And shall you live too  
sheltered from ignominy

Be that my decision of today,  
Become cause of some such fame,  
That I steal a page for my name  
In the book of tomorrows history....  
.....That in death.....  
Be dead, for only me  
.....And yet, live on .....  
Till eternity.

wardha jawdat

.....^^known Stranger^^.....

you sleep next to me every night,  
yet you've never heard me weep..  
you lie with me in the warmth of my bed,  
yet you've never felt the heat..  
of that silent, smouldering anger,  
I nurse to numbness each eve...  
we, partners of flesh,  
have never partnered souls;  
and I, have often lusted,  
treacherously desired more.  
O sworn accomplice!  
in all, but what is real,  
O my betrothed!  
in life and hereafter..  
I lie staring at your back,  
each night, after you've slumbered;  
and my frustrations sting my soul,  
the tears flow, unencumbered.  
Will you ever awaken to my presence?  
I often silently wonder,  
or will this be my penance  
for trusting love,  
to a stranger.....

wardha jawdat

## .....Standing Tall

and we shall stand tall  
and we shall stare you down  
and you shall be enthralled  
by our courage  
our wisdom, our all  
we shall rise from the ashes  
like the phoenix grand  
and you shall witness with awe  
the glory when we shall stand  
shoulder to staunch shoulder  
like a turret against your froth  
your backs shall shiver with the cold  
whilst we advance, silently bold  
you will want to run  
you will want to cower  
you will hunt for swords  
for the courage to stumble forth  
for the grit to match our form  
and..

you shall find none  
and you shall than run  
and we shall watch the dust  
as it settles upon your shadows  
and we shall smile indulgently  
as we light the evening candle  
and we shall stand tall forever  
and we shall stand shoulder to shoulder  
till the next time you think  
you have the gall  
to come match our stare  
to catch us, perchance, unaware...  
but you shall find us forever vigilant  
you shall find us forever keen  
eyes glistening in the night  
watching you silently....  
as we stand tall forever....

wardha jawdat

## .....The Lighthouse.....

the waves threatening..  
the darkness brilliant black  
the vacuum so real  
i felt soulless....  
to drown would be easy  
it was the battle that haunted  
my limbs weak, hopes bleak  
surrender looked oh so sweet  
and then the lamb like ray found me  
and its tender light shook me  
out of my deathlike trance  
into the survivors instinct....  
will i make it  
will the shore find me  
will i survive the storm  
i know not  
but this  
i will fight  
i will not be shorn off  
by these demons  
of the deep dark present  
i will not surrender my tommorrow  
till i have fought to my best  
today.....

wardha jawdat

## .....Amour.....

I miss you,  
I can say it now,  
To the walls of this lonely room,  
To myself,  
As long as, i dont name you.

There are days when i can live,  
As though we never were,  
And then there are days  
When I am, crippled by deja vu,  
And i breathe the rosary of:  
I miss you,  
You called me, 'beautiful'  
When i never knew,  
The import of the praise;  
You called me goddess,  
When i fumbled with my form,  
And knew not, what it meant.  
You knew me,  
Even when i struggled,  
To discover,  
My disillusioned self.

....

And then, i lost you.  
Only to discover thence,  
That 'beautiful' was the most  
Valued word in the lexicon  
Of love.  
And 'goddess' was the most coveted title  
In its ethereal kingdom

I've lost you, and decorum demands  
That i utter 'come hither' no more,  
I've lost you and dignity dictates,  
That i 'covet' you no more;  
I've lost you and found,  
That i can't whisper your name,  
Even to give title to my  
Unfinished fairy tales,

And so, shall you remain,  
Forever, my secret: Amour.

wardha jawdat

## .....Love Thyself...

couldnt live with the pain  
so i thought i'd drown it in the sea  
already pregnant with generations of pain.  
walked into the depths  
of God's azure water bed,  
feeling the kind sand shifting  
under my desolate tread.

.....

i paused for just a moment  
questioned by the winds  
was i truly ready for death...when  
there was so much to learn yet  
so much i should have said  
so many unfinished rhymes  
yet, bits of 'me' left to find.....

.....

is your grief really so magnificent  
that to it my life should genuflect  
its torturous burdens  
and its dark deep depths?  
the waves, knocking upon  
my self worth's door  
get a timid reply, a meek'hello'

.....

i walk out of the ocean's lap  
as one nursed at a mother's breast  
replenished, renurtured, refreshed.  
you matter....  
but maybe not so more  
i matter.....  
maybe just a little more....

wardha jawdat



## .....Love! Till We Die.....

starlit sky,  
you sitting by,  
gazing at the heavens...  
then into my eye  
and saying in a whisper:  
Love! Till we die.

me sitting alone,  
under the dark unknown,  
wondering why i hadnt known  
what you meant that time;  
i'd have never sworn:  
to love till i die.

for darling that bliss  
that rush that i had known,  
has, since you've been gone,  
turned with the age,  
and talons, like a vice grown;  
which bleed me each day  
and wound me, in every way.  
each waking hour,  
each aching morn....  
i awake,  
i ache,  
and i am doomed,  
to love  
again.  
till  
the day that i,  
shall break  
the curse,  
and awake no more  
again.

wardha jawdat

## .....The Vigil.....

theres a hole in my soul  
it's allure is magnetic  
and it's darkness whole

it beckons every night  
when i'm slow and sad and weak  
the battle that i fight  
is ancient  
my defense at times meek

my armor  
is heavy  
and my soul sore  
as my tragedies play out  
and my heart bleeds into my throat  
i have to stomp out the darkness  
before it swallows me whole.

the battle wages till morn  
wages on and on  
i have to hunt for that dawn  
which will finally  
defeat the hole

till then....  
i must live this vigil  
till then  
stay afloat.....!

wardha jawdat

## ....~~~the Hare..The Hound...And The Horn~~~

The Barks chop down the  
Heavy block of country solitude  
And with them comes the  
Crippling Peel of the hunters horn.  
The white head rises suddenly  
Ruminations pause  
Long ears, pink inside  
Twitch nervously...  
Eyes brilliant with acute  
Focus stare with a crazed wildness.  
It can sense the  
Vibrations of doom  
Gallop like demons  
Let loose from hell  
Licking up the distance between  
It and death.  
Forelegs, raised in a second  
Of terrified anticipation,  
Hit the ground;  
And away it leaps  
Frantically,  
Trying to outrun death.  
....The hunt is on.

wardha jawdat

## ....Advise Of Those In Power..To Those Who Have No Choice.

come  
lets kiss and rejoice  
you..  
in my ingenuity,  
and me,  
in your feeble ability  
to forgive  
such deviltry,  
as  
mine

come  
lets play blindfolded  
you..  
will still envision joy  
and me apathetic,  
oblivious  
to the tears  
turning red  
blood  
as wine

come  
lets wear deaf plugs  
you..  
can then sing along  
with my loud booming  
rythym..all the while  
as the moans of  
tattered,  
torn,  
children..  
.....die.

just sad...  
marriot; islamabad; pakistan..the question is no longer why.

wardha jawdat

## ....Ages Of Subjugation...

for an age now  
i have labored under  
your uncurbed spite  
for nights on end  
i have smouldered with  
the coals in my fireplace  
and stood watch  
with the constellations  
playing host to the morn  
your hatred has birthed many a storm  
in my embittered soul  
you have narrowed my vision  
poisoned the good i have known  
you have drawn blood  
when i could shed no more tears  
so little have you given  
so late over these years  
that i wonder  
at my own capacity  
to forbear...  
O Lord i pray to you for strength  
in times asdark as these  
help me keep with my forberance  
help me keep the peace.

wardha jawdat

## ....Dear Dear Father....

i hold your hand  
and am three again  
skipping along,  
matching little paws  
to your giant stride  
racing,  
always within that comforting shadow  
swinging from that strong arm

whenever my spirit  
exhausts my tiny form.  
you have always sheltered me,  
my dear father,  
from every fall.  
And as long as I have you  
father, dear, dear father  
i shall forever have too  
my childhood  
dangling from the end  
of your palm  
held there forever by  
the sheer force of your will  
against time and age  
and even beyond till...  
the shadow,  
i could never  
outrun.... is made to disappear cruelly,  
and leave me stumbling  
in the petrified daze  
of a disillusioned adult.

wardha jawdat

## ....Everchanging Time....

the arm holes stare  
like dumb gaping wounds  
at the passersby  
the single eye painted  
with thick heidi lashes  
looks disturbingly unquestioning

the once pretty pink ribbons  
frayed and threaded  
the waxen curls glistening like  
tar caked upon her forehead  
her pretty booties  
once maybe were pink

she was loved once  
she was adored once  
she was coveted once  
till age ravaged her bloom  
and a new passion  
supplanted her.

.....the fear that time will rob us of our youth is so real....and the youth of that  
time will then rob us of our prestige....life is cruel indeed.  
inspired by sarwar choudharys' piece...

wardha jawdat



## ....Nirvana? ....

come to me  
i am shattered  
collect me in your palm  
put me together again  
piece by piece  
as you wish me to be  
assemble me to your advantage  
bend me to your will  
for i have no voice anymore  
i have no soul any longer  
i am but a caricature  
of the 'me' i once was  
shall i say im blessed  
for people drug themselves  
to feel the nirvana  
i live and drown in each day...

wardha jawdat

## ....Unfinished Fairy Tale.....

Few moments before the snug  
"happily ever after" was to begin  
the Clock of compromise ticked a bit faster  
and then, like a candle extinguished, went silent...  
more in dereliction than ennui.

beyond the last bend of this fairy tale  
where the princess is never to be awakened  
by a kiss and where the magic trolls  
are forever weaving webs of deceit  
there, lying spent upon a pyre, is our  
'true love' with 'happily ever after'  
held nestled in death upon his breast.

tales lying unfinished and untold...  
like seeds unsprouted  
like wombs barren  
so we are...  
cobweb bejewelled..  
a love born blue  
never breathed true.....

i thank rehan for having given me this figment of his imagination to ruminate  
upon and then pass it off as mine...: ->....

wardha jawdat

## ...^^lost Souls^^....

The past peers at me  
Through the brittle glass of every window  
Strange sensations curl themselves  
Up against my insides  
I recognize your accusing face  
The hurt, the bitterness  
And I feel the old pain  
That reminds me  
Of the heart that I thought I had long stoned

...

Suddenly every window becomes a mirror  
Which reflects you back to me  
Your love  
Your faith  
Your loyalty  
Your sacrifices  
Your virtues

.....

I turn away from this vista  
This sad parade of my life  
And pass a real mirror  
Which yells, ' infidel! '  
And I arrest my step  
Cant seem to run away from it  
Though i've had enough time to try  
I see me in all my splendid  
Ugliness  
All my splendid  
Deceit  
All my splendid  
Deviltry  
And I know you couldn't have saved me  
Even though you did try

.....

I am of those lost souls  
Who lose home  
even though  
They see within reach

The white picket fence  
And the pretty red wooden door.

wardha jawdat

## ...~~candles~~...

i dreamt of candles  
shimmering, dainty, romantic  
...candles  
all aglow lighting my path  
melting away longingly  
velvet ivory wax  
licking the soft soles of my feet  
...u came home to me  
with diamonds and roses.

i dreamt of candles  
ablaze, threatening, ominous  
...candles  
all licking hungrily at my clothes  
wanting to consume me  
make me one with them  
a charred cinder  
.....u told me of her  
with acerbic finality

i dreamt of candles  
silent, suffering, perservering  
...candles  
all burning no longer a pretty yellow  
just icy blue  
plotting with precision  
to set the stage on fire  
....u called me repentent  
i answered with laughter.

....'what goes around comes around'...

wardha jawdat

## ...Fields Of Stone....

there were feilds of carnations here once  
pink, orange, gold buds  
bobbing prettily in the cool breeze  
there were birds of vibrant hues  
chirping songs of sweet lithe melodies..  
now, there are no carnation heads  
just grey jagged unnamed stones  
no birds, no songs, just laments  
and distant booms of terror and bombs  
no hand left to lovingly carve  
names or epitaphs upon dead stone  
no names even conceived yet  
for those birthed to be doomed  
no seperate graves to mourne those  
who breathed longer than their wombs  
O Humanity there is no way to grieve  
befitting a holocaust this cruel  
O Murderers of the human soul  
at least these martyrs  
in the earth are cloaked  
You i fear the earth too will scorn...  
No room be for your carcasses repose! ! !

wardha jawdat

## ...Love: ..The Entity...

im in love  
with love

i love you  
yet, not you,  
but the love i have  
for you;  
my love,  
i am in love with  
the love i feel when  
you float through my being  
and envelop me;  
im in love  
with the love you evince  
in me;  
i love, not you, nor me  
but what binds us...  
yet sets our souls free  
to experience the intoxicating ecstasy  
of this wondrous love that be  
above all, beyond all,  
encompassing you and me.

was reading the posting of xoubiya jamali which was an excerpt from bhattais work i think...and just couldnt help myself...am not even sure if this makes any sense at all in print but it did when i was conjuring it in spirit...try it dear friends...let me know if it made sense to you.

wardha jawdat

## ...Malaal..(Regret) ...Urdu Poetry

tum bin sard lag raheen hain  
yeh aktuber ki khunk raatain  
yeh malaal bojhal ker raha hai  
meray pur nam palkain

tumharay kadmoon ki chaap  
kia ab kabhi na sunai dey gi  
iss sawal se dub dubba gae hain  
meray dil ki anginit dharkanain....

iss malaal ki karwahat mujhay  
muskuranay nahi deytee  
iss malaal ki dilkashee mujhay  
munh pheray nahi deytee

yeh malaal hi ab tum ho  
yeh malaal hi ab mai hoon  
yeh malaal hi ab hum hai  
be nishan, bad gumaan, tanha.

wardha jawdat



## ...Message Upon An Angels Wing.....

you are the rose upon my grave  
you are the tears upon my pale face  
your eulogy echos between the skies  
and angels smile as you speak of me  
your love has cobbled me a path  
under heavens cool palms  
and i watch you weep for me  
and i watch you keep for me  
the warm warm memories  
of happier summer moments  
protected in the sheafs of that  
much loved 'sheakespeare sonnet'  
and i send waves of jasmine kissed winds  
to rouse you dear friend, from your grief.  
i come to you in your dream  
to tell you to weep  
no more  
to tell you to harbor sorrow  
no more  
to tell you i received  
the roses you laid upon my grave  
and to tell you dear, dear friend  
that you made it all so sweet  
this pain, this ache of dying  
so unnaturally.....  
of dying  
so suddenly...  
of dying  
so sadly....  
i come to tell you dear friend...  
rest...  
for i too am  
at peace.

...for a friend whose grieving the loss of a friend....  
may God give you solace and strength....

wardha jawdat

## ...Saints Dont Live Here Any More....

i die a million deaths  
at the hands of a million whores  
i'm sold over and over again  
across countless shifting shores  
i have no scared temple left  
where i can rest a sacred note  
there is noone to quench my thirst  
now or forever more  
i shall starve for an eternity  
before the manna shall find me  
i shall walk nude amongst you wolves  
till night's dark cloak doth clothe me  
O man i am your Faith  
and thou hast abandoned me  
O man that time is not far off  
when i too shall abandon thee.....

wardha jawdat

## ...The Haunting....

i lie here alone  
upon the dark abandoned piece  
of beach that we once claimed  
in love...

i lie here alone  
with tears that wont stop or slow  
and i wonder  
could my tears  
drown this ocean

i lie here alone  
and the elements respect my pain  
the waves mere ripples  
lapping gently at my feet;  
like old friends consoling, cajoling;  
the winds, petting hands  
silencing the stirrings of neptune

i lie here alone  
yet i lie here with you  
even as the vagrant gulls  
late to return and roost  
trace deep lonely shadows  
upon the horizon..i cant return home  
for its brimful with memories  
walking its hallways  
reposing in its rooms  
reclining on its seaters  
and awaiting me  
to haunt  
some more.

wardha jawdat

## ...To Ignore A Silence...

never ignore a silence  
until you mean to  
ignore forever  
the bearer  
of  
it.

for the silence ignored  
is more lethal  
an insult than  
the insult which  
begot  
it.

\*\*inspired by rehan 's 'silences'\*\*

wardha jawdat

## ...What Love Costs....

and we're back where we began  
back to the hauntings  
to the lonely wanderings  
back to where the longings  
all began.....

and we're back at that turnstile  
which we crossed hand in hand  
only to part at the other side  
even as it swayed  
even as we kissed

we're there suspended in time  
and nowhere else is there any trace  
and the nothingness created by your absence  
has left room for pain and regret  
for my own fall from grace...

wardha jawdat

## ..My Muse

i want to court 'discontent'  
for a while longer yet  
i want to cavort with words  
utter some more sonnets to rivet  
come Discontent plague my soul  
for thou art my MUSE,  
my nemesis, my ever oozing wound...  
i need for the blue ink to flow  
for my ache to blossom and grow  
into poems, into verse, into song  
come Muse, Pain, Plague  
come play with my sanity some more  
i am not ready to resign my pen  
i wish to play Devil some more.....

wardha jawdat

## ..Raven Black

flowers etched in glass  
their bloom immortalized,  
their fragrance a frozen promise  
never tested hence never broken....

flowers etched in glass  
their couplets monogamous prophets  
suspended in impotent fidelity  
never lured hence never wavered

flowers etched in glass  
paragons of worth  
my reflection amidst them  
human, tarnished, raven black

wardha jawdat



## ..The Disease Writes Itself..

and she said to me  
write more..  
write disease...  
and i felt the shiftings of verse  
again in my nostalgic bones  
the smells of rain and sand  
the sound of thunder..its clap  
all conspired  
and plotted  
in her favour  
and the words just flooded  
the paper  
so...  
that the ink bled over my hands  
and the disease wracked my soul  
i am diseased dear friend  
and i have found its no where near its end  
its terminal i know  
but i am in its throes  
and the bittersweet truth be this  
i cant muster the desire to escape  
its woes  
im shackled  
i am betroed  
to this pen  
and its ink  
as it dances its way  
across the parchment  
and bleeds my embittered soul

wardha jawdat

## ..The Quest..1.

the beauty was so perfect...  
that it felt...almost cruel,  
i could feel the pain in my bosom...  
the pain of its perfection.

i could not look away.  
i could not blink.  
i forgot to draw the lifegiving breath  
that sustains this fragile being...

the sounds of the stream,  
swirling, like a thousand free spirits,  
playing at ring a roses  
around age worn crags,  
pulled me down, into depths so cold, so sweet,  
filled with such tragically soft promises...  
of heaven and honeysuckle,  
that i felt mesmerically at peace.  
the ecstasy was paralytic,  
in its wholeness.

so long have i hunted for you,  
years i have lusted, for a dropp  
of this nectar...

here, finally,  
i can feel you, looking upon me.  
feel your warmth caress my face.

i am home!  
i am free!  
a child of the earth, a soul at peace.

o Lord, let me rest here....  
in the shadows of Your Grace,  
these trappings of pretensions  
i feel, i can't don anymore.  
o let me stay!  
let me swathe my spirit

in the balm of this quietude,  
float like an atom,  
upon the winds,  
of freedom,  
and soul.

wardha jawdat

~~~~~ ~~~tommorrow Weeps....! ! !

someone stood upon my doorstep  
weeping in the torrential rain  
shuddering as winds bit  
into its blue bulging veins  
skin alabaster cobwebbed with vessels  
eyes ochre laden with sadness  
it looked upon my unlined face  
and said.....nothing  
just nothing yet stared...  
i said 'have we met'  
it said 'not yet'  
i said 'can i help'  
it said 'maybe yourself'  
i felt suddenly cold  
as recognition dawned  
and it turned to leave  
i didnt dare call....  
i didnt dare call  
even though i knew the name  
even though i realised with shame  
my weeping  
sad tommorrow  
as it left footprints  
upon my threshold.....

inspired by a very good friends piece upon the social grey thats creeping into our  
very homes...

wardha jawdat

~~~~~`part Three`~~~~~`poisoned!

tired!

oh so tired now  
of all this deceit  
tired because  
i know now  
what your hatred has  
done to me

tired!

of wanting to call you  
my sweet  
and having you  
look at me  
with this same  
apathy

tired!

oh just to close my eyes  
to simply lay down  
and surrender this fight  
this pathetic artless  
desperation  
to stay alive

tired!

the bells they chime  
so prettily, they rhyme  
with the ticking of this time  
withered heart of mine  
and i feel my soul sadly  
sigh

tired!

the lights seem dimmer now  
and your movements  
as you composedly sip  
your wine  
seem to become some  
sick lullaby

wish i could usher in  
the urge to cry  
upon my sad demise  
but the blessed tiredness  
envelopes me in a shroud  
of cool grace  
with which i silently  
slip away  
goodbye..  
goodbye..  
goodbye.

wardha jawdat

## ` ` ` ` ` i Feel Sad ` ` ` ` `

My soul is mellow  
The hues of this eve sallow  
And the old moon a queer  
Shade of yellow.

Your life seems to be drifting  
On a stream so silent  
That my breathing seems labored  
My heartbeats clamored  
My pulse like a hammer  
Against the cool routine  
Of your dispassion.

Did i tell you I'm dying dear?  
Did that not come up  
In the course of the conversation  
We were having over dinner?  
Oh don't bother to waste a tear  
I shall not linger longer  
Than your patience  
Could persevere  
I know how things  
Out of the commonplace  
Irk you so very much, my dear  
And so, I've made it clear  
To my doctor, Peter Peirce,  
That no ventilator  
Or resuscitation required,  
No chances at life needed here.

to the apathy and loveless years of a stale marriage...i see it happen and i dread  
ever having to feel that kind of apathy for a loved is so cruel

wardha jawdat

## ````part One````...The Seduction.

there's something in your eyes  
tonite  
something i havent seen for a  
long time  
afraid to name it...even afraid to  
try  
dare i call it.? .dare i darling, call it  
desire?  
there it is again..that sparkle!  
that twinkle!  
that seductive  
nuance,  
i once decreed  
was my  
life.

wardha jawdat



## ````part Two````the Dining

the dress hugs you so close,  
the silk moves so rythmically  
with every breath upon  
your magnificent torso.  
i can see the poetic pulsations  
enhancing the alabaster of your neck,  
i can smell the sweet sweet necter  
upon your excited breath,  
i have never been so acutely aware  
of the piercing diamonds of your stare;  
your smooth pink skin has pores  
which exude pheromones  
that gentle zephyrs  
carry to my raw exposed needs  
dormant of long ago...  
when love bridged the distance  
between me and your soul

!!!

wonder why this wine is so sickly  
sweet.  
wonder why the air rancid and acrid  
suddenly  
wonder why your beauty so desirable  
so keen  
wonder why the words turn to mumbles  
when i speak.....

.....

.....

????????????????

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

wardha jawdat

# ~~~~~wanderer~~~~~

O harried pale  
Wanderer  
Come hither  
Repose a while;  
You desperately seek  
Even the wildest rose  
Of another's pasture, why?  
you hunt for succor  
in a strangers home, why?  
o wandering soul  
o nomad freind of mine  
rest..  
come sit next to me  
and rest those wandering  
feet of thine...  
lets share this bread  
lets share this wine  
let me tell you  
how this bliss  
became mine

bliss is not any man's friend  
bliss is not any man's mistress  
bliss is aloof  
bliss, even though a temptress,  
will not come a begging  
my harried nomadic friend  
and she will not respect  
the wanderers feet or his intent.  
bliss, my wandering nomadic  
freind is to be found in the  
rhythmic gentle breath  
of your sweet maidens rest  
flowing up the corners  
of her warm oven baked bread  
tingling in the echoes  
of her blushing merriment.

turn head and heart

homewards o friend  
you have a pretty garden,  
pretty shrubs of your own  
to tend.  
seek no longer  
the fulfillment  
of lands unknown  
turn head and heart,  
take wandering feet  
home.

inspired by the pain in a freinds life...pain born of confusion and misdirection.

wardha jawdat

## ~~~~nettles In My Garden~~~~

I grow nettles in my garden  
I hate flowers...  
They're so pretty  
Sweet, scented, nature's lot  
Mild, caressing and gentle  
Everything LIFE is not

I grow nettles in my garden  
I love their prickly truth  
Their nature which epitomizes  
Sadism, cruelty, untruth  
Animosity, vindictiveness, callousness  
Everything LIFE is, in nakedness

I grow nettles in my garden  
I don't play with fantasy  
I don't duck from reality  
I don't foray with romances  
I don't believe in taking chances

I grow nettles in my garden  
To remember my old vulnerability  
To remember that cutthroat treachery  
To survive amidst the enemy  
To be wary of your coming back to me.

wardha jawdat

# Abused

Sitting in a pool of insipid light  
Wrought by convulsive sobs,  
Trembling with the shock of the attack  
She hugs herself tightly.  
Shutting out the world, she grieves  
The passing of purity.  
Clothes hanging in shreds off her  
Abused body, blood-weeping wounds  
Testimonials of humanity's orphan.  
Thoughts take form in her addled mind  
Questions, cruel questions, like daggers  
They rip apart her soul anew;  
Her insides tremble at the malevolently certain future  
She knows this is just the beginning of  
An abuse that will be hers  
To live in, to die with, to be haunted by  
Forever.  
She disgorges in a fit of bitter reflection  
And supporting a dead weight on  
Shaky arms  
Head hanging low  
She cries again.  
....."In this cruel, cruel society  
The abused are sadly not allowed the sanctity of being victims but are treated  
rather as  
Criminals...who seem to have somehow warranted  
The misdemeanors that befall them."

wardha jawdat

# Anger

deep, dark ocean  
womb vortex of secrets  
there lies a black pearl  
reflecting ominously  
the pure ivory  
of its parent oyster  
there in reign  
I lie too  
    let me lie  
disturb not my watery repose  
    for if i rise  
i shall swallow you whole.

wardha jawdat

# Beauty Beholden

tonight..  
i've been ambushed!  
by your memories

this tired body had not heart  
to do battle after dark  
and while i lay battered  
nursing aching wants  
in mists of warm waters  
You came upon me  
at once my paramour  
and my enemy

my mind jarred  
my heart forgot  
to beat  
in rythm with  
tired monotony....  
and i heard you whisper my name  
and your lips sung the same  
tune to which my love swayed

'You are just so beautiful  
today  
as you were that autumn day  
when i first held you  
and  
when i first kissed you  
'You are so beautiful  
each day  
as venus, marble etched  
lovingly carved and gently held  
in the palm of creation  
to be worshipped  
and forever kept  
suspended in animation  
through time in my senses  
'Oh but youre beautiful.....!'

and i drown  
into the fantasy that is me  
through the words that are you  
and surrender  
to the love you made me feel  
for myself, when we were real

oh but You were beautiful  
to have made me feel  
this beautiful  
for sculpting me a mortal venus  
for loving me that achingly  
oh but You were beautiful

oh  
but  
You  
were beautiful...

wardha jawdat



# Broken Promise

And yet lived  
And yet i ate  
Drank  
Slept  
Wept:  
Did all  
That the lving do  
And more  
As time went on  
Even though  
I'd  
Buried you.

wardha jawdat

# Colors Of Paradise

this sentient, sensuous mind  
has learned the art of  
dreams refined...  
my powder pink  
gossamer veils  
flirting with the zephyrs of your rhyme,  
embellishing the  
ivory white of my sheets  
with words that  
ushered senses into realms  
of virgin passion...

you come to my dreams  
clothed in chiffons  
and the wistful kisses  
dropped like gentle breeze  
upon my soul  
tempt me to alight upon rainbows  
and then like sunburst  
scatter like fairy dust  
tingling all the while  
like wind chimes in the silence  
of a cool autumn night...

oh adonis of my world  
oh achilles of my troy  
let me rapturously lie  
forever on these sheets  
of ivory white  
a virgin forever more  
except when i dream....  
of paradise...

thank you for helping me edit this and improve rythm!

wardha jawdat

# Darkness Comes

Sitting in the darkness  
Paying the price of dissipation  
Dried blood lacing the back  
Of his hand, his cheek, his neck  
Open eyes looking up at a  
Bleak ceiling; emptiness  
In their pathetic depts..  
Shadows pass in their sphere  
Reminiscent  
Of the past  
The tears come again....  
And with them comes the pain.  
The sharp stinging pain  
Which threatens to suffocate  
Threatens to pry out his soul;  
He gasps  
Claws at his unrelenting ribcage  
Tries to stand up  
Falls ...  
Claws in painful anguish at the cold floor  
Desperate for that one precious gasp of air.  
Robbed even of a last breath  
he can feel the darkness closing in  
Gathering him to itself  
Mercifully  
Rapidly  
Permanently.

wardha jawdat

# Egocentric Workings Indeed!

sometimes i feel like im the only being  
on the entire blue planet  
and everyone else has  
fallen off.

\*yawn\*

i can see you talking  
and i know what youre saying  
but i simply cant believe  
how convinced you seem  
of the import of these random utterings

\*alas\*

i can see you changing the meaning  
of the words you utter  
even before i can point out to you  
the hypocrisy  
of your speech

\*heh\*

funny how i always wonder  
how the book of rules you have  
says on the preface:  
'these apply to the reader'  
just before the published disclaimer!

\*simper\*

yes its ironic how you have yourself convinced  
of our freindship  
when i often struggle  
to remember your first middle or last name

\*shrug\*

yes its a miracle how amused  
i can keep myself  
without your help  
and funnier when i realise  
that you seem to think  
that my

sole source of sustenance  
is your esteemed companionship.!

\*zzzzzz\*

wardha jawdat

# Eternity

I think of you  
And I want to liken your memory  
To something beautiful.  
It seems your almost ethereal beauty,  
Your unattainable, yet magnetic appeal,  
Your angelic, gentle, care-lined countenance:  
So full of promises I know I can never see  
Fulfilled...  
Are most like  
The haunting awe-inspiring magnificence  
Of a treasure ship  
Lost at sea.

I dream of you often;  
Floating mesmerized ...  
An orb around your  
Shadowy presence.

Even in my dreams, my darling,  
I never quiet reach you  
Feel you, touch you...  
The reverence runs deep  
Even in my subconscious.

You are indeed my unrelinquished  
Love;  
And yet  
I am unable to accept  
The hopelessness  
That is my truth:  
My desires: traitors  
Unto me  
Loyalty sworn to your memory

I never visit your grave my love  
I do not believe you stay there.  
I cannot bring myself to accept  
Sand and stone as your memento

I shall let my senses forever seek  
Your imagery in heavens  
Skies, forests..the seas  
For be as it may in death  
As it were in life between  
You and me:  
Forever my love you I shall seek  
Forever un till  
Eternity

wardha jawdat

# Homecoming

as the sun  
gathers up his entourage  
of warmth, bliss and gold  
and shakes off the din  
of morn from his cloak  
i feel the familiar longings  
stir in my soul.

as the moon  
yawns prettily upon the horizon  
defining herself and shaking down  
her crumpled velvet gown  
of midnight blue,  
she dusts off the stars  
and they scatter wide and far  
glimmering like forgotten gems  
upon the plush satin  
of a warm, soft down.

i can sense you're homeward bound  
i can trace your gentle face  
amongst the constellations  
and feel the warmth of your love  
tempering the cool dipassion  
of maiden moon's glance

....

you come to me  
and gather me into your arms  
and in that one moment  
i  
cease to be  
as my form fused to yours...  
we caste  
but a single shadow  
upon  
the threshold

when youve lived with and loved someone well enough to hear them speak even  
in their silence..this is for then



wardha jawdat

# How I Do Battle

Desert....

Sunwhelmed, hot, wild...

Tempestuous, arrogant

Capricious sanddunes

I stand shadeless

I stand shadowless

There's fire within

Challenging the fire

Without

I stand silent

At war.

wardha jawdat

# Immortality

He rode planes;  
Traipsing across the heavens  
Dancing invisible waltzes with  
Angelic dolphins.  
He rode planes;  
His escape from mortality  
Complete and whole  
Body and soul  
He rode planes  
Mortals in his vision few  
Wispy fairies aplenty  
The world of everchanging vistas  
Of dreamy cottoncandy characters  
Where every face wore a smile  
And every sunbeam a wish fulfilled  
He rode planes;  
He lived a dream,  
He died young,  
He never knew  
The ugliness  
The pettiness  
The disillusionment  
Of those  
Below.

wardha jawdat

# Just Another Day In Paradise?

It was just as good a day as any  
I suppose  
To walk into the ward toilet  
And discover  
A newborn half drowned  
In a flush tank

Yes,  
I suppose it was just as good a day as any  
To see humanity trickle out  
An unclamped cord while life feebly yelped  
And gurgled in fetid water

Wasn't it  
As good a day as any  
Just an ordinary day  
Just an ordinary abandonment  
Of an ordinary blip  
In nature's chromosome  
Programmed to self destruct upon recognition.

It was, beyond doubt  
As good a day as any  
To see the parade where  
All things soft and gentle  
Innocent and pure  
Baby-like and neonatal  
Walked Lady Macbeth-like  
Macabre and demented  
In their obsessive single-minded desire  
To live.  
Whilst all the while  
All things maternal and humane  
Groped and grabbed  
Tore flesh and limb  
Bit off and chewed upon  
That which  
Under the umbrella of sanity  
They had once been programmed

To protect.

wardha jawdat

# Loneliness

Loneliness

The silence in your gaze  
Tells me a truth  
I have no desire to embrace.

I look away  
Even as you stare my way  
Feigning ignorance  
O tears Stay!  
O Ache Away!  
Clutch not at my soul  
I wish still  
To love her some more.

I now being blind wont  
Silence her stirrings for too long  
But I want just some time  
For my soul  
The strength to find;  
To face the death of my love  
The pathos  
Of a loveless life.

I see you coming my way  
I feel the winter in your stare  
I tell myself "do not cry"  
"Do not even say goodbye"  
But the tremors  
Do not wait  
To hear you say  
"I'm going away"  
And, suddenly, I find I can't  
Remember even my own name;  
Thru the crying, the sobbing  
—Oh the pain

I pray someday I live again

I pray someday I smile again  
But for now I must endure;  
Each moment of this tragedy...  
Each ounce of this gore;  
In dark corners of silent rooms  
In somber shadow's of betrayals' gloom.

Wardha Jawdat

wardha jawdat

# My Tree\*

I see a man:  
He sits atop the roof of his house  
Idle.

There is something broken about him  
Something deathly silent;  
He sits staring intently  
At my tree;  
He is a loner, I can tell  
A man of few, but meaningful words:  
Who seeks the healing of the soul.  
The silent majesty of my tree  
The age, the warm beauty  
Tell him the same soothing tale  
I too often seek:  
A tale of perseverance through drought  
Of discipline in adversity  
Of dignified endurance in storm  
A tale of death in autumns and rebirth in springs,  
I can see his spirit respond  
To the balming tale of regeneration.  
His eyes sparkle with tears of realized pain;  
And hope buds of life beyond it.  
He looks my way  
And we share a moment of humanity  
Linked in pain  
Seeking the healing  
Through nature  
God  
And each other.

\*...to me trees are the biggest warmest bear hugs nature has ever handed out....they inspire me thus.

wardha jawdat



# Naughty

There is a hole punched out  
In the fabric of every soul:  
That hole completes me  
That hole is my claim to  
The imperfect constitution of  
Humanity.

That hole is the playplace of  
My imperfections  
The very idiosyncrasies that  
Define me.

And yet  
There sits a guard at the door...  
He knocks ever so often  
He looks ever so rude!  
He whistles to keep me awake  
He haunts my dreams too!

I know u my conscience  
I know your reflection that darkens  
The corners of my core  
I know you as the  
warden  
That  
Peeps out the hole  
In my soul.

I know you  
And  
I humor you  
As I all the while  
Continue  
Having my mesmerizing  
Affair  
With  
Humanity.

wardha jawdat

# Parched Sea

my wishes i have packed  
and stowed away in a chest  
my dreams i recognize not  
nor they identify with me  
when did it all change  
so completely  
so silently..

is it always this cruel  
this drought of passion  
this desert of apathy..  
creeping into my sentience  
even as i sleep  
with eyes wide open  
and breathing...ennui..  
is it my dreams that i miss  
or is it that i miss me

...

the person i used to be  
the soul within this sheath  
the pulse that whispers  
within banks it once upheaved  
is it not me..  
i'm looking for  
is it not me i've lost at sea  
water...water...it's everywhere  
yet none i have  
to flood this captive free.....

wardha jawdat

# Prose

Mirror mirror on the wall....

Have you ever looked in the mirror?

I have....its a dangerous habit..

Dangerous if you don't like what you see..

Lethal, if you do.

I am indifferent to what I see. It isn't your usual response, I know-it's cultivated.I cultivated it through years of sufferance and criticism. A response which has stood me in good stead through some of the most trying years of my life. You see I've been able to be a good friend unto myself. A sincere, reliable source of self analysis, self review and thenceforth self correction. I can look at myself or rather, upon myself and see the ugliness, the vulnerability, the wretchedness, the survivor's will, the ambition and the desire to achieve perfection. I can look upon myself and see myself as my worst enemies can and then console myself as my best friends can.

I have beliefs which help me through moments of complete and absolute despair; dictums which I have shared with my reflection and brought myself back from the very verge of hysteria and darkness. I have beliefs so simple, so plain, so real- they mock logic; beliefs upon which I have built THAT PERFECT FRIEND...my reflection in the mirror

wardha jawdat

# Purgatory

Today after an age  
I saw daybreak  
The dawn being born....  
Like a butterfly  
Bursting through the  
Closed fist of dark's cocoon.

The sun's first fragile rays  
Like the unfurling wispy wings of  
The colorful Admiral,  
Battling with the oblivion  
Of a sleepy horizon's  
Ambiguity

Ache surrendered to  
Catharsis  
As I watched the demise of Night  
Awed at the wisdom of  
This age old ritual  
Of naissance.

It was as though  
I witnessed  
The autumn  
Of all my ails  
In this magnificent confessional  
Of Daybreak

wardha jawdat

# Reaction!

moments  
when words seem  
ineffective,  
insipid,  
impotent.....

all that you  
really want to do is:  
fling your Hurt  
arms flailing,  
legs kicking  
at its  
cause.

edited after some very constructive and insightful critique from an esteemed  
peer....in the hope that it 'flows' better now...

wardha jawdat

# Refreshing Reverie

The ephemereal steam  
Rising out of my bath  
Gathers me to its warm bosom  
I feel comforted, sheltered.  
Every sharp edge softened,  
Every ugly moulding veiled.  
Life becomes, suddenly,  
Dreamy,  
Vague.  
I detest limbos  
But  
Sometimes...  
Moments like these  
When optimism spent  
And spirit bruised,  
I lie,  
And find life  
Suspended  
Animation  
I revel in the anonymity.  
My own face, ill-defined  
In misted mirrors;  
Familiarity,  
Tedious familiarity,  
Suddenly unfamiliar  
I am a stranger unto my own  
Truths  
Tortures with plague me,  
Suddenly confused by my  
Disappearance.  
I giggle  
Gleeful  
I've tricked my own shadow!  
I've run away from myself!  
What a delicious  
Reverie.

wardha jawdat

# Repentence

Every man must bear his cross  
And walk the road to perdition alone  
Let us pray that the cross be wooden  
And the road short,  
For man is a vile creature  
Who sins with fervor  
And repents at leisure  
And wishes that the crimes be punished  
So that the guilt be assuaged,  
But also that the punishment be mild  
So that the lessons learnt be forgotten;  
And the urge to err  
Be forever young.

wardha jawdat



# Schizophrenia.

Last night doctor, i vizualized  
A world charred and atrophied  
Skies so grey my vision choked  
Faces so ashen all resolve broke

I saw a skeletal dog prey upon a child  
And you know wht doctor,  
I believe the pathetic boy did smile,  
Look upon the assailant beast with such sympathetic insight  
As though he thought it had every right  
To feed on the weaker creature  
As ordained in the scripture of nature

Last night dear doctor, i believe  
I saw what the prophets may have seen  
Whenst they spoke of crossroads,  
Judgement day and the Unveiling.  
I saw all punishment, no reprieve  
And you know what doctor, in my sleep  
I did cry and i did grieve  
For all my sins great and small  
For all the times i did fall  
A prey to my weaknesses  
No sin too small.  
Doctor, dear doctor, i do believe  
This pill is my only reprieve  
I wish i could live and right some wrongs  
But i fear i may err more if i live on  
So for the greater good i must  
To myself be unjust.  
I shall dear doctor, though, wait for you  
In the DARKER depths of that great big well  
The jewellery case of sinners....our private Hell.

wardha jawdat

# 'She's The One'

They took her away too  
Lucy, in her yellow dress and ribbon blue  
Gone!

Margaret went before her  
John a week ago  
I am left behind in the toy store,  
On my rack, alone.

No one wants to buy me  
They think me too forlorn  
My raven black curls  
They say are too long;  
My narrow black eyes,  
My pride and joy  
They say are too coy.

Everything about me, they say  
Is "much too strong for a toy"  
My smile even is disagreeable  
"its evil", they say..."its diabolical"

And yet-I hope, wish and pray  
Some day will be my day  
Some day when some child may  
Come in and say  
"shes the one".

"shes the one I wan to buy"  
"shes my kindof toy"!

wardha jawdat

# Simply Me

take me for who i am  
and look at me in the bare  
i am a timid fragile being,  
when you look at me with such care;  
i don't need my chipped armor  
i need not carry the burden of wear  
i shall be clothed by your smouldering glances  
i shall be blanketed with your passionate kisses,  
i shall need not this false smile;  
i shall shed every pent up tear  
and still, appear beautiful  
whilst you crease away every fear  
i'm tired, love, of these pretences  
i wish to dwell in shadows, in nuances  
i wish to inhabit your warm silence  
i want to curl up content before a blazing furnace  
i want to be loved, don't you see  
i want to be told i'm a deity

love me..oh simply love me  
love me simply for me.

wardha jawdat

# Some Journeys Never End

cruel cruel life  
crueller crueller fate  
cruellest of them all  
death

to be alive as a mother  
wrinkled crumpled  
doubled  
and to be made a mockery of  
by age  
standing at the edge of a grave  
that should have been mine  
and watch it devour  
ogre like  
the being to which i once gave life

oh god bear you witness  
to this cruel joke  
this cross  
which must be borne  
upon sagged shoulders  
broken shattered dismayed

i look around to see  
the next chapters in my  
chronicles of tragedy  
those scared timid beings  
pearls of my seed  
to whom i must now play mother

oh lord!  
to have journeyed thus far'  
only to discover  
myself returned to barren shores  
exertions unacknowledged  
buried under nondescript earth

returned barren to shores  
where cradles yet rock

and fables lie untold  
oh lord  
am i indeed to  
reembark upon journeys  
nature would have absolved me of  
oh lord  
to witness this pain  
to survive my own child  
i must have erred  
i must have sinned  
i must have faltered  
for i have been denied  
the honor of a grave  
adorned by my heir.

my journey  
yet  
lies  
in  
wait

wardha jawdat

# Special Child Angel Wings

O special child..  
o angel azure  
clipped wings  
yet ever pure  
O baby blue eyes  
that shine so bright  
even though no image  
your mind doth blight  
your senses percieve the soul  
not skin black nor white  
O simple sweet angel  
your clipped wings  
hinder not your flight

.....  
O precious bundle...  
stop a while  
reach out to me  
my existence unblight...

O sweet child...  
O innocent soul of mine  
stop a while  
let me breath of your purity  
awhile.....

wardha jawdat

# Story Of Humanity

Heard you died in the news  
I read of your death in the paper  
I saw you die of stab wound  
I heard you were strangled  
In a dark abandoned alley  
Every night since eternity began  
Backwards.

Oh doomed forsaken Humanity  
Your death is no longer cause  
Enough for me to pause  
In the mesmerizingly normal  
Dazed existence of my  
Living room.  
The numbing quality of the  
Expensive grub I consume  
Seems like prosaic "manna" for  
My sentience.  
I drink to your trance  
O conscience  
I salute the iron resolution  
With which  
You persist ...  
Drugged.  
Blessed numbness...  
Cheers!

wardha jawdat

# Tears Upon A Mountainside

Flowers..red, yellow, magenta, blue  
Growing lovingly upon the harsh features  
Of man molested mountains.  
Mountains....once lonely proud guardians  
Of mother nature's  
chastity....  
God's magnificent bold strokes across  
Earth's canvas.

As I drive into their realm  
Upon this concrete saber thrust so  
Completely into that nurturing breast,  
I feel humbled  
I feel my heart grow heavy  
These pagan silent warriors  
appear to draw veils around them;  
veils of gossamer mists  
That roll in and envelop them  
As garments of plum regality...

Mans ravages are everywhere  
I see them marked heavily upon the  
Ragged boulders of these brown hulks;  
The battle seems to have been a bitter one  
Mans dynamite pitched against God's legion  
Of stone.

I stop,  
I am timid with guilt;  
I touch the scarred faces  
Of kings taken captive  
Forced to wield to forces unnatural  
Unto boundaries where none were ordained;  
And i tremble  
For i hear the mutterings of rebellion  
I hear the pregnant silences  
Between the sudden landslides  
And i pray fervently  
For though man be bold



Behind his gunpowder  
And his science,  
His mortality forever was  
And forever will be.....  
.....Fragile

inspired by my trip to our northern areas where the beauty is mesmerising but  
aweinspiring and new roads though an assest make you fear the travesty man  
has made of nature and its repercussions.

wardha jawdat

# The Metro

i'd be in your city  
if i knew which it was  
i'd serenade you in your street  
if i knew which it was  
i'd be in your patio  
if you had just looked my way  
i'd be your lover  
if i had asked you your name.

inspired by the e-mail titled 'i'd be in your city'...lol....

wardha jawdat

# To Be A Poet

To speak of love as did Yeats,  
to be immersed in longing as was Keats  
To see it in the trance of Shallot  
To follow it as did Lancelot  
To feel like Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth or Keats  
Would be the completion of this wanderers dream  
To be able to, but for a breath  
Inhale the rythmn of their epithet.  
I would, i declare live but to die and then again  
Be reborn, be remodelled...refashioned again  
A pagan, nomadic, wild soul  
Entwined with nature; blossomed whole.  
24th march 2008

wardha jawdat

# Wicked

Is it true what they say?  
Contemptuously turning away;  
That there be  
No rest for the wicked?

For if what they say  
Be as true as night and day  
Then I too shall be declared:  
Wicked! !

For if I were a saint,  
My soul content would remain  
But my restless soul condemns me  
Wicked! !

For I would as soon be dead  
As caught mulling upon an idle ledge  
How then do I defy  
Wicked!

wardha jawdat