

Poetry Series

Sadiqullah Khan
- poems -

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Sadiqullah Khan()

Born in Wana, South Waziristan Agency, in the north west of Pakistan, belonging to Ahmed Zai Wazir tribe, a medical doctor by qualification, now in civil service, I loved poetry when I was in school. In later years I studied some Urdu and Pashto poets. The passion remained with me for quite a long time. I had been writing poems but I have not published any.

Universal Freedom and Love are my cherished values. I am incorrigible romantic, and love music.

My influences are Jalaluddin Rumi, Hafiz sherazi, Umar Khayyam, Asadullah Khan Ghalib and Faiz Ahmed Faiz.

Frederick Von Schiller and Shakespeare are my favourite western poets/authors.

I like the poetry of Pablo Neruda.

I am here to learn and off course express. I find Poem Hunter very useful for the budding poets and for those whose voices would never reach beyond themselves.

***the Parting Verse

The severity of my love to gauge
I counted your kisses on the face of other
Like the one lost in the mist of morning
To find the door of house by the color it carries

The hope that night shall bring with the storm
Hopes of prayers for my love when enough
O separation be not the voices unpleasant
From the silence make sweet the presence gentle

Spread the darkness of your hair on my face
Let my sleep on your arm be a dream in heaven
Talk not of others in the harmony of love
My love has the rhythm of the beats of your heart

The living soul has the last struggle though
I counted the knots of remorse on your scarf
Open to reveal the truths like holy script
My love that has spoken to you in immense

On the silk of your hair up the slanted shoulder
Much a time that my heart has lamented
From the lips that has the redness of cherries
Speak the parting verse below the wet of glance

Homer it is said has spoken of gods
Not of gods but of your love have I sung
Who shall then lift me up to the long haze
Tear my heart to see inscribed your name
4/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***the Rising Sun

After waiting long when
Love hastened in your bosom
How many more nights and days
One day the setting sun shall see
Our demise but the foot prints
On the sand though washed away
By the waves of time
Into the great sea of separation
Every time death of hate
Is victory of love in between
Breathing life succeeds to revive
Life anew as the rising sun
2/1/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

***yesterday

You came in my life yesterday
A lost shadow for freedom looking
Search the newness in my life
Life akin to images breaking
Without transparency opacity dark
Beauty stepped unto space wild
Yesterday worn in anguish trot
Wrenched the soul each moment past
Brand new day may the sunshine
Deep breath before the dawn

You came in my life yesterday
Intensity of vision with shine
Eyes betrayed a sleepless night
The Corner is empty for hot coffee
My canvas is small for the paint
In The Groove warm water from the tap
Signs of rebirth in waters once

You came in my life yesterday
Bruised and injured and beaten to death
To be carried to the bed this time
The messiah real in monologue
Freed shall be the disillusioned
You came in my life yesterday
Bursting with life and tapping the table
22/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****a Lark**

I had the beauty of the moon beside me
The lark stayed a while for me to touch
Her dark blue feathers had dust of stars
I did not know her she did
For days I had been watching her singing
With notes that made me clap to her

I could not hold her in my hands before
She flew into the jungle green with leaves
She had brightness of success in her eyes
The sweet lark of the night with lips
Like fresh buds in spring on stem long
Like the black rose that I saw so close

The touch was distant than the feel
Many times above my shoulders I looked
Back to where she was lost in herself
I have learned the ways of love my love
Let loosen the self to every beloved here
My long conversation had no charms though

The sultry afternoon shall bring the lament
Like drops of rain the joy of grief in love
I have parted from the caravan of lovers
To me is not the laurel befitting adored
I am not I from the depth of seas
Nor the pearl or diamond made in ages

I am not I am what I am not in love
I cherish the dream not to me I know
Not mine but thine love is dearest to me
In common soul though laid back recline
"Like a wanderer dressed O Ghalib
I ponder the world as it passes in time"
6/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****a Shore Of Sand**

You are like the lightest feather
Sweetest candy
The aroma from your bosom
Like amber
Your lips life giving I suck
As my hands
Move on your contours

You are not in love
Not initiated into love
Yet
Come back
When your desires to love
Are like rivers in torrents
And I
A shore of sand
26/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****a View**

Butterflies in pairs
Racing for highest flights
Birds on the stems now in trees
Music of silence some sweet songs
Pleasing to the ears as they speak
Language of Eden in harmony
The perfection entralls me
Of the colors of flowers
So soothing to the eyes
16/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****a Will**

I
To the earth gazed
To the air looked
To the fire warmed

I
In the ashes
In preserved
Alone
With others

I
To the nature willed
That shall devour me
One day
And before the next morning

I
Want myself
In dignity
And pride
For I had been fighting
The great war of life

I
Through the path of life
Neither winner
Nor looser
25/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****after The Mist Was Over**

For the wisdom to see inside
The intellect in its strides hard
Soul turned away from the worldly
Eye of aesthetics was turning blind
In senses the endings were worked
Imaginations in wild endeavors
Mystery was but another magic
Various angles like in prism the same
The dialectics left much to explore
A bridge to the self with ladders
The ultimate experience faraway
The night's celebrations like dance
The wolves and beasts as to the final
The destiny is though in infinity
The long travels in the distances
Much treaded by wise and saints
My glances back on the door open
Of the self in the tavern the Saki
Still my world lies in the beauty
The beloved though is like dew
With gleam of morning evaporates
The delicacy of petals as the senses
Enlivened for the last dropp of red
The wine that sparked the colors
When that beauty like rainbow
Appeared after the mist was over
3/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****agony And Ecstasy**

For whom love doth shine
Are the lesser beings to judge
Is it that the creation of the master
No one knoweth but qualifieth to discard
Nay the creation shall qualify the spectator
Yet to be informed of the agony and ecstasy
20/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****an Apology**

What if a heart so pure
Thou set for the confessions
Hast the love in thy heart rusted
The pride in thyself shall the moment
When you so humble depart
Like a book open is thy heart
Like moon the solace of lovers

Art thou the thunder of hell
Hast thou been bestowed
For the human to act in cruelty
Dust is all whether thine or else
Whence dust to dust why worrieth thou
Touch the feet of the diety in tear
With both hands together in apology
26/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****an Exhaustive Day**

Was it an exhaustive day

Yes it was really

Look as if I was with you

Or I was not

28/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****ancient Miniatures**

Born in the wild
In love desperate
I would peep into nature
She was an exquisite beauty ever
Some fantasies of heroic love
In the mind

In grips with social realism
Reading paintings of Renoir
Edgar Degas and John Constable
A long time disciple of Van Gogh

An ancient miniature from a treasure
Indian saga of love with large eyes
An antelope and feathers of peacock

Made canvas out of the rough cloth available
Polished with colors to paint
A shepherd with goat
But where is the woman
The damsel girl
Invented one

Then on paper
Rubbing oil like on canvas
The half hidden face
All night
I was making
In front of a candle
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****beauty Of Creation**

To the creator when slipped
The cover of satin and silk
Imitation the wise Plato
Is art of the mind
Soul in poetry of words
Has the third dimension
Bringing it down
Only the idea remains

When to the creator was held
Mirror of imitation of his self
Craft had little in time to halt
Than was space for the matter
To take shape

Sparks from the eyes were as
Devil decided to go his way
Prophets to control the inevitable
Only self annihilation
At war with himself
And with nature

To the beauty as am I
Tongue tied stand in wonder
So does the creator
For the beauty of creation
21/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****billowing Sail**

The masts were on the edge
Billowing sail in the temporariness
Filled the air but the ideas to carry
Heavy stones brought by the rage
Bulls and horses carrying the load

Will they fall one day or still
The architect now has to see
Heaven to imagine breathtaking
Sleekness engineered with utmost
Who shall live here luck shall count

I shall cherish the cool inside you
My breath the aroma my heart soliloquy
I have lived the many thousand souls
Love shall bestow its bounty one day
I shall drink the sweetness of your lips

Time has killed the bigger self of me
As I abandon the potions of the soul
I shall have my dreams come true
To the stars when we shall gaze together
To the garden that lies beneath our feet
29/4/2009

(On Hotel Burj Al Arab Dubai)

Sadiqullah Khan

****bird Of Dawn**

You might have thought what matters
So long as love goes on
Bereft of mind's eye
Very lonely in this living
Ticking away in small seconds

I broke you open to know
Flowers were in display
Nuptial night was dream forlorn
To relive life needs resurrection
Once from the web of morality
To the ordinary faith descends

Waiting for whom and all that belongs
The dearness of life has cast a shadow
Unbelievable is the truth
Expand imaginations beyond
The immediate is nothing
A door broken from hinges
Shall it ward of evil

O happy morning of the day
The night was long awoken
The first song of bird of dawn
Is my song of hope
I have not seen you
O deity of love
Nor am I in inclination to see
Let alone worship thee

(To a young lonely lady)
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****branch Of Sugarcane**

The beauty had the mystery when forty
Days in vigil of the master were painful
Fantasy in real was houri on earth
The young boy was entangled in beauty
Longer hairs than the darkest night
With eyes that held the cup old of wine
Breaking hearts the gale for the love
Tavern was where the nights spent
Like lantern in the corner her face
Enlightened the heart when the old magi
Nichter saki nor the keepr of the tavern
From soul into being and from being
The soul was *Shakeh-Nabat the beauty
Reverence to the lady of Shiraz who had
Enchained then freed then enchained
And freed again the master from the chains
Floated in the sea of unreason when reason
In lurch the intoxication of the redness
Her lips had cure of the lover in age
From youth in praise earth and heaven
She had the beauty of the queen of universe
For Samarkand and Bokhara one mole
Had I heard the story of his love
Tigris and Euphrates my tears would flow
Beatrice is to Dante Shakeh-Nabat to Hafiz
From the unknown she spake in his ears
Made divan of verse the lover rapturous
Angel with word divine desendeth on him

Shakeh-Nabat (Branch of sugarcane) : The beautiful lady to whom many of poems of Hafiz are addressed.

7/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****by Fortune**

My secrets of life
Not tears for ever
Not sufferings unending
Nor tavern old
No wine red nor friends dear
Nor love did console
Beloved forgotten
Beloved new
Appearances had much
On my fate to reflect
On my wings unseen
Alas but loneliness
Again a nothing
For the one in love
When whispers die
Diminishing returns
I have lost the battle
Of life to live
By fortune
20/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****change**

What I see
I shall not see
Again

27/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****cheeky Living**

From your cheeky living
Be with your heart
And love
That has no limit
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****cherish The Freedom**

Those who spend nights wrapping their heads
In news papers for want of covering eyes
The glare of the early sunrise like hopes
Shall anew risen the need to be on tows
For many who had the memories of yesterday
Home was where the comfort of belonging
Sharpening the tools for the night to come
Will bring another dream in distant future
On the back of a horse or cart driven
On harsh surface of earth with fears
Mothers have children close to hearts
Fathers loosing control outside their skins
On both sides of the wall inside and out
Worries in sleep of loosing and gaining
Happy life has many reasons to live
Dead are perished with out signs and symbols
Human reason has no answer what happens
Life in open for some ritual of the day
Those who do not prepare for the demise
I want to break free from the prison
To identify with those who lose their freedom
Freedom from inside and from the walls tall
Cherish the value of breathing in free air
Freedom is scent of the flowers who reckon
13/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****city Of Silk***

City of few lights
Candles that burned
Hardly
In many centuries
The way was for caravans
Of silk
On the edge when once
The great king had halted
Those damsels have
The black in the eyes
Contrasting
Mixing visions
Weaving threads
Of old relations
Uprooted
Aging soon
Breath in the dust
That tastes ancient
In fortified walls
Lovers and rivals
Foes and friends
Together
Doorkeepers
Turn blind eyes
For those eyes are own eyes
Burning flesh of desire
Love and longing
On charcoal in flames
With wine muted
City of silk
Preparing for another assault
On the outs of its skirts
Who shall have the heart
Throbbing and bleeding
And who the skull
The candle of the night
Behind the melody of rebeck
Has no hope
Of taking us to the dawn

7/7/2009

*Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

****cold Relationships**

Like a climber
On the trunk
With no flowers
No green leaves
No fruits shall it bear
Tears that fall to dry
Cold relationships
Have in common
Nothing in emotion
Nothing from heart
Watch the steps
In cold snow
Love is dragged
Like a cart
Too heavy
9/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****contentment**

Spoken into reality
The dream was for the palaces
In the third finger a ring
A rectangle with angles sharp
A green stone in it
Like the jewel of crown
Hidden on left hand now
To the right with much shine
My telling symbols
Revealed the contrary
The reality was deeper
To know
This was
Contentment only
Instead of riches
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****dark Clouds**

From freedom
To security
Checked
searched
Interviewed
Many times

Paranoia
Who stopped me
This time
"White or red"
Or just soldiers

In drawn lines
Colors
And appearances
Matter

Language and religion
Race and ethnicity

Dark clouds hovering
On my horizon
27/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****day Dreaming**

I live day dreaming

Thanks

Yea

25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****distractions**

For me to see without evil
The thought in mind for the soul
With one aim the fixation selfish
Many a loves I harbor in heart
Thou sayest to cleanse thy chest
Nothing is vice in distractions
For the perspective of the sun
The night as opposite in equal
Nay to the discipline of ascetic
In commotion I shall see miracles
The happiest thoughts when in trance
The beloved by my side to the stars
Shall not I walk from my discourse
In turbulence when illusion before
The love manifests in pandemonium
Thou calleth my resolve to be faltering
Thou shalt not understandeth the cup
The wine that poureth from the lips
Saki hath for the evening in tavern
'Pairahan' on the beloved with spirits
The rebeck in melody from afar
They say from Pythagoras descendeth
My love undersdandeth not the reason
The reason that my love understandeth
Is the reason that for paradise I traded
Love in the existence of being
To thyself thine vagaries to enter
To me my cup from beloved's eyes
21/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****egg Burger**

I will also recover
From this
Though this was intense
If some one could take me
To "My groove"
I have thought enough
I have no answers

When there is no music
Inside
How can one sing

My poetry is flop
I will publish
When I do not need it
And why I am playing
Guitar
I wonder

How you grapple
With loneliness
I am taking an egg burger
I did not go
To music lesson
Because of headache
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****eulogies In Hate**

Eulogies in hate to forth
Hidden jealousies human
Frailty thy name
In weakness doth command
Love like falls of water
Poureth with sighs
Hate is concealed underneath
The artist in spontaneous
Love on the first sight
Spirit of the soul inside

Thou shalt not understand
The vagaries of love
To the lofty mind such misfortune
Snakes with two heads nightmares
What to others is bunch of flowers
What ails the mind's beauty
Much venom to the water holy
Just a touch and nothing
All the bitterness that fizzles
When mixed with love divine
2/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****face Life**

I had in the heaviness of the morning
Only when sun rays were reflecting
On the open door some light breeze
To raise above the earth in lightness
As if held in one hand up with my shoes
I had the whistle singing in my ears
Is it that we only talk and not sing

The drops from the cup were on the silk
Fringes of the carpet we fly on together
Like Champaign overflowing with emotion
Not dearer than the moments we share
Standing I lean I am not bringing moon
When my eyes sniff the cup of mocha
That my ears are attuned to the music

I breathe you deep before I take a sip
And then with closed eyes in anticipation
Face life in time compressed to return again
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****faith**

Verily for the morality
The text of religion
And the freedom of poetry
To the one God speaks differently
Differently to the other
From the firmaments deep dug in existence
God's rule is the final word
Whether city of God on earth
Or after death
Some beauty for the generations
The aesthetics of living
Yes I understand what faith is
I know the raptures of love too
Love without rules
No space and time
For many times I had been thinking
Faith is both and faith may
After death bring heaven
With faith I may
Live here right
I wish tonight
I have some dreams
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****feminine Dark**

Azure cancerous
Labyrinthine convulsive
In dark hemispheric schemes
Neither right nor left
Laser emissions to burn
Hands touching anything
Against her will
Feminine power behind beauty
Crushing teeth with vengeance
Call the craft ancient
She goes for a live fire
With no green
Feminine earth sucks us back
The sun brings life
In open flourish
Consumes in the dark
The softer the graver
The lighter breathe
Shall not escape ever
2/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****few More Songs**

My dreams needed more illusions
To recuperate the reality of self
Born to sing the trials of pain along
Rising to the bliss of soul in heaven
From earth the carnal was devil's doing
From grief creating songs of happiness
From misery seeking beauty on faces
Appreciation is sympathy or pity for one
In distress the child adapted by celebrity
I had imagined in my flowery fantasies
I had to kill myself in further knowing
What to others was a click in time
For centuries what I was protecting
Cherished value was dreaded possession
I shall have not wondered had it been
Prayers to God for He says the humble
Liked by him and closer to his being
Lay your ear close on my heart
Beloved today in the air of spring
Some more tears few more songs
16/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****flogged And Whipped**

The bleeding bridal hands bled
The songs of love turned into screams
The echoes were heard nothing happened
The night had gone in slumber as usual
The moon though dim was shining
The stars hiding for this day was drawn
On the zodiac when the hands of Jesus
On the cross in blood nailed again
No one listened to cries when all ears
Eyes had turned deaf and blind
The sun did watch like the fate
That was brought from the birth
Or written and decreed in fetish
She was flogged and whipped
Dragged and humiliated for no crime
Reign of terror on this land of misfortune
How many cries and lashes O God
When shall justice be the dawn
The dark night of cruelty in designs
Draconian as fear through the spines
In hapless wander I bow to Thee
To whom the plea and where the prayer
4/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****freedom Of Expression**

The longest poem in her praise
The coyness of her beauty
Flowers on her face
Sweetness of her eyes
For the poet to ponder
Like rosy rubies
Grace of the rose
And to kiss away
His soul on her
In his love fancies

The girl wakes up
And replies
"It is a good detailed poem
But I lost interest in it
Because it was too long"
22/4/2009

(A comment on "A pretty Woman" by Robert Browning)

Sadiqullah Khan

****game Of Cards**

When loving is reduced to contract
Meaning to avoid loneliness
For a happy living and striving
Illusory phantasms to seduce
And feel wanted
There has to be a thought
That goes to further elimination
The barriers and the last card
To be thrown first
Then how shall the game of cards
With sandwiches in hands
In smoky ambience and cracked tables
Shall life take a beginning
When you want to win
The first round
Before hand
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****garment Of Love**

Wear the garment of love
Was not Jacob blind without
In the well and to the wolves
Joseph to the eyes that saw visions
25/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****give Life**

Give life to those who need
Give freedom to those captive
Give faith to those who have none
Those who are shaken in grips
With life
Give reason to those who do not listen
Give courage to those who faint
Give heart to those who
Need the human element with them
Give knowledge to those who are ignorant
Like candle light to those who live in darkness
A touch of a hand may like Jesus
To life bring who are in the jaws of death
Give hope to them who in despair
Cannot distinguish between wrong and right
Give visions to those who are blind
Give mercy to those who are cruel
O God
Give life
13/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****good Morning**

May be
But you are
Very lovely
The heat in you
I have my feet
On burning amber
Inspiration
My heart sinks
Lovely
We
Had great parting
Interaction
Why
Hello
Good morning
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****good Movie**

Watch a good movie tonight
For days we have been seeing
I do not remember the trash
From the channel I have forgotten
Naming a few recent on the list
Of the Academy or Golden globe
Scent of a woman or some Johnny English
A parody of bond may be some Indian
Some girl in bikini with a gun
A car that flies in the air
Some Tom becoming hulk
Some guys from poor culture
Being bashed in dozens
By power of muscle
Now hanging from skeleton
Like Sylvester Stallone
Or the governor in California
I want to see some human story
On the big screen chewing popcorns
21/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****goose Bumps**

Goose bumps once again
When the funeral rites were over
When all the praise was showered
On the dead left in deep blue earth
When it was said blessings shall
Bestow as a heap of mud was left
On the side of grave
Empty handed and empty headed
Into the vacuum of nothingness

Goose bumps once again
When a rumor broke out
That on the blood thirsty land
For there is no water now to flower
Blood was fed to the dry roots of trees
That a young boy had been killed
In front of the school while leaving
Every one believed the rumor
For its truth
A very old woman passed by my side
In tears her torn frock gathering dust

The killers were the new creed
Who had waged war against the innocent
While the enemies shake hands in warmth
Many are trampled under the iron feet
Of state and rebels
27/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****great Escape**

Two young girls
With their father
With permits
With papers
With silky clothes
With eyes unslept
With skins rough

Two young girls
Without love
Without teeth
Without shoes
Without tears
Without smiles
Without cheeks
Without rings

Two young girls
And a father
With a brother
With no mother

Two young girls
Were picked
By the man
In uniform

For interrogation
Of their citizenship
Of their birth
Of their color
Of their faces
Of their language
Of their accent
Of their ugliness
Of their helplessness
Of their beauty

Their father had

A great escape
When he "paved" the way
Of their exit
7/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****guns For Roses**

Who hast of all the things brought
This war who knew what terror was
I sat thinking under the big mulberry tree
The soft wind of the silvery afternoon
When pelts are blown towards heights away

Who hast of all the things brought
When the colonel was standing to erase
The old bazaar and was not allowed
To trade rotten vegetables and meat
Hanging from their back feet to the trees

Who hast of all the things brought
The preacher who never saw a gun
Now on gun point speaks to the rudiment
Free speech with green pastures cold water
Peaches and apples and apricots almonds dry

Who hast of all the things brought
The nexus of corruption depriving the poor
Their rights and the man in ethnic demeanor
To represent who is from thousand years back
Who protects the freedom as freedom of man
Is not in community with the politics
The conscious or sitting idle to bring freedom

Who hast of all the things brought
Destruction to schools and minds aloft
Guns for roses they hand over to the hot
Headed in the tradition of splendid isolation
Who hast made the difficult more difficult

Who hast robbed me of peace and tranquility
Who hast given me guns for roses
30/4/2009

Sadiquallah Khan

****horse Riding**

I bought myself

A book

On horse riding

16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****how Can I Love You**

Beginning the day with difficulty
No access was allowed
Old pensioners were waiting
Under the tree
That had lost its leaves
To age and sun
Limbs were like the shoots
Roots and stems
The day did not have the blessing
Some cold demeanor
That man looked at me with surprise
When I was talking to my self
An anticipated argument
To sub humanity if to live
Human reactions shall take
Life ruthlessly
Into higher pitch of existence
I felt relieved when deprived
Of all my connections with outer world
How can I love you
When you ask for a pledge
That is beyond my capacity
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****i Am A Part Of Thee**

The kiss that had once on the cheek
In youthful joy as the first of the gift
Of bridal delight when life was to show
Echoes of love in the reflections
The mountains and springs of beauty
The music I had learned emanating
From those chords and the sound of cradle
The beats in nature from my very past
It still puts me in rapture when a note
Similar in character and pitch divine
Of the many memories written
On those hands were the passions of love

Like Mary to Jesus or my creator
Has the creator been created it is asked
For the glory of the woman who on earth
In majesty the creator herself
Her eyes were like a shining jewel
The way she would sing me rhymes
Prince of her imagination and fantasy
I slept in the velvet of her lap
From under the holy book from evil

I am a part of thee in thy bosom
Nourished on thy blood and thy milk
Nourished on thy love and compassion
Nourished on thy prayers and thy hands
Nourished on thy door on the last kiss
Nourished on thy presence thy discipline
Nourished that in heaven we would be
Nourished for me she said the prettiest
Nourished on the love my eyes sought
Nourished on life in bounties I had
I shall also nourish from the spirit
The soul that thou shalt enlighten
All the times like thy soul itself

(Dedicated to my mother, on my visit to her in hospital)
27/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****i Broke The Rules**

The master wanted to round me of
To his own disciplines and subjugation
Elixir of love that had not touched
His lips he offered with a bow
Before I touched the earth from underneath
The feet travelled thousands distances
Cleansed with holy waters
For the senses I picked the reed
For the heart wine
Enlivened spirit for consumption
Body of earth to the purity
Of the universal soul
From self to self the journey of love
I wanted to see the self
One to one myself
My sacred blasphemy
I broke the rules
I refused to follow
The form was like the rock of Sinai
When on the earth I descended
To the commonness of belief
Self needs no master
No rules
No ablutions
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****i Died**

I died

I saw

I came

25/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****i Do Not Care (New)**

My subjectivity increases many fold when I write for rap who will rap my lines and words they think you need to write absurd sometimes emotional in the form of a story invented hundred years ago I am inventing stories today living in it my little daughter how I shall amuse it has not to be from the thousand and one nights it does not need the power of words I am tired of language is mankind capable of inventing anything else the priest is there with his words and claimed that he with his recitation reduced the pain of the ailing lady he says you will enter paradise by certain combination of words put together may be differently Shakespeare came with stolen stories reinvented words to rob people in his theaters break away the language if you do not want to sing my poetry in rap I do not care

28/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****i Have Revolted**

I have revolted against the soul because the soul says I am mortal and she is immortal she will enter paradise and I to hell there are many people who talk of soul I no more accept this dictum of blackmailing silencing me for ever to speak I have revolted against the soul the unknown is not like what those who say it is I am innocent she dictates me with stories of horror Jesus was not obeying laws of land he was punished for that why should I believe he is in heavens how many more had the same fate where have their souls gone

29/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****i Shall Warm My Palms**

I shall warm my palms
By rubbing together
Before I feel the ice
Of your chest
And be the heat
In your bones

I shall warm my palms
By placing them
On your cheeks
In the cold wind
From the north

I shall warm my palms
When I touch
Those red lips
For the outline
For the softness

I shall warm my palms
Before the love
Heat of flame
When it makes
Your shape

I shall warm my palms
For the cup
Of wine
Of my favorite
Cappuccino

I shall warm my palms
For my lonely nights
For the anguish
For the memories
For the tears
On my face
21/4/2009

****if I**

Who shall judge me
The molder itself what merit
Dust flowed from the palm
What glitters is gold
Down to the judgment of self
In the collective exposed
Virtues and vices in equal
In the right hand or in the left
Tablet of deeds after ruins
Have been ruined
My hand shall not reach there
As I hold the collar
That would be the longest day
Day of the days
I also have a judgment
If I
7/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****intolerance**

"Hell is other people"*
Put together in despair
In existential living
Shouts of torments
Unlikely in paradise
Not wearing smiles
On each other
With "No Exit"

But pulling along
Legs and arms
Thick matrix of fire
And mud
Intolerance
To live with
17/6/2009

* Jean Paul Sartre

Sadiqullah Khan

****lady In Pink**

The pink of the sunset was like the droop
From the shoulders like the folds in soft
Rays gleamed like diamonds in gold red
From the below sand white was the skirt

From the sharp of creases into the curves
The dunes of sand had shifted overnight
Like the thin line on the lip the shore had
For the surfing ocean of desires spoken time

The lumination was to the night in contrast
On first fingers like rings of the lady in pink
Mermaid to the one on the rock on the amber
Ambition had restraints but may the beauty

Her hand for the kiss before wine of madness
Her legs like widening clayman's sculpture
Between the legs succulent petals and butterflies
She had the mounds of ice with tips transparent

An evening with music will she adore the night
Mushrooms and prawns and dances like fish
With smooth flexion will her lips on the chain
She but knows how to love from fairy's land
22/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****last Sms**

The tinkling
Said
Silently
Of some busy-ness

Paper scribbling
Scrubbing
Digitals
Of soft connection

You had once said
You will listen me
Singing Beatles
On my guitar

I have given up hope
For miracles to happen
2/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****laura**

Laura of Doctor Zhivago
Like on my friend poet
Reined supreme
In my imagination
In romantic forays
Forgetting that
How both
Zhivago and Laura
Are turned into losers
Along with her fanatic fiancé
Zhivago gasps
For air
In suffocation
In the end
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****lies In The Truth**

For the much voiced
Injustice in front of eyes
In metaphor goes the elephant
To be shown to those with sights
For some is to ignore hue and cry

For some the nights and days
Burning oil for a praise
Of the word written
To woe the strangers
For others take and give
Eulogize each other in return

Some emerged overnight
From infancy others grown
To lead the turmoil
With much fervor
For having discovered the lies
In the truth
On its face
Some others have opted
Pulling the dead poet
Up the hill
To be graded amongst the living

Born out of lies the poets of today
What truth shall they speak
When the courage in morality
Is one to be above all

Plagiarism a minor evil
In this ruthless game
No rules and laws can mend
But the conscience itself
18/7/2009

For poets of poem hunter

Sadiqullah Khan

****like Another Day**

We need not in the horrific silence
Born out of head struck with stone
The silence of the one who sees
Death as the angel waiting
Terrified for the crime of living
The biggest complement on ears
Deaf or the nerves cut for emotions
In expressionless gallery of colors
We come and go without seeing
The shine in the eyes goes dull
Instead that the smile on face
The sitting in the corner was long
The abstraction of images drawing
In meaningful overtures to no avail
Like another day hopes procrastinated
The reluctant steps in any direction
To the trivia in pieces from steps up
The warmth of the basement under
The other corner among many
Waiting for a welcoming smile
I had to kill the self further more
As I extend into the trivial
I felt we were too apart to be friends
Idealized poverty makes difficult
Choices already shrinking as life
The gain fizzles in nothingness
Whatever the gain that has gone
With collective memory if remembered
Now stuck in comparisons of lust
Of love and the lessons in the eternality
A tired soul in thinking that the structure
Carrying naught the burden carnal
Still hoping to live longer
30/3/2009

From: The Corner

Sadiqullah Khan

****like Breeze Of Sea**

The wave surged as it was building
The enormity of tide for the shore
Years after years it had washed down
Leaving marks of the undercurrents
Not once is this as the time slipped
Into the waves surfing in distance
Ecstatic emerald in colors green
Sandy white like her silken lowers
Like breeze of sea fast she came
Flowers waiting in row to welcome
The gesture was that not too straight
Gaze for eyes where the mysteries
For I could catch the glimpse of lip
As my glance touched the line
The barren inside of the drought
Shore had been in thirst for centuries
Like wave receding back to nowhere
She slowly ebbed away from my eyes
Nay the emptiness of corner detest
The emptiness she might have filled
In heaven they say there no corner
Round the houses bigger but here
Still in my corner I imagine the wild
Not so wild but the tamed how made
Magic and with love but to no avail
10/4/2009

From: The Corner

Sadiqullah Khan

****like Green Of Grapes**

I The Petals

I named my humbleness long ago
On earth scratching names of love
Like a medal on your chest to know
What beauty shall it look on my door
I puffed the petals on the cold breeze
Where it blows through The Groove

II Dried Flowers

Dried flowers lie on the papers
With dust in books for the day
To the soil like seeds of love
My songs were muted that night
I felt having been sculpted in stone

III Mystique

I feared the day when deafness
Numb as I am I cannot create
A masterpiece from memory alone
Like great Beethoven in his age
Those books told me something
About myself when the mystique
Feminine in love all encompassing

IV The Deadliest Weapon

They thought I carry the deadliest weapon
When my secrecy was broken it was
Scent of spices from the pouch so deep
Waiting to be put on the evening when
Festival in spring shall bring autumn
Close to hearts like green of grapes
8/7/2009

From: The Groove

****little One**

Little one

Little one

The little girl had all her toys

Utensils for the kitchen

Small glasses lantern

Makes her home to learn

Little one

Little one

From the mother's secrete

Emotions and men's affairs

Anger and the smiles

Little one

Little one

Some small lies to know

Some small fantasies to hide

May I ask my mother

Little one

Little one

Is there any universe

Bigger than a mother

Little one

Little one

All her flowers in the basket

All her clothes with stars

Twinkle twinkle her shoes

Little one

Little one

Drinking milk from her bottle

Brought by her mother

Chocolate sweet and candies

Hair done up like a mare

Little one

Little one

Jumps up from the stair

Near the wall on the cushion

In her play she sings

Hymns sweet songs sweet

Little one

Little one

Little one is so lovely

Little one

Little one

(For my three years old daughter)

12/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****lost Ideals**

I His Defeat

Irredeemable
The lost war of life
In bigger terms
The effect had no cause
Than to discover
In vain
In pursuance
Of a paradise on earth

The lonesome warrior
Had still hope of victory
To him announced
His defeat

II To Recuperate

Living was left
The last option
To recuperate
All others succeeded to lay the flag up
Feathers in caps displaying
The joviality

In eternal loss the mankind
With patience and good deeds
On the right path says the holy book

III Enough Consolation

Enough consolation
The tide of time
Decides to ensure
To be spent
"Making small fishes of gold"

Neither a victor in ideas

Neither is past in happy events
Neither good intensions
Nor the balmy nature
Is it the will
Of the soul

IV Afterthought

Success was in sight
Immediate
To calculate the leagues
Far away

V Final loss

He still has his dreams in the closet
Hanging like clothes
For the day
That shall never be

VI And Today

He declares
His personal victory
Against all losses

22/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****lost Manuscript**

Return

My lost manuscript

If not thrown

To the paper shredder

30/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****memories Of Forgotten Love**

The curve of boteh on the table cloth
In beige color that day
On the mist of the cold water
In crystal glass
Groomed tea
I shall not forget you
For that day's beauty
For more than a thousand times
I watched and etched
You
In that background
From whence I saw the rooftop
Of the old building
The sparkle of the bottle
In luminous reflections
Some threads I want to retake
The darkest hair I had ever seen
Like in hails and storms
In floods every thing washed away
I rubbed it from my bosom
From my mind's deep corners
You could have rescued
The wreck
If that meant anything to you
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****mine Blast**

He talked very fiercely
He knew every line in the file
He had known that nothing good shall come
His way
He had pride in his voice
Irritable
Uneasy
Impatient
He followed the rules
Waited long
Discussed at length
He would evoke a sense of rejection
He was carrying some extra burden
He had not forgotten
What had happened to him
He would make others angry
His wife and children would wait
For him
For some good news
He was like the lame in the pack
Of wolves
For others to take revenge on him
He was a soldier
Who had lost a limb
In a mine blast
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****moon Of The Fourteenth**

Reality was under the feet
Gaze to the moon to ride onto heaven
What real love in the mysticism of nature
Myself I felt with the tips of my fingers
Breathing self is what life is
What moon from ages of creations
To many was a mirror for their faces
In craters read names of their loves

Into half to show miracles manifest
Desert red for the Majnun in the wild
Sewn by the young girl to her frock
Is in half behind the veil black
The moon with pride and prejudice
Oceans in emotions when in full
Life it sustains not so is it harmless

Aye in the dark of the night it goes hiding
Behind the clouds we counted stars
Not for luck but play of the child
Again was the moon like sun from the east
On the beloved it shines like shines on the lover
Taketh my lesson O heart dear lament not
The dropp of thy tear for the beloved that ye shed
Is moon of the fourteenth and nothing else on thy chest
5/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****mulberry Wood**

I found in an old serai
In the corner of the street
A man who would make
Rebecks
From mulberry wood
And dried hides
For the music

Closer to the moon
I would play it
I thought
She would love it
And I thought
Women look for
Elegant men
In romance
Playing haunting notes
On rebecks
On sad evenings

I am now
Lamenting my romance
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****multiple Dimensions**

I
I died
I saw
I came

II
I saw
I came
I died

III
I came
I saw
I died

IV
I came
I died
I saw

V
I saw
I died
I came
27/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****mundane To Heavenly**

The wholeness of the self
Is in one animate body enter
When not thinketh in imperfections
The smaller self how containeth the bigger
Except with the cup of Jamshed
In some delusion
In collectivity the universal self speaketh
The reality of being is just to carry
A part of the whole a few steps
In the direction that is goodness
One day shall this be overcome
Thus the question of self is but
What all sayeth and ordain
We name it God
He creates and creates once
We shall know on resurrection
To whom death is the other name
From mundane to heavenly
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Desires**

When ye shall open my chest
To see my desires
Ye shall weep for hours
For they just are
A few whispers
Of love
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Letters No 2**

With kisses with tears with smiles with love
My love had once in the unknown discovered
From heap of ashes with mantras written
Worn on the neck and up on the arm
Coated in gold in silver wrapped
Symbol of love against the evil eye
Held close to the heart worshiped with forehead
Between the earth and head words drunk to the mad
In love giving lives touching the eyes
Of the beloved for the days dreams not yet seen
Above the doors in entrance in chants read
In the temple sung scratched on the skin
To remain eternal in the bosoms
On sweet tongues not scribbles
Meaning deep my letters unknown
My loves imaginary my heart has wings
My eyes see strange things

In love my heart dear enough ye spoke
Unreason thy argument but will thy hand
On the curve of the back of the beauty so slim
Hold closer to thy chest for the kiss on her cheek
Much belied is thy agony alas the day when my love
Youth had shown the beauty of the skin like satin
Yet thou speak of letters and temples
Waiting for the day when smoke that shapes
In burning desire ye see thy love in ethereal
Leave the company of the love yet ye
From prison to prison the chains thou wear
Still sings music of love in the tunes divine
11/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Letters No 3**

Like kites on the air
From up the skies
From above the clouds
From the stars
From the bright of your eyes
Shine on your lips
Like broken wings
Like left alone
Of the flights of flock
Of birds to the north
And on the sea
In the streets
On the moonlit paradise
Behind the wall where my love
Hopes distant and far
In the afternoons
On the shore
When the sea in tumult
Washed the signs
Like hidden
Between the bosoms
In imbibed scents
Red of the kisses
Drops of tears
Edges worn
Sweat from the palm
My love my letters
Music of Tan Sen
In my ears
Under the aroma
Of your hair
My goblet of wine
In sweet indulgence
Touching my feet
The reverent sea
11/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Letters Unknown**

Whilst the flicker of candle
Dawn had the designs in geometry
Cold winds of the night on the edge
Letters to the unknown
To the known what it cast
Much derided for the words
Love has meaning to demons
Unlike love when the self
On the cross of retribution
For the letters

Pick the fallen stones
Wounds are deeper than the blood
On my body my letters
Unknown to myself was the address
Known not to me than how
Known to you my love
From the streets from the paths
Untreaded often collect
My letters unknown
Taken by storms
30/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Mind Drifts (New)**

My mind drifts in intoxication with unreason why all writers are moralists is not evil the creation of god when we talk of whole we say it happening tragedy is the defeat of god how many tragedies soul consoles my defeats which is not enough there is unequal distribution of wealth he rides a big car because his father had grabbed it from poor soul has no answer to this prayers are useless mutterings she was making lies to me that she loved me now as I am clearing the illusions I should remain silent deny myself see that man who has given marijuana to his daughter sleeping on his shoulder for begging I read dialogues of Plato I did not find any answer

29/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Photograph (New)**

I wrote it in reverence to shed few tears I ignored few realities while writing on another thing that has lance like structures with a huge garden I had been thinking another theme never thought of that place it happened it converged there then I wrote about that detestable thing every thing has lost its lure that girl who was wearing yellow with long hairs washed with shampoo and conditioner she turned back I had to change my view still putting on some colors on face and lips work as it did on me that other one I talked with wanted her work done she did not call me again they say that honest man is a horrible man he appeared good to me the old man was sitting with his son in lap in photograph where is my photograph with my little sweet daughter
29/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Prison Office (New)**

That big table that occupied half of my room when they would pack me from home ensuring I do not fall from the window of my armor like car I would enter an office like a prisoner to do things watch empty walls read horrible words then back home to fume over any visible soul I have removed everything transformed my room into a workshop to work with freedom than living to tidy my room I want to grow like hulk breaking all the walls around me burning my car into ashes not because it is not running it is that I am imprisoned by it that engine roars in my mind soon I discover some people started knowing me I have many friends now my bare feet feel the dust on earth I want to tear my clothes apart to feel the air on chest my ears are now growing to listen to the silence my eyes to the beautiful my neck tie I have thrown away in the street I beg freedom
5/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Shadow**

Limping broken
Short sometimes gets longer
In the shape of King Kong
Sometimes monkey
Leopard and cat
Friendly dog or angry
Follows me in front
Side and back
Vanishes in dark
May be day dreams
Sleeps and sits with me
On the wall on the floor
Does whatever I do
Hilarious
My shadow
My friend
2/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Sundays**

And when I held together my bones
By the pull of a leather belt with buckle
A symbolic leaf of Adam still I felt
The nakedness in nature on my shoes

Long shadows of buildings on asphalt
Filled the grooves in earth with a wish
Bareness shall return once the civilization
Grows from this point onwards to openness

In the bakers room the mixed odors of yeast
Like breasts of the young girl in low cut
Olives with oregano familiarity of senses
The ease in movement was so jovial

Desperation in respectable white bearing
Nowhere to look as the sunset had left
A golden lining on the hills with beams
From behind the bushes of earth fertile

Freedom to me was another dimension
Why I feel others want me closer to them
Subjectivity of desire counting days of week
Like dates on chart I no more wait for my Sundays
29/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my Things**

Like the cynic's lantern
In search of any good
I plucked the small needle
Of the butter flower
On my palm in saliva
To find out
My last treasures
Of the photograph
In that cap and the coat
With emblem of my first school
I had entered
The slanting date on its back
I can reproduce in my imaginations
I was eight at that time
The relics of my father
The youth
Has any one asked me to recollect
Is any one to help me with that
My things and belongings
Just a few of them
What robbers were they
In what nook and corner
How many times I wept
For my things I have lost
I wish I could count
Someone bring them back to me
I know they are just around
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****my World**

I shall see my world
In your eyes
If you let me
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****near To Heart**

Familiarity sounded as near to heart
The path wrought with difficulties
When cold crust would fall on spirit
The distance from the valley to learn
Strides were made in prevalence
Ignorance rooster would wake the call
Fate had destination when the stars
Fortune was to come but before
Into ashes the self intact for the pledge
Not known to others but he knew
Was called upon the shores to honor
Risen on the knowledge of adventure
The first man to set foot on the land
When the waves put the small luggage
Nay the treasure but toils would make
Safer journey when shone the bright sun
I had shared the leather in red with white
My beloved once remarked for the grains
Pouring back stories of discoveries
Pocahontas in legends and farther
Checkered fabric was another memory
Handshake an honor in my town dusty
And then after many years in discovery
Profession was the way in America
The showers with friends once when
Not less than Hummer whence the song
I knew less of what happened on the way
Of a happy union in affairs of love
For the needy and the poor looking upon
Still many like him aspiring the unknown
In humble discourse and bow a gentle
To the south wind when sent the message
Come along and see the world anew
The nobility of cause had at last
To the holy soil he was born upon
Friends of the late night were awake
The zephyr still circulated with aroma
The dawn was left for others to begin
14/4/2009

(Dedicated to Mrs. and Mr. Dr Badshah Jan Wazir, on announcing Aisha Karen Wazir merit scholarship for the students of South Waziristan Agency)

Sadiqullah Khan

****nocturne**

The songs of love ringing
In desperate processes desire
Contentment ensued a moment
Sleep was still beyond
The green hills now in possession
Of spirits from the past

The coming day announced
In unresolved complexities
Hope in prevalence
Rationalizations of disabilities
Circumstantial with fate
Life is breaking down
To basics with unhappiness

The duality of personality
In discourses mixed with chance
Wisdom in farthest queries
Unreason needed to dream
In fantasy for a happy day
9/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****o Ravisher Of Hearts**

O ravisher of hearts
For the treasure
Far and distant
If I
Had not found
Closer in my heart

If I
Had not kissed
The softness
Of those lips
Had not beaten
My chest to mourn
Not tasted my tears□

If I
That rebeck in hand
Had not sung
Flying free
If the beats
Of the music
Had not
Put me in raptures

If I
In the moonlit nights
In your remembrance
With cups of wine
Had yet not
Abandoned senses

If I
Had not placed reason
On your door steps
If unreason
Was not my creed

If I
Was still

Asking for more
When like rain drops
Your love
Poureth on me
8/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****on Mother's Day**

On mother's day I saw
From the cold streams
From the wooden houses
Buddha sitting meditating
Aloft of the pine trees
Falls in the midst of the city
The aroma of woods
Burning charcoals
Marble palace and gardens
Of Peer Baba and stories of love
Adam Khan and Durkhannai
The little girl when her dolls
She said of childhood thrown
To the river to become eternal

On mother's day I saw
Pounded with guns and tanks
A million would flee
To what is called safe
To disease and disruption
Prey to the wolves
The faces still aglow
Refuge in own country
Refuge from beauty
Such beauty of nature
As no one has seen on earth
Shall not the *Grand River
Weep for its worshippers
God was envious in probabilities
Such carnage has befallen my land
How many more tears and blood

*Grand River: (River Swat)
(Dedicated to the Mothers of Swat)
12/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****on The Wheels We Go (Song)**

On the wheels we go
Screeching sounds on the bow
Woofers woofers on the move

With the hips ya shake
My love for the kiss
Vintage cover red in bloom
On the wheels we go

O Lala lala laala lalaa

From the city to the wild
Like boys on horses
Like your eyes wide
To the moon to the moon
On the wheels we go

My love is mine
Her lips so sweet
In the sultry afternoon
On the wheels we go
To the moon to the moon

From the stars we bring
Love sweet luck sweet
Honey come ride with me
On my vintage so smooth

On the wheels we go
To the moon to the moon
On the wheels we go
To the moon to the moon
27/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****on Your Dreams**

Across the rainbow
On your dreams
See me too
Riding the lightening
9/7/2009

Inspiration: Metallica

Sadiqullah Khan

****orationes Ii 'Tamen Sciebam'**

Nesciebam

Tamen sciebam

(Translation of "Discourses II 'But I knew'" in Latin)

Courtesy Maude C.

31/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****poet Laureate Visits Battle Field**

After "killing time" a thousand times
The poet laureate shall visit soldiers
Wearing a war arsenal shall he look
Morale and repeat Kipling's "If" if he

Shall the ugliness be transfused more
When not the coincidences in "beautiful her"
With a night vision he shall see the war
As from a gunship the homeless run

Shall not to the poet happen into the doom
The celebrity on the high tide of air in blades
Some new arrows in display this time
His favorite pieces the one "sherry" naught forget

The poet laureate shall chronicle "Homeric odysseys"
Bravery of dead soldiers few tears on way back
He had seen him dying in front he shall tell
To the love of the soldier with poetic fervor

What price is yours for writing my miseries
When you shall recite to the world my wounds
With mock sadness holding your breath
With high colors you shall display the laurels

(On news item that poet Simon Armitage has been engaged by BBC to visit
Afghanistan)

27/5/2009

P S: Simon Armitage is a contemporary British writer of verse and prose. He is
author of a number of books and is a literary figure.

Sadiqullah Khan

****power Of Knowledge**

He spent his life
Proving to others
His knowledge
As known to him

He ended his life
Thinking about
His follies
As known to others
12/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****prisoner Of Self**

Much he said in philosophy
Far and wide in knowledge
From west the cup deep
Drank from the east
From masters of his age
And antiquity he wrote
Verses and prose of worth
From aesthetics the turn
To the philosophy in perfection
When reflected on the reason
Intuition profound into religion
Few books in verse merit
Many as the doctinaire
Chairs all over the world
"Like a nightingale
He spoke his heart"
Though in the cocoon
When cold winds opposite
To the exclusion from inclusion
To the divide than assimilation
To the sword than the dove
Prisoner of self than freedom
Power to wield to further
What he thought was a thought
In dialectics for the antithetical
See the sunrise from the east
Also the sunset in the west
What east and what west
Humans are all
Who knows who is right
Who is right who is wrong
23/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****rage In Vain**

From the ruins the elements
Rage had gathered in vain
Boiling blood no more could
Redeem would have at least
Saved the doll house inside
So long as war of titans
Uprooted the broke family
Drinking not from love
From within the sublime
Took the turn to beg
A living the child instead
Slept on the shoulder
For want of cradle
The rain poured heavily
Bringing sweet music
Music drenched in sorrows
7/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****rain Of Happiness**

When the pangs of separation
Had taken the heart in desperation
The thought of the finality of being
The first hospitality in the dark
I beat the wall artificial
Fearing the closeness would be so near
Till the next dawn the heart pounds
So used to the sunrise every day

Rain of happiness for the loneliness
Dropping on earth I wish
Shall tap on my door closed forever

With both hands like wings in the air
I flew to the rain for the drops
On my face down to the chest
I held my palms up for the splash
With open eyes I saw the visions
Freedom why not we have in common
Alienated for fear of being soaked
Like the mysterious inaudible notes
My steps toward you were carrying me

Like swans in the dance of love
Rhythm of the tapping sound was like
Angels were speaking in my ears
I was standing in the midst of the crossroad
They thought I had gone to the unself
They thought I was dreaming heaven
30/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****rap Iv 'artists Are Architects Of Change'**

There is no complaint today nothing I want to further nothing I want to say some sweet aches in my body I have not visited the Corner I have not seen the beloved I want to see outside the window I know the garden there is not as green when seen from the close I had seen some people being pushed for a cavalcade of thirty vehicles carrying a high dignitary and a woman fighting the police man reminding him of his worthless presence and restricting her freedom of movement I requested a friend not to publish a dedication I had made to some one which may annoy him or her the poems of once in love now were just lines I had seen many times much salt on rose but it did not turn me on nor was I the focus smiles and laughs in the music shop I am revamping my soul from bits all the conspiracies I felt now of the reverent one and dear ones too when they see me carrying my cross behind the grief are smiles of those I requested desperately for help some people need from his excellency in the heat of summer I needed sun glasses I wanted to memorize some notes of a song read poetry and imagine the unbelievable I want to enter the post modern some one please explain it to me I suggested to my brother to open a shop we talked today at least and now I feel he is not angry on my inability to buy his car I had a fight with my sister who had come for the purpose to control my affairs made a long speech in my living room talking the benefits of being a professional I was pushed to the back seat of the coaster I tried to fight back but was defeated in argument when worse on the way the road was blocked and then to divert the driver I was stopped by a customs man who got bribe worth a cup of tea I was asked by the police man to prove my identity I saw some people hiding behind bushes trying to sneak into their offices before the gates were closed and they were marked absent in the evening I was wearing a shirt with a logo "artists are the architects of change" I wore it twice and removed it twice I met an artist who was begging to the shopkeeper to buy a mike as he had no money he was a singer and wanted his talent to be recognized I saw a woman who had come with her drummer husband she had done enough to appear sexy and leave an impression Anjali Sinha has vanished from the scene ReshmaRamesh is baking some other recipe Sweet little girl after writing essays on poems left poetry in lurch Fiona Davidson is telling her daily stories Indira Babbellapati with her sms poems Cathrina is trying her magic with Karla Bardanza luring her readers Naidz thinks she found a love I have some happy friends I love children
28/4/2009

****rap V `post Post Modern Poetry-Demystification`**

I do not want to write the way every one is writing why I am in search of so many words why I appear in a stanza pattern I do not want to place my self in the rhyme or in free verse haiku is too small novel is too big I get frustrated with this emotional congestion I have to get ideas from books which have nothing in common with me they are in the libraries to be read I do not want to be a scholar either reading big plays I am living in a post post modern era my art is what I say what I think what I feel I have no reverence I am not blinded by any ideology searching for absurd imagination in my dreams in surrealism I had gone to see a friend I called him in the morning he arrived made a few telephone calls he said he also served in military I gave him a piece of paper which I had typed the key board did not have enough icons I left my phone in the drawer I was afraid some one might steal it the window is open there is reflection from the wall made of heavy concrete which disturbs me I want to pull down the blinder then there will not be enough light why I should invent illusions for you I will take some old newspaper for you to read have you ever felt the reality of repairing your glasses for the minimum some one looked at you in horror when you purchase french fries asking only one fry that man has a frown on his face he thinks he is doing a lot we will visit him tomorrow if he escapes an accident I have idealized you and called you my beloved but you were such an ugly girl your husband told me you were not even worth sleeping with my refrigerator does not work it has become old fashioned I want something for my lunch I cannot go to dunkin donuts for a muffin and coffee I call that as my corner ok take care and good bye

28/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****reapers Of The Past**

The days of the year into nights
The evenings into solace for burdens
Long days when reapers would cut gold
On earth and tilling the land with horse
Waiting for the season the damsels
Lovers would long to reap their fruit
One day reddened by sun the earth
The trees giving cold shelter
Sweat flowing down the bosom
In sweet aroma with nature
From the earthen pot when drank
Water from deep the well of love
Desires were raw with shine in eyes
Emotions were not put in fire to mould
The human habitation perhaps needs
No learning further than the one
With drawn swords the men
Women's wrath for the young
Money is the other name of god
Some worldly comforts at least
The self contained economy
In the village now seek
Capital in surplus for the class
The struggle is for the machine
Shiny houses of bricks gaudy
The respectable ladies now hide
Reapers of the past in freedom
Now captive of the present in wealth
20/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****rescue**

I was rescuing some one
In dire need of me
For I thought
Nature would punish me
For not doing that
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****rosa Luxemburg**

I read Rosa Luxemburg
In George H Sabine
Enthralled by the quotations
From Karl Marx

Of Rousseauian philosophy
Read and reread
For a revolution
When poor will be empowered
To rule themselves

I find myself standing
In a queue
To buy myself
Some bread
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****scent Of Flower**

Thou callest might of the oceans
A tiny ditch for the stream of love
Didst not that the dropp from the ocean
In vapors to the skies in blue
Fall on earth to become stream tiny
And back to the ocean

Resideth in heart is creation's image
In love is mirror for the one who desireth
Seest the image who knoweth the self
Nay to the roots of the tree that giveth
Sustenance is from the sun and earth
And thou seest not the beauty of heavens

Many names for one name if my heart
My love speaketh to others what may
They say to the world has some one
With one hand the sun hidden from earth

The scent of flower that the honey bee
From whence comes the sweetness sweet
My names on thy chest is but of divine
Didst love hath any source not manifest
25/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****scheme Of Divine Time**

When gravity has lost the effect
From some centre the earth
The universal force of command
What it needs to drive
A wheel as the first invention
The civilization began
That differentiated the world
First from the old
Or the fire when in age of stone
Two stones rubbed to produce
Fire for energy the pride
Or breaking the line of the pull
From the earth the rocket to the moon
Then where from such source
The energy unleashed in the universe
In the controlled environ of scientist
Smaller is the mind inclined
To destruction in atom
The lesser evil of the environment
Pollution in air for rain acid
Broken the spell of myth the reason
Followed the science in leaps and bounds
Now nature we see in patches
Melting ice as the sun nearer
A little fire for ourselves
Some cool like rain bring
The spirit of universe though
Sustenance on earth from sun benefit
I wonder for the scheme of divine time
25/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****sell Me Cheap**

Sell me cheap O ye masters of the fate
Like Joseph a slave in the streets tread
Shall the beauty be seen from inside
For the one who on the shoulders leap

My words in letters my agonies in bar
My dreams and your dreams as I read
Befallen is the world with ignominy
Love is what if the garment torn apart

Hold the pieces on thy chest to part
Visions are words like the patient
Like Jesus to the one who breathes last
Like Marry the face with ecstasy depart

What shall be thine reward in mischief
On the kingdom in Egypt sits the sold
Cheap but had the riches of years in cellar
To every one from the bounty he giveth
25/6/2009

Sadiquallah Khan

****so Unreal**

What a pity on my self
It is not that I am difficult
I am not ordinary
I am educating you
In smart relationship

I am slow beginner
Street walker
With little hope
You have dreams
Ambitions
And rightly so

Cool
This is love
You call it hatred
And I will love you
For these little memories
Still I love you
Tomorrow I will wait for you
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****some Respite**

It had not heightened the wits
War was the apotheosis of peace
Anger in social awakening too far
From where began the tide of ideas
World was a small place
In the millennium it was
On the door step every where
Unaware and of the ideas aware
What practice shall follow
When in theory no one knows
Distorted history and beliefs
Did everything exist as we know
Generations have lived it before
Friction has reached new levels
From slumber comes the call to wake
We are learning to adapt to war
Ahead of ideas in movement
Many others have lived it without
Any gain except the evolution
Instead of revolution changing old ways
Is it that war shall bring some respite
When immense sufferings are the spoils
5/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****some Secrets Of This Life**

I shall suffer and suffer and suffer more
The reins of fate are not in my control
But to the brim of capacity I shall fill the cup
I shall love till the end of my breath to the spirit
With intoxication of wine descending from the lips
The fair one had the complexion of rose with eyes red
Black linings are like tendrils with lashes like lances
From the earth of the tavern of the ruins in perish
Sheikh has many lessons of wisdom to him we leave
Discourse of heaven and earth and soul and hell

Saki my cup for the sake of the evening
Lamentations are high with tears mixing wine
Jubilant is the garden when moon peeps in
In existentialist drunkenness I loose my balance
I grip the reality of the unreal alas my wailing
From body to soul it goes like log from the tree
Ye shall hearken the reed that has the courage
To chop the wood that has gathered the aroma
Of water and earth after years of being left alone
My cup thou fill thou fill my cup O beloved
In dwindling faith asking faith for what reason
The hangover of the dawn late after the sunrise
Shall I tell you some secrets of this life
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****soul's Desires**

Things as objects of love
Possessions symbolic of bygone times
A lover's bead on the chest
Written on the arm in tattoo
The tangibility is ethereal
When found broken or lost
Breaks the heart like human love
From the acoustics of perceivable
To the mysterious hidden note
When love ends up in bitter endings
Loneliness in despair now the love
Rules of subjugating the self
God has many virtues
Doubt still remains
Indulgence in nature feeds
When to the brim reflected
Praising the doings of creator
The ultimate doom
The needy were helped around
Self itself was in bigger need
The master says every thing shall vanish
Is consumed to become part of the whole
Sustenance is a thing for the soul's desires
A just order on earth when humanity fails
5/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****stillness**

I had the vagueness of death in surrounding
Silence was my friend when my ears failing
Like "English patient" in the crisp white cotton
Sweating my way from table with cloth to chair

A while the silence was like a rehearsal last
Longing for some memories and peace with past
The music of the fan was not unlike lullaby
My senses were alive to the distance in miles far

Lap of the mother warm hands of my father
I talked for long in conversation of the language
Heaven was nearer than I had imagined in moment
Much shorter than the blink of the eye shedding tear

Like the nurse with tray of tea having slices of cake
The old friend talked of his grief having lost the icon
My sense of music now diminished to the extent
Recognition of note in sharps and flats with rhythm

The happiest song that I had ever seen with many colors
I saw on display with small beats and steps so urban
She danced on the edge of the stairs for the lover
Who kissed her hand in rapid commotion of love

To the book under the heap of papers my eyes
Fell on the dervish in the spirit of dancing his demise
To the other world with happiness for the union
Eternity has many dimensions for some after death

I straightened my legs in the shape that why would I
Flat like this in peace depart in the company of loved
Little sweat on my body as my forehead throbbed
With my eyes I gazed outside to the beauty of the forms

Geometrical though human habitations make the beauty
Remembrance was dear of the blue and red of the panes
I wish I visit the house where once I had dined with
Life was as exuberant as is now for me in this loneliness

I shall once look back to all the happenings of my life
I have read with a sage that in the moments last of the breath
We live in the past having the happiest events of our life
Then I shall satiate my self to the gone by ages I have no count
10/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****stop The Carnage**

The few words of love that my lips
Sing for songs in sweet longing
Having fallen to the abyss of being
What if I had not known my self
In the end shall things be nothings
From the corners like web of spider
Destitute existence in sobs the life
I have remorse for not having done
From fate some more on the claws
Whether reason or stars I know not
For my alms of love curse on door
From behind the veil when mystery
From the black came spirits of yore
A voice on street as passing the way
Very long ago I had stopped the visit
Abandoned the street where my love
Stoned to death for nearer I passed
Misled by heart O! stop the carnage
16/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****terrible Thing**

You are
A terrible thing
Happening to me
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****terror Of Language**

Why you think only you can write you say you have been to some angelic things
sort of goddesses how you say these words said repeatedly has the effect of
healing these words you wear in your neck and what that man is saying are few
words called mantras you have enchained people in the demons of language
there are any languages which no one understand they say gods speak this or
that break away this spell of language I am now aware what you do your
language terrorize me

28/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****that Is My Love**

I paused for a while to slow down
The strum of life in blues my first
The strings shrieked as the music
Played with my bleeding thumb
The tips of my fingers for the angle
The wings in your feet I could not see

What I saw was no one on the floor
The moans of the last breath mixed
Higher the pitch the treble in air
Under the moon I sang the beauty
My eyes saw you landing for another

Aye bring me hemlock my reality
My cup thou bringeth from heaven
Angel you were named by prophet
I am in the making of a new name
I cry out louder in my dreams
Nightmare to many that is my love
29/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Bazaar***

The night was too dark
Some howling owls in the bushes
I raised my hands with eyes open
To wrap the black into my lap
I saw the dust flying in particles
So many candles were lit to celebrate

There was a humming sound of silence
Whispering was as if lips did not speak
In many places the damp like white
Of milk in almonds for the drink
My touch had the silkiness of linen
Slipped like playing love magic
The abundance of red and green
Though on the grey was like flowers

What I missed in thousand years
I read every page of history in those eyes
On the corner the sweets in glasses served
The lusciousness was visible from afar
Mixed in the air was the depth in color

I stood for a while to look back
For a while to the doors and corners
In the very narrow street of the bazaar
Only to adore the black eyed beauties
Chewing some white cheese served
On the green leaf of the tree wherefrom

Nay nay
I shall come here again to see its splendor
15/7/2009

*Sadar bazaar in Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Beans**

Heat contagious
Rising
From roasted beans
Of hot coffee
On melting palms
Warmth of the blood
Whispering love
Very close to the ears
Music of soliloquy
The tree had grown
Sideways
The beans rushed
To my head
The drape had been
Partly opened
For sunrays to visit
Long shadows
Of small flower pots
For my night
She looked back
In doubt
To find me lost
In the world of flowers
Nothing was mine
I was denied access
To own house
The beans brewed
Enough when I refused
To enter
But on my own
Many guns and eyes
Through booby traps
And freedom at last
To the guitarist
Who promised
To give me
Lessons in music
The night was awake
But fanciful

16/4/2009

From: The Corner

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Broken Bridge**

Of the broken bridges what sadness
Underneath the stream of water dried
Death was whence destroyed with impunity
Love shall see no place on earth
When in heaven is made for the mundane
Agony of living for the ecstasy so little
Where did you spent the night for want
Shelter to the homeless is the broken bridge
Of desires and needs like skies shall
Are the firmaments of fate so weak
For the poor to make love in the creek
In smoke the life cooks the stew of its demise
The lonely mother in hiding for the fear
Still some thunders in the air yet the break
Is not final say what is doomsday for the wreck
War 0 war shall not the providence one day
On the divine trumpet put a halt
25/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Chronicler**

Amr al Qais eulogized the tribe in warfare
The verse had timeless character not less than scripture
In desert when the feast was over and beloved had left
He laments sweetness of her person as she had slept
Having come from the victory of the war affair
Epic poems were he writing still in tears for love

Homer had done the same when he was writing
Wars of the gods and he praised
Firdausi in pure Persian wrote the expeditions
Mythical in nature for the men in battle

Vedas are Rama's stories of success and the hymns
Eloquence when religion ensemble with the tribal
The sword got the sharpness of the holy
Constantine and Asoka when converted
Holy wars waged against all others
Crusades in history and modern clashes
Francis Fukuyama says clash of civilizations
The cold war legacy still alive in memory
Roaring jets and nuclear explosions

Did any one write than the stories of warfare
A men's affair women say they say it right
The merriment was when blood spilled
Goblets would fill the music loud
They would count heads in front
When Ahmed Shah fought the third war
Nadir Shah in Delhi killed every man he saw
So goes Napoleon and Hitler and democracies
Hiroshima is a sad story Iraq and Afghanistan

Did any one speak for the common man
30/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Common Soul**

When the silence of years was broken
Solitude has its blessings in vigils
Away from the dialectics of living
Fear encircled man or civilization
One straight thought and nothing else

How a neighbor that would not
In synthesis ensemble the ideas
In religion and philosophy and politics
In fashion and living and language
Shall not the solitary be doomed

Sharpen the wits when in conversation
Violin and guitar shall then assemble
Choreographer's harmony of composition
Life in community who knows the worth
Together shall celebrate and together mourn

From the static be the feather on the wind
Bouncy as like seagull in hope shall
Long distance but love in heart nourished
In communion with common existence
God liketh to be praised in the collective
Enhanceth the devotion and hightens spirit

Why not followeth what the common soul
Ordain to be the destiny in happy living
What tomorrow bringeth for today
Shall be yesterday in memories remembered
Bitter or sweet what we sow shall we reap
6/5/209

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Groove***

Locked desires in the eyes fixed
The beauty of her face too sharp
Love shall create what the hidden tone
Behind the curtains is the show of costumes
Many doubts in those tears drunk by the eyes
I lost my heart on the impressions to paint
Many names of colors I had yet known not
The folds of love as I unfold
Precious are the desires beneath the bosom
Of the past did I asked or of the future
The lock of your hair as today I see
Ages of love as I straighten it up
In "The groove" with the fairies
Dances are to my heart your memories sweet
25/6/2009
*My humble abode

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Hamlet**

The mirrors of leaves when sun rays
On the wet ground in the hamlet
The smoke is the breath
Life is sleeping yet unaware
In oblivion of ages
With the strength of bull
And holiness of cow
To the mother earth

The fertility rite was a call
On a drumbeat the youth
She behind the walls would disappear
The desire to love in aching distress
To let the breeze unfurl the tresses

The wall had the scratches of her nails
When she ate mud under the moon
In hiding for the sublimation
Hiding in the shadows of the corners

Shadows were the fantasies of life
In multicolor demons that would visit
The ill fated house that her sighs
In sweet songs she sang cold stillness

Breaking the solitude of centuries
Some people brought tales
On the air or through the metal
On earth piercing it molten

Like surf of sea on tide of life
From shore to shore I am carried
No dream is it but with magic I fly
I bring the reality my gaze gets deeper
I see many dots on the apple of her chin
Signs of ripeness are the dots in the red
30/3/2009

****the Insignificant**

The insignificance
Of the significant
To deride on the face
That is in the shape divine
The pink of the cheek
Gets blue
The shine of eyes
As if visited by death
The sweat on the forehead
That creates
With one blow on earth
Milk and honey
Like waters in mud
Rubies precious
Pebbles under feet
Costumes of the first night
Lit in flames
Songs of love
Sooths of hate
What we see
Is reflection of the in
No sword is sharper
Than the sword of tongue
29/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Little Green Vase**

The little green vase
That you could hold in two fingers
That to me meant
Some brightness in the dark
When all the lights
Would go off
With a small basket
It made a perfect match
That maid
Whose face I have never seen
Cleaned it every day
To give it a shine
May be
She was the one
Who one evening
Was smiling
Moving as if
On a surf
Then came some one
And used it for ash
And picked it with him
Only if he had left it there
For the daily wash
25/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Long Weekend (Song)**

When you said
To have a nice weekend
That is so long.
That to me means
You part too long away
Anyway
I am still in love with you
But I am afraid of being in love
It then haunts me so much
I know you do not love me
But I hope one day
I shall find love like you
In this sweet city
Where birds come to live
Where trees have all green leaves
And red flowers bloom
If you let me be with you
I shall love you for ever
O love what sweet is the joy
Of the silent whispers I shared
Of the sweet songs
Of the moments in memory
I shall remember you
Forever
Your eyes speak a thousand times
Your lips so red in anticipation
As I kiss you
O love smile to me once more
Sing the song of love
Don't say me good bye
I can not stand the long weekend
Without you
Forever shall I love you.
5/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Master Of Dreams**

You have your hands
On vintage wine
Your small mirror
Keep it dear
You are experiencing magic
As you burn me
Like sandalwood

When I bend you in my way
I will love kissing you
Learn love
I am
The master of dreams
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Night Before**

I had the charm of the birds the night before
Pain in the bosom was like creeping death
The cage of life is akin to prism where we all
Living our broken desires on the edge of extinction

Higher thoughts bade farewell to the lonely heart
On the starch of sheets ironed with heat of sweat
In search of desire that like black cat in the street
I was lead to the alley of mysteries in sensuality

Piercing flesh on the skin devoid of soul an element
Recoiled to the earliest form for a refuge in the dark
My outward has given way to the inward that has
Beauty anointed when I saw everything melted

With no destiny when once clung to the roller coaster
Time machine has to offer few images worth remembering
Who decides but luck has little things of sleeve to share
I gathered myself in vain with sweet notes in heavy metal
8/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Parliament**

She had the flow of fish in waters
From the deepest sea colors faun
The aquarium had rocks enough
The sky was made with stars faceted
The gravity of atmosphere heavy
Where laid the power of people
Expressive of the commonality
Masses do not know what happen
Down to ideals but the debates
Democracy is the second ideal
For Plato and the first for Aristotle
Appears celestial but is on the earth
The parliament is supreme when sits
The prime minister in a row
Called to speak on his turn
Speeches were made to vent
Emotions from every corner
The hearts were given tongues sharp
But the elusive fish of democracy
Slippery in raw hands and needs
Openness of the oceans and fresh
Air to breath to survive storms
Prevalent common sense of the multitude
Rousseauian democracy still is the ideal
No king in philosophy no legislation
For the God to rule his universe
Affairs of people in people's hands
17/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Power Of Now**

Let go yesterday for tomorrow is to come
On sharp blade of time Now has arrived
The moment has the significance
Of a thousand nights
As it clicks into hundred thousandth
Moments

Stick on the drum
String of the lute
Blow for the flute
In all there is a Now
The beginning was the Now
The end when the trumpet
Waiting for the Now
The end shall be Now
Now is now

With intensity of brightest lightening
Breaking hearts into pieces
Cracking the mind into blows
Making the form disintegrate
Making the lover one with the beloved
Or smooth it comes
Like drops of rain
Like dew in delicacy
Like wings of butterfly
Like song of the bird

Every movement is a Now

For the self is to break
The power of Now
Then what is the fear
For the lover from the Now
23/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Question Before Me (New)**

The question before me is that why is it necessary that I have to follow rules these are observations there is idea with form of its own they have a message in between broken lines disturbed thought will a man not pray to god because he is not placing words properly that to me is absurd when Homer was writing the stories of gods was not he contemporary in his time in his idiom so why I cant be
29/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Spirit**

The spirit survives the timeless
The phenomenon of existence
In the self when it goes mortal
Since time treads its own pace
From the momentary to eternal
Life is divided into small notes
In chords or played individually
Harmony in the cosmos of things
History is but rendition of events
In the spirit enters the being
From non being with each soul
From one form to another
And from another to the next
Is that to evolve is of the form
When form no more remains
Where shall then the spirit
Living is the abstraction of spirit
Seas of spirits that continue
In the magnificence as it unfolds
For the discerning is the spirit
Within to the vision of flight
The horse with wings on distant
Look to how it flies beneath
For the beauty that is in sight
22/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Sweet Little Girl**

With prayers of innocence the sweet little girl
The smile in her eyes was as if an angel
Her round face with beaming radiance
Her hairs so done the way that's casual

For me I know the day when it ends
I shall see her no sadder than that
In her gloom was the quest of the years
Will she see the beloved again in dreams

What is written on the flower lips naïve
I cannot leave her in the custody of nature
Universal soul might not be that tender
I would not have asked eternity for longevity

In growing emotion she saw herself
Flying into the clouds up to the skies
For some colors than were on the rainbow
May I ask her to hold my finger on the walk

We shall catch some butterflies this spring
We shall eat black berries in the summer afternoons
We shall then sit near the little spring under the tree
We shall then gaze into the setting sun for its hues
21/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****the Unseen**

Is it the reality that we seest affront
Manifest is the face of the being
The beloved though has many shapes
Every day appears in form variant
Constancy still is awaited in steps
The gaze is another and talks different
To the rival smileth to the lover detesteth
Showeth the door when complaineth the lover
Says thou art the rival indeed of the lovers
Loves tribulations has any one seen
Has any one touched the morning breeze
The wind that floweth from the north
Has any one captured the red of the sunset
The moon that comes nearer on fourteenth
Has any one tied the waves of the sea
The unseen music that ariseth from rebeck
Has the reed been broken to see
Where from ariseth the lament of heart
Has any one seen the angel to the prophet
In prophecy for the paradise and afterwards
Love has any one on the bosom sighted
The beloved speaketh the pledge but where
Goes the song of love from the lover
Has any one seen the unseen
Known the unknown but in speculations
The beloved might have smiled to the lover
Has any one asked the beloved for the truth
In the unknown mist in the sea of life
Our lives towards destiny no one has seen
The mysterious unknown in the subjectivity
We to ourselves define that pleaseth
The belief in the unknown taketh us
Like floating in the air yet we know not
25/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****thinking About You**

Sorry

I did not mean it that way

Just by impulse

Things were damn hot

You will forgive me for that

Any one would have melted

For that word

I am really sorry

Lucky the one whom you allow

In love

25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****this Is It***

This is it
He thrilled the world at the end
Beyond the condolence from death to demise
Beyond the awards and up flow on the charts
To hearts deep on the dance floor with blood
In a spin the world danced to his steps
In defiance to nature he turned black and white
Save the love or billie Jean when on the track

This is it
Raptures to lovers and fantasy to the beloved
Breaking the dance with trends that smashed
His voice from the unknown as Earth Song solo
Shall not the providence bring him back
Let the lie of his death spread again for lovers

This is it
His last before on his way out of the studio
That was the dance of the divine stringed
The flute of the universal soul through him
When lost to himself in his ethereal self
On the ground back he would find himself
In flood of tears out of happiness or grief

This is it
Lovers had a voice those who believed
Love is loosening the self to the divine
Lovers wait for the tears of heavens this time
This time if no other time as each time is an "it"
Sing him to the heart's content my love tonight
Saddest of the news that has been lived so far

This is it
My heart the sounds that in your days of despair
Or broken on the floor on his songs of love
Beat the music of the angel again as remembrance
I shared the beauty of bygone days in his voice
27/6/2009

*On the sad demise of Michael Jackson

*My poem "The King" is also dedicated to him

*"This is it" The last scheduled concert of Michael Jackson which was to be held in London

Sadiqullah Khan

****this Life Sucks**

Yes Good morning
I am out
Will talk later
Love you
And sweet dreams
Send me
Your mailing address
I send you something
Music
Bouquet of flowers
Women make men
Winners
Now I am sure
I am a loser
With my poetry and guitar
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****thou Brutus**

I had my heart opened to you
You had the elixir of life in pouch
You had the color of the bridal season
You were holding the red of roses
You were carrying the candle
In white on my wounds
You wiped my tears
You spoke my miseries
You talked my language to the world
I wore your colors
I had once
Seen the great man sitting
And walking for the sake of god

Thou Brutus
With your foot on my neck
A dagger in my chest
My bleeding body
My ruined home
My honor
My dignity

Thou Brutus
I see my blood on thy hands
25/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****time Back**

I had moved the time back
Unlike God that once spent
Counts towards infinity
In finite units

I had with the force of universe
Played back in rapid motion
Connecting the memories
Too distant

And going back to the blank
Space was a whole void
I do not remember
My preexistence

I moved into the valley
Of darkness
Where time was still
And space was nothing

I had rectified fortuitous engravings
On the book of unknown
I lamented the passage
From life to death

I lamented the tears
That I had cast in your eyes
For which
I had turned
The time back
29/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****to Know Further**

Holding arms up
They snatched her last piece of clothes
With the tool that has teeth like dragon
The man was speaking all the times
As pieces from his person were falling down
On the way
Some robbers had been waiting
In a noisy journey the cold airs
With hot waves were fanning the anger

Soft cotton apparel with white emblem
From under the darkness of the trees possessed
That woman was desperate to find someone
The young boy had hardly anything to help her
Stretching her self from under the earth
Of her ego
She begged for water and something
The coincidence was not as smooth
She had black lines below her eyes
Long nights of sleeplessness
She deserved the care
From the society that was broken
From dreaded affairs

Nothing for tomorrow but if it comes
Shall then I see a few good words
My courage needed a boost to know further
Then I gave up knowing to some other time

And then some ruins in no time
From the mother city
A butler who had served
White napkins and once the forgotten
Beloved hid her face from him as he knew her
His name was Lali Jan
Whose body was recovered from the debris
Of the lone five star hotel of the town
11/6/2009

****to Say You A Good Bye**

I wish we had been birds
Away from these words
Some instruments of music
On the lips of nature
Or further
Like dolphins understand
Each other's words
In secret
I wish we had been birds
Away from the terror
Of these words
I wish I had been silent
On the face of a lie
That has a truth
On the face of a truth
That has a lie
I wish words had not been born
To say you a good bye
29/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****touchstone Of Love**

I am born from your love
The adoration was still on the beloved
How the anchor that to the sea
Ship shall sink in storms or astray
With all the fingers of your hand
When what the needle did do
Dances in heart when seen
Her reflection she in the mirror
Worn in dust by the love in worship

What if you had not said that
To the world did when in rust
On your forehead was already
Unspoken are the tones in strings
Mysterious is the touchstone of love
That resides in heart shall know the difference

What if letters unknown from and to
Notes from under the ground
The pain of love in the chest my heart
Some chants of love to drink in holy water
Around the neck when they opened
The name of my love holiest inside
Word on earth written this or that
My heavens has many ways for the distance

Space and time are in the bottom
My cup of wine O Saki closer
Be seated from self to unself
Beauty unfolds in many colors
15/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****towards The Moon**

The while I heard the words
The smile you had on your face
In many a silent looks on balcony
Future had not travelled so far
There were many pauses on way
As long as we remained together
Some familiarity had created
Contempt and knowing more
We had evolved through ages
Resolutions were with the self
Monologue was never two way
You squeezed the juices the night
Brownie I had taken first time
When I left things in wonder
We met after a long time
Self fulfillment and sweetness
Some where else you had found
The love that you expected
Like stones on the path dry
Much treaded in the dark
I found my side at destination
I had walked through flowers
In the direction where from
Came the breaze of mountains
On milky way towards the moon
14/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (Enemies Of Match)**

Every man with an opinion
Equal in valour and in strength equal
At the advent of the British
Who were carrying the flag
Of the queen with intentions
To conquer the lions and wolves
The British from India
Offered to make a few nabobs
The reply was that we are all nabobs
Can you make all nabobs
In retreat then a titular representation
In treaty like with sovereigns
With each tribe the British
Gave respect to the traditions
Commanded respect
Enemies of match
They laid arms
To each other
And the rest would follow
Between lovers of freedom
On the land they said theirs
And many more claimants
For the soil and souls
For the minds and ferocity
20/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (Enlightenment Begins)**

Under the moon spirits were enlivened
The great gathering of the elders turned
This time not counting pebbles on ground
The issues were mightier than might be
The first of the herd they said is thrown
In rough waters for the rest to follow
On agenda was burning a tree all along
In the night for warmth and slaughtered
Lambs when percussion for the blood

White daggers were more a valor
Signs of pride the eloquent speech
Raw count of men or number of sheep
Possession of lands as eye could see
On horse back the powerful travelled
To draw lines on territories new
The freedom of mind meant living
Under the blue sky or stars at night
Roaring talk some stories and songs
From the past as the beloved in youth
Shared burdens of life in wilderness

Grazing pasture this evening on Indus
Not the herd but herd of men to watch
Freedom meant the spark is coming
Enlightenment coupled consciousness
The self is now drawing boundaries
Not on the horse back but in ideas
From the past the wish of the now elder
From across the continent bearing fruit
The times are worse but the times good
The musician played in raptures the song
"Where the night for your bosom
Open for whom and for whom the kiss"
13/4/2009

(On occasion of the function of Wana Welfare Association on 11/4/2009)

****tribal Ways (Karez* Of Dabkot*)**

From the first habitations in the valley
In old fortress like Kot* called the old Kot
The occupation was fabulous for the earth
Did promise of harvests in plenty for all
Towards the west in steep rising the plateau
Behind the small hills the sun would set

There were springs of water when in refuge
The encampment was settled before the valley
For the water how to fetch and for the fields
Underground channels they had seen
On the way through the oasis of villages
Who could do it for the skill was possessed
Uzbeks from north who bore the earth
To bring down water on surface in the middle

The rejoicing village as inhabitants grew further
Divided times as to capacity of the clan
Soon greenery was patched on dry soil
Plumes and apples and mulberries
A small orchard for every house adjacent

Water for drinking then flew to the mosque
Made of mud with much devotion
Then baths for the men in common
Followed by it was the place for washing
For women to gossip and laundry of the day
Happy fishes and few crabs too in the water
Life giving springs from where the water came

Of the green trees named after the gallant
The elderly and sweet hearts of the village
Many a lovers around the corners
Of the Karez here and there under trees
The damsels either to fetch water
Or wash clothes or to the fields away
An embroidered gift with perfume of apples
Thrown on the dust for the lover to pick

The shepherdess in the evening to return
Water her sheep on the many water ways
The fresh cold water for bath in the morn
So was the simplicity when on occasions
For the drum beats and dance with songs
In duets on marriages and visits on celebrations

And then came the drought on the happy land
No water in spring in sadness died the fishes
The crab ran away and stones did stopped
Giving sustenance to the water and the larvae

I wept on the bank of Karez of Dabkot
One evening when I saw the ducts being filled
Never to reopen again from the earth
Never shall a sight sadden me more
Than the memory of cold water springs
The memory of the fish that many a times
Jumped up and down to kiss my hands

*Karez: Underground ducts of fresh spring water

*Dabkot: Name of a village

*Kot: Fortress like compound made of mud

22/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (Noble Savage)**

Freedom was the humanism
In barbarity the pagan noble
Seized with nature mystified
Not adulterated with knowledge
Religion and philosophy
The hordes were occupying
Akin to man in nature still
Nomadic living with colors
From nature and songs
Longing and dancing
On tunes and percussion
Merriment is going to war
For the other tribe's pasture
Greener and water wells
On horseback or camel
The beloved though knew
Love as stronger as hate
The dawn of civilization
In bewilderment sans sense
Now in fight against themselves
11/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (Of The Age Of Stones)**

In that dreadful space on earth
There was no mirror to wash
Face from dust with palm of water
The fishes had drunk all before perishing
Language has died with the leaves
Trees had abandoned their roots
For want of sustenance
There had been no fire but every corner
Appeared to have been blazed
Beneath the big walls of houses in mud
Steps bring night as sharp
As shadows from the sun of the day
The trees disappear in the night
In the old crevices with bats
Live demons
To capture souls in nightmares
Or dreams of some other lands
Or every night is wet in suppression
Forced to subconscious
The village herdsman is the story teller
Of the age of stones
Beauty is still woven in silk
Valor is shooting on spur
Sighs are lost in the air
For a dropp of water earth is dug deep
30/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (The Advent)**

The tribe of Wazirs in preparation
For the final assault on Mehsud
Both belong in history to Wazir
But renegade Mehsud went separate
Wazirs are the panthers, sleek and graceful
Mehsuds much dangerous like a pack of wolves
Having pushed the Suleiman khel tribe
Occupied the lands in the valley
The hills all the waterways
Huge fortress houses of mud were made
Nomads in character but followed
The chief whoever was capable
The grazing rights were delineated
For some settlement after much bloodshed
Feast of victory with lambs slaughtered
On the drum beat the victorious
Kareem Khoon they say had captured it all
With Musa Nika at the border was the saint
Whose blessings they carried far
Silken turbans of length and light
Shaven necks and beards
With strong ethnic identity
Individual and group
The tribe is the supreme
When more than a century ago
A common house like fort was built
Sprinting in later decades
To other places
20/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (The General)**

There was a general of the whole body of armed men he would ensure order and implement the order of the supreme body comprising twelve people working as a cabinet in the general body every adult male could participate and give his opinion in the time of emergency all customs and traditions would suspend there was an elite of force called the fortees chalveshti who would be under the direct command of the general they could impose fine or do whatever coercive measure required in normal peace time the general would rest at home he was not paid any remuneration the affairs decided by the council of elders to be placed before maraca the general body there was conscription if required one man on every household or every adult male for a conventional warfare using guns and sometimes the tribe would acquire heavy weapons the tribe was a state writ large if allowed they would have evolved a common law of the land the law was secular then the religion came and objected on some ways but the traditions were stronger in what portion of history we place them we do not know but the political mind was working towards its evolution with strong individuality the general of the army was in most cases a comic figure under the control of the council of elders did not the Greek direct democracy evolve like this it needed a spark and Socrates with lyceum of Aristotle

30/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (Tora*of Zeri Noor)**

There were many people who came from other parts of the hills they were tribal people of somewhat mean nature they were promised a chunk of land if captured from another tribe zeli khel who comprise half the population of the wazir major tribe their elders feeding on meat and rice with oil and milk for a war with the other tribe the khojal khel tribe would gather in the great open space in front of the middle school where they would dance holding their daggers in the air those who had come to help them their guns were not the popular three naught three but thirty six the colors of their kamarbands were too red being made of fresh hard hides there used to be a dozen guests on every household who would feed them with lambs and wash their clothes this was an army called to defeat the other tribe after power politics was over the inhabitants of dabkot got rid of the curse there were small skirmishes on the front line few casualties and injured this was a tribal affair for a piece of land the whole affair was detestable to the common sense which never prevailed this happened few decades ago

Tora-expedition

Zeri Noor-name of a place

30/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****tribal Ways (Tribal Elder)**

Of black heavy stature and long jaw
His eye brows were mixed straight
Head between the shoulders like a lion
Aiming at some prey with stained teeth
His ear lobes touched his neck side ways
When he would look through thick corners
Of eyes black and the nostrils as if cut
To suck in more air in times of anger
He played two flutes at a time
Pushed fat of lamb into the wounds of father
Never to die on bed but with bullet
He wore shoes made from bull's skin
He always used his vintage gun from England
On the bony structure laid a hairy chest
The pride of walk was as if he would
Dig a well with every step on earth
The eloquence of speech would put
Uneasy gestures as would he lead
His men into dangers of some conquest
Some negotiations and mastery of diplomacy
Very old wisdom of survival and instincts
Not unlike animal when he would sit
On a cushion made of fur from the sheep
Sheep also of the tribe for the shepherd
He was though but in humility water
His trees of apple and almonds for season
When almonds with white flowers
Before the leaves on dry stems
He would be seen some where under the wall
Thick of mud to ponder not the philosophy
Nor the religion but the hard politics
Harbinger of the direct democracy
The tribe's men had the privilege
To know and be aware what he does
What he does not of that too in his code
Unwritten law of the land went in the chest
From generations to generations codified
In strictness imposed the code of morality
Serving the tradition is the cause superior

No other sovereign they accept but now
In shambles the fabric when freedoms new
Slaveries new and some masters new
Learning from the stone now to the book
Reading a shoulder blade now forgotten
Who explains the book and who goes literate
A long way in the ages of evolution
From the tribal ways but a transformation
To the urbanity of living unthinkable
Still in their own freedoms and ways ancient
For the love of the language and traditions old
Into the great game as the tribe naïve
The most pristine as it enters the wrath
From the whole world for being way ward
20/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****two Soldiers**

From under the cold nozzle
The gun metal was like the soldier
Carrying it in the heat of the mid day
Gazing the gypsy women they had been
Eating lizards for months
Who would capture the wilderness
In the desert of cactus and mosquitoes
The other one had moustache like an ant
I had a narrow escape for overspeeding
On road meant for wild boars
A Tommy gun was pointed at me
With a threat that had it not been
For the mercy of the lord
I would have paid with my blood
By just asking a question
To know what was the order for me
26/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****ultimate Human**

Faced with the now here and eternal
Helpless audience to the knowledgeable
Wisdom had ascended in the minds of few
Heart possessed with faculties intuitive
To the minority the vanguard of society
Creative few held the establishmentarian
Intellectual dishonesty like lords of history
Has any one restricted knowledge and thinking
Knighted are those who sit in the court
Monuments for grand connoisseurs
Demons of philosophy religion and science
The dark side of human when rises
The supreme master who knows all
On earth and in the heavens claims revelation

Yet the multitudes look to them for salvation
Once the revolution was broken for equality
Fraternity and freedom with choice to choose
Can any one with hold imagination and creativity
Beguiled by the stone to turn gold
Every metal from dust they claim
Behind the veil of morality and divine
Word is to them to interpret where befits

The common man is now the superman
Supermen of history no need to turn
Into ashes then gold and from deep the bosom
From earth the pearl to be the one idealized
The idealized self that has become the supreme
Under the small vault of city is the cosmos
Single dropp that forms the ocean of soul
Universal in nature has any one thought

Laced with the commonality of wisdom
In common sense he decides what is good
What is bad for him he knows his destiny
He is the ultimate human being with rights
Without gender or color or creed is not it
What professed the great religions and sages

'Ultimate human' is the superman of today
9/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****unbearable Pain**

Hands clung harder to the stay
Once to the cradle of little one
Hope fastened to the new born
When dusk appeared on skies
Hope again clung to a stay
Like anchor for the strength
The ships would in deep waters
Had it not been for the chains
The soul had drifted in treads
Slowly seen other world bizarre
The window half open for breeze
When called back by the love
The coziness of evening the buzz
Slow decibels little ones sweet
The cross over the divide needed
Dervish in ecstasy or sense dead
Her loves of the loved like edge
Sharpened to traverse the paradise
In vegetative living with emotions
Ah cruel death never once thou
Shed tears for tearing apart
Body from soul where liveth
Where liveth thou descendeth
With pain unbearable to bear
13/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****useless**

I need to be whispering
Into your ears
To make me believe you
That I am drunk
From the wine of your lips

Preserve my words
In your lonely nights
These are pearls

Absorb me by taking me
Into your heart deep
Into love
Melt in my arms
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

****varii Prospectus**

I-

Mortuus fui

Vidi

Veni

II-

Vidi

Veni

Mortuus fui

III-

Veni

Vidi

Mortuus fui

IV-

Veni

Mortuus fui

Vidi

V-

Vidi

Mortuus fui

Veni

(Translation of "Multiple Dimensions" in Latin)

Courtesy Maude C.

31/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****vengeance Retribute**

Lest the apology be not taken
Twisted in hands while crushed
In fingers that wear diamonds and gold

Lest the deity be the exalted presence
For the one with no mischief rendered
Laid on the door the sword of pride

Lest the love be tendered sweet
As the might of the self when on the rise
Held to the earth the eyes once on truth

Lest the lover be on his own to the soul
Lick the wounds of his forgiveness
For divine mercy on the day bestow

Lest not the one who departed
Look back with vengeance retribute
Do the dusts not melted in heavens reside

Lest not the mirth of ego again
The bigger the one the smaller is it
To your life in happiness repose
26/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****visitor**

She had the sweet tongue of lark
In black ease she drew her collar up
With eyes to catch the air of spring
The appreciation of red and green
The bosoms in softness crisp
One by one with the curiosity
The pages as she opened in book
She scanned through my mind
All events of life in outline
The eloquence was though hidden
Sparing intellect her eyes shone
How to caress with hugs the dears
Where the friends still many things
She was resolved to do on her own
(To Addis, from Ethiopia, a visitor)
9/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****war Of Terror**

They do not belong to the earth
Hold them through their backs
Rape their women
Crush their children
With iron hand
With heavy boots
With bombs and planes
They do not know civil liberties
Join hands
In brotherhood
In one creed
Protect the rich
Cross and crescent
In one hand
Horns of the helmets
In another
Prepare your swords
For the slaughter
Carbon your faces
In black
Perpetuate your rule of terror
Indefinitely
You have stolen their freedom
And the day
When the flood of tears and blood
Shall raise them up
To hold you on your neck
But
Kill them rob them
They do not belong to the earth
10/7/2009

For the innocent victims of war on terror

Sadiqullah Khan

****we Are One**

On earth I placed my forehead
I heard
Look the other way
All life you had been
Following dreams
Yet you know not
Go on the path
That your heart tells
You are around every where
The beloved of flesh had melted
I saw bones hanging to a wall
Riches had no worth
Like ashes they were blown
By violence of airs
A glow deep in heart was the love
From self I derived the lesson
In perpetual energy moves
All over
Smaller than atom bigger than planet
I saw my self standing
Before the door
Inside was the cry who is this
It is me
Or it is you
I said it is both
How two swords in a sheath
I said
I am you
Or you are me
Or we are none
We are matter
We are energy
We are one
12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****when Longing Is The Moon**

When longing has become the moon
Brightest in the darkest night
When the sea is without shore
Remembrance has become like sun
When heart is speaking all without whisper
On the palanquin were placed
A hundred little moons
Studded with stars
The sweet one had the fingertips
With henna to enhance to color
Recoiled in reproach a little
The self that grows from threads
Heart has many reasons for reality
Don not take away the delusion
On insistence I ask from my love
In abject reality like the face
Of the book with dust of knowledge
Burden not thy heart O lover
Seek still in the depth of your heart
The signs that speaketh to you
To whom are your songs I wonder
To the beauty once that adored
In poverty the abode of the self
Just around but who shall now
The cup of wine that I hold in my hands
Truth and nothing else shall I speak
8/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****when She Passed Away**

For the smiles had turned
Tears in crimson color
The coriander vase had been broken
In smooth passage after much wailing
Life breathed its end
Under the gun point in fears
Bullet fires were the last
Loud voices heard corporal
On the edge of the cyclical phenomenon
Anxieties soaring for the rites
Human dignity in jeopardy
Spirits had visited the haunted abode
When all respect was restored
In the country preparing
For a long war
Happiness was dear but associations
Into the corner of the dark room
Make breath in music sing
Under looming thunders
Lavishness of rich cuisines
For the grieved from traditions
Love was still visible
I had seen immense beauty
In death she looked angel
26/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****when The Rose Hid Her Face**

I am no inspiration any more
With lost eloquence and heart
Empty upturned for the blood
No more rushes to the head
In heat when the beauty distant
Closer to bosom like the fruit
Hanging low but still the desire
Flowers abundant the nightingale
Sings in isolation his tunes of lament
On the top of his tongue for the rose
Withering in the garden with the scent
Mingled in the wind where gone
The tree's trunk is splitting in grief
What air in the garden thou autumn
In spring befallen yet few days more
Summer breeze in the afternoon
Sadness in the bud when the rose
Hid her face then to whom the song
I said I shall give my head in love
I say what a foolish pledge to make
Nor is the head nor is the love
Who knows when shall spring revisit
When shall rose then sprout her smile
17/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****whoever Matters**

With the neck high
With the shining eyes
The seeker of light
The warrior
Who sees his destiny
The follower of dreams
The restless heart
The head hot
For his rights
He is born with
He cherishes

Whoever matters
Walks with pride
Laughs loud
Sings sweet
Who knows
Who is conscious
Of his freedom

Whoever matters
Chop his head
25/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****with A Broken Heart**

I had longed for the day
In requiem after thunders
Rain came softer on roofs
In rhythm and melody
For flow down the lane
The wall was so close
A while I thought how
From under the earth
Dripping soil my wishes
My memories survived
Hues of red and pink
Builds to me then breaks
I am unable to hold
The thread to life again
With a broken heart
I put a smile to the world
15/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****with Streams**

With streams and great falls
From between the cliffs in green grass
I flowed like the stone
Like ship of stone on sand sea
I followed the moon in the direction
Of sun to read stars of my fate
Written before me not told
My knowledge of mystery would make
Sickness in living for my exit
The laments shall cease once in the ocean
From the stream to the river in torrents
Into the calmness of cosmos I hope
Belief shall take roots further
Beloved shall understand the meaning
The I that seest me in the world
They say I am capped but wings
I am no body for the coquetry
Far and distant beyond the curls
Though lost in the aroma of the bosoms
In the darkness of the nights of her hairs
8/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****words And Images**

In the frame delineated from thought
The wine of soul that poureth red
In portrait the frame in grand
Things in feelings that find ways
From cognition to the twists
The fingers and eyes for the color
Seen as real the imagination
The spectator connected in creation
Still a mirror to the self it reveals
Seeing what ought and not real
The shine in eyes the artist's night
Love or commissioned sold cheap
Higher it fetches when taketh the soul
The creator like Soul has taken
Colors immense on the tip of brush
The face of the beloved was engraved
But the words she spoke in echoes
When God spoke in descension
Words like rain dropp for the thirsty
Words written or in memory
In rhythm with form to move
The great being exhorts in thought
Words are prayers for he heareth
Nothing but words when the drama
Words wrote the great dramatist
Lyrical went the raptures of love
Whispers gone deep to the heart
Unspoken is what was not spoken
In opposition is the spoken silence
Many words did the eye speak
When letters of love in blood
I loved thy image but sorrow
It bringeth for consumed by time
Words I remember spoken or written
My words go to thy image in space
Between the known and the unknown
Between the word and the image
My words are but my images
My images but my words

1/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****writing Myself On The Wall**

The mirror had the crossing
In silver and gold with red petals
Of roses and some flowers
Of heavenly nature
The seduction of youth
Flesh was made by hands
And adored for the evening
Those were the days when the city
What texture one could rub with fingers
On the air to see aroma of bygone days
Memoirs could have been written
On this bridge just by looking
At the passers by inventing stories
I picked the leaf from the tree
That had in its spaces tied
Some magic words from evil eyes
For the beloved too that passed every day
On the lonely footpath by side of stream
I painted many names on the wall of imagination
My love was my accompaniment
The news is that long separation
From the loved ones
I had once wished for the cup of wine
I have but I am busy
Writing myself on the wall
11/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

****your Number**

On the canvas of my heart
Jigsaw of bits of love
Masterpiece of numbers
Lines drawn puffed into the air
Like king Solomon to the giants
On the sweet hands of fairies
To the wind
From under the earth
Like God
Never done before
I moved earth back
With time
From the lips of dove
With the power of now
Of puzzle so simple
I found your number
I had torn in anguish
With as many odds
Evens had given way
A piece of modern art
My gift of love
The collage I made
If you can read it deep
5/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*a Shakespearean Act

What you are to me no one on earth
No one has loved they way I love
When I rose for the act to play
Your glowing face in the crowd
Down I move in the gown of Romeo
The Juliet is here in the crowd
A live act as I hold you in arms
What acts what poems what costume
The play is over as it is in real
Begun with end and the waltz
Many a tangos on the floor of life
Look I to thee with my arm extended
One last dance before you leave
7/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*addiction Of Love

Ah the addiction of love
Like chocolate in despair
A fairy tale to the young
Like a cup of coffee made
Mocha or cappuccino in rain
Like drops of dew dripping
Down the leaves and the stems
Like a puff of Havana cigar
Fresh from yellow farm
Like your little things
Hidden behind purse strings
Like you reading my palm
For your fate and fortune
Like the smell of gunpowder
After the bullet it has fired
Like the tear you shed
In separation of the love
Like my rival when we share
Common love gazing horizons
Like my helplessness
My sighs breathing fire
10/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*bureaucrat

On my own wanderings
In self talk
I did not look deeper
Nor did I superficial
Something I intended to create
With that majestic sound
I shall confront
Of smaller being's God
Keeps a track lest not astray
Out of a heap of papers
Looking for words
From the ink flows
Destinies like from sky
Attitudes are mere incidents
To smoothen the edges
Unless you put yourself
In the shoes the callousness
Shall not be your character
For sons and daughters
Wives in sociable demeanors
Hard living sans the humane
Upright
Indispensible
With gloomy rectitude
A bureaucrat sits
In the back seat
Faceless but he pulls
Strings from behind
As his word is law
5/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***but A Mask**

In recession scared
When reality came
Appearances as beauty
In showcase I had
Selling myself
On insistance
It did break like
A piece of glass
I had to conceal
Myself
I was consumed
In idealistic endeavours
To please
In my destiny
I realised
What was needed
Was not myself
But a mask
25/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***certain Things**

The trap thou hast set
With intelligence
With perfection
With impunity
So clever
With many excuses
Some law of nature
In human cycle
Lessons of courage
In an ambush
A coward act
Is it bravery
What when
The suppressed anger
Steams inside
It is no use
Revenge is also
A law of nature
To settle scores
To hold the balance
To teach a lesson
I shall hold on
May be for generations
In the next birth
Or in the hell
But we have
Certain things
To see again
2/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*claustrophobia

Sanctuaries and broken walls
Empty rooms with plaster
Rusted as if urinated
Red light pouring in
Instead of fresh air
It did stink of brothel
Some broken things in purple
An activity
On the top of the stairs
As if hanging to it
A pigeon room
Dwellings in ruins
Claustrophobic
There was a match
Of cricket
At night
Under shrieking music

It was better than death
In these dwellings
There are no ghosts
But sighs of death prevail
An artists mind
Urban nightmare
Pipes leaking on walls
A Latino effect
I heard players have been
Shot with live footage
Will the dead perceive and feel
Just when they stop breathing
As cells have some life too
We discussed horrible things
In these quarters
Death is the only amusement
4/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*cloud Nine

Like a kite on the string in the air
And skies above the earth defying
Upward pull but string back to earth
Stuck in trees flowers and green leaves
Strong current of air breaks free the string
Rhythm in dance step into step to the heights
On bouncy of air when in freedom the spirit
United with soul to let the passion wanton
Beloved like a free kite on surface of wind
From blue skies loosened into cloud nine
In slow flight on my way one day and take me
With the birds to the valley of love enchanted
With out strings and loosened from all bonds
14/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*counts In Nothing

I counted for much more
Weighed my worthless worth
A number of times
Walls and doors
From the nib on paper
My seal and heavy steps
Frowns on my forehead
From my shouts

I counted the gold coins
The number of times
I visited others
The addresses
In my notebook
The calls I receive
The people
Who wait upon me
The countries I seen

I counted the number
Of prayers
Recitations of holy names
Chants I did not understand
The number of holy places
I visited
The number of pilgrimages

And these counts were in vain
Counts in nothing

But will you count me my child
In broken numbers
Just allow me
To sit in line
With your toys
Of so many colors
Long ears and tails
Smiling faces
Sweet eyes

Make me so small and so big
Make me sit amongst your toys
12/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*delayed Gratification

From the form legs curve up
The line of Ingres in charcoal
Hairs were a mane of colt
The mascara with detail of irises
I had turned into a stone on stone
I sat feeding a cat that was hugging
My feet for a kind gesture of kindness
Still in the externality of form
I could have read what was inside
The mind of cat that was named
Mano by the little girl with tulip eyes
A mother was sitting holding her child
To her breast that was open for all
In warm lap she was begging
Destitute everyone passed by
A fallen leaf when spring prepare
To fly over the mango leaves
My love this time refused
The echo of the pointed sandal
Was just another music that vanished
Looking for footprints were no use
Reality leaves scars of wounds
On her red lips as like flowers
Blood oozes when fresh air
The wounds got deeper
I relate to past and future
But the present for the beaming sun
As reflections of hope in listless silence
Carpe diem as my eyes capture
Celebrate life as it is around
My dreams are held back
Delayed gratification wisdom spoke
But I shall see the nature instant
14/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***dialectics II**

Thesis

Religion is the opium of masses

Antithesis

Religion is the poison of masses

Synthesis

It is both

2/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*dual Clutches

The woven fabric in rectangular counts
The tip of needle the tapestry in calligraphy
To write the way as sung by maestros
Written in gold stitched in silk
Colored with rare leaves roots and barks
Diluted by rain water and dew on petals

What I relate to in the nature in universe
Nailed to earth to keep the connections
In the air revolving around the centre
God also owns a piece of land or all earth
And heaven belongs to when he is seen
In idealized self to conquer the planet
The meaning of truth shall no one know
Mystery has gone diversified abound
To time as it breaks the humanity
In pieces divided one collective soul

Had I known that living means in line
Apart from hard work some skills
And knowledge of this and that
I wished tonight was another night
To bring forth what is written in fate
Good times ahead of bad as moments go
One by one each passing day brings
To a close the judgment of the day

Without my choosing in eternal loss
As man goes except for perseverance
Patience and all values of valor and love
Had it not been for fear of losing the love
What today shall never be tomorrow
At any cost as we do not know
Where our voices and wailings go

A great battle has been won what next
When the senses no more accept pleasure
What other meaning to the life may be given
When the coquetry of beloved is just

Even not an illusion to begin the fancy
With dual clutches of living and death
How my love I can smile back to you
17/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*endless Suffering

With my images
Sketches on my body
I mix my tomorrow
With my today
I am heard
By the greater being
Once more
In the corner
Of the emptiness
I mourn the season
Of flowers and larks

In prison for years
In centuries when life
I had
I waste when I look back
A waste when I look forward
What if my life in minutest
Measure is not with you

When we meet
I see you grown
By decades
Alas but for the lost times
I shall count on fingers
The very few occasions
I have been together with you

Make the tectonics break the distance
Tonight my heart in remembrance of the love
Shall it take life but to give life to the love
Endless suffering is the destiny for you
4/3/3009

Sadiqullah Khan

*energy

With the formula of Einstein
When the mass multiplied
With the speed of light
Into twice
It is energy
I am just energy
My mass with the speed
Of light into twice
You the other
When all energy
For a nano second
I think
I have lived
A life
10/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*feelings

The evening's red horizons drunken heavy gaze
On the lip like a tendril and curves of heavy bosoms
The necklace that kisses the bunch of grapes as I hide
Sweet kisses on the swan neck and antelope eyes

When my love is like the sleeping beauty
The valley of love akin to peaks and soft petals
As the stream tapers down for ove juices to flow
The softness of the grass as it drinks morning dew

Savor the delights as the nature displays it all
Like a sculpture when the whole is rounded to reveal
The soul with the ways of a blacksmith in rampage
With delicacy of the goldsmith in slow tapings

Washed with wine that for years is kept stolen
Like my deep desire in my heart for the day
Shall union be my destiny and when that bigness
Shall I behold in my arms or comprehend in mind

My heart goes in deep sighs as of feelings
I cleansed with heavy glaze of emotions and love
Tear of the little girl or the child in laughter
On the alter of morality when feelings are hung
Dead by the moral or the man holy dressed in white

Feelings like songs echo in ears, day dreams in virtue
As real as me as you and as scent of rose and jasmine
A bed of silk, a mothers lap or a beloved's kiss
A distant letter or a message, a verse in desires deep
19/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***for Whom**

For whom is built
The cemetery covered
On all sides

Heaps of earth
Unearthed to give
Heaviness and a look

Heavens is after death
In annihilation
Life eternal
□
The vision displayed
Like an airplane
In paper

In the show case
In the capital
For the capital

A seven star hotel
A mega mart
A tower

But for whom
27/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*gloomy Sunday

When the feel has got feathers
From redness on the cheek
To the blue ocean eyes
When the bosom sprout flowers
When in laid back repose
Puffs of dandelions in memory
The bygone love once that was
Like the old violinist when he plays
Tune of his time and suddenly
On the gloomy Sunday when in grace
For the love of his life the gentle man
Bows to ground with his stature this time
The pianist for that melody had given
His life when his love was no more
O earth I have this plea on my lips
Shall I hear and see when I am dead
Shall I have memories when I am gone
I shall find some lost icons of my love
Some broken stones pictures white black
Aroma of earth some rays of sun
Of the moon and stars some music loud

("Gloomy Sunday" is a beautiful German movie. There is also a song with the same title by Sinead O Connor)

4/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*goddess Freed

The vast bareness from the haze
Soul's creation with saga the deity
Many virgin's blood in sacrifice
Assumed many names wit to the fellows
The goddess she was worshippers many
In chants musical for the wrath she carried
Venoms and snakes like jasmine and roses

A worshipper is me as she moves in dream
The zephyr in breeze removes the black hair
Thin legs and where meet aroma of saffron
Bows to the earth in moon when the ritual
Love in making and protection for the faint
In love who is she says she has the cure

From the tavern when with the cup I
To the goddess in premises sanctified
Her soul she said moved as with my hand
Like the earth cold in moon and the sun
Of my warmth she wept like she had not
For centuries O lone worshipper close
On thy horse of wings take me away

My beauty is for you my body your gift
Free me from the deity goddess I am not
A hand in hand and a kiss on my neck
In the dens of ignorance they up me bred
A walk to the moon I promised the goddess
When I woke up my mind was on fire
8/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*happy Farewell

The city of dreams
In conspiracy with nature
Too long indulgence
When it lay bare
In sunny days and dark nights
In snow and morose evenings
In cold breeze hissing sounds
In pine trees and green flowers
In the air in warm feelings
Memories of the bygone years
On the steps of that entrance
In the coziness of surroundings
In the sweet company of friends
Hopes and frustrations
After long travels long sleeps

I have made friendship
With the air and the birds
With the moon and with the sun
The air shall bring me the aroma
The birds the stories of the loves
The moon and the sun shall shine
On my footsteps and the evening
Remember me with longing

No farewell I doubt the moves
Some whispering voices preparing
For the night to say me good bye
Just make it another gathering
No words of departure no hurry

On the long way the vibes
Telling me of my last visit
With yearning today I look
Every rock, tree, and peak
My sad eyes have left
Their signs here
Will again shall I pick them
Happy farewell to the beauty

So indifferent and eloquent

(On my transfer from Abbottabad)

19/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*happy Valentine

I have painted
Everything
My heart
Your heart

In deep red
Of fresh rose
I have
Today

To the eternity
Sent a message
In red
I love you

The shiny day
Skies
Reflecting
Like mirrors

The fresh air
Round
Around
Giggling trees

The feelings
Of presence
Memories
Sweet

In congratulations
To all lovers
With
Red roses
A happy valentine
14/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*hidden Sighs

The gentle breeze as messenger
whispered the words on thy beloved's ears
And make that soulful dream, not fancy
Into the heart of reality.....

On my window the half sung lyric
In shyness when the beloved hid
I take the song from your lips
To the heart a song of love
When I read your eyes speak
A blush on the cheek as I touch
The hands for the ways open
The messenger the breeze giggling
Like lark sing again the broken song
O gentle breeze for the sick of love
Bring a message to rise again
When door I have not neither a drape
How thou say thou shy to enter
Nothing shalt thou find but a rug
On earth when in my arms I hold
To the heaven not nor a fancy
Hidden sighs but behold my love
In lovers paradise I live but a candle
In slow demise while I lit the darkness
13/2/2009

PS. The first stanza is written by Catrina Heart

Sadiqullah Khan

***i Am Not In Love**

Until I have broken the form
Until madness has not prevailed
Until I am not drunk dead
Until my mind speaks the sense
Until I recognize faces
Until my memory is intact
Until I have flown without wings
Until the rules of love I break
Until the beloved is one with me
Until the friends leave me not
Until the self speaks in agony
Until I am not the song
Until heart chords in passion rupture
Until I am the tear in your eyes
Until in enchantment I dance
Until my head is blown in the air
I am not in love
12/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*i Exist

It never was again
When on insistence love germinated
Like incense it breaths its attitude
The aroma in the hairs when touched
With lips for a kiss before it goes
Deeper to the glandular chemistry
I am like a sculpture conveying deep cuts
Stone eyes and helpless arms
Again the rose blossomed
The red tulip cup so deep
The offerings are just one time
Happenings once out of sight
Out of mind love goes to come
Memories haunt but it is proved
In rush of hour when time lets nothing
The ordinariness exposed when unveiled
The statue sits alone when days of holiness
Gone and he is weeping for bygone days
In the garden when autumn takes away
Wailing is but the fortune on the flower
The corner of the holy wall as I place
My hand to see what the will of God
The enrichment is like wine in my blood
To the dawn or dusk in the moon
I exist or I do not exist or I exist
Not to exist or I do not exist to exist
I have no answer
11/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***i Have Heard Also**

I pledged not nor am I the rose that climbeth
To the lips that sing loves tempests unknown
When the hanged verse thou hanged again
In the mystic river of love when thou collecting self
In desire for the friend that showeth light in the dark
Watered thou sayeth by love and flourish in thy heart
The valentine for lovers thou left to search their names
Thou hast written a line for every one but whom
In the maze of words shall see or lost forever

Love shalt not be faint as thou canst speaketh thy heart
Love the mysterious it is said but love the hidden revealeth
Love shalt shine love like sun of the dawn the cry of the one
Love as my beloved like graffiti on the wall or the night
Love that falleth like dark Nox on every home with glint
Love the moon when the beloved stepeth into lovers abode
Love shalt taketh the nature into the beauties of the Eden
Love shalt be the open eye when all eyes closed
Love shalt be my guide whence my guides leave midway
Love is my destiny the prayer I have from the Soul
Love is the friend but alas who knoweth where liveth
In the heart of mine and thine and every lover
In the heart of the beloved I have heard also
13/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***if**

From nothing to being
And from being to nothing
Long way
The question of if
If this did not happen
And if that had occurred
If the glass that I smashed
If I could get it back
If the same rose
Withered to get its petals
And back to the stem
The wonders of if
If I was not born
What would have happened
If you were not there
What would have happened
If any thing like death
Nothing happens
And if death
Nothing is there
If I was so am I
If you are so are you
If nothing is there
Nothing is there
In this nothingness
In this space
But due to gravity
We meet
May be we would have been stars
Atoms oscillating without orbits
Exchanging glances
5/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***in Metal**

Sculpted in metal
With tongues frozen
A white tiger
With plaited hairs
A black in background
To accentuate
The grandeur
A skull of a man
With headphones
Smiling
On his death
In ashes
Or in rivers
In the ground
So many souls
Angels where stored
The sculpted metal
Wanted to grow roots
A little girl
I see in her
In infertility
She spent her life
Another one
Having wit of sparrow
With same disease
In silence her life
Raising other children
The skull smiling
Their desires
The white tiger
The chauvinist
The black in opportunity
The feet of those women
Like claws
Who the hell
Shall answer these questions
5/2/2009

*in Pink

From whispers to heavy noise
My art of love as it melted
In fine connections invisible
From below the arch of brow
In pink I read your eyes
My pride bent in salutation
Your whole being is surrounded
By the music inside my head
My languor and your rhythm
The melody living in my steps
From the sorrows of silence
Sing the song of spring
To the colors of garden again
My empty cup waiting your glance

Come like zephyr from the east
In the street of rapture my garment
Be the banner of the lovers who
Stained in blood for the stones
Let not doubt like the old lady
When Farhad gave his life in blood
When in the dropp of my wine
I see the earth descended in goblet
Red with wine is the horizon
From the depth of heart sing love
I carry the tradition of Majnun
17/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***in Silence**

You left the lines blank for me love
And again you ask why wrote my plaint
When you are in front of me I am lost
In the beauty of your hair your lips
In the gazelle eyes and the music
From the tongue that licks honey
When I open my mouth for my words
You place your finger on your lips
Enter the silence of my love else
I leave you in the oblivions vast

Like a flute from the reed in silence
Wail I long as separated from beloved
You make my silence in colors float
When in the bloom of spring I enter
The garden where nightingale sings
In silence sitting by the rose
In silence my love I live in thou
7/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***intoxication**

I sang another song in intoxication
In love once again
I broke the penance to abstain
When arm in arm with the beloved I lay
Like two flowers from a single branch
Like one name for the same being
Like hearts throbbing with one beat
Like two lovers in one casket
Like two souls fly together
Like the moth burned in flame
Like two sculptures in sketch one
Like love itself flow unending
4/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***intuitive Disclaimer**

I heard it grow
The stream of water ushering
From softer sweetness
To obstructions
Is it for nature to make sounds
In difficulty embrace eloquence
I shall hold the sword of luck
Bent and how dare it in my chest
The strength of my love
In meekness it was begging
For life when fate was writing
It was not my choice
Honor if living was in there
Making the design to let
The magic of self down
In intoxication self forgetfulness
In unreason wherein your love
Itself has no meaning
To the nothingness
Of intuitive disclaimer
I admit to have fallen in pitfalls
The time of resurrection is here
Shall not I ask a few things
You held my breath in return
I created the honor of the self
And that again being your word
The demons of love in my vigil
Better my living when I am freed
Love thou shalt not deceive
With unreason alas why I did not
What reason endows killing smiles
Soon to the other world in company
Many a friends already departed
11/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***just Think**

We had not met
We even
Did not know
Each other

Just think
The acquaintance
Was a chance
On a trip

Just think
On a remote station
In a waiting room
To kill time

Just think
A one act play
With unknown
If not a dance

Just think
Before the siren
Of the train
On a long journey

Just think
With no feelings
We depart
No memory
25/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*keep Gambling

Keep gambling
As questions
Instinctive living
Memories go blunt
Dark slums

Keep gambling
Survival game
Gets beyond guts
On the street
Dead mother floating
Religious riot

Keep gambling
A small hope of love
Running hiding
Betrayals of friends
Masters and jealousies

Keep gambling
Satire and irony
Hardest reality
Brute law
Third world slum
In urbanity
Away the fantasy
Platoon of dancers

Keep gambling
To find answers
Follow the signs
From the past
As life unravels

Keep gambling
In faith
Nothing as adverse
Nothing so unusual
Broken sword

Of fate
Never let it a chance
To kill

Keep gambling
For life itself
From life itself
11/3/2009

(After watching the movie "Slumdog Millionaire")

Sadiqullah Khan

*living Love

The symbols that I gathered
From the books of ancient
In narration the stories of love
The seven thousand hues
Of heavens and celestial self
Of sculptures real I visited
In prayers to bridge images

In the dark of the night
Or with eyes closed to define
Into the depth of the self
Unconscious state of nature
Genres of art existential
Magic in reality and romance

From the wandering sage
The whirls of the great souls
I lay with open eyes to know
In annihilation I was told□
I shall find the being I love
That deity that I worshiped
In the dialogue of Plato
In the visions of paradise

When I touched the living love
Bent like a bunch of flowers
Leaden with fruits as my fingers
Searched the holiness of her skin
Alas my life lost in imaginations
Desires forlorn once I exist not
5/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*lost In Calligraphy

Enchained in calligraphy
Pointed swords and shields
Heavy lines in punctuations
The Gnostic part up and below
The line is broken or color added
With flowers decorated and gold
Silver linings in perfumes
The way spoken or recited
Many emotions on the alter
The artist to lay down codes
On the bars the art in curve
From up the sky but on bark
On leaf and scrolls engraved
Lost in calligraphy the spirit
The reed and the tambourine
The rush of blood as whispered
In consolation for the dying
Before the Wailing Wall
New Testament or old
So goes for the verse
Of Jami and Rumi
Words here and words there
Words up and words down
Like the dots on the face
The beloved makes to adore
Power to heal and to avert
Bring good luck avoid eye evil
For the eternal bond spoken
Recited in celebrations in funerals
Such is the power of words
21/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***love Goddess Ii**

In dark convulsions of fire of love
The goddess blue in feminine moon
Eyes with sweet lust of life to live
Strange emblems on her neck worn
Sorcery of figure with breast open
The ultimate feme revenge dominant
In display the treasures arsenal alike
Bow the head she says with the anger
Man has written history and woman
In societal privation and stoical self
In sweetness the goddess love inspires

The living love you carry in your hand
In your cheek is the red of my blood
In your eyes of hazel I dream my love
In your hairs I like in thick clouds hide
The aroma of the first rain on the earth
In your hairs lost but by the shine astir
Like full moon glows your face agile
Your lips are goblets for me to know
Poison or wine and the thousand times
Slipped on softness of the silk of skin

Like Greek columns where legs meet
To heaven any door when in orgasm
Of cosmos tonight for goddess of love
Curves of the back that curves and bends
Hours of the artist to draw line and cuts
Amber inside shall in beauty never come
Add soul in remonstrance shall she say
Nay with your word she looks her paint
To the goddess have you with glory some
What word what line bow to the nymphet

Lift me up O dear painter writer of verse
Sing to me the happiest song ever on earth
9/2/2009

***make Me Break Me**

You make me you break me
Like your sweet bangle
Hold me to your bosom
Then smash me in pieces
Tell me away with a song
I beg to write on your frock
Tell me go never come back
Then muah muah take a kiss
Tell me am not happy in tears
Call me cheek red for a laughter
Tell me do your own thing
Call me softly tonight tonight
Hold me close in your arms
Tell me I wish you were not born
Tell me lock of my hair
Keep as symbol of my love
Tell me bring back the lock
Sweet are your ways
And sweeter your love
9/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***my New Room**

Denied then accepted
Old trees
Some bushes and green grass
Music in the leaves
Made as if of mud
Worn out by time
Windows amateur
In palatial suburb
Without pretension
Clean and hermetic
From noise away
Delicacy in hosts
In sheets and drapes
I can see above the wall
Birds and crows
Doves and humming
From the cold morning
To the morning in bliss
Like home like guest
When no other worries
In the early spring
I saw a sun smiling
12/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***my Refuge**

Alone in the illusions
Flowers shall not tell
Nor the colors of rainbow
The mirage of the desert
The moon of the fourteen
Gone blind and the sun
The thirst that made oasis
The drought stricken earth
Like my heart for the drop
Last from the old wine

From the void as I saw
In nothingness thou exist
From nothingness to being
The being I adore as thou say
I wonder to discover myself
As thou manifest in many forms
The mystery but a tiny part

Still holding on to the aroma
That thou left on my soul
The life that thou enliven
The sensuous lips thine
When parted slowly in red
The voluptuous contours alluring
Thou art my refuge
Thou art my aesthetics
5/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*my Rendezvous (Hanged Poem)

I shall make the words dance
Sing the tunes of the wildest
Sweetest birds that had yet
To be imagined by aesthetes

The reed and string has yet
Not been struck with that note
The voices the sirens are yet
Preparing for the chorus

On the torn folds in my bosom
Hidden in many scrolls when
In suspension they shall be held
Of the holy door when I crossed

To the broken door of beloved
When I hanged my scrolls alone
Alone when my words did hung
In suspension on that door

She says she shall kiss them twice
And wash them with old wine
See me on the door of my beloved
My rendezvous when I am hanging
My poems first to be read there
12/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***no Reason**

Where the fire burns
Where the smoke I see
Fuelled by the wine
Of your love
I shall take
My heart there
I have no religion
I understand no reason
12/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*noble Lies

From the wind I caught
Message of the beloved
I called a loud cry
In the direction
Where from scent of flowers

The messenger
Fell in love with the love
What I got from my rivals
Happy streams and stars
Beauty in nature

Where he is how is he
The beloved was pleased
To have asked
The air around beauty

In noble lies for her lust
The wind replieth
Here is me but he is gone
Dislikes company
In lonely retreat
He and his songs
A book of verse a cup divine

The messenger the rivals
But friends of days
Who conspires who loves
What is it to the lover

Speak thy heart like lark to the rose
The messenger may bring happy news I hope
4/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***nothing To Me**

On the break of the day
Split in duality
After the night
The heaviness in heart
The woman was singing
Softest tunes
She had tied
Many weights to her eye lids

The musician was making
Jittery movements
In the cage of his skin
The prison cell
Creativity shall
What speaks the verse

Is it that love brings rainbows
I conceal my nights in stars
My storms in warm breeze
The heat of summer afternoon
I saw your eyes in the sunset

Some one was dead from chill
In winters
In the night many were sleeping
Outside
As cold in rehearsal
For long nights
The thin layer of surface
Of earth
The souls oscillate
Between life and death

For the last time
I thought in total apposition
I have the right to wear bright
Without justification

With open eyes I see every day

So many deaths for me
I might have prevented the loss
You mean nothing to me now
11/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*o Hate

O hate!

Thou art to me

Like the bird for a song dead

A gazelle hunted for beauty

A spirit enchained for freedom

What pity

The secrete mirrors of love

In scrolls carry thy name

Islamabad

5/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

*on Dune Of Sand

Like the flexible branch of sandalwood
Like pomegranate flowers your eyes
Like opium in spring bled for the drop
The pout on your lip like a flower
Back to bud in amazement you smile

The color of my heart recites love
My faith to live another life enlivened
As we rise from the mundane in beauty
Nature is our friend for the moment
Tomorrow be gone in many yesterdays

The memories I write on dune of sand
In sandstorms I see them written in sky
The symbols are that the caravan of love
Though halts but shall proceed to destiny
In unending music of the bell of camel

Like eagle I fly with the clouds
The north wind takes me to the heights
Separation though I shall lament in ecstasy
When no one is with me my love you are
My companion and solace a haunt sweet
19/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*on This Valentine

The demons of love
To the little fingers
Transmute
With blinded vision
Deaf and dumb

Away the landscape
Nature looks dull
Worn out the beauties
Meaningless
Without any glamour

Fingers on keyboard
Reading great lines
Making music
In grand orchestra
With heavy timbre

Leben*
The breathing life
Zeitgeist*
In space unseen
I clinched time

Only my fingers
Played the song
Such unknowness
Such distance
Kiss your fingers

On this valentine
I shall only listen
To Sehnsucht*
Of Schiller*
Kissing my fingers
Thinking of you

*Leben-life

*Zeitgeist-Time spirit

*Sehnsucht-Longing

*Schiller-German musical band, named after German poet Frederick Von Schiller.

(The above are some albums of the band)

10/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*pantheism

When love had all the meaning to me
Mystery was unfolded in hallucinations
I spoke with the wave of speed in light
In conversation when I left the place
In the corner alone sipping beans
Desire would have swayed barriers
Unknown just like songs in space
Flowers were a symbol of love
Many colors to the senses in sight
For the one I thought in Super Ego
The self to go beyond the ordinary
My references when being in One
In pantheism of the aesthetics as works
When the One is known as independent
Or revealeth itself in multitudes
For the discerning senses to know
The pyramid breaks from totality
Into parts as parts is the total
Logic might have derived answers
The only answer I know is that
It's me and you and what exist
Between me and you so I stop
Back to the beauty of life again
Loosen the bond for the elixir
Love's mysteries in revelations
In symbols I see in colors I breathe
21/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*possibilities

My heart in remembrance
In the sweetness of the smile
I know it looked like the time
When you were weeping in tears

In the play when from nature
Pandas and bears birds and fishes
You surround yourself with songs
So little and the heart I wish I could
See inside for the purity of diamond

I loved you and I wish like a fairy
With little wings you had flown
Into my desperate lonely nights
As you live in my vicinity
And my soul shield to protect you

Come in dreams tonight as my eyes
As the moments slip towards unknown
What else but my life I want to add
For you to live longer I wish I could
Freeze the time awhile to savor on
The presence that is my only asset

What worth the existence offers
The value of my living just earning
Life is consumed from door to door
A false structure of the self I project
Infallible in strength but inside broken

I live in possibilities of would have beens
Expanding the horizons of influences
Illuminated by the torch of your love
That one single moment that would bring
Happiness to you I would then imagine
I have lived a life of thousand years again
27/2/209

*prayers

What prayers thou asketh
Prayers I do not say but the beloved
In my heart without whispers
Remember I will
When in love what style and genre
Say what the beloved asketh
Who knows when love's journey
In mist shall we loose
The memories of today's vignette
For my soul hilarious

The earth from a long sleep
With heavy rains from womb of nature
Like waters gushing on birth of life
The sun god for the sustenance
Two women saying psalms to dead
Died yesterday for the first night
The small boy in ritual of life
With washed face glowing to take
Life shall take toll before the psalms
Read to him when in depth of earth

Why stop me from love's sweet agonies
Anything better thou hast for intoxication
Wine O Saki, tonight is without inebriation
Make the goblet dance for senses to enliven
The beloved with woven motifs on tapestry
Alas my love as yet is still a child
Learning the ways of love's coquetry
4/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*primal Desire

Comb of
My finger
In your hair

Length long
In braids
Color bands

Breath against
My chest
Lick my sweat

Unwashed skin
My glands
In your love

Secretions in
And out
Extensions long

Wild beast
Frail love
Hungry moans

In your mouth
My fingers
Wet skins

Oozes from
My head
Virgins aroma

On my corpse
With feet soft
Live again

Bend and sway
A magic that
Eating stone

Like a scorpion
In heat
On my legs

Primal desire
What is soul
What is love
10/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*rain Drops

The music of rain drops falling on the roof
From the window I look as the drops find ways
Breaking in line the desires on the glass pane
The love that has been making stories in fantasy
The snow peaks from the yonder distance
Pines leaden with white like your love
Dripping crystals in drops as when we spoke
In sleepy storm when your song I heard

Remembrance canst be so sweet as on today
I live in yesterday and tomorrow I shall
Live in today as my hopes like clouds
On the hills hide for the tops half shown
In loneliness when to the cloudy haze look
I have lived an evening and a night dreaming
Shall the generosity be your name again
As today I hear the music of rain drops
13/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*renewal

Renewal

Like buds

Like waters

Like flowers

Like leaves

Like lips

Soft

To touch

Sweet

To kiss

Like coffee

Fresh beans

Brewed

Like donuts

Like my

Favorite

Corner

Like dreams

Like memories

Like laughter

Like song

Like raptures

In your love

Like diamonds

Like rubies

Like old friend

Like old wine

Like you

In spring

16/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***sacred Blasphemies**

When we met
I talked so much
Of the yesterday
Your face half
In hiding
And behind
That mud wall
I saw your legs
Slender and thin
Something you were
Playing with
A heartfelt smile all
So much of yourself
You were waiting
For the day
My poems
And your songs

In half hidden things
Love is so pure
What if mystery
Is unfold
I escape
From your love
The wild in me
Yet not tamed
The forbidden I love
The taste of sin
Sacred blasphemies
11/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*sadder Than That

Is there anything
In the world sadder
Than
A train standing
In the rain*
But
Something
That is sadder than
That
Is when a train
Passes away
Through a road crossing
In the coldest
Frozen morning
* Pablo Neruda (from the Book of Questions)
9/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*shakuntala

The form that bespeaks
In explanations when the character
The way you describe the beauty
So luring for the senses in gold
The hairs and the ocean of eyes
Slim like a gazelle with legs
The camel for the nomad
The bounty when the desert
In storms the convulsive love

But I have decided to say
That you are the love I sought
The desolation of the heart
Only that you exist
When I missed you in the nights
Love poems you say my love
When I sing most with music

But I have decided to say
From my world of fantasy
Where you want me to take
Of broken roads and world peace
Of terror attacks and kidnappings
Of hunger and strife
Of poverty and the black coats
On the air for the absurd

But I have decided to say
Only that what you seek
When the symbols of my love
A mangled photograph a tapestry
Lapis in rock and an empty cup

But I have decided to say
Like Kalidasa my love for you
The mystic Eros speaking truth
Like Shakuntala* in divine act
With butterflies, peacocks and Anqa**
The heavenly birds once play

To the roses take me on a walk
In the distant rainbow I see your image

I have decided my love to forget
Just because I have decided to forget

*A play by classical Indian poet and dramatist, Kalidasa.

** Multicolored heavenly bird.

4/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***shakuntala (What Shalt Thou Forget)**

What shalt thou forget
The hands that rose in prayers as yet
The deity of love was unknown in the skies
The husky voice or the radiant smile when
In agony you waited for the niche of time
A look at me I understood but for the love
As long away from your self the desires
Many corners of your heart when you learned
Poetry and songs for your consolation

What shalt thou forget
When in the black mysterious gown you looked
When your heart sang of love and the mighty river
The small temple of worship but where you took
Book of love and many times when you wrote
My name on sands to erase again and again
When you sought refuge in every nook and corner
When in the dark streets of the city you searched my steps
When you followed the aroma of my presence in my absence

What shalt thou forget
When you spent the whole night in full moon on my door
When that mangled picture you carried as possession precious
When every day and for infinite days you waited for me
When in the night you cried in despair when I was not there
When for months the tiring time in my fantasy you spent
When the songs of love were the cure of your heart

What shalt thou forget
When with quivering lips you at last came to me to say
That you were in love with me and when you melted
Like wax in heat as I wondered you really did
When the rain poured heavily for your tears to show
When you peeped into my eyes to see a reflection of yourself
And when to the full moon you watched thinking that
It shines on me as it shines on you too

What shalt thou forget
When I opened the pitcher of old wine mysteriously

From that street to enliven your mind and heart dance
When you put the corner of my scarf in your goblet
For the enchantment of wine was not enough alone
And when I hid you in the cellar and covered you with
The gorgeous beauty I had adored for you to hide

What shalt thou forget
When on my broken tape a song from the latest track
And what shalt thou forget
When you were so close and so far away
When I fell in love with your words only
What shalt thou forget
Shalt thou forget life itself

Nay no remorse for my this love and for my that love
Thou canst forget the beauties as every memory is a rose
5/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*shrine

The great poet the lover the mystic
Who wrote recipes for the broken hearts
Spake of the rubies jewels of Bagram
The curvaceous beauties from India
The one who brought divine word down
In his language of love in Pashto he wrote
The beginner of ghazal when he said that
He became King when he became humble
On soft tunes of rebab when the old dervish
Of his tavern his mausoleum of mud made
Sang his songs for the lovers in raptures
From the holy leaf the smoke around
The beloved sanctuary of thousands
Love stricken or in strife for the cruelty
The sufferings and prayers for the live
Though dead the saint poet still had
His mercy on the smaller beings
His mausoleum is blasted with bombs
Kill the spirituality the symbols the life
A statue of Buddha in Bamyān
Shrine of Rehman* or schools of valley
Has anyone erased the memory of a culture
A civilization became immortal in death
Socrates drank hemlock but Plato and Aristotle
Truth shall one day be on the lips of all
With bare chest when to the lances like Jesus
Immortalized in the lap of Mary or a cross
Nay to the spirit you have touched the hearts
The lock of my chain is like the flame of candle
Like a tongue it speaks like a pen it writes
My blood is the ink my heart is the page

*Rehman Baba: Great seventeenth century sufi poet of Pashto language.
(On terrorist bomb blasts in the shrine of Rehman Baba)
6/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*slow The Love

The beloved's street I avoided
In repentance of the sin in puritan desires
I held to the world my hands for alms
For songs for the beloveds of Solomon
From Song of Songs I brought on air
With magic of love from underneath
The suspended poems and voices from distance
I came across Vedas and imaginations absurd

A heart of gold I found on the way
A princess Indian when she saw the glitter
To her in gift for she shall adore it to worship
Some small lines from the Chinese wisdom
I followed the line of the great traveler
From north of Africa into the caves of Far
Flamboyance from Arabia and Persian way
A friend old there and the tavern old
The wine new the goblet rusted

A lament to a beauty a sigh of relief
The old woman's hands for her blessings
Slow and slow when the horse of my will
In tired repose entered the city of love
Past the tavern and the saki in veil
Slow and slow the beloved was singing
Still my song alive on the lips
Lost she says she has her heart

Bring thy glance slow and slow
Slow and slow shall my love unveil
When your heart is the holiest of places
Why ambulate in circles and rituals
Slow the love slow the intoxication
Red wine slow in abundance tonight
22/1/2009

P.S This poem completes the triangle with the other two poems "I Search You"
and "When You Were Dancing".

The beloved asked who told you this
Art thou God to decide the fate
Calling the episodes as the final
Did not the love tell you of the thought
So sacred but the blasphemy of love

As the story goes when the legendry lover
Adam Khan* dies with story teller in tears
From the audience a man with a sword
Bring him back or you pay with your life
The horse with the wings that thou flyeth

In the visions ah the beloved appeared
In dreams in the nature in the loneliness
Of nights and the afternoons thou spent
The episode who knows what final or primal
From the beloved thou wanted separation

In the religion of love none worshiped
None worshipper as no rituals in play
No ablution no baths in the rivers
Nothing is sacred and nothing is dear
Yet thou think to close the episode

Let the beloved be the guide don't meddle
Decide not the fate that thou knowest not
Nothing in here and let the mystery
Of love unfold for the eyes and the ears
On the soil and down the horse on doorstep

To the city of love with the pride
Leave the judgment to the universal soul
He shall not judge the lovers as judgment for what
Just a breath away is the annihilation in waiting
Hold on the hands of beloved for a dance tonight

*Adam Khan-Durkhanai, epic story of love.

7/2/2009

***slow The Love (Final Episode)**

What hast thou done when the princess Indian
The heart of gold burned in deserts and in wild
Love was the sign she followed but the bird
In two and one to her she learned language
Knowing love's mysteries
The keeper of the tavern the last night's wine
Cups filled with tears nectar of love
The saki in generosity with brim over

Harness the horse put on the wings
The imaginations forays to some other land
When the beloved has turned her face away
Away the goblet and the verse
Friends were foes and foes friends
The songs lost tunes and like the willow
Desert and me whence of the destiny
When the cold breeze against my face

For the last time my horse of wings
Turned to the city when my songs were yet
On the lips of the beauty in search of her love
To the emptiness thou sing but lovers many
Stars shall be my guide and sunrays I read
Under the moon I sleep and talk to myself
The lullaby of nature when I see the dreams

Thou hast yet to find images of love
The verse the beloved had started in haste
The verse is not over nor the manifestations
In vivid colors like rainbow like fire
To treasure of self for the beloved turn
On the horse of wings the universe immense
In the goblet red I see in my tavern
30/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (In Captivity)**

In captivity the demons of love
The chains thick enough with tongue tied
In the dark of the gallows no day and night
A lioness roars outside but to protect
With secrete eye follow the monsters
My tears my drink and anguish my life
For a dropp of water I pray to dark sky

I have put music to the chains I wear
I fly like soul from the dead to imagine
In heavens I travel with lovers I dine
The beauties I see and with nature divine
Sculptures I carve from my memory rich
I paint the walls like graffiti in subway
My voice a raga my eyes aglow

To me again cast eye of benevolence
The magicians in the court and musicians
Of Khusru's tunes and Tansen on sitar
From the cold wall of the fort to the soul
In freedom thou cherish in colors of fair
Send thou to me thy courtiers to see
A look on me and the verse I sing

I know in your dreams for the day
When freedom be mine and thine too
Of broken words and pity of the self
From self I derive like child in play
Hold the cup and celebrations on trumpet

Of another life thy promise not mine
But for the heart so wont to deception
Just one more for the life in inception
Nothing is real nothing is false
But the freedom yet another conjuration
24/1/2009

Sadiquallah Khan

***slow The Love (Life Galore) Encore I**

The brilliance of the skies
On thy look back to the city
When the beloved in benediction
Who told her that the lover
In broken heart the gathering
When angels sit to listen
For the song of eternity
In love thou sayest
The finality who claims
But to the greater being
The universal love
When the damsel her hands
To the skies in raga of devotion
Thy image in her eyes when
The song in tears rolled her cheek
Separation thy destiny
But of memories thou make
Like treasures in thy chest
Loves humble prostrations
Before another night
The night longer than ever
In the darkness of the earth
When they descend thou
Imagine then for those lost
Forever but who lives to eternity
The angel when in innocence
The song that is not finished
Yet thy horse of wings
On the city of love
In cheers when the celebrations
Thinketh how many bestowed
With love so eternal
Thy vigils for the beloved
The banner of love
The chants to the paradise
The paradise on earth
Where life galore
Understandeth not thou
The songs of love

And the signs in thy vision
31/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Long Night)**

My hands like God
The chapel of Michelangelo
When I carved the body
I slept with the dead
Your contours did I visualize
While waiting for the moment
The damsel in visions
Pouring into the goblet
Last night when I wiped
Tears from her eyes
A childish play she said
Her love with me
To the dust I wished
I had deep in earth
The angst in me
For yet in love thou want
Heart to heart she said
Am angel not nor a prince
A king of her heart nor a Romeo
What thou art thou art my love
Cage me like a nightingale in spring
Like Joseph in prison but shall I not
O Lord give me wisdom to see
Read the dreams and signs decipher
The princess Indian from my touch if so
Breathe love unto her and quench her thirst
A pleading in my humble being how I

On the beach last night I waited long
Long was the night and longer the day
23/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Many Whispers)**

For sweet angel like you
Many whispers I have
The ruggedness of my hands
Slowly on your neck
To the ears and a caress
Into those beautiful hairs
Not lashes of eyes but like ocean
Black and deep I want to drown
Your red lips quiver for my kiss
In my chest as you hide
The tender face of a child
I feel your tears
Travel down on my bust
A moment's desire so seraphic
Will you forget that my love
22/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Musk)**

The unworthiness of the word
In display when it is mixed
The scent it says when it touches
The skin from behind the soft
Curves where the cross hangs
Heavens are between the cleave
The aroma that I leave on you
You say I bite my arm more often
But the scent of my presence
Leaves you not and friends wonder
The shine in your eyes show
You have stolen a bite on your neck
Or let us smell her bosom for his musk
27/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Never Love A Stranger)**

The side glances of the lover
From the east from the mountains
From the deserts from the wild
Looks to the moon and counts stars
Talks to himself sometime sings
Gets angry soon but loves like mad
Cries like rivers smiles like angel
What he wears what he not
So selfless and in his world lost

Who is he across the table
With candle lit I wait for him
Will he come and whisper sweet
I will show my earring to him
A band on arm a move of my hair
But he looks into my eyes
He is drawing my sketch
Shall not I see him once again

Never love a stranger for they
Make you weep for night and day
22/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (One More Flower)**

I know the silence
The pain you have
In your heart
Or is it just one
More delusion
But what if
You tell me tomorrow
I do not understand
Is it that love has a meaning
Beyond what we understand
My imaginations slowly
Coming to flickers
The cold wind
From the room outside
Is harsh enough
But what this all
Means to me
And what to you
But to me
One more flower
When autumn
Has left
All leaves dry
I shall search
Your beauty again
Even when
I find your door
Closed forever
27/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Princess Indian)**

With the heart of gold in worship for love
In dreams one night a broken heart in pieces
Wrapped in silk she recollects the signs ominous
Like thunders she had a nightmare of dreams
In the temple of love a bunch of her hairs
In knots tied and hung to the wall
Wailing as she returned under the sky

Her stolen heart across the oceans
To the old mystic when her eyes caught
He knew he said the treasure you seek
Her hands to the heaven she caught the sight
Two birds following against the wind
A flock of swans in migration to plains

Congratulations she sent through the air
A Jogan she said she will turn from princess
Of silky drapes and cushions on throne
Freedom she sought and her heart she followed
A mate of straw and the broken pieces in the silk
Into dust she dissolved into fire of Sandalwood
Many nights and days out in the spell
Towards an unknown destination with feet bare

The envy she killed and jealousy repelled
Is that the love's journey is so easy
Nay it is not yet a step thou hast moved
The lover is waiting in the stars and moons
She knows not for the distance of ages
She knows not she will ever see the prince
23/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Pure Love)**

I know where shall he go
Seven seas or oceans as he lives
In my heart of flesh and emotions deep
No gold I want but love forlorn
From earth to heaven stars and moon
With one glance of love he shall be mine
Away the seductress the arms you bare
My lips parched of my garment unaware
And thou sayest my love thou steal
My love so pure so pure like a child
From Eden descended and anointed with waters
That I brought from my spring of love
23/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*slow The Love (Sequels)

Hast thou seen my love many times
The morning dew or the dusk in the eve
For the lovers' caravan to the tavern goes
Neither mosque nor temple
But heart is reverend
The temple of love

Hast thou seen my love many times
The ignorant the nescient
For they think the story of love
Shall end here with morality they preach
Of freedom unaware possessed by spirits
Of hatred alone shall one day come
To the city of love in the tavern baptized

Hast thou seen my love many times
In sequels the songs of your love
For the honor like the noble Othello
When the Lago plays wits in hold
And when all that join the chorus coarse
In preposterous vulgarity in judgment sit

Nay the tragedy of love in doom
The moth shall burn for his destiny
The flame of love but just a flicker
How many flames they portend extinguished
Never shall the flame of your love go down
Never shall moth born to burn leave the flame
28/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Serpent Of Love)**

The sun went down for the night to cover
The earth that lay bare in front of me
Like the face you hide for the lover to adore
The curves and lines the dusk of your beauty
Like dark clouds pattering the aroma of earth
The sketch on coal on the white of moon
The river convulsing in matriarchal rage
When I was the shore infinite for the deluge
Overflowing and exuding like volcano

On the sand I made and made again
From the moon the sketch I remember
The reflection in the river with a soul
It was like the jewel on your forehead
The wounds on my heart when I blow
Who says forgetfulness I have acquired
Nothing is left of me for my self to know
Eloquence I add to words like music
In counterpoint when it turns on itself
Like the lock of your hair that touches
The cheek and the lips when they speak
In the colors of fire thou appear to me

Remove my name from the verse of venom
Thou shalt be Cleopatra and thou shalt take
Thy life with lust to be bitten by serpent
The serpent of love that thou playeth with
And when my blood thou shall rub on thy cheek
And mourn the beaten bosom for the lost love
27/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Visions) Encore II**

In the lullaby of nature when like Jacob blinded
For the lost love in deceit the patience when mundane
In long waiting for the beloved with blood when Joseph
His shirt devoured by wolf and one day when the shirt
To the Jacob brought as if the beloved had shown
The sight returned to the eyes of Jacob

Like visions thou revealeth in fairies and like the shirt
My sight I had lost for the treasure in my chest
Beyond nature and the world of the known in flash
The angel of love with the fervor of goddess
What name I give you as none like thyself
Like Mary the face soothing your memories are
And like touch of Jesus for the dead thou awake

In visions and in arms like the child for suckling
From the streams of heaven and the mist oblivious
My words they love for the raga they need
Reality I shall handle in my arms twist
In dreams let the beloved my love wake me not
They say I am blind but they see not
When last night she showed herself like the first
Moon of the month or like the star in travel to the north

Morning O morning tell the dawn to hold back
The story of my love in prologue yet the song
When in dancing flame I saw the gorgeous self
Beyond she said that I search her for love
31/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***slow The Love (Window Closed Oft)**

When the way was shown
On deathbed lay
In the scheme of things
Of mortals here
What schemes for love
What grudge of the moral

To the sands I bow
A palm of dustful
To the air I blow
On the measures small
Of love you measure
Who wants the gain

The lioness my guard
The lioness she is
Of the beauty of love
Aware with broken heart
Who shalt then follow
Love's bitter mystery

A tiny particle of sand
I look to thee
The wonders I see
That toucheth the feet
Of the beloved's street

Many times and more
I wandered in despair
For moon of the first
In opposite I gaze
When thy cheek
Showeth on the pane
The window closed oft
29/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***so Quickly**

So quickly the tides of time
When yesterday has turned
Into a dream for the memory
Childhood just gone
Instead wisdom as maturity
I shall not forget the pillow fights
A walk on a narrow lane
You said you disliked coffee
I had faint dream of marriage
The ceremonies I accompnied
I heard your name many times
The tears as it reached me
Your ears against my chest
To hear my heart beats
That would turn irregular
I am facing the blank face
The background as curtain
Goes up but emptiness
I knew my love shall be
I sow the seeds today
For flowers of memories tomorrow
I have already started plucking them
And I saw a few in your hairs
Let us not consume ourselves
I am not following any rules today
O love grieve me not to the extent
What have you given in love
Lost your heart for a bargain worthwhile
5/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*some Other Time

The sweat of struggle on forehead
In difficulty as life under the sun
Warmth of sun god asking to move
As the time chases with impunity
Guarded from the world external

What nature brought on the bank
The river for centuries from unknown
Will it stop for a while for the one
His hands in dust but the human
Still alive offering help but despised

Every thing in dreams melts
In the waters of river many fantasies
Seen with open eyes as the value
Judged by the coins in gold and afar
See the nature in alien desperation

Breathe the freshness of the air
From the window of life when
You stand alone looking to structures
In concrete the feelings are fixed like
Eyes on a beauty when in every soul
You live to see the dimensions live

Things have price emotions frozen
Worth in credit you owe to others
On the way down the lane yours
Hard realities like the cold walls
Longer worries when faith refuses

To honor age old remedies friends
In their own long ways may smile
Around the sharpness of the corners
In their selves sufferings that mixes
Sweat with mud holding their chests
Some other time we will meet to share
Old fantasies and memories of loved ones
27/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***sometimes**

Some such things I say when my mind is ablaze
When I have sweet dream or a horrifying nightmare
When an angel meets me or my body breaks with desire
When I am drunk with wine or some haunting memory
When love could have been around me to see me waiting
So long my feet grow roots like trees waiting for birds
In vegetation now I harness longer the east longer the west
Down your path my eyes tired seeing your steps and one day
I shall follow as I saw you the moment when you rose up as if
Touching feet looking deep in my eyes to see signs of autumn
Lest I may not love some one else so intensely again
That sometimes I want to forget you even if it means
Forgetting myself that has lived the torments of your love
17/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*song Of The Evening

In the city of love there the rumour
Recession irrespective of knowing
Reading minds or signs appearing
After the fulfilment of desires
In flood of the morning lights
We do not face each other for long
What is written in real is away
What we want to see in illusions
When the expressions on the face
Were cut as if by the sharp scalpel
Time and rough winds were making
Cleaves as in fiery speeches speaking
Heart with glow in the eyes holding

His chest was not torn what was sought
Delightful person in gaberdeen
His neck tie was loose of silk
Of Fumigalis from ancient Italia
He still lost it to time when beyond
In stretch the imagination's forays
Some more makeovers before the last

Like the Golden King I need a face
For all weathers and beloveds alike
Under the old banyan tree when birds
Forget me for a bark of tree in sunshine
I shall return to the youth of days yore
Just to burn again and be as I am
Today but after many tomorrows
When every one was satiated with wine
I was waiting for my turn in the tavern
Never to come back but again I asked
Shall tomorrow be at sunset the gathering
For I shall have my first goblet as my hopes
Whirl up in my head and my heart sings
Song of the evening to behold the scene
25/2/2009

*spring Festival

Let there be some love in the air
Of the fate cruel and wailings long
Some said crimson are my sonnets
Under the willow tree
Some butterflies from the hands
Flying in the skies carrying
Flying kisses to the loved ones
In defiance of nature that kills
In innate affairs of the heart
Let the songs of love once more
In tip toe visit us for long
Out from the corner as the beloved
Hale the spring in the sultry afternoons
Holding a cup in hand and rebab
As love moves with steps so light
So light like feather in hot breeze
The festivities of color as many colors
As flowers on earth or birds of Amazon
In rose petals but the baths in ponds
Under heavy shadows of the trees smiling
I draw you near as my hands around
The molded spine as it curves down
What are the engraved symbols or color
Word written in beauty or image
Shall have the reference to the contour
Inner desire for me to see in your eyes
Aye the color bright the way you held
Were it as waters holy for the touch
Your lips shine like rubies like saffron
Wove to the man who has seen you
And not fallen in love with you
18/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*the Bridge

Forgotten
Dreams flew like kites
The bridge
Below the water ran
In time not reversible
From under the feet
The earth slipped
In hesitation

It went away like seconds
Dusted puffed
There were unknown belongings
On that road
They had listened some calls

The dreams were no more
Either for better
Or they were too big
To fly with
19/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***the Clenched Soul**

The fair one in dream
The glory of face radiant
Lips were like grapes
Soft to squeeze and eyes
Bright stars were shining

The clenched soul
With heaviness of burdens
Shoulders were in strength
Yet in paraplegic disorders
When the mortal self prepares
For the last exercise
Towards freedom

Another living the beloved promised
Don not grieve for the shortness
I still look for the possibilities
When the languor of that presence
Shall ask how it is spent

I gasp for the last sighs
For the breath of life I see
Still closer in my heart
I rejoice in union
25/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***the Nights Apart**

On the waters of the seas and oceans
In rivers and streams flowing down
When the lightness of the feet curved
On toes shortened like the Ming's long
In freedom on the west sky your soul
I shall bring in my palm the ice of arctic
The anklets of the waters making whirl
On the silvery surface ambience metallic
With moon the tambourine as my eyes
In wonder stare to the miracles of moves
In imprints I longed to see again the lips
Reddened with cherries as you smiled
In heavenly company and the night
Warm feelings that melted into the cold

The night of dreams but where is it again
I looked to the morning star before rooster
Under the cool of the wall in the home
With high roof as the impressionist's
Many hopes I counted in my heart to live
Your love but the distance of the days
The nights apart as my chest wet in tears
To the soothsayer and in the book of love
I looked my fate as the cruelty of time
One day but tell me how many days
To that one day and how prolonged
In sweet memories to the sleep I went
4/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*the Smile

Reawakened from the woods
Dry leaves as hairs grew
Some stuck to the face
That was made like ripe fruit

The agony spoke in serenity
Is night so long or the cave
The mystic for the union long
The palm that guarded the lips

The drums were made of magic
Holy utterance began the rite
Religiosity of the darkened walls
Chords in voice of the symphony

Small words like revelations
Music had become a long howl
Still rules the goddess in black
One miracle when lips uneasy

Words flew like winged objects
How chants break down spirit
The trance was not yet over
Final beats as it shook the earth
11/3/2009

(On Schiller mit Sarah Brightman-The smile)

Sadiqullah Khan

***they Moved**

They moved
Four men
Covered

Strong strides
On the loose

Leaving behind
Their loves

Escaping
War of terror

They say
After a living

The one
With sharp
Moustache

The leader
Of the group

Was begging
Only for food
27/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***this Place**

She has decided not to leave
This place
With all its mismatches
Bland walls
Which she has colored
Opens the windows
Subtle light
Rays of sun
In contemplation

The morning
In the night
The drops of rain
Lullaby
Like a kitten she rolls
Her little daughter

Not many flowers there
But she has many in her eyes

She shines all her utensils and china
Every day
In her paradise
24/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***thread Of Life**

I watch as you weave
As you pull the silken thread
The aging hands
Blurring visions
Between the tips
Thumb and finger
Wet from the tongue
Bitten by the lips
The little song
For your own heart
The thread of life
In such delicacy
For the discerning eyes
Arabian nights
You weave and unweave
6/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***to Find Answers**

To the questions
No answers
In floods the river
Of your desire
Beneath throbs
Your heart thumping
As I drown
In attempt to sail
The mast of my ship
In the storms
Of your sighs
I shall answer
When you pull
Me up
Against the tide
When my love
Struggles
To find answers
13/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***too Far**

When the voices ended very long ago
Will I say something I wanted to hear again
The musings of love to the brim
When fatigue ensues in too much indulgence
In sufferings when poison is nectar
You're coming and going the shawl with border
You of your own fancy those glances
It shall not stir in me I have gone too far
In vain I read myself in those words
On my own way the most turbulent songs
The reddest flower the zigzag of butterfly
A garden on my left it has no colors
My cup of wine since long is empty
The air is different life so meaningless
4/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*universal Ultimate

They just departed soon after
Three men and some friends
In rusty environs across
The border when remembrance
Sculpted in easy repose
The last supper in service
For the friends we were
A little less than a century
And the young that had just
In absolute indifference
Very delicate nature
With many apologies
Had departed
So much was the softness
In conversation
No telling and remorse
Nature was looking after
The dream was a little agony
Friends here
Like a goblet from hand to hand
A little more while
I know and I see
But forgive me
My demeanor is but
Total refinement
With care as you take me
Why worry
I am now Universal Ultimate
13/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*valentine's Day Poem- Baring It All

Here I am where I never wanted to be,
On the edge of the mountain,
In the depths of the sea,
Baring all that I ever had,
Removing the cloak that I wore,
Going back on the words I swore,
The hood drops from my head
On the floor, my eyes closed
I can feel your mind caress me
Your eyes upon my skin,
I am baring it all baring it all.

As I stand naked in front of you,
Like the sun you shine, rain you pour,
Maybe I did not have to show you,
What I am made of, now I am a putty
In your hands, but the day I let
You love me darling
I bared it all, bared it all
Like the love pure
On this valentine day

My love, but before I want to kiss you
I want to feel your youth and softness
I want to feel the wet soft skin
To lay you down
And then and then and then
You twist like a climber to a tree
Convulse, moan as I kiss you deep
And again and again and again
I love you
As you stand in front of me
When in the sultry afternoon
I feast my eyes with the line
That puts you together and my hands
As I sculpt you
The long thin legs with the curve
The back like hanging on your slim spine

As I touch the richness of your thighs
As you melt slowly on the edge
And your belly as my fingers move down
The line as you part your legs
The skin as my hands touch
When you push up like tsunami

6/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***voices From Within**

Darkness and deeply dug earth
The moon in full giving light
In the corners metallic garbage
Remeltable steel mixed with dust
In abhorrence for the word broken
In the shadows things deplete
Up those nooks reside humans
Mothers but what ghosts
They have to frighten children
Blackouts looming culture
Still for the tomorrow
Long legs and sweet smiles
On rusted shattered faces

Make things difficult
What is easy and impossible
That is difficult
Squeezing their way
One by one under watchful eyes
All the things but few
Scanning through the bones
Who has the right to the land
How can one sell earth
Just because by trickery
In betrayal of all values
Human but averted
The revolution by pushing back
A few hundred years more

Nothing prevents the doing
Anything that can bring
Those barriers down
Some holy spirits to perpetuate
For the inner freedom a heart vast
The voices from within
Those whispers shall one day
Fall as lightening thunders
How many more bloodsheds
How many more sacrifices

11/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

*who Invented Guilt

Guilt is not to be doubted Franz Kafka wrote
The human has been tied to the guilt of not having done
What said the God or his prophets what the society ordained
What the preachers say the first man was killed
In Freudian school which lead to the guilt
Of the son and worship began of the dead father
Woman the temptress gave consciousness to the man
Of his existence and from Eden his fall to the earth eternal
A victim of guilt woman lives with covered face and bleeds
Tears from her eyes as creator of man from her womb
Who invented guilt but the judge in Roman law or Common
In Ten Commandments or book of dead in sacrifice in repentance
What else the human offers except with extinction to the deity
Horrible stories of hereafter for not having done the right things
Who makes this and where from into the unconscious and subconscious
It finds its ways into the innocence the little one is taught and taunted
Do the birds and fishes animals all kinds live with any guilt
Is it the creation of faulty reason and rationalizations pervert
3/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***wings Of Fairies**

The woman fell in love in written word
The primal desire electricated
Words in black words in maroon
Like the motifs of love
On the side of her garment
Poured tears on the paper
Wrote sagas of enchanted love
To the distant lover sent fairies
The gloomy prince his life in doldrums
His palm on a dagger squeezing blood
For his thirst some songs of love
But again he carries
The wings of fairies
5/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***yet Another Flower**

In the remote clouds afar
On the sharp line of the hill
Heavy showers of rain
On the pane of windows
In my imaginations near
And up I look the flowers
So delicate as your lips
So tender as your fingers
So aromatic they had stolen
Scents of your presence
The tresses of garment in cool
I hide my face in for softness
The palm on my cheek I hold
In desperation to hide my self
I read your heart from the thread
Silk as it was on the curvaceous
The contours in standing
My ears had that time heard
The sweetest melody of a lark
That sang love in early spring
I saw you gathering flowers
In the imagery of the wildest
The roses as butterflies flew
On your head for yet another flower
The petals of your cheeks barefoot
To the garden for the dew to touch
The honey like bee you gathered
Touching each flower in envy
The nightingale lamented in praise
My thirst quenched from the nectar
That you touched on my lips
21/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***you**

You
When naked
You over me
On my neck
Like vampire
Bleeding teeth
My hands
On your roundness
In celebration
The dark angel
Some new goddess
When you tore
My chest
To break open
My heart
See inside
The color of blood
Whether it resembled
Yours or not
Secrets no trust
From dead
You make me up
Some earthly love
This time
10/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

***your Image**

In my madness
Transformed agonies
Existential leanings
Yourself because of me
I hold your image
In my eyes
Like after death
The snake is burnt
As he carries
The image of his slayer

In my own circles
Like a mirror in palm
While you do your eyes
A reflection always
As you shatter me
Into dust
But like the snake
Ye shall burn me
To escape thy image

And by then
Ye shall see thine image
In thy soul
27/2/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Alas The End

What lies beneath is for the eye
That seeest through the skin
Unspoken in mails or noises
Wild gets cat entrapped by heat
Little the act of love than loud
Neighborhood hears witches pant
Sail up the shore to seek truth
Touch of the Midas alas the end

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Bird's Lament

The days pass by
And nights overrun,
I shifted from
A prison's closet
Finding another awaited.
My overbearing
Canopy of chestnut,
My books eaten up
By moths and dust.
What fancy
I look up to the windows,
A brewing life
Gazing below into the darkness.
A woman is cooking
A man is going upstairs.
Hold on
Another movement
Is in the offing.
Lit the imagination's corner
Yet another Corner in waiting.
You smiled
What the brown eyes
Revealed
You are on a slow assault,
Hath anyone but conquered
The ruins.
I shall give up
But what else onwards.
Lo! A bird's lament
Is a morn's welcome.

-On my shifting from one apartment to another.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Fable

A scorpion rode a toad
Upon Nile. They had agreed
That the toad would take the scorpion across,
And the scorpion would not bite.

On reaching, the scorpion bit the toad.
The toad complained,
The scorpion replied,
"Since we both are Arab"

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
April 28,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Faint Idea

A faint idea emerged and grew
Like dandelions, my clothes
Caught the color of moss.
It has been raining the whole night
I saw flames on rooftops.

The kittens of Sidra and Vareesha*
Had such tenderness in the eyes,
Just awake from their sleep
Just playing around on the rug.
And I had to leave in the early morning:

Love letters make excellent conversation
Poems bath the words in many hues.
When I will visit my home,
The date palms would have been grown
The birds would have come out from eggs.

A flute is taking my breath away,
You call it existential despair and I
An indulgence in life sweet and warm.
Tomorrow we shall be with other winds
With other fragrance, wearing other wings.

*My two daughters.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 10,2013.

On the terrace: Pierre Auguste Renoir

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Horrible Dream

While I wait the patience's limits,
While a paper blown in the air.
A color splashed in frenzy
For a method in madness.

Art is the limitless explosions
Expulsions of the conscious phenomenon.
Is being in limbo, such a deceitful act
Is fate looking to the skies or gazing the navel.

Beheaded, alas the head is in my hands
What a horrible dream is unto waking.
Had it not been so, it would have been
Rested on the knees, lost and bled.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 10,2013.

Stranger in Moscow: Michael Jackson

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Journey Westward

I The Sunset

In the year not known, but less than half
A century, when April sun in the arid spring
Having bloomed flowers and the wheat
Ripened like the gold tresses on earth's forehead.
The ancient Kalidasa had sung much praise to the yellow
Mustard flowers; He would announce a celebration
Holier than any rite, revering earth and fertility amidst
Heat. Of what we call tropics. He would invent a story.
We were riding six wheeled vehicles, full of hay
A buffalo for skimmed milk and up to the hills.

Everything is sans a common sense, a nomad back home;
Finding birth in the stones and in the cattle's stable.
The hills passed through a camp of colonial significance
Adjacent to a picket known for harboring ghosts.
Mythicized, because the poor soldiers out of fear
Could not hold it. There was a long grave of nine meters.
The tallest of the saints, ever had been resting there.
People had actually seen the extension being made
And many others believed it. Thatched houses
Of not so nomadic population. There was a river
More dry than watered by spring waters. Overlooking
Were the caves, where families lived. We were in a fort.
Having lunch and before we left there was a sign
Reading -foreigners not allowed. In another similar place.
I had read "Britain, eleven thousand miles away"
No one was going there either. It might have been
For the frontier men, Gorkhas, Irishmen or Welsh.
To feel the easiness of being close to their homes.
Long live the King, Union Jack story adamant to defeat
The boorish Bear. My uncle once narrated a story.
A man was in need of leave, and the abiding English-man
Gave him his blanket to sleep in it than giving him
A much sought leave. A call of duty.

Once we landed into a trouble. There were torrential rains.
Flood water, red in color and our vehicle went out of order.

Water had entered into the carburetor of a Mazda.
We stayed in the fort overlooking the riverret,
The room was like a dark tunnel, and it smelt like
Having been washed with pungent sprays and sweat.

Though we reached home in the morning.
The crossing of the Iron Bridge was a sign
That we were reaching soon after crossing
The corner of a hill, sloping like a long nose diving
We also were through the saint's grave and man who is a martyr
Who had been fighting the foreigners, without his head.
That place has many Christian graves, and an officer
Who had been killed by a tribesman and buried
By his friend. He had been able to arrest the killer.

This village possesses many strange names.
Living besides the dead, with their bones,
Under heavy stones, lest they may come out again.
Or to beautify the eternal abodes, as harsh as it was above,
The surface. Many people only wait for their turn and young girls
Wish to give birth to children as soon as possible
Before growing into trees, dry, and before shedding their fruits.□

Once I was in the Camp, and admitted to a school,
My grand uncle would order for me
In the afternoon, cream of cow's milk and warm bread.
-I still have the taste in my mouth.
We would travel home to reach in the evening on foot,
Pass through unfamiliar places and layers of buried dead
Their bones being drenched by rain water.
Every one ignored them. They did not exist or were too old
To be remembered. Others pretended that no one knows
Who were they. There was a spring nearby. People would
Drink water from there. The water was to be squeezed
From aquatic creatures and algae, for the thirst
Used to be too much. Down and a little far away
There were cool willow trees. Damp earth and thick shadow.
But reaching home was all the more necessary before
The sunset.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Journey Westward Ii

II At Home

And oft I plodded, on the narrowed paths
Worn by the lonesome men, and women
Carrying big reels of fodder, greener
Fresher than a dews' respite. Or when
Cold water- oft carried in canes, a rounded
Pitcher on the head so damp. Like antelopes
Move: no one knows if a feather in air
A love might think, (lest the water fall,
Upon the braids of hair, between the -rocks
Of the bosoms) . So much worn the paths to home
A valley like green, sun rays kissing
The blades of grass, and hoppers fly, greener
In the temperate months, be June and July.
The low walls, of mud molten, by rains
So rounded that a jump across, and down flows
Earth is a habitation, and generously accords
The waters flow, between bushes and weeds
It breeds flowers, it breeds fruits
From its own desire, and the sun rays.

A bridge of stone or a broken log
Jump this or that way, the day's tired tread
At last is the end, at last smoke is seen
My door is open, betwixt the twilight
The dog is stretching having woken up
Rubbing his eyes for nothing else
We would share a banquet, warm bread
And to the night's maze of stars, counting
And the mother's stern look, saying
'He who counts the stars would grow warts
On fingers'-they were only to be seen:
And we were told the story of seven stars
A frail lady by her bed, with her dog
Spinning thread.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Knock

A knock on my door and Lo! On the rim of the tunic
In gold thus embroidered a verse such as this:

"There's a strange voice humming in my head,
Which speaks of snow-clad mountains and dusty lanes
Of a tranquil hamlet of a distant country,
Where dwells a poet whom even the sparrows trust.'

-Portia

With love and best wishes for that wonderful 'voice'! "

Showers upon the dwelling such bounties on earth
Do angles visit abodes so abandoned and haunted.
And yet today to be in soul, not a thatch to be found
Devotedly leaning and her eyes up the sky -heaving
Unaware, a bare bosom up. How doves would make
But nests so high, so high than the tower? She bowed'
A fairy's farewell, a back flowing hair on a white shoulder;
I etched on the wall just few lines, for the star of a flower.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Libretto

Such sadness would befall me,
Sweet songstress
Hidden in your little breast,
Such mournful melancholy song.
From what sad cause
Such sweet sorrow would flow.
To the dewy night and the moon
As you sing your fate though.

A poet's musing fancy
What has befallen you?
A love's arrow,
Ah! What martyred thou?
From friends falleth or a deception's woe.
Such your tender lot
That you sigh and you sing in a libretto.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Morning Walk

Awoke from the cold sleep glazed by the sun
The reluctant strides into the sea of oblivion,
A sheet so silent on the bare breast
Warm my country side, faint and delicate;

Tobacco's leaves yellowish green
Roots of the trees penetrate earth's maiden.
Flowers burn on stems on the colored slope
Dew's evaporation and the gardener's hope.

From the flying dark clench life's sense
Yet the hyacinths and bougainvillea's incense,
Under the air's currents like poetry move
The ears breathe and the soft steps strove.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Saleable Commodity

He had death rolling in his eyes
He was either witness
Or had ordered
Death
His pupils were like that dead man
Open
Gazing straight
With impunity
For what he had done
From his fractured
Skeleton of bones
Made of many egos
That only fed on hatred

And the other
He too had death
Whinnying
The miseries of life
Out side his controls
Severely exerting
Without relations
He could kill any one with the shrapnel
Of his collar bone
Holding a dirty collar
He thought
He will fly from hell
To heaven

They are both
A saleable commodity
By the merchants of death

Sadiqullah Khan

@ A Sparrow

A sparrow, through a hole
In the wall, comes and go
Peeps in, a straw in the beak,
Tries to come in, in the chest
On my wardrobe, just above the mirror.
Oblivious, whether I will allow her,
And looking strangely, she flies away.
Of lately, she has laid foundation of her nest.

She is keeping a hold on her life,
Sipping from the dew, with star-leaves.
I fear, the sharp blades of ceiling fan
Like fate, would blow her tender wings,
Her colorful feathers of hope, like in tornado
Or hit by stone, a hunter's arrow.

There is a thirst, there is love,
There is ecstasy, askance, a want.
Hard as shell, I can feel with my palm,
For the whole day, I would gaze
In her eyes, wait for her in the morning,
And her visit to her nest in the evening.
She is moving her family in and would be children,
To fill my loneliness and maybe we celebrate together.

She probably knows me, as I know her
But the day, when I will fill in the hole by a cable,
For an air-conditioner, to beat the heat.
Should I make another hole in the wall
For a win-win situation, or let her find a better place,
A tree trunk, another window, or an abandoned home?

Or will my procrastination, the time I take
To make a decision, or overcome my constraints,
Allow her to live, peacefully and complete
Her mission, ordained by nature, to procreate?
We are struggling against so many unforeseen odds.

@ A Veritable Web

Fabricated distortions, disinformation
A veritable web is like the net a fish abhors.
A parasite thriving on the tree of life
Yellow leaves, like autumn though in spring.
A hundred faces, a chameleon would envy
A serpent in sleeve, or hidden in shoe.
Headless nails, once driven in; has anyone
Taken them out, unless broken is the log.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Abysmal Stillness

That of the mind is abysmal stillness
That of lightness is rooted in gravity
That of ugliness is from beauty
That who speaks does not know
That who knows does not speak
That it will become clear, let it still
That the wise man is square but not sharp
That success is as dangerous as failure
That hope is as hollow as fear
That he is free from self display, therefore he shines
That if good happens good, if bad happens good
That a bad man is a good man's job
That what is firmly rooted cannot be pulled out
That for letting it go makes it stay
That when the work is done, to withdraw is the way
That the flame that burns twice as long burns half as long
That to understand the limitation of things, desire them
That the further one goes, the less he knows
That the wise man is he who knows, what he does not know
That if you try to change it you will ruin it
That if you hold it you will lose it
That when nothing is done, nothing is undone
That when there is no desire, all things are at peace
That when goodness is lost, there is morality
That give evil nothing to oppose, it will disappear by itself
That a leader is best when people barely know he exists
That don't compare and compete, everyone will respect
That fill your bowl to the brim, it will spill
That keep sharpening your knife, it will get blunt
That favor and disgrace is equally to be feared
That simplicity without a name is free from all external aim
That he who is satisfied with his lot is rich
That truth is not always beautiful, nor beautiful words the truth
That simplicity, patience, compassion are three great treasures
That nature does not hurry, yet everything is accomplished
That a good traveler has no fixed plans and is not intent on arriving
That ..."unfilled"

-Lao Tzu, Tao Te Ching

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Agonizing Over Poetry

Whose word, whose song
Tu Fu was "agonizing over poetry"
Under a straw hat, exhausted and sad.
When Li Po had met him over the top,
Of a hill. Your words were either a consolation,
The Bard said, life was an insignificant story,
Told by an idiot. I read the verse again and again.
The unseen rain was a hailstorm of stones,
And weaving winds turned to storms,
What a balmy glance, what a touch
Lo! Your beauty would raise the anguished heart.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ And Again

And again, hath thou swared,
Upon thine gracious self, and again,
From street to street, door to door;
What grace upon thyself, in love,
Is there any grace greater, than
The disgrace, that is the cup of wine,
Hand in hand, and again the rapture.
Is madness other than bringing stars,
When dust upon dust is the soul's steps.
The days have passed and the nights,
Longing is, that empty hands are rubbed,
Together. From the life's unending noise,
A moment to the raga, in slow lament.
Nothing is perfect, beauty is imperfect,
The impatient dancing words, illuminated
Only if I could, the restless scribe, and
The Bard's words bring in such solace.
Like my throbbing fingers, my aching heart,
A song, is the illusion of mirage, distant
Like the moon, and so near. Alas! If only
I could see your hands filled with roses.

-To someone who has been struggling with life.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ And Then

And then
I saw the nature scream,
And behind
The sky was red blood orange.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
April 28,2013.

-On the celebrated painting of all times, The Scream.
Courtesy: Mir Wais Khan

The Scream: Edvard Munch

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Articulate

Articulate your freedom
Choose your destiny,
Be a master of your dreams.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ As I Fall Asleep

As I fall asleep, your eyes close on me,
As I breathe your abundance, your lips kiss on me.
To a dried stream of water, what embankments,
Whereas oceans of beauty flow through it.
Who holds the earth, on the tips of fingers,
Heavens befall, as past you step.
My eyes behold, like the Greek statue,
A curve is setting of the sun or rise of moon.
To the stars once, your glance of love,
From the dust I gathered "dusts of stars"
A flower has withered, alas autumn ahead,
The nightingale sung, to the cheek chiseled.
A shadow to the sun, and the sun's lament,
Has anyone captured, aroma in the air.
To the knock on the door, as if tomorrow,
Has come. Years after, but a tomorrow are you.
From my hands, like a butterfly flew,
A haze of color, on my hands, to the face I raise.
Prayers be to you, for your hours in paradise,
To me, in the midst of the twilight, a tavern's cup.
On the pulpit you sit, in the dark shroud, you proud,
From the earth I raise statuesque beauties of love.
The blood in veins still rushes like torrents,
What if, a feather and ink, from me thus snatched.
From the corner like in prison, my elegies of spring,
My lap is filled, dried leaves, flowers of memories.
So I am heard, I live in "now" then what,
Like showers of rain, lightening on my dreams.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 8,2013.

Greek stone-art @ tumbir

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Be Silent

Be silent
Breath in melody,

Be music
Beat with heart;

Be beauty
Beyond heavens.

-Has nature created
Anything more beautiful,
Than you?

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 19,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Be The Unseen Rain

On the barren bosom
Wrought dark, unhindered
Thirst as in desert, desire is oasis
Upon the melodious nothingness,
Ecstatic, whirling, commotions
Winds weave through me,
On the cross, ye take your stones back
Such is agony of self, such is anguish.
Be the unseen rain
Be the blissful union,
Be a tavern's evening, a sleepless night
Be a new dawn, a sunshine.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 9,2013.

Rain 4 by Maria Kitano @ cfai

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Behind The Curtains

Relishing in your likeness
Rendering sweet love
Behind the drapes of curtains,
Unto the not so well lit streets
I cherish the chaos of dusty paths.
A form wearing
In the formless harmony.
I felt the dripping waters
Through my palm and down,
My thumb and finger
The key to unlock the mystery,
Hold the two fingers together;
Rub the palms and then on the face.
A pianist's woes
When music is a splash on the wall.
You were my subject,
Many things remained unsaid
The said one's had the limitations
Of reason and word.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
April 14,2013.

Blue Curtains: Photograph by Ed Smith @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Bind Me

Bind me in your colors of autumn
A dry leaf, how for a cup of wine?
The dove feet bare, sublime are you,
Like no other day, no other evening
Hath a thirst for a drop, for a glance either.
Yet unveils the mystery, the beauty of the lock,
Remove the curl and the curve, we would see
Your beauty nothing but a silhouette tall.

In the street of love, and upon tavern's door
How that every step, not on earthen pot,
Molded in wine, and to the eleventh sky
The sense's flight and the fancy's pursuit.

Bind me in your colors of autumn
Whether speak silent, or a vociferous speech.
The cup is far, like a sunset red
Rising stars, the cold moon behind a cloud.
A treasure you possess, diamonds rare,
A tear like on cheek and on open chest.
A beggar though, I wished I could be
To behold the desert, I would be gone.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Bird-Eye View

From holes to halos,
O ye! The vision is.
Believe or un-believe,
The sight is.
Seen or un-seen,
The matter is.
From holes to halos,
O ye! The blind of earth.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Blackout

Four eyes telling different stories,
I don't know. The old bearded man
Gazing a naked body, his shoes soaked.

A young man writing poetry, planting seeds
On earth. Many women enjoying gossip,
Flatter themselves. A woman praises Bacchus.

A soul kid is born, from wet dreams.
Freesia flowers in the garden, moonlit night.
A Nobel laureate in waiting, to be known.

One of the girls had birthday, tonight.
And the gods of things are struggling hard,
To win over the eternal emptiness.

The Yoga master is convincing himself,
That he is not a loser. Mosquitoes are biting,
There is blackout, in my apartment.

SadiqullahKhan
Islamabad
April 25,2013.

"Perfect nonsense goes on in the world. Sometimes there is no plausibility at all..." — Nikolai Gogol, *The Nose*

Production still from the film William Kentridge: *Anything Is Possible*. © Art21, Inc. and The Metropolitan Opera,2010.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Camel Yawn

Much ado about nothing;
Tails I lose, and heads I win
Leaves I let go in the happy stream
Flowers I pluck for the petals.
From the outer rim of the emptiness
I see things, to my chagrin.
Nature is this or that, what a folly,
Sickening words parade before me.
A dead man's saying I recall,
An old sage's word gets trivial.
Fresh air I breathe and dream
Enough in the night, and a lot ponder.
Buds of taste gone blunt, wine's color
Not red. Imagination is got dull.
The nirvana's bliss, and the five rites,
From Tibet, and I added a camel's yawn,
As sixth. Every day, penning a poem
What ink I spill, what waste of time.
Looking for an image, a poor bird in rain.
An irrelevant quote, out of place;
Adding applause and being flattered.
On the voyage of serendipity, for hours
People say what grave work I do.
A girl hiding her face behind a flower
What charms she displays, I have not seen.
My erstwhile manuscript is hanging like,
Clothes on a rope, for the sunshine.
The publisher, who is like myself
The waiting game, as if on the board of chess.
Ah! My salary, stuck for seven months
The red light on my car's reserve is a blot.
And when I go home, my wife stick in hand,
For the cats of my kids, food so canned
Alas! I could take a bite, for the taste of sardines
Long ago I have forgotten, neither eaten,
For the clothes I wear, never seen an iron
Yet the art on my necktie is a wow!
The rent of my apartment is long overdue
The utilities I have forgone over a month.

On a walk, in self talk, I go like inspired,
Under a tree on a bench bare feet like a poet.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Conquering Love Long Forgotten

Some shreds and strange looks
The child was wearing long legs
In amazement she was looking around
A mother's deep love and grooming family,
What if a lost love has arisen from nowhere.

Hold the breath she has more to say
A mother though needs respect,
Her old love was an acquaintance and many things
Had grown deeper and absolutely in vain.

She had neither lost nor gained.
In most of the cases we overestimate,
And once we conquer we come to know the absurdity
Of the endeavor.

Why a constant quest for love,
As we pass on in living, we rather need to give love,
Than ask for it, and what if it is gained.

Those eyes were showing such brightness and
Such despair and as if vanquished,
I did touch some strings of that heart.
I feared losing everything as once was
As I went on to conquer my loss.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Cry A River

Cry a river, to the brim of the lid
A steaming heart, to the nostrils fume.
A mind on fire, and cold like ice,
Snow covers hold expansions anomalous.
Niagara, falls and flows on the palm-lines
Drop of the dew is mirror to the garden.
Horizons have caught red hues and color,
From the petal's edge, and feathers of bird.
A lament as dear, a haunt so distant,
What else in my cup, heavens it spills.
Down I look, foe or friend. My rival!
Anything else in love I adore?
Silk on the fingers, saffron's aroma
The bosoms' smell, ah, cloves wholesome.
My fancy, dear fancy, the voyage is from,
The beloved's thick hair, to the shine,
Of the cheek. The tenderness, on lips-
Hath a bee ever sucked nectar so sweet.
From dusk to dawn the night is long,
On the door of tavern, some vespers secret.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 5,2013

Image: Niagara Falls by wolfgangstaudt@My Modern Met

Sadiqullah Khan

@ David And She

She rubbed the bows rick on earth
From between the crevices of sandy bricks
Where the purple flowers would stick in deep
Black crow would tell her the time not a minute
Up and down as the sun ray in gold would stream
Inside to wake him up in the month of holy rituals
From convoluted desires of libido her aroma of youth
Just budding for the mystery in her head as her bosom
Would hang down to let her know of ripeness
First of the fruit of the season in tenderness
Beneath the small holes of windows would she
For the effect on the body of David as sculpted
Of dreams the moment she steals in real
She her enzymes of chemistry tingling vitals
No one knows what is happening in that dawn
There were more birds than were the usual
The old lady like dried tree bark
Looked for her she reminded of her youth
The pull of the bodies from David and the she
Unbraided her hair to let loose the odor
Only birds could smell or the old lady
Or the David that was to sculpt himself
Not from marble but from earth of crevices
From where she had been picking purple orange
Neither yellow butterflies some with other color
The drops from masculinity not stone in the palm
For a soft touch of a healing hand of the maiden
The woods of the window when were broken
And when chewed it tasted like that girl

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Dead End

We grow trees, almonds and olives.
We also know about flowers.
We have names for apples, apricots and oranges.
You say, your jasmine is always white;
Day and night. It also has a fragrance.
From the small cracks of your rocks,
A little above the white sands, on sea shores,
Flowers with little stems bloom.

I have been growing my trees in my palm,
I have been singing the colors of flowers
On my tongue. I have been looking for the door,
Not of heaven but my home. The smeared walls,
Of this darkened street is leading to a dead end.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 22,2013.

'Evolution's dead end street' by Stefan Wieland

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Empty Inside

Let my life be filled
With nothing;
Let this wisdom,
Be a clay pot
Empty inside.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 17,2013

-To Tao Te Ching (6th century BC, China)

Old Taoist Teacher

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Epitome Of Womanhood

She was roots, stems and leaves;
The color of vibrant fabrics, dark shrouds, crimson love.
A vegetative self, all given up, to an instinctive survival.
She would breathe love, she her children, and grandchildren.
A moral being gathering dew from wheat fields, from grass;
From a cow's milk, from affection.
No one had taught her anything, but hardships,
Life's toil and happiness shared in great contentment.
A character, like a pearl, discovered in demolition.
A spiritual self, without knowing the teachings
The sun's rays, and the star of dawn, made her recognize,
From celebrations to celebrations, from funerals to funerals;
To the fallen, warm kisses on forehead,
To the vanquished, the generosity of an embrace.
Her children, grandchildren, were like apples,
Hanging to the branches, red, green and violet.
A mother, the epitome of womanhood.
A sense prevailing amidst dusts of mud, hardness of stones.
Like rain, like fragrance; like a distant memory, one hundred years old.

-For a grandmother, who passed away.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 8,2013.

An Afghan old woman covers from the sun outside her tent, north of Kabul.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Ever Longer Enough

How you can be my heart's content
From across I chose you, and we speak
Different languages. We share love
From other continents, we share the earth
The sun, moon and we look to the same stars.
We learn freedom from each other
We have developed signs, we speak
Much alike, similar are our stories.

There are a few hundred thousand people
Who are asking for their stolen revolution
How long will be the trickeries abound
There is no force known to mankind
Who can stand before the strength
Of silent water. Who has, enchained
An expanded mind? Who has but given up
To truth. Has lies won ever longer enough?

-On "a military coup underway" in Egypt.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ For My Grieving Heart

You provide enough for my grieving heart,
For my earth is now filled with bones.
For my eyes are now sockets in skull
For my ears are with mud plugged.
You provide enough for my drought stricken fields,
Watered with blood, with human sighs aired
With tears soaked are coffins with rain bathed.
For my grieving heart you have left,
Enough of elegies, enough of your drums,
Enough of your feet of stone, thunders of fall.
O! Ye have stolen my songs, my bridal wear
O! Ye whose hidden sacks are long and deep.
You leave me to the judgment day
You, yourself live in here and now
To your human heart, what kindness,
Neither yourself, such is your creed.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
April 21,2013.

Afghan artist Malina Suliman paints graffiti on a wall.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Free Me

Free me,
From the demons of words
For pity's sake.
Be me music
Song of birds
Bathed in wine
Dance and ecstasy.
Rapture and may be
You have been dreaming
Love's long hair,
Or aroma from that street
That where once the enchanted steps
Tread a measure,
Intoxicated!
The sweat so pooled
Like on the mare's back,
Treat to the tongue.
Let the whole immensity be
In your arms
In black.
Let forgetfulness be once more
A haunting memory.

-On Schiller feat Anggun, Innocent Lies.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Gazing Stillness

From left to right, up and down,
Gazing stillness of three glasses, small
Accompanying a windblown green flask,
A cat frozen to eternal sleep, with a Buddha smile.
Those two tables have lived a life with me,
May I thank, with gratitude. I am humble before
Their lean legs, nailed, like a Jesus', and tied,
In my service. They have a Bokhara motif, made of cane.
Sometimes, I am horrified. They may over live me.
My breathing suddenly coming to a still.
A basket made of straw, wearing a white cap, which once
I had been wearing on a funeral. It is like, the magic cap
It hides me. Ah! My shoes. Eating dust, saving me
As many times I wanted my soles to get soiled with mud.
They wait for me, always ready, worn and tired.
And when I polish them, hug them, they smile at me.
For hours, I had been watching Casper, playing
On the Turkmen rug, woven knot by knot,
By whom? I do not know. I at times, pick a song,
A particle of dust and may be sweat, from the inner,
Spaces colored with dried pomegranates.
The light is entering from the windows, through a gauze.
It is afternoon. A sparrow, looking for a safe place
For her nest. Let go! Let happen. A roaring volcano
Just passed by my side, and it did not, wake me up.
There is no need of lining your life, on a shelf.
Whether lived or un-lived, known or un-known.
Anybody's judgment, a hallow hope,
On the edge of fear, all is immaterial.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Gorky Park

Figuring out stranded like a wrecked ship
With another sinking to the bottom in silver earth,
War and peace he wrote and we do not know what you?
Anna Karenina he wrote and what you, or a Chekov's play.
The Seagull, I remember this to have read, some years ago.
But both stand in worn out shoes, upturned trousers,
Carrying walking sticks, like masts turned down;
Getting initiated I think, let the soul be known
And let the spirit of the poverty, un-possessed, and ignorant
Be not unlike the rich, noble and their desires are not ignominious.
"Cloak and Dagger" was a pseudo name or "Gorky"
Could sweetness like sugar be bitter, as Gorky means bitter?

The tempest of "The song of the stormy Petrel"
"Like a blue flame, flocks of clouds blaze up above the sea's abyss. The sea
catches bolts of lightning drowning them beneath its waters. Just like serpents
made of fire, they weave in the water, fading, the reflections of this lightning.
-Tempest! Soon will strike the tempest!
That is the courageous Petrel proudly soaring in the lightning over the sea's roar
of fury; cries of victory the prophet:
-Let the tempest come strike harder! "

We met in the Gorky Park
And the Gorky Park thriller movie of 1983.
There was a cold war,
There were sufferings
There was a bipolar world,
A Dr. Zhivago and Boris Pasternak
And many more.

The soothing motherly drinks of Caucasian
And Vodka;
A Siberian train.

There you sat with the peasants and tyrants.
Went to Capri.

And you lived in a mansion made in bourgeoisie years.
Of Kingship.

Then there was nothing
And the world had a view of the fairies of Caucasus
With snow fall.

We had been reading Pushkin
The Kazakh girl told me it was too expensive
In a hotel lobby.

About Solzhenitsyn
I have written before,

We have learned aesthetic pantheism from Leo Tolstoy
And the name of White Nights from Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

We still think and imagine
That the air is like our own's.

-‘The song of the Stormy Petrel’ is a poem by Maxim Gorky.
-Gorky Park is a 1983 film based on a novel by Martin Cruz Smith.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Guns For Roses

Who hast of all the things brought
This war who knew what terror was
I sat thinking under the big mulberry tree
The soft wind of the silvery afternoon
When pelts are blown towards heights away

Who hast of all the things brought
When the colonel was standing to erase
The old bazaar and was not allowed
To trade rotten vegetables and meat
Hanging from their back feet to the trees

Who hast of all the things brought
The preacher who never saw a gun
Now on gun point speaks to the rudiment
Free speech with green pastures cold water
Peaches and apples and apricots almonds dry

Who hast of all the things brought
The nexus of corruption depriving the poor
Their rights and the man in ethnic demeanor
To represent who is from thousand years back
Who protects the freedom as freedom of man
Is not in community with the politics
The conscious or sitting idle to bring freedom

Who hast of all the things brought
Destruction to schools and minds aloft
Guns for roses they hand over to the hot
Headed in the tradition of splendid isolation
Who hast made the difficult more difficult

Who hast robbed me of peace and tranquility
Who hast given me guns for roses

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Have Not I Gone Worse

Such withered face such strife of years
Is this age cruel my eyes bestow
A quarter and a decade; is it later?
We had met yesterday, today is a tomorrow.

Like from eternal sleep risen
Measure of time, and when like
From the cradle my little children
Grown to men, tell me were not you,

A master to their fate? And what hast
From the buds grown to flowers
And into the stormy winds.
Like a lily that festers, have not I gone worse?

Yet we brace the fortune in off hand,
And do you think my sweet friend
Hath the budding been good or astray,
Hath they been sculpted as you wished?

I will not repeat what we had thought
To the world they belong their wings grown,
A day without them, and a night sans
Much a done, much else remains.

To the sadness in my heart, do we?
Relive, and again the wheel of time back.
Alas! It is done. From the warm nest
Who could not let them into the freedom surpass?

Sadiquallah Khan

@ Hide And Seek

She seeks and hides,
He hides and seeks.
Whom you are seeking,
Is seeking you.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Hobbled Stones

The hobbled stones, weary, rounded edge
The prolonged birth pangs, of a woman.
Adamant are the egos trials to win,
The spoils are greater or greater the truth?
The bats, now hidden; now suckling blood.
The lambs were dragged at length, their throats,
Cut. Is mercy is to seek mercy, or stealing mandate.
The holy men in arms, snatched a right-what honor,
The brave women fought back, for their right.
They were sitting on the corner, in cold shadow,
He sits by the wall, awaiting midwife's good news.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ I Found It So

I found it so, on the edge of time
From the fluttering wing of an unknown
Bird. After a day's work, after a long sleep.
It fell from a cloud, created on a magician's stick
When doves brought it in, in yellow napkin.
From dust, from the leafy tree, a leaf,
Where I saw Indus was flowing, on a revolving
Earth, of snow, mud and water. From Google.
I saw tributaries and found my home very near
The Eiffel tower, in Asia. Or the Forbidden City in China.
It was beneath the mud, where children play
Football bare feet and where famine rules worse
Than a dictator; begging a militia for a lease
Of life: dear, thirsty and hungry, dying
On the desert sands and their carcasses hanging on
To cactuses. It let me grow, look upon
Ladyfingers being cooked in kitchens, fried in oil
And men harboring demonic weapons
On streets writing with blood and piercing with
Bullets. An African queen had matriarchal airs,
An Asian girl had a man's name, hiding behind
As if, wearing moustache and a beard is a protection.
We will win by culture, intellect and recall
A distant heritage and plunge into the future.
We still were measuring the breath and length
Of time. We were walking after having taken
Frothy mugs of coffee. We were thinking
That one day the seven fixed stars would move around
Quacking like ducklings and the moon drowned in a sea.

-To Jackie Allen -On my finding a post card 'Long Silence' having a haunting view
of Victoria Street, Dundee, South Africa, on Google.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ I Sat And Wrote

Of a thousand wandering nights, scorching sun
Starving, no speech, nothing to hear but hum
A forest would sing, a bird would talk
A crawling insect or colors of butterfly
Such bliss as dawn would bring
Or a dusk's sad note diminishing on horizons
Behind the bodhi tree, Buddha sat and once
For all, to find out the key, to the mystery
Escape, the nibhana is like a cold empty room
"And the girl smelt like clove", with closed eyes
As the mind would expand to the outer stretch
I sat and wrote the poem which was like
A dagger moving in guts, for its eloquence.
A comment worth all the reviews written ever
A shepherd's dog from memory, and a flock
These sheep graze why? And why they live
Do animals and plants and trees pass through
The pain of living and get extinct too, as we do.

My Yoga teacher, would yell the most inspired
Chants to the air, would rub his hands many times
Before anointing his face and eyes. His student
Nun by appearance, devoid of blood and color
In her skin. Her figure was like the wood sculpture
Around in the ambience of a marble floor.
The Yoga teacher announced his marriage
Having done and both the groom
And the bridegroom were sitting in front of us.
I had once seen an acrobat's love in a circus
What a haunting melody and pity it evoked.
The bridegroom was sitting in asana,
As taught by the great Buddha playing
With her cell phone, as if to avoid questions
From herself and everyone there
After having done the "acrobats" and breathing
We celebrated the most austere marriage
Since I had written that "dagger poem" that day
I had a terrible desire to weep in the toilet as I had seen
John Travolta, in a "A Love Song for Bobby Long"

And I had read that John had to repeat the act
For thirteen times in succession, weeping and breaking.

I sat and wrote about a stolen revolution
Has any one seen "a coup underway? "
Is it some thing to be seen in the Now
We had coups, but we only knew when
They were undertaken. A coup underway
All supported it and the General who appeared
To announce looked sanguine, and democracy
Came out to be such a sham. We may one day see
"Love underway", such is the beauty of "here and now".

I had forgotten some words, sullen and tired words
I locked the closet for fear of them flying to me
Such an evocative thought like breeze fro a sea
I thought I found a thread to my much avowed
Work of fiction, starting from the girl from legend
Who was buried alive in the city's walls
By the great King, for his son who may go wayward
And who proved as worthless as his father
In later history. From the crumbling walls
Bearing the ghost of the killed girl
Or the son King, killing another man
To marry his wife. Loots, plunder and pillage.

I sat and wrote though, and every word
Was like the bleeding, the apothecary advises to the sick.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ I Would Make You A Poem

Blow up the clouds in blue sky
Bring in the night, in slow repose
The evening, the tavern's door, and
Again from your hands of rose petals
Some red wine from the best, O saki! *

O saki, I would make you a poem
A song, never sung before, a dance
On the surface of ocean like a dew's
Like a feather in the air, and like
A fish swims in the water of a spring.

From the half veil, O saki, from beneath
Your eyes like gems, like doves, some ancient rite.
From the shadowy dark of the eyelashes, heavy
And drunk. From the lips, speaking of wine cups.
For the sake of old times, for the sake of
A thousand years of distance; for the sake of love
Which I can only see in the mirrors, in illusions.

O saki, fill in the cup from the other corner of earth,
For the sake of great maestros of verse, and
For the sake of my ruined past; the candlelit streets,
Of a haunting desire, from the apparel of fairies
From the aroma of jasmine, from the burning incense.

-For Roshan Mumtaz

*Cup-bearer: Widely used in eastern poetry, a symbol of ecstatic inebriation and ultimate feminine beauty, both mundane and divine.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 12,2013.

Omar Khayyam: M.A.R. Chughtai, National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi,
India.

@ If I Fall

Who will mourn you, who will in your love,
Write elegies. Who on a palm, like a yellow
Autumn leaf, on papyrus, on wind and water,
In air, breathe the warmth of your bosom.
Whose fingers will touch the richness, so fabulous.
I am you, holding dear the hoofs of horses, trample
Your holiness. The ruins of hundred's years ago,
"They came, they saw, they conquered"
And then, your yellow flowers bloomed in spring again.
How many turns of autumn, and your rivers
Nourished the earth, watered drought, sustained.
They looted and plundered, killed, put on fire
They enslaved, they in the calm of the night,
And before the dawn, when dreams had not yet ended,
They enchained. And you, lamented the miseries,
Behind fortifications, behind armors.
You then, in your warm lap, hugged and cajoled.
If you fall, I fall, If you rise I rise, my love!
With the sunrise, and in the depth of my soul.
And thus when you stand, I stand, and if I fall, you fall.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Immaculate Conception

It had the holiness of temple
Autumn breeze and yellow flowers
Religion had deep borders
With romance
In ritualistic love
Spirits were to dance
For the union of the soul
With the great ultimate
In rapturous moments

Exactness of era
May bring the conception
Closer to reality
The name remained a mystery
From the lover was borrowed
With immaculate details

The sanctity of the affair
Bears testimony to the phrase
A self evolved to let the body free
With smooth conversation
Love conceived the idea
Of Immaculate Conception

Of the true union of love
Is not that love in the end
Gives birth
To love itself
Deriving vital elements
From real conception

Sadiqullah Khan

@ In Disillusionment

With the visions of clarity
In the way the sun in chest
Illuminating the mind's darkness
Fear of the unknown in residue
Time waving hand I watch
The east wind came with
Message of courage
No fear once eaten up
By dragons or objects

In renewal colors were brighter
Water was honey and company
The friends discussed new discovery
In sparks came the idealized self
Again difficult to climb to

The state of mind had achieved
After much tribulations the desire
In real some more acts of thought
The reality though remained unchanged

When freed from the chains
I breathed freedom unto myself
Only unto myself for who else
Nor was the beloved's door open
No good news from the far

In disillusionment the mirror
To the self broke in pieces
The master has answers to much more
My questions still remain unanswered

Sadiqullah Khan

@ In Love

You by a subtle touch;
Like wind, caressed.
To the soul reaches
The warmth of your hand.
Jesus would raise the ailing up,
From death bed anow.
From your glances
The wine of bliss flow.
Your sword of love,
For the neck is bent.
Loosing is winning
Hath anyone lost in love?

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 5,2013.

Inspiration in Many Forms: By Salvador Dali.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ In Politics

Fed, a thorough bred, foul of tongue;
In politics, with deep coffers, exegete,
The prince of Machiavelli by birth,
Tongue twister, to compromise, brave
Feasted on his third marriage, all friends.
Festooned, ill humor and sick morality,
Religion is a horse with wings to the skies,
In utmost degradation is the soulless, tycoon.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ In Secrete

"She has the languid look,
Of a person,
Who has the habit of crying in secrete"

Sadiqullah Khan

@ In The Desert

They held me by a thread of your hair,
The demons showed me a mirror,
Where your beautiful eyes shone.
What is deception and pleasure of illusion?
Ask the thirsty in the desert.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 17,2013.

Life in Desert: by Vyacheslav Cherkasskiy

Sadiqullah Khan

@ In The Nature Of Things

@ In the nature of things

In the nature of things:

Art about mobility, lightness and freedom.

Simple creative acts of walking and marking
about place, locality, time, distance and measurement.

Works using raw materials and my human scale
in the reality of landscapes.

The music of stones, paths of shared footmarks,
sleeping by the river's roar.

-From Richard Long's Website

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Invisible People 1 (Preliminary)

They wear magic caps of insignificance
Move like rays of sun in the nooks
In the dark fallen leaves rustling
In autumn wind
In front on the silver screen
In plays characters
Banging woofers deafening sound
White of the eyes can see laser like
Silhouettes and shadows
On the flying carpet
In search of secrete destiny
Hoping to find the invisible sage
Read lips of one another
Gestures gentle
They are the huge majority
Silent observers
Expressionless
They constitute much of inhabitants
Of paradise
When they whisper
They speak the language of universal soul
When they raise their voice
They change the face of earth
They laugh and they cry
They love
True
They are honest
Invisible people
They are invisible as one manifestation
Of the great being
When they shall be visible
Then that shall be the other manifestation
Into visibility
Of the great being

10/8/2009

@ Just A Fault Away

All wars are fought, all fears settled,
Much has been said, much written
On an empty easel, many dyes splashed
Aleatory verse or a sound in "old pond".
Long silence, soliloquy, and a conversation
A song is whispered, a heart's story told.
A cherished memory and a nightmare
On the tip of tongue a dream is held.
To your own world in solitude at last,
Why not kindle a fire, hidden in ash.
Demise of the fancy's castle is just a fault away,
Tell the north wind not be an eye of the storm.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Long After

All the more spoiled
My lines,
Getting longer
Stream of consciousness
No more concise
From monosyllabic
Becoming
Trochaic,
A spondee would either
Taught master Coleridge:
The foot
Is a stride,
My aleatoric experiment
A jumble of words.
Neither a classicist
Nor a neo-
A romantic or absurd
The Voices alas
Scribbles though
Much richer in thought
The Chaos
Without punctuation
Straight from heart,
From a mystic's
Tutorship.
A maze of songs
Am neither a pupil
Nor a teacher.
The Waste Land
Proved
A collage asking
Critic's apologies,
Having been written
By T.S. Eliot:
For Ezra Pound.
The bard's verse
Something to reckon.
Your tresses in gold
An art to sculpt,

Nothing thus happens
After the happenings'
Happening, long after.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Legacy

Lamenting conversation with mirrors
Such was the face of death written large
Acted upon, restored, repaired or sold
The winds of south were bringing
Odor of rotten flesh, eaten fat.
From the grave a dead man arose,
To find a lost legacy
And saw a young boy, a son
Dragging a cart of his portraits
Hiding like a squirrel in a hollow trunk.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Or Lesser

Gods lost or lesser,
Greater in number or just one,
The axial age is past;
Do not reinvent, a call of clarion,
Circular living in samsara or after-death.
Many a wars, many an escapes,
The sword always remained in their hands
Rich hath the sway, poor obey.
Yet the children must know,
Yet the Gods lost or lesser must have a say.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Treasure I

An Impostor

What men may know, what men desire;
Men and women, children, siblings all
A dream aspires, and God disposes,
Of the fairy tales we heard, paradise lost
An ancient mariner and thrillers alike
A man's fancy, you may call both,
Men and women, and imaginations forth.
The story thus goes, once upon a time;
A treasure lost, the curse of goddess,
The black metal carried in numbers.
No wit could surpass, no magician,
He moved his hand, and wrought iron went gold.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Treasure Ii

A Bird Falleth

A bird in air, faleth sudden,
Bringing news strange and sullen
A painter's agony, he knew
Riches rich, the bird said
An ancient treasure was hidden
Beneath the wall. An old man
Tired of toils, found in the mud
He was digging deep for his bread.
His hands met a round object
Upon removal. He had struck on
Gold by the dweller, who had left
History had so ordained.
To leave the treasure but escape
Carnage so big, so big for his head,
Across the line, leaving his dead.
The old man, in his hurry
Opened the lid, for he was not aware
A curse to the world he has unfurled.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 16,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Treasure Iii

Till Times Immemorial

Men's fancy, imagination's betrayal,
Below in the cave, under Buddha's stupas,
A museum looted in the kingdom of Kabul,
A treasure hunted in the pharaoh's tomb;

A Paulo written, a travelogue across the desert,
Taking in, or loosing but the journey long,
In search of treasure, life is spent well.
To the dismay of cleric, a mystic traveler.

To the holy place is journey for paradise,
Journey to tombs, hidden treasures,
Beneath the wall, and left by the inhabitant.
Is a spark stronger required to inflame.

Ah! Imagine, laden caravans;
Did not Mehmood of Ghazna Pillage?
Devoured Somanat for the gold,
His all expeditions, to the land of planes;

Might it not, the great Sultan once,
Though he had been beaten in ambushes;
The loot was holy booty, and did not the Brahmin,
Filled the laps of the Devi with riches.

We had been hearing such annals of history,
The Alchemist, is recent, much ancient,
Mackenna's Gold and Indiana Jones.
The time was to live a dream, of timeless adventure.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Treasure Iv

The Blue Rosary

What evil eye thou espouse, what protection
The blue rosary, sky blue in color, on a wall,
The sage, for the dervish, did not advise.
Colors dear are brown, black or earthen.
It caught the spell, neither evil, nor nothing
A woman destitute, asketh for the rosary,
Of blue beads, woven on thread of wire.
Since long, evil spirits revolved under the sky
Alms, holy chants, and making of pyramids,
From burned bricks. Is not the act Pharaonic?
It struck from thence, the fallen bird said.
A man who had made his eyes with collyrium
And had oiled his beard and hair shiny black;
Who was once, for want of proof, been searched,
And who instilled a fear unknown, not less than curse.
The blue rosary went with the woman, and the man,
Whose name was uttered by the bird, on first fall.
All this was carried by the force of eye,
While looking at the magnificence of architecture;
And some happy living sans any turbulence.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Treasure V

The Magician

He woke, sensing his spirits,
He drew a circle, strange, and weired
He went into the darkest corners
Of himself, and meditated the score
Of things to come. He filled the quadrants,
Before dissolving into smoke, he dreamt
Flames, of blue color and pungent odor.
He prayed to his god, half bone half flesh.
His oily skin looked like a dead carcass.
He offered chants, murmuring devil's praise.
He was soon conversing with his spirits.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Lost Treasure Vi

The Game of Numbers

Add, subtract, multiply
A mathematical precision,
A number may come whole,
Even, or odd, and match with
A name. A number to coincide.
It must be giving, a sense, like
The number's game in acrobats.
It must fill the gaps, it is an art.
Neither evil nor holy, it is employed
By all. The days have numbers
A Mayan Calendar prophesied the end.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Love Under A Street Light

Guided hands from black
Haloes will become areolas
Hanging to flesh
Carbon mousse cake
Chocolate color of lips
Struggling to open the mouth
Of golden bottle with keys
Suggestion was to pierce
Like dead flesh on charcoal
Between the legs hidden
Odor like roasted peanuts
After my fingers
Without a handwash
Love under a street light
On a busy way
At midnight
Neither were stars putrid
Nor her bones
Her horrified looks
Wandering
Whether heat can be
So contagious
Whether nails can be
So biting
Whether cannibals eat
Raw flesh so voraciously

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad,
2009.

Photograph: by Bob Carlos Clarke

Sadiqullah Khan

@ My Gracious Self

My gracious self
My soul to your soul
Is like the staired wall,
Of mud and stone
Oak wood and aloes straw.

My gracious self
My heart throbs
Beneath these walls,
Be it a cold morning
A rainy day, a mellow sunset.

My gracious self
I have heard
There are palaces,
In paradise on streams
Rich in milk and honey.

My gracious self
Such a haunt
Such is the lament,
Many a tears, many a dreams.

My gracious self
Such is my awe
A history of empire,
Of blood and valor
On a tongue like a fairy tale.

My gracious self
As I stare into your eyes
And listen to your songs,
And narrate your story of love.

-To an unknown place in Wana, South Waziristan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 18,2013.

Image: A house in Wana.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ My Liberties

Placing names elsewhere,
Breaking them, rolling them,
A spell is capital, lower case
To make it easier to spell.

Saying it "slang-wise"
Making porshe from Porshyee...
A Jacqueline is Jackie,
Some Harminia is harmina.

What difficulty, for long, big
Verticality of names.
Salutations to whom addressed,
Feels shy, for he is not so.

Vareesha is "meeno"
Like meow of her cat
The snow-ball turned into "belle"
As every three liner is a haiku.

A one has written his sentiments
A narrative is called a poem,
Some scratch near the tail on my horse,
The roaring lion's paw, a stray-dog's bark.

He sits, anointing verses,
The poor "audience",
Young girls holding bleeding hearts,
As to all he asks "for their day".

An eloquent gesture,
To the cold hard-knot on a tight rope.
The ice will melt, hold on.
"Simplicity is the best policy", says the sage.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ My Valerian Youth

When I, with my black eyes, black hair,
Come see me love, my valerian youth,
Like a flower laden branch, a bouquet
My bosoms are the fruits of heaven;
Red wine, intoxication, a dream
My lips, like a bud, for a nightingale
To relish. Spring is me, my airs alas!
A haunt forever, my lover's lament.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Not Worth The Effort

Not worth the effort, be the generous self,
So let it go, the evil may come,
Across the match; a hardened shell.
One hundred and fifty years later,
See them carrying love's gospel.
What stakes you have,
What gains in your lap,
To the ignorant, just sway a bow.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Nothing Is Infinity

Infinity is vast emptiness. Things finite,
Bigger than star, smaller than a particle.
Silence is infinite, talk finite, in time;
Being is finite, nothing is infinity.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 22,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Nothing Is Yours

Even the silence is not yours,
The singing hymns of a distant life,
In the fading memory,
Even the tomorrow is not yours.
These stones cracking under heavy steps,
The destiny is not yours.
Fate has all the designs to steal away,
Hope has found wings to cross the rainbow,
These broken stars, and an unseen moon,
The sun may pierce through the thick clouds;
This evening is not yours, either this time.
Lo! The omnipresent shadow
All prayers even not yours.
The rain drops, all falling from the skies,
The earth, the bones and flesh not yours.
The crumbling walls where you show strength,
Shall fly in the air, or drowned in water,
You are a soul or resurrect, even then nothing is yours.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ On The Heads

Head on head
The plans passed on
Step by step
The covers were spread
By the divine,
The soothsayer
Chants refurbished.
Ideologies and politics,
Charities and aid,
War and peace.
Head on head
They moved
To yet open other
Chapters of abject
Darkness and ignorance,
Head on head,
They denied
The truth.
Head on head
They had been
Distributing
The promised bounties,
Amongst themselves.
Head on head
Many lines were drawn,
Permanent
Everlasting and not-erasable.
On the heads.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 1,2013.

The Head: By Otto Gutfreund,1912-13, National Gallery Prague

Sadiqullah Khan

@ On Things Unreal

I sit on things unreal, an eight legged chair
Like a six armed deity, an elephant's elegant tusk
A camel's hump. On the long back seat of a car
Holding an ash tray, like a spittoon, changing track.

On the violable streets' ending, dead on a question mark
And feet dragging, a zigzag memory on a metaled road
Much ado, counting on death's approaching claws like shark
In deep sea; waves surfing under a sun of molten sand.

The night's ever enchanting lullaby of uneasy silence
Dreams of the morning still holding the mast high:
A neighborly smile, across the keys' clatter of resonance
A worthwhile stride, to the window sweating with rain nigh.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 25,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ On Your Face

All successes are yours, all failures mine
All gains, all names yours; all losses, all defeats mine.
Ah! Heart in a strangers' dome
Nothing else but love is all -the good it offers.
An autumn's fallen leaf, and what else is me
Many springs, flowers and colors are you.
Such tumult, restless dreams and a wish
Back to my broken door, my ambling camel moves.
It shall be a prologue, to a long separation
Away with heaven, and death's woes.
I know not, what's written on tomorrow's empty page
A dwindling faith, alas how I make myself believe.
Let this be a moment's escape,
As I puff Time, from my fingers on your face.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Poets Of The World

To the God, His own doing,
To the angels, let them in their bliss.
Heavens and hell, no one has seen
Good and bad, leads to morality.

Poets of the world, why don't then,
You come down, and be mortals.
Why don't you write for the living
Your dead spirits, rusted imagination.

We are sick of you, the Heavens too,
Why don't you do your own thing,
Saying prayers, vigils and drunken orgies
Even the skies, want to shut its doors on you.

SadiqullahKhan
Peshawar
April 28,2013.

Edvard Munch: Melancholy,1894

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Remains Of A War

They carry their dead on the shoulders
They are on the look for a place in the earth
Before they are dead. The fire emitting angels
Wait till the last minute decision. Raped, strangled,
From an unknown disease, in a holy war, or just named shreds.
They await a long jury, because they had been born to humans.

They are the remains of a war, like fire in compost,
Neither ash, nor ember. Smoke neither. They have been seduced,
Misled, enchained, with their own will. Is this a holocaust,
Or when the Moses fled the Pharaohs, to the promised land.

They are carrying the earth under your feet, like bull's horns.
The earth you call homeland. They have been carrying, you,
You-worthless, on their shoulders. And you, of stars and spangles,
You have won your peripheral war. The hammer and sickle,
Cross and crescent, every one declared victory.

They are still carrying their dead, on their shoulders,
What if, had they been walking on earth alive or declared martyrs.
With a little moisture, this land is rich and bountiful,
Whether from hills, or from desert, they make good fodder for cannons.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Rogue Affairs

Silent lambs! And be under a sharp knife.
From the nib flows, blood ink, suckled
Like a leech. On the calm surface of ocean,
Dig deep and the deeper the net
Bigger the catch. Siphoned into the spacious,
Belly of the vessel, hungry for ages.
You hold, in the cover of your rims, a mask
Of restricted air, claustrophobic.
Making well a plaster model for a mediocre,
Low cut suit with grey patches of whimsy.
Rogue affairs, hidden below names,
And filling the lap of your foe, with flowers,
Lest your goodness be not questioned.
Defeating yourself, hopping every country,
Boot-legging, flying in the day, falling at night.
To make a point, seek a victim, or defile
To good nature, antithetical your meek profile,
You have humbled, the holder of the flag,
You have trampled the traditions of seagull's flight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 4,2013.

The Question, Episode 3, Ink-Job @rogue two

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sell Me Cheap

Sell me cheap O ye masters of the fate
Like Joseph a slave in the streets tread
Shall the beauty be seen from inside
For the one who on the shoulders leap

My words in letters my agonies in bar
My dreams and your dreams as I read
Befallen is the world with ignominy
Love is what if the garment torn apart

Hold the pieces on thy chest to part
Visions are words like the patient
Like Jesus to the one who breathes last
Like Mary the face with ecstasy depart

What shall be thine reward in mischief
On the kingdom in Egypt sits the sold
Cheap but had the riches of years in cellar
To everyone from the bounty he giveth

Sdiqullah Khan
Islamabad
2009

Wunmi Mosaku stars as Malia in *I Am Slave*, a harrowing tale of modern slavery. Inspired by the true story of Sudanese woman Mende Nazer, the story of Malia (Wunmi Mosaku) – taken at the age of twelve from her home in the Sudanese Nuba mountains by Muharaleen raiders, sold as a slave in Khartoum and, six years later, moved on to continued imprisonment in London.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sos For Love

Jessica Mage:

I just added u cuz I liked your pic.

R u a glass half full or empty kind of person?

er.. I gotta log out right now -: (

Jessica Mage:

Send me ur # and I will text you.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sour Sensibilities

Hardened are the sensibilities, albeit sour
A flute to a bull or to a buffalo a flower.
In the dark mirth of the conscience
The senses live in love of the things.
The guile of youth shall wane and fade,
Astray and prolong the vile scheme.
The soul, shall live, the sage said millennia before
The world is now as the world was then.
Let it go what is happening, just observe,
"You became what you thought of yourself"
To the vast majority living abject,
Yet the evil discourse on stage.
Helpless, vulnerable, without sane wit,
Play on the curse of politics and promises false.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 24,2013.

On Politics: By William Kentridge@art21

'I suppose the first promptings or proddings to work as an artist are still there and the questions haven't changed. One does the work and then tries to formulate a series of questions which one could possibly ask as a reason for the work. So it's always reverse engineering in terms of the ideas.' —William Kentridge

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sparrowits

Then I saw, the restless mother sparrow
Flying from one corner of the room to another,
I pulled a chair,
To close her only entrance, and then throw away her nest,
On the pretext that, fan the fate might take her life
And before it is too late for her to build,
Another home, she should have some time.
In her absence, I touched the nest with my fingers,
Pulled it towards me, like a quilt,
I felt it was heavier, than it should be, as it is made of straw.
Further on my fingers touched on something softer,
I pulled it towards myself,
Gently held it in my hands, and saw, three small Sparrowits,
The number were three or more, and from seeing again out of fear,
I did not count more.
Fate has favored her, might be she knew the impatience of human nature,
And by her instinct, she was hiding the children given birth,
Much earlier. Her gentle wit surpassed a vile attempt on her home, despite
reassurance.
Now she sits, with chest high, sensing that something was about
To happen, which did not.
What I anticipated had already happened and she has taken no chances.
There had also been a hail-storm the day before, further delaying my plans
To close the outlet, she uses as an entrance.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sparrowits Iii

There was a lot of rumpus in the room,
A noise, I could hear many wings of birds flying
Unheeded by the sharp blades of fan the fate,
It was neither happiness, but in the noise
Some urgency was being conveyed, and the thin
Legs of the sparrows, carrying their feeble bodies
Were jumping rapidly from place to place.
Yes, today was a day of freedom for the sparrowits,
Both the mama sparrow and the papa sparrow
Are voicing their concerns, in different tones
Like whistles. I woke up. And saw that three sparrowits
Had left the nest, and were waiting by the window, to fly away.
Their first flight of life. The younger one was still in the nest.
I opened the window for them, and despite repeated warnings,
From the mother sparrow, I let them go, again fearing
The unknown. Fan the fate, because of the blackout was at halt.
Mother sparrow had brought a sumptuous breakfast,
A grass hopper in her beak, but the sparrowits did not care.
Freedom and exploring for themselves was more important now,
They were out, flew like wild, accompanied by the sparrows.
The mother sparrow, came back for the younger.
I held it in my arms, brought it down from the nest.
And amidst chirping sparrows, I let it go through the window.
All the sparrowits were now out in the open.
When I came back, I cleaned my wardrobe,
And threw the nest, which was of no use now, out.
I am alone tonight, thinking where they might have gone.
Into the jungle, in the trees, singing, making life and may be
Remembering, where they came from, and how they escaped
Fan the fate and some feigned fears, their meals, nest
And the care they received from their parents.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sprezzatura

A man is known by the collar he wears;
As a woman by her heel.
The Godfather as imagined by Mario Puzo
Or the Jay Gatsby by F. Scot Fitzgerald.
A pin under the collar like Tom Ford wears,
As men have few ways to accessorize.
Club collars and pins are a bit too edgy
For a large bank executive calling comments,
Most of the times its just enough to be fashionable.
Other collars are, spread, cut-away, high stand
Cut-away; pointed and tab. How to put a necktie?
Certain knot suits certain collar.
A pointed collar shirt with four in hand knot
Goes well in a relaxed creative line of atmosphere.
It shows you are smart and have individuality.
A double Windsor, for a formal business,
On spread collar. It fills the wide gap.
A single Windsor on a Hermes or Ferragamo tie.
A European sensibility is the slimmer shape
Small collars and narrow ties will do for men,
As everything gets slimmer even the bodies.
Thinner proportions made by Dior Homme,
Jil Sander, Neil Barret, for the narrow frames.
Fit has been the biggest change in a decade,
Extra slim fit, says Charles Tyrwhitt London.
Small collars, pin collars and penny collars
A dramatic increase as well. Winchester collar
Known as contrast collars "feel a bit too
Gordon Gekko" of "Wall Street" played
By Micheal Douglas, and not in.
For the business man today the advice is,
"Wear an appropriate sized collar and
A tailored shirt for the right occasion"
And if you are an Italian,
Sprezzatura-studied dishevelment-
Which manifests itself through a crooked necktie,
Or an unbuttoned, button-down collar, so forth.
And if you are not an Italian, so be like one,
When it comes to style, to make a statement.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Such A Night

In such a night, when your darkened eyes conceal,
Art has taught, what mysteries, belie a belief
The gentle wings of zephyr, on dew thus reveal
Which subtly would my fears unveil in relief.

The sounds of songs, in your words, in vain
My easy mind, in a hope, far and away,
Flatter sometimes is, to my ears in strain
In a vast extent, the jewel of truth though sway.

My heart shall never know peace,
Which on your do's depend and whims repose,
To let my fond prays, deep inside cease
Unless with your holy revered name, I propose.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Such Is Your Way

O tie me not in the pledge of your love,
The untangled knot of your hair,
I knew you had not been waiting;
What else for the heart- the wayfarer.

The sorrow of the dreamer
Having seen a butterfly turned human;
The vision though is not a prologue,
For the lover, the impossibilities immense.

What fancies, what desires you espouse,
Such is your way, and such your demeanor;
Such has been your affairs, such your love.
The whole body was singing in the music;
The dervish's whirl had such a sway.

You want me to forget and absolve myself
What from and how, as with closed eyes;
I see your contours, like an asp, like breeze
Like the green leaf after a heavy downpour.

I am tormented, in this languor, in this love,
To the fate I have given up, to the age alas!

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 4,2013.

The Swallow's Tail: By Salvador Dali.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Sweet Air

O sweet air, from across the seven seas,
On the robes of the muse's silken knot
A nymph, bright haired, bejewel'ed eyes
Whose cloudy skirts by the wings sought.

On a small, sullen horn to breathe some
Mellow note. As oft in the midst of a twilight,
Like many a beauties whose brow resume
The pensive pleasure of a pale delight.

Spring shall pour so pure a shower
And autumn shall fill thine lap with leaves.
Snowy balm of white musings is winter,
Summers shall breathe in thine folds of tresses.

Cheers the lone path, who sleeps by the flowers,
Chill blustering winds, forbidding my willing feet
From the mountain's side, clouds laden with showers,
The fragrant hour, views wild, for the eyes' feast.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 18,2013.

Pathway in Monet's Garden at Giverny: Claude Monet

Sadiqullah Khan

@ That We Don't Err

To the error's defeat, what frail art thou
Count and every step falleth in the inferno,
That we don't err, to the Providence
Now and then in remembrance, O hell why art thou.
A paradise anew, like a dawn after a night
Ah! Faith is all that taketh us through,
A blind man's vision, what else is this
Such light from the self, from enlightened brow.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Assault

Let loose
The lion of your heart,
To catch the essence,
Inside your chest;
The gazelle of beauty,
Shall not escape
The assault, this time.

Sadiquallah Khan
Peshwar
April 27,2013.

Sadiquallah Khan

@ The Bard Said

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets its hour upon the stage.
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Macbeth

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Divide

Capitulate and give in to death
Articulate and fight for your fate,
A moral's fold, lies, and tradition.
What else to hold you back, what else!
Is this your legacy to carry dark ignorance?
Or be the banner of truth, freedom and tolerance.
The citadels of the past, alas in ruins, in destruction
Or else see the firmaments of palaces, of falsehood
Fallen for the posterity's awe.
From deep your conscience a voice speaks,
Be the ears, tongue, hands, feet and blood
Be the courage, though faltering, be free.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Gold Coin

I tossed a gold coin,
Up in the air. I clasped it back,
In both hands. It was all ash.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 1,2013.

Image: Patrick Edwards-Daugherty@ Secret Vespers

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Impact

You said,
They did not listen,
You wrote,
They did not read,
You tore,
Down they turned,
You froze,
They did not melt,
You saw,
Your words taken by storms;
Your silence,
Flown down the streams.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Long Silence

A tragedian's valedictory orations
A noble Othello,
The magnificent, articulate, self-conscious;
Greek, Roman and Church.
The vernacular is Christ's cross.
The philosophers
And the saints' perseverance.
Against nature and fate
Men's avarice defeat a cause.
A mournful death.

Hope,
That foul deceitful thing
Has no part in it.
In the East
The serenity of Lord Buddha
A mystic's elixir,
A pagan rite
Gods of multitude
Or the all-powerful prevailed.

In today's long silence
Utterances, understatement, broken speech;
To the point of saying nothing.
The long silence is a long shadow
Bottomless, fearless
Like "The graveyard poetry"
Still and numb.
For a past and a future, for the present.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 17, 2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Rain Of Stones Has Ended

Suddenly today, cut by the string of my glance
Sun and moon broke into pieces in the firmament.
Now there will not be darkness or brightness in any direction;
After me the way of fidelity has been extinguished like a heart;
Friends what will become now of the caravan of pain (anguished love) ?

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Spoiled Child Of Genius

He courted a revolution
The spoiled child of genius lived ordinary
He espoused the values, we call petty bourgeoisie
Lower middle class, of ordinary morality
Of living off the edge, on a thin line of life.
Ready to slice, a piece of flesh, in fears
For God's abomination is always for them,
For wishes are only heard, too far
For when married, giving birth their amusement.
They dream too much,
They think that the pretty girls of the bourgeoisie,
And above, are like angels. They are always sentimental.
Go to parks, and are content with French fries alone.
They wear sharp colors, and sometimes cover their hair.
They have been told that the curse upon men,
Is because of women. Their children skinny,
Idolize players, and watch movies. They are honest.
They read strange stories. They also believe in love.
Work hard. They have no ideology, said Marx.
They tend to identify with bourgeoisie.
They watch television with fondness and buy new clothes
For marriages and religious festivals.
They take pictures by the roses, and think that almonds
Are good for memory. They sometimes become fascist politically.
They believe in patriotism and seldom travel abroad,
Except for pilgrimage, in old age. They live happily
The think tanks, taking clue from Marx gave them a ideology;
To be used in class warfare, a state or religion.
They keep cane chairs in their rooms.
The would be bride, wishes for a double bed with foam
And a colorful blanket. They cherish gold jewelry.
They hang on the balance, fly kites, and carry lanterns,
They are a merry lot, but living hard.
"The spoiled child of genius" idealized them.

-To them and the spoiled child of genius-Rousseau

Sadiqullah Khan

@ The Way We Connect

This is the way we connect
From inside out and vice versa
This is a blue autumn in a maple leaf,
A nostalgic olive green and a cushion of red
Beige and almond color, orange and mustard:
We think the pastels have been rubbed
To the canvas and are being sold
Like frozen words enchained in a paper back.

An inverted rectangle had a different meaning
Posted on grey wall, as if two silhouettes
Out of hatred for each other are embracing.
Lifting oneself from above the body
Piercing through and through to know
Why people have been created,
And knowing that every thing is without sanity.

An eye above an eagle's and some molten gold
Holding on to the base as possession
From a distant past and a minimalist palette;
The discovery of an artist long dead,
An amazing hue of red and green
And we did not know except
The exotica of purple and pink taken from
The color of lips of some women who did not care.

Pointillist, miniature manicures
Playing with ideas mutilated and disfigured
Nothing else would change the reality□
A translated verse of the yore was so clichéd:
Knowing and not knowing is equal.
I decided to let her decide
A cover for my book at least
A fresh idea will be transported and I know
Nothing decides the fate and a heap
Dumped on the shelves,
Would decide what alienation is like to read.

@ Then What

Forget, forgive, O thou with the strength of now,
The yesterday's dream and tomorrow's hope.
"The body is affliction", mould and breathe
Every organ and the obsession with movement.
Sans memories, the ignited fire of life.
Turn into ash, for what end. To live long?
A passion's sculpted illusion alas!
A stolen gaze to the beauty's shape.
Your eyes had the emptiness of a dried pond.
What if a frog jumps in and a sound of splash?
Do not pull the knots of life, you have created.
Un-knot, un-learn and relearn. Then what?
The cold demeanor of a blue surrounding.
What you do when you fall in love?
O pupil of the great Buddha! Thou hast given us
Sermons; sans wine, sans an ecstatic dance.

On yoga meditation.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 28,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ This Would Be A Mirror

Growing on its roots, the city flapped
Like green leaves in a dampened evening
These trunks bear the aroma of a river
On both side of the canal road.
The falling walls oozed an age gone
Since a slow ruin, since a new rise.
Many a beauties had sung its laments
It did not look eye to eye, neither had it wept.
A slow caravan, approaching the destination,
A once Queen of India, and an Emperor
Chose it their eternal abode, on the bank of the river.
A hall of mirrors and yellow stones
Water falls in the palace in the grand fort
An imposter's envy, stealing stones and his queen
In a prison, sans the beauty of a Mughal garden.
This would be a mirror,
Of all other cities, and people say, see Lahore
And you have seen Delhi. Or may be Agra.
My erstwhile love lived in Bangalore;
She knows it. A day, that she be my host, I her guest.
Will it ever be. We live in transported realities, overwhelmed.
Though she once appeared in grace, we were talking
About the Emperor's love. The Queen would make him
The evening's drink, celebrating the monsoon sunset.
The Queen, named Noor Jehan, the air is still filled
With the scent of her perfumed tresses,
Which all the girls in the city wear, all women, all queens.
I had dreamt a queen, her fingers on sitar,
Before a rising sun, I had prayed also, after a long night
She is hidden in the walls of my heart like Anar Kali, dead.
Saints, heretics, princes and kings,
I found myself standing in the Lakshmi chowk.
Though the face was lifted, the back was in ruins.
I was gazing from a Mughal facade
A long line of headlights, red lights
I was carrying a whole history of culture
Visiting just a part of it, for a single night.
On the way back I was empty headed.
I could have been living here,

And unlike all other cities that I fall in love with
This was so near yet so far away.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Three Freedoms

Freedom from self. From others and of others:

He who hath, but known freedom
From self freed, from an idea either
From thought possessed, a context
Obsolete. Of human bondage, a concept
Deity absurd, god with word. A philosopher's diction,
A moral code, religion here, there a hell, a hope
Too. Paradise here, heaven there. From the self who
Is freed, what freedom else is to cherish.
From others alas. Taketh the sword,
Rusted in scabbard, raise a voice, having been seen
In the bosom: have a dream. Join then, hands all
A common destiny, be it politics, a religio-moral,
Chains they wear chains you wear.
Break the hand that stoppeth the path. A march
Is history, under open skies, cherish
On free earth, breathe a walk with pride.
Free the others, from the fetters perverse,
Let the window of the cage, open, let the captives
Fly. Let loose the knots. Let on the seas be.
A wave to the shore, or a gentle breeze.
Let fear go, let freedom come, let the holy walls
With blows break, let the temples be, from holiness, fall.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Through The City

Take me through the city
Of a hundred thousand stories,
By the magnificent fort,
Dimly lit, houses, hanging lanterns
The doors with iron hinges, worn woods
Touched, like holy bells, steps
To everyone their sanctuary.
I rubbed the texture of the night
Between my fingers;
I sipped, breathed, tasted and heard,
I saw, with open eyes, closed,
As the ancient airs were hitting my face.
Westward or eastward,
The city sleeps, on the planes, on the steppes,
The tired from Khyber and others preparing.
Fallen, risen and fallen again
Victorious and vanquished all alike,
Did not the hordes with their dance of blood
To the religion of the old city the pagans turned.
It will take along
Like a wrecked ship, sinking and sailing
Yet the shore is not far off, nearer than the river,
Kabul or Indus, Swat, bringing molten ice,
From Kashmir, Hindukush, from Himalyan glaciers.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ Tinsel Love

On my knees,
To reach your soul
Once again, O tinsel love,
I abhor you
Of your golden shine,
Your pride ashore
Of crocodile tears
And Midas reborn.

The earth splendid,
Skies vast,
And beauty abundant.
Your fabulous flesh
Dead and soulless.
My forehead
For the earth thirsty,
Your iron walls
Your marbles cold.

The holy wreath
I leave to you.
Not on your door
Somewhere else
If the head,
Is destined to bow.

Sadiqullah Khan

@ To Contemplate

I heard of a winning race, a flock
What merit is it, staying there
The generation of eighteen ninety eight
Is there any generation, here
Be it nineteen hundred and ninety eight
I was going through "The Conquests of Alexander"
Or "Mao's Letters" and a much sought
"Life in a Brothel", some fanciful objects
Awaiting in paradise. At an Alma mater gathering.
Behind the hanging veil
A harem flourishes, or nothing is heard.
They say, hell is made for the fair ones.
After removing the layers of shortened perspective,
We may be able to bring new light, fresh breeze.
Let the mutually destructive elements
Of a collective psychology set the pathos.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 29,2013.

Buz Kashi: by Eqbal Mehdi

Sadiqullah Khan

'do You Frighten Me With Fire'

'do you frighten me with fire, I know it is fire'
'so let me alone',

Thereupon she joined her hands above
Her head in salutation to the fire
And cast herself into it.

Midst bugles
To meet her late husband
Anointed by the Brahmans.

While going to the pyre,
She had a mirror in one hand
Looking at herself,
And a coconut playing with.

There was a loud clamor
Drums and trumpets
Cries and shouts.

Heavy wood was placed on top
Of her,
To prevent her from moving.

'When I saw this, I had fallen off
My horse, if my companions had not quickly
Brought water to me
And laved my face, after which I withdrew.'
Qouth Ibn Batuta

And I withdrew from his travel
To jot it down,
Drinking a glass of water.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 6,2014.

'no One While He Lives Is Happy'

Croesus of Lydia, laden with fetters,
Now a vast pile had been raised
By the orders of Cyrus.
Croesus was placed upon it, along with,
Twice seven of the sons of Lydians.

Croesus was a holy man,
Cyrus wished if any of the heavenly powers
Appear to save him.

Croesus remembers the divine words
Of Solon the Athenian, which had come,
From his lips, 'No one while he lives is happy'.

Breaking his deep silence, he uttered
The name of Solon thrice. Cyrus caught the sounds.
Bade the interpreters to inquire,
'Whom Croesus called upon? '
Who was forced to say something.
'One I would give much to see converse
With a monarch.'

Cyrus, bethinking himself,
That he too was a man, and that it was a fellow man,
And one who had been blessed by fortune once,
Out of fear of retribution, bade them quench
The blazing fire, as quickly as they could,
And bring Croesus and the other Lydians down.

The efforts made to quench the fire were in vain,
With tears Croesus besought the gods,
Suddenly dark clouds gathered,
And storms burst over their heads,
With rain of such violence that the flames were speedily
Extinguished.

Cyrus convinced by this, that Croesus was a good man,
And a favorite of heaven, seated him next to himself.

-Adapted from Herodotus (484 - 425 BC) , Histories, Book I.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

July 9,2014.

Tomb of Cyrus the Great (559 - 530 BC) at Pasargadae, Iran. @ DestinationIran

Sadiqullah Khan

'sweep Over The Yellow Year'

After so many funerals of thy own,
Sweep over the yellow year
A Periclean disdain, over
The cherished town, -speak
It shall not be vain.
The bought stallions, over the gate,
The namesake village.
Your oils burn, flames borne by winds:
My lament, did not war and a happy
Life, did not theatre flourish in times
Of dread. I am face to face with the self.
"Know thyself" reads the inscription on Apollo.
My other is myself, a divided soul,
Or when a saint met a saint
They did not speak, for speaking
Is beneath the dignity in soul-mates.
So a deeper silence, with myself.
Like a deeper well, and an echo
Of the bucket's splash. Shall when a star,
From the orbits lost, drowns in my heart.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

'this Is What It Is And Is Not What It Is Not'

This was a difficult composition.

You know that Fihi ma fihi is Rumi's book,
and means 'It is what it is'

so the reference to the teacher.

I had once written about my book,
as 'This is what it is and is not what it is not'.

For a while I felt it too realistic.

And so is putting words on fire.

'I have put all my loves there,

I have put words on fire'.

The next is reference to Shams Tabriz,
unlettered, although he was very literate.

An iconoclast and a cynic (cynic according to R. A. Nicholson) .

When Shams was being initiated into his spiritual path,

one of his teachers had remarked

that 'Put him aside like a log, so that he catches fire himself'.

The deeper sea, and coming out with 'own sky',

is again Shams Tabriz.

The last two stanzas are Shams Tabriz's dialogue
with a theologian, who was looking down
to see the reflection of sun. The end sums up
'the moon in the palm', as the state of elation.

-Explaining the poem This Indeed Is.

Courtesy: Kanwal Amjad

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

May 29,2014.

Shams Tabrizi @ silencio pensamiento y voz

Sadiqullah Khan

'waving Cartesians'

It holds so true
that the word came first
in my poem from nowhere
and I discovered its meaning later on.
Its placement in the line may be a satire
'waving Cartesians',
or the reason's limitations
or simply the joy of a philosophical discourse...
or no meaning at all.

-Discourse with Charu Gandhi

Many years ago when I attempted to read and understand Jean Paul Sartre's Being and Nothingness, I became so entangled in the thought of 'I am' and 'I am not', and then later on understanding Jacques Derrida's method, that I applied to the criticism of my book 'Chasing Shadows', by Charu Gandhi, which only a poem could handle, as un-understandable, as the the philosophers I read. But the discourse itself has unending joys because every now and then and every statement is a question with answers leading to the next. So the question that why I am writing this, itself is a philosophical one, although I am speaking from some blank memory.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

'why Me'

That what feeds the infant becomes a rogue,
That what streams from heavens
Flows abundantly on the child's cry
That what's a mother's pride.
'Why Me', but divine will –
Courage and humanity shall matter at last
As legacy for our children and generations.
Pray for those who alleviate pains,
And those who suffer endlessly
And be like Jesus, a symbol of healing;
Let we all have a part of that soul.

-On my friend, Portia Burton's mother's illness.

'Why Me', biographical story of a woman who suffered from breast cancer.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 17,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

“hanuz Dehli Dur Ast”

“Delhi is yet far away”

Do not panic,
Bring wine in the cup.

Let the evening be celebrated,
Tambourines and rebeck.
Let the rout be dissolved,
Let victory take its course.

The news is that;
“Neem Delai ye leet ka, neem kanjraey gadawee”
“Half the Delhi is looted, and the other half watching dances”

Whoever takes the reign,
The fate is predestined.
Let the King take head of the saint,
Or be taken himself.

Do not panic,
Bring wine in the cup.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 1,2013.

“Hanuz Dehli dur ast” was the reply of the fourteenth century Sufi saint, Nizamuddin Auliya to King Muhammad Tughlaq who had vowed to deal with the saint on his return to Delhi. The King died on the way before reaching Delhi. It has also been used by the later Kings and rulers of Delhi. When Muhammad Shah was informed that Nadir Shah of Iran was only forty miles from Delhi, he is said to have said, “Hanuz Dehli dur ast”.

In early 19th-century Delhi, one of the sights of the town was the afternoon parade of the British Resident – or ambassador – and his 13 Indian wives, each travelling on the back of her own elephant. According to legend, each evening Sir David Ochterlony would leave the British residency and take his household around the Mughal Red Fort for their airing, before heading back for dinner: By William Darlymple.

Sadiqullah Khan

“kerta Malekulmaut Taqaza Koi Din Aur”

Had I not known thee, what it would be
My melancholy heart, to shower tears
On the pyre aflame, O past midnight's air!
The brooding silence, on what wings
Hast thou brought news so belated.
Ballads up from the skies descendeth,
On a shore to the seas, a heart is bled.
Angel of death, again importune
Thine ominous claws, for the pain thou cast.
On some other day, what it would be?

-To the great Indian Poetess ToruDutt(1856 -1877) , who wrote in French and English. She died of consumption at the age of 21.

“Absurd may be the tale I tell,
Ill-suited to the marching times,
I loved the lips, from which it fell,
So let it stand among my rhymes”.
(Toru Dutt)

Sadiqullah khan
Islamabad
March 13,2014.□

Toru Dutt @ Authspot

Sadiqullah Khan

2013

2012 was a great year;
2013 scares me.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 23,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Burdened Thought

Seldom bites the barking dog
The ear-marked books, thicker than a log,
On a burdened thought, heavier than
A heave of sigh, when picked the sham.
Words are doors in the dark,
Eats up, line-space, as would shark
A battled cry, muffled, hardened
To the dry earth, holy springs, hearkened.

Those who died with barley sacks,
A jungle grew, might they live in racks.
Of the peace they make, are not they rude?
Of the rough war, but too shrewd
Thus the way-ward is judge himself,
As the plaint is to the toad, an elf.
A bargain I strike, with the caravan
Let I be left, to behold the dawn.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 21,2014.

Watching the Dawn 1879, photograph by Padre Art @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

A Child Molester

In his fixation, a victim's psychosis;
Make the young budding flowers,
Repent for their lives, living with regret.
Rape and molest, destroy and kill.
Wear the cloak of divine, begin with verse
From the holy book. Do charity and exploit.
Deceive, debauch, with your ugly face.
The nature's curse, if your conscience dead,
The heavy covers of faces, you wear,
And like an onion peeled, you will, one day.
Either on a justice, delivered, or your hypocrisy
Unearthed. Like your soul, buried in deep mirth.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Curse

He sported long nails, and a Baloch beard,
His elder brother lay buried, few fields away,
And owned thousands of hectares of irrigated lands
"The villages belong to us"; they were herding 'animals',

The local administrator, called deputy commissioner,
Sat on his feet, and he was giving a presentation
Tackling famine. The rest-house we were seated in,
Was built by a USAID project. Sumptuous, elaborate,
"If you don't have food for Haris, how did you afford this? "
The deputy commissioner retorted, much agitated,
"When I was like you, I also asked silly questions"
And that "You will learn with time".

The entourage was taken to the elder's grave,
Who probably had died from drinking spurious liquor.
Who in the land of the Sufis, had soiled the earth,
With his abhorrent presence underneath,
Smelling the pungent odor, spread all over the trees,
Carried by the innocent birds, and the putrid air.

The gluttons were chewing on the bones of Malla fish, caught
From the Keenjher Lake, and the Haris, as if a lost tribe from Africa.
The children dying of hunger, starvation, drought stricken,
Despised, dispossessed, diseased, unable to rise, punished.
You are a curse, you are a shame, you are an abominable creature.

-Hari or Haariis a landless peasant, especially in Sindh, Pakistan. The Hari
(peasant) works for the Wadera (landlord) .

-Keenjhar Lake commonly called Kalri Lake is situated in Thatta District, Sindh,
Pakistan. It is 122 km away from Karachi and 18 km away from the town of
Thatta.

-on the news item that the number of dead from famine in 'Tharparkar' has risen
to hundreds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad

March 10,2014.

Spirit of Cultures: art exhibition by Ahmed Habib and Zahra Kazmi, Islamabad @
Herald Tribune

Sadiqullah Khan

A Death Toll

It was none, and it is now three
It is not a digital watch, it is not a scoreboard
It flies in double digits; it stretches its perverse teeth
From mortuary to hospitals. It defies beliefs. They say
You go to hell or heaven straight, no waiting, resting
In peace. For they don't find one. They are dead flesh
Mixed bones, breathing air from each other's
Gasping mouths. They are found, in ditches or rolled
Over. The carriers of death, wearing wings of the angel
Of death. Who decide, where, how and whom this time.
The death toll is now fifty, and may stop at eighty.
All these paths, lonely, tired and sick, lead to my home only.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Deeper Vision

He, -the master goes by a deeper vision
A chick pea, in boiling water and the cook
Pushes it down again and again
To make the essence dissolve in the elemental forces
Of fire and water. And in the air, vapors-
The baker's small shop, next on the street
Brings only that much, needed by the inhabitants
He finishes by the evening, brings again by the morning.
It goes on. A shoe cobbler is making shoes
On a wooden bench, his back straightened to the wall
To remain in shadow and avoid the sun.

The gentle city of Peshawar is awake, yawning
Amidst blood stained walls, and hearing the news of killings.
Eighteen of a family, out to buy for a wedding
In Qissa Khwani -the story teller's street. Who will tell
And hear this story. There were four rebecks placed in a row.
There was a man, who bowed to this gun, and others in shadows
Hanging on the walls, standing, offering to a deity- a war god.

A little girl, named Simron, died of burn injuries
From the Church, blitzed from below;
A Paul Celan would say, it is explicit.
A symbolic representation is not on the muse's sleeve,
The while, a spent age, dying in what cause
The gentleness of manners, of the great Pashtuns
'Who hath of all the things, given them guns,
For roses'- Who hath but drawn artificial lines on earth.

The chick pea, in the master's kitchen
Is boiling, in fire, fanning flames, from the whirls of winds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 6,2013.

Wood work in Qissa Khwani Bazaar -the story teller's street, Peshawar @

Sadiqullah Khan

A Fast Drizzle

A once solitary cloud
In the hot summer
A fast drizzle
No shadow
No rainbow
And far on the hilltop

Islamabad
15/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Forgotten Song

We have given up the heart's desire,
Love that was blisters on feet
In flames we dreamt a paradise.
We have given up going and coming
Laying flowers on the door opening
To the bliss in you that ever existed.

From the nook in the corner we have
Given up looking to the dew of the morning;
The silver of the noon and red of the evening.
Looking to the moon a song touching lips.
We have given up visiting,
The street of rapture and madness.

We have given up looking deep
In those eyes, holding that chin,
Kissing that cheek playing with that hair.
Seeing who else is like us,
Who also is a moth to the candle.

We have given up loving you;
Except that still your love makes us sing;
A forgotten song sometimes!

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 24,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Grief So Empty

A grief so empty lingering like clouds
Thunderous, void and shedding water.
A hill so high flowing steep and green,
A grief so empty having wasted,
All hope and a struggling life.
A voice so meek to be heard in own ears.
The angels carrying the sweet nectar,
In sleeves, alas carry the death's decree.
They call back to a once happy garden,
Lit with candles and flowers.
I shall live like a song from heaven,
I shall lit this darkness with light;
I shall then be the fragrance,
On the arduous path leading to home.
I shall then be the bright star of the dusk;
I shall then be the first ray of the rising sun.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 13,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

A Hailstorm

If this earth be the frozen waves
The ships of walls are like fixed stones
Tired of grief and luminous interiors
And the dark hidden corners
Reminiscent of caves
That had not known any urbanity
Hailstorms evoke a sense of romance
Hitting hard the glass windows
The dark clouds descend and go
Will these waters recede to their primal
Ducts and will the rivers forgive humans
We have not conquered our own demise
We celebrate life as if we know
Like a small bubble that makes into a hail
And melts by the heat of earth
Like on my chest wearing waters of rain
Like my eyes gaze into the shadows
Like blowing wind
Like burning fire
And who knows that I am preparing
And right now
And some moments later
To travel westward
Cross some bridges
And the two mighty rivers of Indus and Kabul

Islamabad
Sept 17.2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Halt

In the smallest unit of time I went
A few centuries back when riding a camel
The caravan had a halt after a long way down the hills
In the narrow pass and in the plain near the Tatara
On the bank of the dried stream of waters of torrential rain
The tents were now opening for the goods included linen and silk
The tapestries from Turkey had the voluptuous women
Near the place of worship as the harmonics being played
The shine of the silver in display and the porcelain
From China having motifs of tranquility and nature
Spices from India were aromatic making senses tingle
On earth were the rosaries and small beads of precious stones
Roaring sounds of camels and horses on trots
By the sunset the caravan had to move to the next destiny

The scene is of the small Sunday bazaar in Peshawar
I see familiar faces here and expressions old of ages
I see the beautiful women on the fast track mysterious
With covered eyes yet the mystery is in the dust
In raw nature some selling perfumes of the oils from Arabia
Some others bringing garments used from afar the Balkans
The white bearded man was having a stall of books
Corn burned in the fire of wood for a change of taste
Juice of sugar cane was another delicacy fresh
From the farm all kinds of fruits and vegetables
There could be much description when for myself
I bought a Warner Brothers leather bag for my papers
6/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

A Heap Of Chocolate

My dried mouth like the sea,
Being flown through the desert of Gobi,
My fiery rage, from where, and hence
Broken lips, and vignettes, encircling fate
In the desire's closed room, and seeing through
A distance. From the narcissus eyes, of the night
Having seen, drops of rain as tears pouring in.
Of an year's old recount, a flying angel
With congratulations brought a cake of chocolate
What for? , 'This is for you sir', and why?
With no answer, could I have asked for more,
And I gave her my books of poems, in gratitude.

Having thus, after my fast, and eating to full
With pulp oranges, it was still more, more than I
Could finish by tomorrow. And slowly I opened the door,
To an old man, not unlike 'Khizr', I offered, and he said,
'I am going to prayers and on my way back
I will take it from you.' The prayers ended, and he did not
Knock. I looked for him, and there was none on the road.
I ate more of it, drank more of pulp fruit juice,
And still, half of it is remaining. What to do will think
Tomorrow. Whatever fortune brings, no one can take away,
And when it comes, it asks for no reason, no why,
How and when. Neither can you part with it, that what is yours.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 4,2014.

Death by Chocolate @ Mike Dooley Photography

Sadiqullah Khan

A Hurried Song

Plenteous word, thine sweet tongue
Fail me not; I beseech, a hurried song,
My hand a potent charm, against evil
Spirits and eye, proffered to shield
The beauty from harm. O the waste since;
An age is gone, all that was a bitter vain.

Favor and must I say, I did not ask then,
Warm blood is cold, the wretched old age.
We heard the spring is afoot on the wind,
And they, that the nightingale's lament
Savor is melody, when in autumn his heart.
Messenger breeze, and I send this my love -

How short is spring, drain the good days
The little green shoots, the little pink buds.
On a warm day, drops the broken clouds
On arrayed pavement, -Sheba's mirrors
Plain-. New dew, to the cypress and leas,
And on the leafy path, an oft lark's tweet.

Alight, the seven rainbows, the night gone
A heaven's longing, leap distance to distain;
The lamp's flame on the life is though,
Could kisses be roses on the yellow thorns.
Silence is deeper than all that is said,
Could reason be accompanied in love.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Hyperbole

Psychedelic, the tree barks
On yellow and green tiny lights
Thrown from above.

Leaves' tongues,
Catching the stems, hanging
From the sky's red horizons.

A sunset at Thames,
Her nakedness was like words
Flowing paperless, and as un-usual.

Keat's melancholy, neither Orwell's quote
Down the conveyor, on a belt
Would these thoughts, be recycled?

Deceiving ourselves
The folds of fancy has to cross over
Things, as barriers, in the mind.

From the expansion
How to recoil
Has traveled, far, how to be back.

Cuckoos' eggs
In the crows' nest
The happenings' dilemma.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 15,2013.

The Disintegration of the Persistence of Memory by Salvador Dali @ Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan

A Knack

No one taught the wind, nor to the leaves
The pine sings its chords, not even Pythagoras,
Tan Sen derived lessons from listening, tuning
To the seven notes, or chords of combination.

□

Aristotle taught walking, Socrates in dialogue
Plato's ideal is a spoken word, above the written.
Since we imitate nature, just a bit of it, and we learn.
A camera for an eye, a static image for the changing
Reality. We make statues, we are stuck with. We make
Outlines, divide; a poor human copy –third, fourth or fifth.

Conversations sometimes settle into wonderful poems,
In trance new words are born, twist this way or that,
Therefore, 'trance-figured', and therefore, 'except' and
'That I am left with no choice, but to love you
Because I owe this to you for your beauty...'

The moment you touch me, I bleed, and bleed;
The moment your finger strikes the right string,
I like the echo in the sound board, sing and sing.
What a rascal art thou love! The whole earth
Is the floor. We are all dancing to our customized inner tunes.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 16,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Lateral Thinking

They may say
The syllabi are odd or even
By breathe by stress,
You may add
You may subtract,
Words stretched
Words diminished.
It would hold
A greater rein of thought.
Would it make the thought;
Would it speak the truth.
It would, defy falsehood
It would make us human?
A lateral thinking
An essential humanity.
Would it say
We are one
Bring us the courage
To embrace the enemy
Just across a line, drawn on a map
By faith, race, color, ethnicity
Greed and gender.
Would the cup then spill
Wine on the edge
Or the beloved dance in ecstasy.
The long sleep, the longest
Would it bring solace to the heart
In longing. Would it bring moon
In the hands. Would it kill –hatred.□
If not then leave it, if not
Then I am used to my long fables
My fantasies, I am adamant to kill you
For. To die for. To win myself
A paradise. A patriot's death.
To burn and be burned
To an utmost destruction of humanity.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Limerick

Of the cadences high and low,
A beat in rhythmic duple, stressed and unstressed.
Counting the syllabi in the line ending, feminine,
In expanse or softness or an upbeat sounding man's.
The iambic is the beginning and the verse is blank.
The rhythmic order is in lower case abba or abab.
The sound musical is in four letters.
A square is a square, place it straight or upright.
In pentameter the expression goes wild,
In hexameter the form gets Greek.
A brawl or a soldier's story is limerick.
The humbler the form the lesser the meaning.
Who follows the rules, have tides in emotion,
A feeling in intensity or lost in the nature.
Love's sweet fables or the soliloquy of mother.
The morning breeze or the pause of dew.
A sonnet though has lines fourteen.
A stanza is like a room to converse.
You have brought down from nature just few.
All poetries are thus in beats and off beats.
Is all human experience can be counted so less.
Her tongue and my tongue and all tongues.
Thus knoweth rules so scarce.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Lover's Heart

In the hermit,
I am a lover's heart,
Tender and fragile.

An era,
In the cosmos.
Vast and oblivious.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 6,2013.

Mahatma Gandhi Statue, Maple Leaf Beach, Karnataka, India. Photo by Rashmi Herle.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Maestro

The sapling to the bud
In the care of the gardener
Distant with eyes brightened
The beloved's contours
So skinny was the fashion
Did not the maestro craftsman
Tell the line of curve
Pruning and trimming
The shape came out
To be the bronze statue
In the hall of fame

Before the sunset
And to the moon
The bow was in gratitude
Where from came the reflections
While the mirror shone
The self was carved sharp
And the illusions
Like growing flowers
And like flying butterflies
From the head
With burning desires

In whose hands was the bird
Humming sweet nectar
And songs of love
That together when we sing
Shall then we live forever
23/10/2009

Dedication: Reshma Ramesh on the occasion of launching of her book
"Reflections of Illusions" Heartfelt congratulations.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Mistress

What a company,
and the mystical end.
Emily Dickinson was a 'masteress'
of such style of writing. The opening end -
stopped line
followed by a gentle flow
of ideas, soothing and autumn like.
Reading this after 'maghreb'...
after a walk in the streets where old trees abound,
and beauty flourish from behind
the windows
and hopes flower, like the smoke
from the chimneys
and the graceful aging grandmothers
by the fireside
new-borns enjoying a lull.
We need not
a steed's ride to go to
a walk across the mounds of earth
a roof to many an abodes
a mother to all births.

-On reading 'Because I could not stop for death' by Emily Dickinson.
Courtesy: Yasmeen Khan

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 22,2013.

Grey dusk autumn evening by Tricia Mc Keller @

Sadiqullah Khan

A Match

And you put me the gauntlet
Your lips sweeter than the eternal stream,
Or warmth of your embrace, clouds more thicker?
Nights darker, and stars in the eyes. A match!
Couplet by the fire, or urn of wine,
Lose wisdom both ways, but her breast,
Hath the smells of brewed butter,
And her skin, the smoke of live oak.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 30,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Memory Last Night

Let it settle to get old
Vintage wine hath fancy more
The soft touch of your hand
Like the colors of magic wand
The warmth that I felt
On the ice of your band
As if nothing is happening
So sweet did you stand
Like feather in the air
You flew by so near
A catch in the storm
So was spread my arm
Lady luck you are
So you said don't err
You exclaimed your delight
On a walk in the late night
9/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

A Monk

Travels long unto dust with pouch
Who shall then for the bread dried
Let the break in spirit be the desire
Inner self in enlightenment on the doors
Knowledge gives penance to redeem
Fate of the self is known but for others
One day walk away from the seminary
The monk with broken stalk on the path
Forgotten love instead when arrow
Not the cupid in love but a warrior
For the feet may have carried the burden
Religion is the angels in illusions
Speak holy words in vigils at night
With straightened back the heaviness
Before the light dark circles of doom
Ah the holy waters from fountains
Behind lies the tomb in white marble
Washed from head and up above
Worries bade farewell a while to the soul
Once the whole earth is boded seminary
Of holiness I carry the universe in the palm
My eyes is the temple my heart the tomb
1/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

A Nato Soldier

To whom was read "If" aloud
Geared up like in childhood plays
Computer games with deadly assassins
Whom the mother had tenderly raised
Freedom to whom a cherished possession
Waiting family and children's kiss
Hell bound knows his Miss
Empire is won who counts the men
Lost in flag spots reddened with blood
Makeshift homes that shall care the wound
Cold wind hot and glazing sun
Hit the stones he misses the chance
Knows he killed a dozen in cross
High tech weapon is on the way
Track a mine or watch the enemy
Neither winner nor loser
He pulls out the picture of his little daughter
Home is home what ever says the monger

Islamabad
15/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Nobel Prize

I
As on today
24 Dec,2500 BC
Being the head
Of the committee
Where a beautiful poem
PSYCHOSOMATIC LIGERIE
By MS. NIVEDETA BAGCHI .
Has been submitted
For review
And I hereby
Bestow upon her
And she is
Very kind
To accept
A NOBEL PRIZE
For the reasons
That she has written
Pure and sensible
Human emotions
And feelings
Applause
Congrats
.....
24/12/2009

*Below is her poem

~ PSYCHOSOMATIC LINGERIE ~
Ms. Nivedita
UK
24 December,2009.

Its scare
And rare
To get
Privacy
Intimacy.

Don't care
I do dare
To bare
Psychosomatic
Lingerie
In poetry
Else are
Scary
Parry
Fury
Lurid hungry.

Ms. Nivedita
A wee lory
The Poetry
Her emotional
Sanctuary.

-

Sent to Noble Prize conferring committee:
[In Best Poem category for the year 2500 BC ~ niv ~ LOL! !]

By MS. NIVEDETA BAGCHI .

*In violation of all copy rights.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Passage

I did breathe it
Invented from the farthest
Memory
Indoctrinated
To put a word of freedom
To escape
To the unknown
I came back in bondage

Islamabad
29/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Permanent Engagement

I picked the bust of Nefertiti, the beautiful one,
From Egypt, and heard of Gilgamesh from Babylon,
A Mayan calendar. I chanted the Vedas, and sat
With Buddha. I companied Lao Tzu, and became
Pupil to Confucius. I wined with Li Po, and
Talked about goat-gods, of the Tibetan Himalayas.
Trained by Yogis, in the art of meditation.
I read the Suspended Poems, and dreamt
Sitting at Suffah, I traveled with the wayfarers,
With the ones who carried swords, by the side
Of warrior kings, plunderers, and met the captured
Concubines. I dined on most sumptuous dinners.
I drank from the cup of Hafiz, and lived the Ghalib way.
I acted the Bard, and met Shams-e Din, the wanderer
I was a Maulvi, and been through the polemics
Of Sheikh al- Akbar. Through the musical raptures of Sanai.
Averroes, and Avicenna, and the retro Al-Ghazali,
A Wahabi Jihadist to a Bolshevik Communist.
I crossed over to Mediterranean, to negotiate terms -
With the erstwhile Greeks. A permanent engagement.
And their best seconds, the Romans in statecraft.
Voltaire is waiting, and with Rousseau I had a handshake,
My next destiny is, if granted leave earlier, the great
Renaissance, world wars, and seeing my 'beloveds',
In France, Britain, lastly in The City upon the hill,
May be to travel to Italy, before I retire to a quiet corner.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 14,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Pitcher Of Old Wine And The Mysterious Girl

The time has come
For the feather to fly
On the wings of imagination
The pitcher of old wine
Crafted by a master
Tasted by the great
The color is deep red
It has already started flowing
From the confines of the boundaries
Behold
The mysteries of the years
The wine had been storing
Diamonds and rubies it is said
Lie deep in the earth
The oak wood tree
That blessed it the nose
And the taste
Of the same age a mysterious girl
From up the hills
Had lived in nature
Dressed in black
Appeared out of the darkness
The youth overflowing
Strong aroma
Lopez's still
The hairs long
Thick like dark clouds
Her feminine beauty
An eastern damsel
Her eyelashes bows
Her eyes shining
Smile divine
A tavern of Hafiz
Khayyam would envy
The beloved is the saki
The tavern in "khirafat"
The sound of music
Tabrez on the floor
With Herat on the ceiling

Rose smouldering images mysterious
The pitcher opens the mystery unveils
Cups without "dood-e-ayagh"
The mind has enlivened
The blood rushing the colors brighter
Saki
Bring the pitcher or remove the veil
Reveal thyself O mystery of nature
Let me write "shara-e-zindagi"
Search you in the old taverns
In the Khayyam's street
With Hafiz singing "Lissan al ghaib"
"Gharka-e-mai" the "huma" of Ghalib
The beloved the saki
Hold two cups
Drink and drink
Quench your thirst
The "pairahan" flowing an ode to life
The depth of the night vastness of the skies
The mother earth dear spring in air
The universe has come to surround me
Lost in beauty of the tavern old
The pitcher old and the cups old
Wine and wine
Cried the heart
Love's bitter mystery
Unveil thyself

Sadiqullah Khan

A Plague

'A plague a' both your houses! '

Romeo and Juliet Act III, William Shakespeare

As if they had been grilled, in the clutch of a plague.
As if mouths have turned, backward. Speak different
Than the real. As if a retort would prolong dark ages.
The oracle is, that they shall empty the places,
Before the Doom. Some other birds have occupied
The trees with their nests, and they spread a terrible stench.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

June 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Poet's Love

Bread and butter literal
Warm melting and fluffy
With hot brewing coffee
Poor man's dinner
I thought

Writing poems on paper
Poor man's intellectual curiosity

Down the street goes
In golden robes
Dantesque court writer of eulogies

He has given up everything

The first love of the poet
Is begging for a meal

The other who happens to be a poetess
Is writing on the wall
Using charcoal
In the hush of the night

The poet himself
Is in deep liability
Plans to buy himself rum
Than food for the night

Islamabad
31/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Projection

Ills, accusation, aggression, deceit
Both hands on forehead, salute
Ask terms, pre-negotiate.
A whip-tongued divine, ready to take
On. From the book, a decree;
By your side. For a meal.

Project, as much, as you can
Pointing a finger, easier. On your
Numbers, play. A politician's lie,
History's revenge, a manner unbecoming -
The ones who had been in ignorance
Of courtly ceremony, how they know?
How, they would undo the ignominy
Of hatching another conspiracy.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Prostration

Courage and human character
Shall have the last test, a composure
Beheld to disintegrate, from the part
To whole that the Nicomachean ethics
Wisely in moments ahead,
A lasting example of legacy is set,
That shall go forever, remembered forever.
A prostration in a strange dream, when
A passing away, a last look to the mirror -
Surrounded by friends, like the last supper
Slowly feeling the skin peeled off,
Or arrows stuck on the flesh and soul
And the Buddha's posture of crossed legs
Or bowing to earth amidst heat of life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 24,2014.

Arnulf Rainer, Begging (Prostration) ,1973-1975, Albertina, Vienna © Arnulf
Rainer / Albertina, Wien. Photo: © Albertina, Wien. @

Sadiqullah Khan

A Provocation

When beauty is a provocation
Perceived threat to the darkened conscience,
Where the mere existence becomes
Provoking tumult, where the voices meet,
Sweat and blood where greet –
Of the souls who have been in preach,
Of idols, who have been carving stones,
Suffering fixations and those carrying
The torches of darkened darkness,
Hiding their faces behind filled dried hides
And whose women travel the thorned
Barrenness of ivy poisons, projecting their abjectness,
And who having the cheek to invoke,
Debates as worthless, as worthless the thoughts.
To whom the written word is sharper,
Than the swords they keep hanging
By their sides or the rusted guns, O their perpetrators,
Your instilled fears, the soil is replete with new seedlings.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 3,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Revolution

Revolved around in blood shed
The diabolical chasm of the earth's
Downtrodden. It revolved and revolved.
The draconian forces, antithetical or counter
Revolutionary. They were the reactionists.
They were fighting for 'capital' and others,
Fought to find a place with the divine.

It is now on my doors;
Burning the inner core of the fabric woven,
With the thinnest thread.

You hold my anger with the point of a gun;
With your finger on trigger.

You have saved your 'capital',
I am burning myself.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 27,2012

Revolution and the Wolves by Samir Alramahi, Jordan.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Satire

Bend the arrow
Like read it straight
Grim the express
Mould it like in furnace
Hit it hard
For the word of your mouth
For the sake of a name
Sell the others cheap
Buy yourself
A shadow masked

Islamabad
28/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Scholar

The fortification is like the great wall
Raised on bones of dead slaves,
From your books flow clotted blood,
Serum of accumulated history
Pride in wars, glory unto the Absolute.
The whip-tongued priest's pulpit
Has the strength of Solomon's columns
Held by giants, made by mysterious forces.

From your eyes emit, abject rationalizations
Of a phenomenon, none is aware of.
Hold the secret thread of the power,
Theologian turned scientist, a social
Economist. Unaware, illiterate,
On the dialectical materialism;
Of Averroesian philosophy, and cyclical
Khalidunian theory of history.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 27, 2014.

Scholar at the Table 1865-1867, by Emile Charles Wauters, Hermitage Museum
Russia @ Jason M. Kelly blog

Sadiqullah Khan

A Separation

Extricate the roots, separate your wings,
Make little noise, nor your steps speak,
Allow the pain to dissolve and slowly ooze,
Be gentle like under a straw water flow
Of your dried petals, pick them all.

Of the airs whom you bestowed thus, take
Them all. Let the touches on doors you open,
And look not back, lest the distance may seem,
A desert's journey, and years may fall.

O from beneath the secret love's nights
Do not forget, pull the threads of dust,
And like on every day's beginning leave me
Asleep, for the chores to occupy me when awake.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Small Bit

This celebration is before time
Some one is waiting long
And thinks that he carries the credentials
Then the whole expectation breaks
There is announcement
There is change of criteria
The least deserving
And arriving at the end
Gets the prize

The clever
And who had been intelligent
Looses

Be patient
Rome was not built in a day
We come and go not by our choice
Wait till another day
This earth has seen
Many thousand days
And you are a small bit

Islamabad
2/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Strange Spirit

Have you ever been to the water
By itself floating flat
Like the surface of a silver foil
And fountains gushing from their sweet mouths
Musical sounds as it flows down in ducts

Has the fresh air to your senses touched
The aquatic perfumes what ingredients it must
Under the vault serene
Tumults of anger it expresses
Sky is it for the life underneath

This city has a vast lane
The absence of nothing below your wings
Shall make you fall here
With much wonders for the calmness in the air
There are no mayhems here
Except some hungry and angry voices

Herein lives a strange spirit
That permeates all and sundry
Herein is a stage
The show is there for every one to watch
Herein lies the centre of power
That flies in the air like a paper
And many children are running after it

Islamabad
18/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

A Tale Of Two Clerics Iv

He speaks with sealed lips, lest the sinner tongue,
May utter, bespoke truth. The angel on the left arm
Keeps the count. The paradise herein hangs in doubt.
The other is seized diesel engine, needs a push,
Remains in green pasture. His angel sits on right arm.
They are the two horns of Hulagu's helmet,
Their cronies want to shut ears and eyes,
Of you and me, others habit hit below the belt,
Touch their ears with both hands, spit on a moral bit
Because freedom is in the air. Liberty never descends,
It ascends, from a mutual murmur, from unsung songs
From when the heart leads, from when the head thinks.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Talk

What you want
Me to talk
Talk of your beauty
The gorgeousness of your body
The curves tender
The neck like swan
Fairness of skin
Sleepy eyes
Your red lips
The fall of your hairs
Touching the line
And
Thin legs
And the beauty of your hands
A piece of art
With henna
Or a modern tattoo
Immensity of love
A moment memorable
An evening
Sunset redness
I have won you
By my talk
And
My love for you
The moment is gone
Now I am alone
Your memories
Even that moment
No longer here
So are your memories
Why so many fantasies
I live in real world
So what is the meaning of love
An addition
A journey forward
Towards total freedom

A Thousand White Cheeks

I remember a thousand white cheeks
Cheek radiant with life
Cheek full of vitality
Cheek the smiling
And cheek red with emotions
The rush of blood
Cheek blushed with innocence
Cheek covered with white puffs
Cheek kissed and cheek patted
With love and tenderness
Cheek angry and cheek sad
Cheek covered with a bunch of hair
And cheek hidden in scarf
The redness of the cheek and cheek turning blue
The dimple in the cheek
And the lines in the cheek
Tears on the cheek
And cheek in laughter
Splash of cold water
Like morning dew on red rose
Cheek the true expression and cheek the liar
Cheek in sun bright and cheek in midnight
The jasmine of the night, tulip of the day
Let the rose of your beauty
Prosper this spring bright
Let the nightingale sing a song
To honor beauty splendid

Sadiqullah Khan

A Time Upon

Once there was a time upon, in some distant land
People gathered, to sight the moon
A man in rags, pulling a camel, and they rushed
Here is the moon, but no, since the moon is round
And camels happen to have long legs, neck and hump
How it could be a moon.
A man running, towards the crowd, holding a seamer
It is round, it is moon, and since I have 'droned' it
It shall not 'drone' again.

Another man, a seam-bowler having won a playground,
Whimsical, bridled by the 'Players' –safe
To others. Having tempered his balls, to win a game
Having been taught in the dark rooms, having misled
The literates. Having urged to be listened
This time alone, to 'drone' a flying saucer□
On the edge of poor, ignorant, mal-treated
Wearing the gown of hypocrisy, the most ferocious
Enemies hiding in his hearth, under warm covers.

These skies, earths, days and nights
Shall remain a battlefield, a battlesky and battle hardened
Children shall fight your war, his war, -shall fill your coffers
His coffers, -shall win, for you, your office and his office.

□

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 24,2013.

Predator drone flies over Kandahar Airfield. @ U T San Diego

Sadiqullah Khan

A Topkapi Affair

The Caliph's Janissaries
Concubines from the distant shores
A berry's honey, the honey-bee
Thirst brings more taste to the tongue.
Men de-menned, The Sultan's wane
Confide, and the prince's born -
The mother to choose, for the royal
Bedchamber. Slaves, poverty, on sword
Below the holy verse, an artisan's inlay
A satiated king, a devastated kingdom.□

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 14,2013.

Topkapi Palace, collage @ Bazaar Bayar

Sadiqullah Khan

A Tourist Site

I could capture those strange wings
On a headless fairy and behind the fountain
Some irises are like lotus flowers
Fixed with green and yellow on the octagon

The deep red is mystical and small mirrors
Why they have colored the pyramids red, green and blue?
And an asp around the head of a deity
Neither goat nor lioness.
Did imagination have nothing else to invent?

The horse like faces of other statues
And some people carried a calf
Or the poor holy cow;

"Eat, Pray, Love* "
Not a bad preposition indeed.

Islamabad
Sept 27,2010

* Book by Elizabeth Gilbert; film version starring Julia Roberts.
N.B: I have neither read the book nor watched the movie.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Tree

Ring upon ring, on an old trunk,
Years- dove's circlings amongst birds:
The generosity is holding
Nests in palms, coverings are leaves.
An ant running for shelter,
Branches are the way to home.
The deep desires are buried
In earth, in joyous roots.
The autumnal fear is spring's festivities.
Circle upon circle. Amidst humans.
And all. Ghosts and fairies.
Neither speaks, only listens.
The sounds are echoes of zephyr,
Not roars. You hold no mirror but,
A shadow in blue ink to the moon
And a soft shade of sketch to the sun.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 27,2013.

Patriarch Grove Sunset: By Ken Lee
Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest near Big Pine, California, USA

Sadiqullah Khan

A War Of Intelligence Ix

following you, is an insult
to human intelligence,
o the lesser souls,
and knowing 'what's you been doing',
and knowing that i have been fighting
all along, 'a war of intelligence'.

-A big lie (German: Große Lüge) is a propaganda technique. The expression was coined by Adolf Hitler, when he dictated his 1925 book Mein Kampf, about the use of a lie so 'colossal' that no one would believe that someone 'could have the impudence to distort the truth so infamously.' @ Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

A War –that Is

I had better need recalling
A battlefield, stupendous with cries of dead,
Mystified rage, blood-letting groves
Young men, for want of doing anything worthwhile
Broad chested, long bearded, earning fame
What had been taught, a Freudian interpretation
Killing, and three thousand bullets from the muzzle
Is self assertion, starting with a holy chant,
Returning victorious, men-like.

On the edges of the one, sleeping eternal wrath,
Leaving behind an array of war, he could do nothing
But sleep among them. His bones turning stones,
Underneath a tomb, I saw years later. The great
Soul, preached temperance, preached love
Non-violence, -a universal conspiracy, an American war.

The ignoble victory brought a self exiled perpetrator
Sitting cozy, eating boiled eggs, with fried bread.
On these paths, soldiers wearing big caps
Dragging their injured legs, by dry streams, dying
A remembered death, a daughter's love, his wife
All belongings on her head, running to a camp
To die by a bullet, or by disease.

A one, who had been fighting his smallness
To turn big, swallow the world's riches, hold all power
By the maximum, short-cut means, turning coats
Now and then, -a prototype, cunning, without any ideal
A soul, under-nourished, a heart to dominate, earn fame.
The man of the time, Buddha would have liked him
To convert, to save humanity, from the carnage.
Belatedly, from a perverse instinct, he penned
Butcher-axed, by the dictator's side, abrogation of statutes.

The others and some turned to politics, wearing
Ropes, around their necks, chains under flowers
The civic society's leaders, some generals, others
Content with having fought the holy war

And now, turned upon themselves, eating up
Fifty thousand and a few more hundred thousand
Flesh and bone, human beings. This is no times for wars
All wars, ended, and this war, shall never end.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 3,2013.

An Iraqi boy is seen through the window of a mini bus targeted by roadside
bomb.

Photograph by Ahmed Al Rubaye @ National Geographic

Sadiqullah Khan

A Weltanschauung

So so gone
Bullet's bulldoze
A voy-age.
Humanity bow
On a broom-rang,
Bring your stealth;

Speak what?
A proxy -none?
Hate, avenge
Captive souls.
A pirate's kingdom
A broken ship
One eyed
Parrot on shoulder.

A cave-man
Dreams paradise
For himself
And his men,
Having thus
A Weltanschauung.

Sadiqullah Khan

A Winter

Don't call my indictments. There in remote history
Fabled, and to the rescuer, a woman held by pirates
On the Arabian Sea, cried 'help' and it reached the
Young General, Bin Qasim, so he invaded the Indus.
On the shores, of the marshed landscape, where
The now extinct Bengal tigers lived,
"Millions of babies in pain
Millions of mothers in rain
Millions of brothers in woe
Millions of children nowhere to go"
This was sung by Bob Dylan, and the 152 lines long poem,
Written by Allen Ginsberg, in nineteen seventy one.
The Voices, saw a Palestinian girl
"Dancing under the moon" mixing tragic with the romantic.

The rampantness of the No, Nyet, Nothing and Nops
This is not philosophic pessimism or Sartorian nihilistic
Existentialism. This is no -ism.
This -ism is the Nebraska University think-tank's creed
Teaching holy war, Reagan the actor, a military man,
The dictator, and a Bear, workaholic, taking power-naps.
This was the might of dollar, 'In whom we trust'
Blood thirsty enemies, and the mealy-mouthed Chinese
The robed heads of Excellencies, and 'general commons'.

Hunger, would drive men to the camps, where guns
Were provided like sticks, cheaper than pens, and
Bullets like rounded stones for catapults. A warrior nation:
Russians had come to their motherland, and some 'unknowns'
Would rape their women at night, howling like wolves
On the morning prayers, heads bent, their hands to deity
So they fought a war, and were killed in thousands.

That is no news, a girl with Anglo looks, catching eyes
Or a one photographed for National Geographic;
Or a creed of unemployed and employed to steal and rob
The tonnage of wheat and brown rice coming from 'The Free World'.
The one, praising the Almighty, on the border, for having won
A war. And having fed themselves, their cronies, and friends.

You 'Go There' or not. Whether you are There or not.
They make a virtue of fertility rite, a giving hand, they know not
Blue eyed, black eyed, either gender, old and young
Their hands extended. Their soil brazen, they are a cattle
In an arid field, horses unsaddled, cows uncovered
They live under the blue emblem of the United Nations
For them, the symbol of peace is not a dove, but a hungry vulture.

-On Jalozai Refugee Camp Nowshera.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 14,2013.

Love Among the Ruins by Edward Burne Jones @ The Kissed Mouth

Sadiqullah Khan

A Wish

Alone in this loneliness
Loved ones memories
Like possessions valuable
Out from the closets
Imaginations power play
Concentrating on a point
Making images of the future
Connections from the past
With some remorse
For my present
And sometimes
The wheel of time
On the tides of fortune
With disillusionment
Many interpretations
Of your sweet gestures
Some sweet words
And happy smiles
On a dinner together
Or a cup of coffee
I leave a chair always
Opposite to me
For you to sit
The distantly playing others
Inspire in me a wish
Of being together with you
My life I spend half
But you are always there
By my side
With your eyes
I see the scenery good
Under a pine tree
Or on the bank of a stream
In my restless nights
And busy days
Loneliness
You are killing me
In my life half spent
No wish I have

But wings big enough
To carry me forlorn
Land amongst you
For a company merry enough
Mad with joy
Laughter heartfelt
Tonight my love
Leave my chair old
Empty for me
For a long talk
My legs on that cushion
In my dreams of the day
I dream only
The dream I just wished

Sadiqullah Khan

A Woman Speaks

A thousand flowers sprout in the bosom
The dreams of the years gone now subdued
In the wake of reality that descends
Like waves after waves on the shore

Many colors and hues now dried
The color of the rainbow appearing dull
Which once was a fairy tale
To change the gender it was once said
Cross over the rainbow

The desire was not a deal as bad
Only raised and not loved in the world
So dominant by the other gender

The uncertainty of future with its dragon teeth
Love's mast is the only way to sail
Through the murky waters

Having loved then for years and years
The lover, the husband, brother and son
Still in search of recognition of my love
In the man's hand is my piece of bread

In the world of natural selection
When survival of the fittest is the rule
Braved have I the way for a living in harmony
Carry not I the gun nor do I have a doctrine

Who shall then fight for my freedom forbidden
Love is the last hope as the trees and vegetables
Only that I shed tears and sighs of the brutality
The civilization has dawned on me my destruction

Greater is the temptation for when I am hungry
Sell my body or what do I give in legacy
To the younger little girls who look at me
For inspiration when love stands abandoned

Rise women of the world for let's change the destiny
Of our lives and future and not to be consumed
By hollow words of love without any meaning
18/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

A Worth

A hundred thousand men
Flock towards you.

Is it worth or is it not.

You laugh at yourself in
Solitude.

Then a hundred thousand
Doors open on you.

And you find a worth.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 25,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Abandoned Love

And when was the time twinkling
Years in separation in union nothing
Heart on the sleeve for the youth exuberant
Songs to the senses in autumn the spring
Live the flowers that the flowing apparel
Much of the perfumes and air that blew
Fantasy of the dreams and fancy in the day

Bethought the lover true to annihilate
Excluding the universe blind it is said
Love though has visions visible indeed
The one in love has what else with the world

Abandoned with memories and the dreams
To come true yet the times like silent water
Flew as if from the hands bird of much color
In loneliness the imagination of the love
Content as love fizzles like rain on dew

The loved one wants to be freed as soon
As soon the deity that is sick of being worshiped
21/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

About Myself

I lack
The basic know how
Of living

About myself
That much I know

Islamabad
21/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Absolute Doubt

So with destiny's turmoil coming to end,
So life has the grip of reality, so it loses.
We form things, things of our doing
The shape has no soul, it's we, neither.
No air or space so we assign to divinity,
What we cannot comprehend.
To the dismay of philosophy,
If put to absolute doubt, the thing,
Is nothing or the thing will not do what
We want it to do.
If it is a thing then it is nothing and if,
Nothing is a thing then it is nothing either.
We do not know whether it is a thing or nothing.

May 5,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Abstract Messages

You will break me
Again and again
For me it's many
But if you involve me
I go mad
That's why I am not in love
I can not stand the pain

I suffer a lot in love
I do not like the word
But I was in love
With you too

I can not say good bye
I do not like you
because then I feel too lonely
With out you
I do not like good byes

Just delete
No more
Abstract messages
25/6/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

Absurd Benevolence

A naked man on his chest
The minister thinks
He is the shoulder for his cries
Though he himself
Would cry on the naked man's skin
Out of a terrible pity
For himself
For his absurd benevolence

Islamabad
Aug 5,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Acts Of Rebellion

Remember your acts of rebellion
Or die simply. Your symbols -
Be it red carpet or worn rug
A faltering voice or silence
Or anything else, and defiance
To live is to know
How absurd though the knowledge
How absurd though the beginnings.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 8,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aesthetic Pantheism

In the evenings gathering of the gentle men and women
On a ball at one of the palaces of the count or a duke
Satins and silk with brocades splashing with fans held
In the hands of ladies and young women who have decided
To take hearts by hands and whose maids have tightened their waists
To an utmost and having furs around their necks hiding their pearls
The sprinkling diamonds and silver with gold twinkling on the hands
Steps well taken for the elegant men mostly from the arms
Dukes in the making for the chateau or the country side
The chat is about an invasion or a hunt of the fox

The slim figure of that lady whose neck as if made of white Italian marble
In the tradition of Michelangelo or the Da Vinci's Mona Lisa
With her hands in silence and divine as if in submission to the nature sweet
The nature when understood is taking good care of the coquetry subtle of the
women
Silk from the east and made into a fashion of the day
Like Vermeer's girl with the pearl earring or a commission by the merchant of
Venice
Or the Scarlett when she gets her French hat in velvet and silk from Paris
through blockade

The Indian queen of love when the Mogul king gives her the ultimate gift of love
Made of stone unmatched in the world and craftsmanship
The symbol of love on the bank of the river and in eternal sleep
Topaz, lapis lazuli, Red Rubies and many more with verses from the holy book
With an invitation to the paradise for it is man's attempt to create one

All are the symbols of aesthetics in the nature of god
The god who has decided to descend and live in the hearts of men and women
Nature's soft touches and the high society's love with the fascination of being
Expressed in a polka dance, of the classical Indian, flamenco in Spanish
The enchantment in the desert or around the fire by ancients, tribesman's drum
beat

The god living amongst people in the form of love and in communion with nature
Aesthetic pantheism reflected in human form, endeavor and the living
In the palatial buildings on the earth or in the waterfalls of nature
The soft image of the beloved on the lips of the dear one

In the steps making maze in the head and moved by the heart
The Persian carpet of Isfahan or the curvaceous figure on Nahin
In holding of the hands and in counting of the steps
In the tango on wood floor, the melody of the violin deep
The Beethoven's ninth symphony or orchestra of Mozart
The flowers in abundance and aromas from the heaven
Champaign and wine sparkling in the crystal with trays made of silver

Aesthetic pantheism is love of the beautiful
Love of the sublime, god's image reflected
The creed of the great, great like Tolstoy
In his unending stories the elegance portrayed
In words so subtle like the story of my love
With no end coming and beloveds attributes
All the long night talking of fine beauty
A book bigger than Tolstoy I can make
For the last glance of hers with wine so divine
I leave to the wise for wisdom shall fail here
In hearts deep corners I hold your breath
O beloved mine one more time
Like Romeo to the Juliet
Let me kiss the shrine
Of your beauty

Sadiqullah Khan

Aesthetic Pantheist

The manifest is hidden, in beauty nature speaks;
The multitude is like stars, like flowers on the wings
Of a butterfly. Every color is new, every stroke of brush
A captured moment, a soul, desire, longing and a sad
Sweet melancholy grief. It comes on its own
Effortless, like fairies landing, like tangos
And unlike life. Like paradise lost.
An urbanity savored: a delicacy beheld
Behind those long robes of silk, the hidden is manifest.

Sadiqullah Khan

After Many Years

After many years
I wish
I could meet you
An accidental meeting
In some remote area
In a house
A house in a mist
And a town with many boats
And water
A somber evening
And then suddenly I see you
Then we go to some corner
And talk for some hours
Where you will talk of certain things
That you have seen in life
And then tell me
That you knew that
I was in love with you too
And tell me that one day
When you had done up
Your beautiful hairs
And that when you were wearing
That dress of pure silk
With lots of handwork
Some embroidery in gold and silver
Needlework
When you will tell me
That
That evening
You had done all that
For me
And that you will tell me
So many other things of your past
Because that was your past alone
It could never have been our past
It remained yours alone
But still
That one evening
I wish you could say

That you had seen me
Standing there

Sadiqullah Khan

Again They Come Xliii

Robed royals for a morsel buy
Again they come, after a year's drought
Houbara Bustard, those bastards -□
The cost of busting a peade on file
Presented, trayed, and hunt in the desert.
Why don't you fly, to another planet
None the less, they may buy a travel there
Sam's friends, sanctuary of exiles,
Holy servants, protectors of shrines.

-Houbara Bustard hunting season 2013-14. Seventeen royals from Gulf granted permits in Baluchistan Pakistan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ages Gone Ago

We hailed the stones with dried mud
The river is past, floods gone.
We had torrents on heads endured,
And walked a hundred miles on foot.
We counted a hundred thousand graves
Without grieving much. We languished,
In the upper case songs, and indulged,
In the fragrance of roots, cooked flour.

Haunting nights, we cried mothers,
And ran down the hillock's downstream.
Knowing that they had been in love
While deciding the fates for thrill's sake,
Or her lips slightly parted resembled
A past haunt. But we ultimately gather
Dried barks of trees and leaves,
Left over by floods of times, ages gone ago.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

All Are Beggars

How can we judge, how render
He puts a tongue, on trees, on clouds
A dripping rain is to the sense
A steed's trot up the hill.
O great master of human acts
Intents, big and small
A noble King, a clown and a jester
All are beggars.
Like unto divinity
Lest a grace worthy of the moment
Be placed in their mouths;
A gesture, a costume,
An elegant pose, be sepia and paint.
Your demons nothing
But parrots in rote
Yet the nature would on the contrary
Live and repeat its acts;
When thou hast bled thine ink
On a page, void and blank.

-To William Shakespeare.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 18,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

All Clues No Solutions

Existential despair of sequestered events,
A hundred peculiar alluring stories,
All clues with no solutions.
Mysteries of the sort like quite of night.
The horrific details on swerving lips.
Burgeoning eyes from where innocence;
Flowing and frozen like a river in cold.
The displaced versions of reality are just,
Another being of reality with no distant future.
They were called the internally displaced.
They do not harbor any definition;
In the annals of the high rise made by,
The renowned architects and displaying flags.

But they do not hear of any peace made for them.
They have seen some men made like stone statues.
The white cover of polythene with emblem,
Of peace, and in color blue.

They do not see any sky and they also do not eat.
They shall starve and some others shall steal;
From them what alms befall their misery.
They will carry rotten sweat drenched papers.
As a proof of their existence in the universe.
They shall also long for the bistro like for,
A mother's lap and the fathers shall,
And the honor that is at stake.

They shall be the children;
Of the internally displaced,
Eternally despised.
And left outside alone.
They shall be and as it happens,
Uprooted and made vulnerable.
They shall then serve the purpose;
They shall then be brutally killed.
In hunger and homeless without any clues.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar
December 15,2012.

For the Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs) of South Waziristan.

Sadiqullah Khan

All My Symptoms

I am a little in love with you,
All my symptoms tell.
A night awake, an afternoon
Wander. When the dawn comes early
With rosy fingers. When the sun leaps up
The brazen sky, and when the sun sinks
With thickened light. The night bringeth,
Sweet slumber, and the moon awakens
Dreams of rapture. When the body mortal
Aches in pain, and desires written on a page.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 31,2014.

Image and quote @ Write on Edge

Sadiqullah Khan

All The Goods

All the goods and all acts done, undone,
Would it not put the artist erstwhile, on shame?
And your sham claim, to have smothered the line.
Did you tie a string to his hand, or a cunning muse to his sense,
And next you shall lay hands, like the Immortal,
On whatever is the mortal's sway, scripture, word and paint.

Like God, claimeth all human virtue,
Dead and living, all morality, all spirit
Every deed of note, and thus surpass, every
Evil, left to the humans. As all Kingdom belongs to Thee.
So is Hades, Heavens and Hell.

So by deceit, all good is yours,
My toils swept the river's way,
And blessed is my flesh, my soul betray.

-On the abuse of art and artists as state propaganda.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 6,2014.

Image: Hot stuff, Jackson Pollock
Modern art was CIA 'weapon'
The spy agency used unwitting artists such as Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning in a cultural Cold War @ The Independent Friday, June 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

All Things Come To Pass

What a guest! Retorts Cicero.
Julius Caesar, wise of wise;
Good conversation is the garnish,
On the meal served in silver.
A sensibility to avoid, the necessities.
Literature, -what else could be finery,
Or a poem on a sweet tongue, - a desert.

What Ides! - Ides of March, 44 BC
The Ides of March had not come,
It had not gone either.
The prophecy's adamant to be true.

'??? ??, ??????'; ' 'You too, child'
'Thou Brutus? ' 'Et tu, Brute? '
Succumbed to stabs
Blinded by own blood,
Or just covered his face.

All things come to pass,
All events, be love and guile
Shall be played, to the stage,
Assigning motives, hidden and revealed.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 5, 2014.

-On March 15 (the Ides of March) ,44 BC, Caesar was attacked by a group of senators, including Marcus Junius Brutus, Caesar's close friend. Caesar initially resisted his attackers, but when he saw Brutus, he supposedly spoke those words 'Et tu, Brute? ' and resigned himself to his fate.

Death of Caesar by Vincenzo Camuccini
Vincenzo Camuccini, 'Morte di Cesare', 1798, @ Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan

All Things Passing

Inside the hard cranial cavity of a meshy
Syndrome. All things passing, viewed from the windows,
Of eyes. Incomprehensible maze of sights, from a bright sun.
Not listening the sounds of the outer space, that fall above,
The ear's capacity. We call this as silence.
The absurd existential Kafkaesque dream, a Dostoyeskiian,
Epileptic understanding.

Leave the bull, blinded by the illusion of red and in rage,
The reality will find its own victim. Gain the moral high,
By some aloofness, gained in time. There are no timelines
In nature. It proceeds with slow gradual slide, sans any hurry.
How can you give a timespan to flower, to grow, manifest,
And wither. A wave will pass even if it has a knowing.
From hollow, unknown appearance into this vast universe.
Going back or forth is easy. The perishment is either transient,
Or back to hollowness. We shall experience. Those who did,
They did not tell us, except that we see them happy in our dreams.

We have invented wealth, as a common suffering. The absence of which,
Means losing grace. To part with you gain it. Wealth begets wealth.
On the rooftops the soot of the polluted air was like getting old.
In character and beauty. Those parallel roads were leading,
Nowhere. I saw an orgasmic black statue of a woman,
Symboling a wish to create with ecstatic pleasure.
Her hairs were like roots from the earth, and the womb,
Getting sunshine. She is the multiplier of human race.

The Homeric odyssey has passing lines on the life of living,
Describing the valor of the fighting gods. A Samurai is holding,
The sharpest blade and the art of fighting is a reverence.
The short novels narrate some ordinary fables.
Everything is passing. Vincent van Gogh had sold one painting,
In his lifetime. The warfare of the buried past is awakened,
From the ruins without looking for signs of life. We need to live
Without flags and color. The predicament of being a human is immense.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

January 5,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Alone

Since 'we can't capture the whole beauty at once'.

Sdk

Alone by Tricia Mc Keller @

Sadiquillah Khan

Alone Alone

Lo! I am in preparation

My left hand scrolls verse

My right a cup of wine

I am no more making verdicts

The delicacy of nature

Abounds to extant

Keep the cup away

And the beloved no more

On my fate angels now ponder

Where he belongs to?

And from where returneth?

Alone alone!

The dark sweet mists of love

So the horizon is silver

This night

I said good bye to the Groove

As I went on to engage

Myself with its past

And the one who shall possess it

After me

Some trees grow strange flowers

As some plants creep on them

I hold some roses

In my hands as memories

I had some wishes come true

I had some sighs

Mixed with wine

I had all the abundance

I had all the beauty of the world

(On my last day in the Groove)

Islamabad

Jan 6,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Always

There is always a word with, always
It has no ending, it tapers into a song
There is always, an unending stream -
Of avowed consciousness, of distance
That we have not parted, anyways
There is a longing that shall knock
Always on your doors, always drinking
From your horizons, and always they shall
Follow the path, into the warmth of your
Velvety lap, into the breeze that revolve
Gathering your aroma, to my nostrils,
Cold sweetness on my feet, my palms
As full of dreams, as my eyes stare,
Your trail, a coming as lasting, as eternity.
There is always, that below the river flows
That up the clouds send white snows
In sinew winters, in summer there is rain.
Always they chat, the birds like children
Chatter, the beauty out of the valley,
And a silence, like nearing divinity, listening
To your warm breath and unheard whisper.

Gilgit

November 4, 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aman Ki Asha

At last long
Some voices have found
Their way to be heard

From the temple and the mosque
Euphonies
From me and you
To we

Reading eyes to get to know
Narrowing pupils will tell soon
Who belongs to whom

Open the closet
In some cold corners
I have some tears wiped
On silk

Some tongues have been loosened
The angels of love
Whom they said were witches

The wedge is loosing its force
As the tree is standing up
On own soil

We have the memories of the past
We will in the present wait
We know this tree grows beautiful flowers

Islamabad
9/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Amazing Beauty (Aly Bossin Series 1)

The splash that it is
Amazing beauty in bounteous nature
The water fall is like between the rocks
That has the softness of flesh
Sensuous as it would let the waters spill
In the privacy of gushing showers

The solitary shepherd had traversed
Years and centuries with no looking back
His flock has followed the path
Though in stones not unlike in stars
Want to stay alive
Want to drown in nature so rich

Islamabad
July28,2010

On Aly Bossin's photo-Atta Abad Lake

Sadiqullah Khan

Amity Camaraderie

Riding the winds of hope
Thoughts so random for the winning air
The glorious friendship was no more
Walking on time piece in elation
That was found stuck in decades
Sickening temperament for the plea
When taken in the amity camaraderie
Cunning repose unexpected sweet welcome
Bitter guile inside of selfishness
When the plaint was flaunted in dishonor
Like thrown the rose that wanted
Flourish in spring to the thorns
In whose custody is the pearl precious
To the stones tossed fused in dust

14/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

An African Woman

Watch the shaved head bare
Emaciated boobs
The big skull of the suckling infant

Dark leaden eyes with thick bushes of lashes
Dry tongue has sewn lips
Genitals mutilated
Figure still can haunt you in nights

Compound eloquence
You make me very small
On the scale of equilibrium

*On International Women's Day

Islamabad
9/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

An Ambition

May I begin with an ambition
In my space with cold corners
Where my keys are lost every day
To the humming voice of refrigerator
The cricket that still tells me
You need to let the others know
The way out is across the window
I wish to look through in the air
But for that lady who drives a black car
Done up like for show on the runway
Had I been living on a border post
The cold winds would have abraded
My skin and parched my lips
The similarity though is not unlike
What you do when loneliness enwraps
Be it the height of mansions or low
On the top of hills the falcons bow
25/11/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

An Article

Stirring hot cup of coffee
Without saucer, heating my palms
And using the daily The New York Times
As table napkin, - having opened the window
There is rain of early spring.
I am reading an article impunis
By Masood Farivar, veteran jihadi, author
Of 'Confessions of a Mullah Warrior'.

Carrier it, a millennium of war literature
Confess it, vigilantes from other lands,
Put it incontext. You have landed
In the dream. You are free in Boston
Or New a consultant's fee,
With Homeland Security. You are
Now, Voice of America. Thrived on
Petro-Riyals. You have made a sailing.
Out of murky waters. On your wall
Are fixed human heads, hangings made of
Human hair, colors drawn from human blood.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 2,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

An Artist

I am born to be you, an earth's smile in a flower
A stream, a rock, a tree of life, an inventor
I am blood spilled on canvas, I dip my fingers
In the ink-pot of my heart, I give tongue
To your chains. Tongues that lick your desire,
Your narcissus self. I am a mirror.
I dwell deep in your dreams, the ones
Forgotten, the ones making you hysterical.
To know you, I have slept with the bones,
Grappled with angels of hell, I lived many nights
In cold, I burned my oil for myself. I killed myself.
I wrote you to the eternity; I wept in anguish□
I was torn apart between agony and ecstasy
I made you into a marble statue, a stone carving
I sang you in poems. I prayed for you, into my possession
I meditated you, broke conventions, fought evil
On the cross, beheaded, amputated, stoned
Barefoot, in the streets, gazing moon
I extinguished the wish of wanting you
"The ashes of my youth, in the Ganges
Of your love" so was the holiness of my love.
Now I look upon my hands and with my thoughts
-The illusion is not unlike the promises of Providence
After death- The illusion is akin to a mirage.
The least, "In the end, I deserved a few good lies"
And I think very often that what a dread
This meaningless life had been, these past years.

Sadiqullah Khan

An Elegy For Peco

Has some one seen anything sadder
Than Neruda's train, standing in rain
Or your little cage, empty and vacant.
Your black eyes, which twilights behold
Your song whence, from little breast
Red beak, wings a cupid worn:
What places thou fly little muse!
Without leaving a trace
Would someone be of such unkind tenor?
Wherefrom O death, your cruel claw
Reacheth and stretched, except by
Deceit, hidden as though always you are
In the sleeve. He had learned the art of survival,
He would to noise's nuance call
And shout hell. He had learned how
To be home. Then how,
The agape cage, like a thatched hut
With one eye gaze, hollow and void.
Yet you left a few feathers, we do not know
But you are lost to us, and with
A grieving heart, I do thank thee, I do thank thee,
O little bird. For having spent these days,
These nights with us, and having given us
To fancy a bit, that you might be flying,
Across the trees, somewhere in Eden.

-Peco, my daughter Vareesha's little parakeet

Sadiqullah Khan

An Emergence

that preserve yourself
in memories and thoughts,
not photographs and dobs,
speech higher than write,
silence above all
sublime though fall
sophisticate is simple
a minimalist call
or grandmother's drawl,
drink water alone
walk barefoot on grass.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 5,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

An Empty Poem

Fill it
With your silence

Islamabad
18/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

An Evening

In late afternoon and before the night
I played the lessons in music awhile
Forced my mind to fancy the beautiful
Create a rhythm of fingers and strings

I changed for the walk when I felt
In my tight shirts with a wire hanging
From my ear to the FM to listen songs
The voice of the girl that spoke as if

To me alone converged the universe
Followed a man who was driving a cart
His child in amusement for the evening
Green patch behind the bars antelopes
Encaged for view of the passers by

Houses were lit with open doors
As I tiresomely to my place back
What stories shall be in the streets here
Some love and music when cars prepare
For the evening race in this beautiful town
25/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

An Ibex Head

Each day goes my head, each day
For the herd I lead, freedom I live.
Humans are ninety-nine head monsters
Who will restrain them, Saint? Can you,
The way you killed the nine-head monster,
Who took human head each year.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 7,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

An Idol-House

With remembrance the heart becomes,
An idol-house, of such love I am smoldered!
O burn me inside out, your side-glance –
Of my tongue alas! Words it not finds.
The idol-maker's abode in ashes turn
And the flower bud hides the little smile,
The profound presence of love puts it to shame.
O I gather myself from pieces broken
Before when I spread my existence's tale,
Beauty, art thou a glimpse of the eternity?
Then why the mills of time play the ravages
Of the long nights, days and dawns.
Will these lonely falls of the sun, rise of stars,
Find an end. We shall raise though O the promise,
And except the goblets, what else a recall,
And the moments engraved on the lines of palm
Unvisibe, dark. Will the sun-beams shine?
O the small acts and ye shall hold the balance
Of the humanity is but face the demise,
Courage and grace, what awaits thee,
Unspeakable misery of mystery, nothing either.
Although hilarious, every spring brings
Life anew, buds grow and births afresh.
My kind, didst not ye know, for all living,
Life will come to an end, the remaining memory
Of good deeds, thoughts and gratitude only,
Or on crumbling bones by the day, by the night,
Sleeps long, but while you dance on to the cup
The only visible signs of happiness,
Otherwise, 'their' answers are all wrong.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

An Inaugural

O be mercy on the toothless ones,
An inaugural gets viral, sneezing dephodellium
The ancestry snuffed stray dogs driven from caves,
A step forward, proving an imaginary connection -
Carved out of a decadent thought,
Who held himself holy, and exhaled opiates,
Countering the lame lambs, giving them bows,
And those who spoke, pseudo-intellectuals.

Barbarism will rule the sad little girls
And the turbaned old boys, to solve humans,
From an abject terror of custom and tradition?
Admixed with religiosity of those who have never,
Been the other end of the elongated stream
Bringing the bliss of ignorance, himself ignorant.

The journalist who has to yet learn finesse
And sell himself, like the showman on street,
An inaugural it was, and another's,
How happy that they still think their vision,
Blinded ethos, on the unfortunate ones
Who with cowardice do not take pains to question,
For it is heard that sooner than later,
This earth will be clean for the new inhabitants.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

An Invisible Moth

This loneliness, in the arch of skies,
Measuring each step, the sunflower;
Against the winds, blowing, the gems of sands
To his face. A wanderer's dread and despair.

The lute is accompaniment to the music
In the echoes, of shadows,
A voice, in languor, a song so mesmeric
The moon is dancing, stars in throes.

The candle flickers on the night's demise,
The morning, rising from the dew
Cold, silver, drenched with chemise,
In joyous spring, buds and bosoms grow.

O rose, you are sick, for the sake of love,
In your heart. What anguish you bear.
Much tread with happiness you strove;
What an invisible moth, you harb'or.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 5,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ancient Adobes

Mud and stones and logs and silence
Constitute the ancient adobes,
Longevity an average to a century
Cares like to dead given, smiles bright
Red and crimson and white and green.
Roof-tops below, step over garden
A yard longer and by a half shorter.
Neither door nor courtyard, bushy
Thorns, from the goats shelter,
Or humans come, but what to find
Like housed themselves, in baskets
Carry straw, leaves fallen from trees,
Winter's a corner, some wood and bukhari.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

And Beyond

Over the hills
The moon shines.

The outrage of the blowing
Winds is over.

The jealous panache
Of the stars overlook.

Through your eyes,
I enter the infinity
And beyond.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 25,2012.

Starry Night by Vincent van Gogh

Sadiqullah Khan

And By The Window We Sat

And by the window we sat, gazing the uncertainties,
Are we the standing cypresses of the storms of the longest autumns
Or winters have dried our glazed luminescence we wore
The years were counts on fingers and days have waned
O the khojak Pass, when we were nearly crushed in the tunnel
By the train and we thought that how Shela the girl
Might have danced in the night to keep the tunnelers busy
In their dreadful nights, and take away their earnings of the day,
Thus was named Shelabagh, a garden where only
Barrenness flourish with the sheen of the mirrored earth
But above, above on the surface from the times of Ahmad Shah
Of the Durrani dynasty, and the later great game of the spies,
Of the one Malala, who made the warriors of Pashtuns fight invaders.
There is no other history, no other recorded account of the wars,
Wars which make enough of the history of mankind,
Wars, which next only to modern time's revolutions transformed
Wars, which every breathing individual wants to fight, a war
Self assertion might have other meaning, other faces of brutality
Valor, and war makes heroes shine, war extolled, mothers,
Their sons for war prepare, brides their grooms for war canvass,
And they who remain to bury them, speak Pericles's orations,
Epics are wars, wars, who win, then rule, wars who lose,
O tell me not the subjugates' woes, those who do not,
Offer themselves to collective suicide, war the psychosis, war,
The liberator, the maimed when return home, those not
Going to war, have been enjoying the freedom, suffragettes,
And they who were made prisoner, once a prisoner of war, said,
'They would push the pans of molasses everyday, saying, a day gone',
With bitter shame, they their days count, their children shy.
And by the window we sat, after having gone through,
Through the centeric non achievable of the life's vain struggles,
Ending up in little houses of concrete, on broken street roads,
And if the brilliance of fellow humans, not rescued us, we would
Have given breathes, unknown, lost and to the far ages belonged.
Bring us two more cups of coffee, the window panes are cracking,
For next is the time to bang our heads against, break it down to pieces,
To the freshness of the mid-day's glare, and there by the leaves,
With our elongated shoes, crush into the waters' lushness of the greens,
Pluck the flowers, laugh unto it, and listen to the bird's lament,

Shake the walls, pick heavy stones, and jump across the stream
Of fresh and dirty soaped water, slowly walk down the limestone
Stairs, see your new car, touch its door, and smell the plastic mould
And see from the balcony, the squalor's view, but there is no life
Gleaming outside the mental of haze of forgotten dreams,
Surrealised, what if, we are given a chance to live again.
The proposition is tempting, but again it will turn out to be tiring,
Neither would ask for cloning, and might we donate eyes,
To some deserving blinds, grafted onto their sockets, visions deleted.
Somewhere in the subconscious, is pouring in thoughts,
To the best of things done, we might not repeat,
The girl who waved us from distance, who, who had made her eyes
Slant upward, had in a dinner asked me, 'how are you sir! '
'The food is very nice', I said. What else could be said,
Derelict of offering her a dance, for a dance is not in the ethos
And you may step upon a manhole, drowning you to the Hades,
And in hell, burned in fires, we poors have been given enough reasons,
For the non-doables, beneath the moral drama webbed around us,
And then rise again to see ourselves floating towards paradise.
And by the window we sat, finishing our cups of coffee,
And withdraw to the mundane, the inverter air conditioner,
Had kept the room warm, and my office telephone was ringing.
We decided to meet again, with a resolve not to see each other again.

-On a visit by my long time friend, Professor, Doctor Mansoor Akbar Kundi, Ex-
Vice Chancellor Gomal University, Dera Ismail Khan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

And I Explained

The myth of the curl of hair
The lips how they look like cups
Eyes that has the color of wine
Gazelle that once in my garden
Rose why withered on my palm
Fate why like lightening and thunder
Whisper not so loud to listen
Lament that had not reached the wall
My fingers did not touch the stone
Soft breeze on my burning soul
Hermit no more an illumination
Why red and black my color turned
Breathing so fast my heart pounded
I explained all in just few words
I who took ages to know

Islamabad
17/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

And I Find

Not what I seek
Neither what I sow
Nor what I reap

Sadiqullah Khan

And I Recollect

A hundred times
You break
In my arms
And I recollect
You from the pieces
That I search
On myself
12/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

And Once Again

We had heard that blood and pieces
Of human flesh rain from skies, like hail,
We had heard that the sharp blade of cruel,
Slaughtered the combatants and burned
Sleeping towns. We had heard that once,
The shining earth turned upon the wicked.

We then saw that fountains of red blood,
Sprout upon skies, and flesh was the slippery
Earth. We then saw that beginning was a name,
Called death, and clouds burst open a wrath,
We saw the heavens sit silent, and tears
Flooded, shouts reached nowhere and thunders,
Fell upon the innocent -we saw that the sun was near,
And the morning breeze fresh, dew hewn,
We saw the dog-carts filled with corpses,
Heavier than stiffed lead, for they were no-age.

We saw that gloomy silence showered,
Guns went silent, the dance of blood had ended,
No one spoke anything, their heads bent,
They went homes, mothers said nothing,
They all wept to the walls, and the open doors,
And the deserted streets, and the void roads,
And the falling leaves, and the withered flowers,
And the waters, and the airs blowing,
And they wept inside dark rooms, and they
Screamed, and they washed, and they grieved,
And they buried, and the cemeteries were
Wide agape, and without coffins, and they sat
And they prayed for the departed souls,
And they wore white, shrouded in gray blankets,
And once again, the human resilience was put to test,
And once again...and once again!

-On the brutal killings of twenty one students and teachers of Bacha Khan University, Charsadda, Khyber-Pakhtunkwa, Pakistan, on January 20,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad
January 20,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

And Then

And then I surpassed thee, master of verse
A leaden word, a labored line
I neither sang, nor I danced to your rhythm
I did not break the relics, I did not go
Away from myself, I did not chant
I did not react, to your broken reed, to
The nature, to all the noises and memories
Which I have gathered from the dusty paths
Of the past. I let the future fizzle.
I just held my eyes closed
And in a fraction of a second
I was all, everything and nothing
I was just there and Present
And my hands had embraced
All compassion, all love, and all Times.

-On a Rumi verse

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 8,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

And Thus To Saadi Said The Muse

And thus to Saadi said the Muse:

'Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing, - Fortune seeketh thee.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Saadi

Flee from the goods which from thee flee,
Flee and find and do not seek
The raven seeketh and finds abhor,
Nightingale seeks not, the rose lifts veil.
To your garden come from paradise, bird,
Sings the Muse's lament, O seeker be not,
Rich in olives, with figs fed -
The orchard yore and yonder bright.
And green in color are leaves in spring,
On your doorstep are the riches of art,
Wise word hangs on your adobed wall
Friends' shadows on your mud floor -
Heed not thou fraudulent times
Seeker those of fame and renown,
Your days are here, on the yellow desert,
Fountains of water, flagons of wine.
Distant drums though hear sweeter
To the seven strings of your heart's lyre,
Whistle the toil on your forehead flow
Whilst they live throes, sift not amongst.
The beauty shones like the morning beam,
Your night at the end is hope to come,
Nor truths reveal, lily's bosom deep red,
Much a seeker's eye spotted blind
In hand is the secret, love entwine.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 22,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

And Today

And today I crave for beauty
In a descending night
A morning gathering on the dark
Corners. A cliff with the feel of a bush
A softness, satiny Shanghai silk
Not threads of hair, hanging hearts
Goblets of eyes, red, white and green
Unfilled, unpoetic, unromantic.
Just a 'be'. Though remains a wish-
Today I craved
For beauty milky-white
Clove-like black, wheat-like brown.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 17,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

And You Say

The mystic blue has a touch from heaven,
Is there any other, place from where I
Get colors of your eyes. Bringing the morning,
Sunrise of hope, and longing of the sunset.

The gods let me steal from the sun,
The fire of life. Can I let go?
Extinguished embers as my desires.
Holy, human, and in your chaos.

I pluck a flower of harmony, telling my heart.
I have found some secrets to the existence.
And before the fragrance, your autumn.
My hope, that spring is not far, once winter begun.

The brief moments, are sins, celebrations unholy.
From you I escape, and am trapped,
The judgment of the conscience bears heavy.
And you say, from here to there but a veil.

Death is not easy as against life.
And you say, by prayers should I live.
Is this justice that I part from life with violence?
Soothing chants to my ears, to ease my senses.

Put the white cover slanted over my head,
I carry the pride of love on my forehead.
Let the lovers know, we have not forgotten.
The self's indebtedness to the beauty's glances.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 25, 2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

A-Never Seeing You

'Dance, when you're broken open. Dance, if you've torn the bandage off. Dance in the middle of the fighting. Dance in your blood. Dance when you're perfectly free.' Rumi

Feather buoyant on aromatic winds
Afloat like canoe sleeps on a quiet sea,
Aye, simmering tunes struggle against the weight,
The gait bears similarity to the newly broken colt
Or antelope in frightened leap before a lion.
Hide into the mane, dark clouds who hath seen,
Smelled springs and saffron from the hair's touch
Hip's upper curve, or on beat is the slow fall -
Like the closing band of the orchestra, magnificent
Lighter, the feet crosses on rainbow, it picks dew.
O girl, who art thou, that my eyes wide open
Dreams a loss, a wish unfulfilled, a-never seeing you.

-To an unknown Afghan girl seen dancing (attan) on a video.

Peshawar

October 7,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Another Battle Cry

The rhythm of paces that shivers
Curves like jelly under the skin
Sustenance is life abstract known
To the few in the struggle to serve
The purpose is the incent to give
Desire to the heart to hold on
The breath intact in another mass
Of flesh when adored to the sight
Senses from else to give it eternity
Had not been the flamboyant youth
That shall die by the foist ray
Of the sun as the moon holds the seed
Smallness of life whoever did understand
Not the moral or ascetic but for the exuberant
The prayers shall restrain or the law codified

Let loose the self like water that flow
In sandstones like the serpent find path
The fountain of eternity had symbols of love
Erected or in rich softness with peaks
In one spin revolves the beauty of Self
Me and you and those who passed
Who shall come like in tornado is consumed

The greedy Soul of life shall not in peace
Leave us to ourselves every moment
Decisive to remain alive remains
The ultimate purpose what cost we pay
Heal the wounds for yet another battle cry
The morning rooster announces for all
For a little pleasure here on earth alas
What the divine snatches from us
For the eternal love like slaves to master
We yield our smaller souls in gratitude
In fear and in hope of paradise anon
18/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Another Beginning

A wish so dear
When arms in arms
The aroma of your bosom
The satins and the silks
Woven on your chest
Like a cloth black
In motifs of love
By the girl in her youth
The shepherdess

I searched universe
Your love is like
The opiate of my imagination
In addiction my love
For the red poppy

Your memory is
Like the face of Marry
Your beauty is
Like the hand of Jesus

Wake me up
For now I have fallen
Opened have thou
The mysteries of my being
You say
This is another beginning

(A sequel to Reshma Ramesh, Balcony)
22/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Another Night

You laid blue stars on the bed
There is no rain in the room
There is no tilt
All are crowded on end.
The distance is from autumn
To autumn and spring
Cold winter and warm summer;
We travelled on the desert of Gobi
A sprouting boat in rain,
Two green eyes far apart
Had they been closer, it becomes
Fearful. These streams are laid
For our eyes. The edges hang on to hide.
Closed kept windows
Yellow dreams and black milk
Of the day's break
We were on our way back
Holding star fishes (sea-stars)
Close to our eyes,
Another night is ten roses away.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 20,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Another Spell

Prolonging spell
Making sickness like heart
Wrenching in aches of viscera
To retrieve myself from hollowness
In the soft underbelly of vicissitude
Vesicles strained when the chants
Spoken on something in waters
Not the fair one weaker
Carrying from the craft
With wide open eyes I stared
The energies were drawn
In vain my musical sense
Suddenly ended
From across the haunted house

In nightmare I held my bleeding wrist
Lost on the big planet I felt
Terrible pain in my chest
Only death I wished
To the prayers in soft breeze
Did not the great man on earth
The great beloved
Sought refuge from
The sooth Sayers
When the other fairy
Took me on her wings
In another spell
I have my forces of wit returning
In normalcy for brighter days
8/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Another Thought Liii

I rushed through the last pages of Nelson Mandela
'Coversations with Myself', and the only thing in one word,
I learned is 'humility'. There are enormous stories of twenty eight
Years of prison, and the subsequent freedom. A tale of humanity,
A saint who says though he is not but nevertheless,
One should keep trying, trying to liberate everyone.

I am transferred to Gilgit
Late in the night I received a call.
Action is of more vital significance than reaction.
For long long hours I will be away from loved ones -
'mery dil mery musafir huwa phir se hukm sadir,
ke watan badr hain hum tum, dein gali gali sadaien
karein rukh nagar nagar ka
ke suragh koi pain kisi yar-e nama bar ka'
hamain ye bhi tha ghaneemat jo koi shumar hota
hamain kia bura tha marna ager ek bar hota'
I cannot translate it but try to understand.

I readily found a book by a Scottish poetess
Kathleen Jamie, 'Among Muslims', about 'Northern Areas',
Of Gilgit, where I shall be shortly going,
With a Nikon DSLR, lots of books, sightseeing and 'weathering'.
Happy omens.
Follow me with my poems from there.

P.S: I have not watched Television for two days and my sanity is returning.
I wish if I can do this with Facebook.

Sadiqullah Kkhan
Islamabad
September 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Another War Lv

Warfare never ends, that will be the end
Of civilization. He is hired horse, a stallion
More bran than brain. Playboy, simplistic
Moral lessons, learned from mother, and
Freedom as taught by girl-friends. Others
In the coalition, the powerful flanks, are
Filling in 'missing links' of indoctrination.
How to f..., needs not teach a young widow.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 27,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aqua Vitae

I have brought from your generosity
My wailing paper and pen,
From your intent curiosity,
Such stolen kisses as you were unaware.
For certain reason my wish
Is breath on the mirror, and as if
Like the art of the great master
Amazement by the fountain of music,
As it would settle in the bottom
Of the flying cup, and the cup-bearer
Opening the door and letting us in.
Let us look for aqua vitae -
And be the endless sport
Without winning and losing and reasoning.

Saiquillah Khan
Islamabad
July 25,2014.

Sadiquillah Khan

Aquarium

Resplendid lines on horse back
Covered with muslin
The red were splashing the blue
The blue giving hues of the red
In deep water
She was looking at an image
Of a fish in aquarium

2/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Aristotle And Sappho

The dialogue takes place between Aristotle, Homer and Sappho, based on Poetics of Aristotle.

Prelude to 'Poetics' of Aristotle

The apocalyptic maestro's dialogue
Whatever he said, whether wrote or not
Of politics and philosophy
History's scribbled pages, lost, found and lost
Again. Reason's unblemished castle
The armies select, carrying banners of divinity
Feared not the death, nor a defeat but O ye!
May some one from a pouch, from a hidden hearth
Spell your name, or your master's or the master's master.

Macedonian, an Athenian, a Greek symbol
When the rest of the world painted their faces blue
Or were clinging to the trees, apelike, he was writing
And teaching philosophy. An ultimate touchstone
An ultimate reason, Pupil of the great Plato
Surpassed, toned him down –the radical transformer
Let there be a room for the common sense
Let emotion prevail; let intuition be not inimical to sense.

We undertake by a grace, human
An account into Poetics, of whatever might be understood
By a feeble mind, frail heart, unaccustomed
With wit, a study to what we call poetry
As embellished by him, as it came down to us, fragmented
For with all probabilities, he never wanted the work
To be published, handed down by himself, or by a pupil
One of the four hundred treatises written by him.

Thus we conclude, having written the above
That all word that uttered his mouth, which came on his tongue
Despite the written, was creativity, unique, unparalleled
A science, deductive, in logic and to the posterity
For all times to come, empirical, for generations.

Sappho the Poetess

Sappho the Poetess

Are you thrice removed from reality?

To him you happened to be the tenth muse

The nine being exhausted. A mimicry

As art and banished from the Republic.

Homer's art is lies, what is yours?

Ai'nt not the poets bring down from

Heavens, life's tender imagined impulses

Ai'nt not they 'besides themselves'

The universe is an idea, and you make

A reflection, an imitation. Then what is that

Which can't be reflected, an inspiration.

An action confined to 'single circuit of the sun'

Complete, as far as possible, and something near that.

"A tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious

And, also having magnitude, complete in itself; in language

Embellished with each kind of ornament, each kind

Brought in separately in parts of the work, in dramatic,

Not in narrative form; with incidents arousing pity

And fear, wherewith to accomplish it's catharsis

Of such emotion" –Poetics of Aristotle

Sappho the Poetess

Are you thrice removed from reality?

Act I

Scene: School of Athens as painted by Raphael.

Imitation -Poetics I

Aristotle:

All art is imitation, be it
Poetry, dance and music, sculpture
Painting and flute-playing
Not mimicry thrice removed
From reality. The mime, Socratic Conversation,
Homeric Odyssey; the form of imitation
Without name. The arts differ in three modes
Means of imitation, the medium and the object.
By language is literature, by color and sound
Music, painting and sculpture.
Rhythm, harmony and melody
In verse, one of the many kinds of meter
And without verse, even is poetry
Imitation is;
Of essence, of an object
It is the imitation of emotion, the inner reality
Or the soul of things.
Art seeks to imitate an inward process,
Or the outward manifestation of an inward will
Which show some activity of thought, of feeling.

Sappho:

Great master, for having removed thrice,
How I hold to reality
The rhapsodical thought, whether a feeling
How from a tender heart ariseth,
A tear dropped. A sigh. Ah! Such separation
From loved ones, is not the tragic heart?
Closer more to real than assigned?

Aristotle:

Having said this, there comes the object
What you may imitate.
There is no bigger reality than the human itself,
In the background is a landscape, a curtain
A choral beginning and human tragedy
A comic relief, unfolds.
In dramatic art, the mimesis is reproduction of life.

Sappho:

What do you say of Homer
The poet of the poets.

Aristotle:

Homer personages above all
Had dealt both tragedy and comedy
He is a superior, in Illiad and Odysee
And in Margites (since lost) in comedy
He was the frist to outline the dramatic
In ridiculous.

Sappho:

The understanding of the ridiculous
Is it the invective, a lampoon in imitation
An ignoble and trivial action?

Aristotle:

The manner of imitation may either
A narrative at a moment
In verse, or change dramatically
Heroic poetry and panegyrics born here.
Comedy is imitation of the men
Worse not as they are but in the sense
Ridiculous.

Sappho:

What is ugly then?

Aristotle:

Ridiculous is a species of the ugly
Not necessarily ugly (For Greeks ugly meant bad)
A defect or shortcoming which produces laughter
An instability, a deformity but not causing pain
Not productive enough to harm, a mask.

Tragedy –Poetics II

Aristotle:

A tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious
And, also having magnitude, complete in itself; in language
Embellished with each kind of ornament, each kind
Brought in separately in parts of the work, in dramatic,
Not in narrative form; with incidents arousing pity
And fear, wherewith to accomplish its catharsis
Of such emotion.

Sappho:

What do you mean by language embellished, master?

Aristotle:

With rhythm and harmony
With song superadded
And by the kinds separately
I mean,
Some portions worked out
In verse, others in song.

Sappho:

Homer is epic and tragic.
What differentiate an epic from a tragedy?

Aristotle:

Epic and tragedy have things in common
Of serious actions, serious characters
Characters better than average
The style of both
Grand and elevated
Their verse of lofty nature.
The difference is;
A uniform meter in epic, a changing
In tragic, variable.

Epic is narrative, tragic in verse
Dramatic. Indefinite length of epic
The tragedy is confined to 'single circuit of the sun'

Sappho:

Do you mention the three unities of action, time and space?

Aristotle:

As far as possible
And something near that.

End of Act I

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 12,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aristotle And Sappho II

Sappho and Alcaeus

Act II

Scene: Sappho with a lyre in Mytilene

Sappho:

The fairest of all stars thou, rambling
The jars of wine on Athenian youth pouring
O joyous evening, O earth for the austere
Barefooted, lofty a mind a soul
For in the men's affairs, underneath
Thine music is solid cold, cold as stone
The sculpted god, bent, your Politics
Till today, the argument goes on, you
The pupil, with the dexterity of a fox
A lion's heart and having
Ordered all the papyrus by the ship from
Egypt. Every utterance, without meter
Without lyric, not even iambic.
My word like air set ablaze by a fire
Hadst it not been so,
Why would then he the knowing say,
"Some say the Muses are nine: how careless!
Look, there's Sappho too, from Lesbos, the tenth."

Alcaeus of Mytilene:

More full-throatedly singing

Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff, and sing
The praises of the god of wine,
The son of Jove and Semele,

Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet- one and two:
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase, the last pursue.

Sappho:

Although they are breathe
The words I command are immortal,
The knightly spirit of Adonis
On the shield, yet your shield
Not alive, a mother to the Greek
A young man may return dead
Or victorious. Your vines
Grapes would produce an enchant,
The love's tempest is mightier
Mightier is the defeat's bitter woes
In the festival, bringeth
Lute and lyre, sweet song
A tale on the seas, a battle's dust
Of the posterity is known little
A judge, immoral on a moral scale
A poet, like Horace, a heart in love
From fragments may, discover
Like all human misery in self styled
A philosopher king or inspired by heaven
A praise your way, a song you make.

Alcaeus of Mitilyene:

Choral, O muse, a daughter of goddess
From a sweet tongue, a honeyed smile
I found the poor fisherman
To the invitation I sang the abandon
Wine before the sun goes down
Cup on cup; sporting a lyre.

Sappho:

The men would on earth and
Hereafter, remember nothing but women.

End of Act II

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 13,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aristotle And Sappho Iii

The Constituents of Tragedy

Act III

Scene: At lyceum Aristotle walking with his students.

Sappho:

I implore thee, sage
Nothing superior
Nothing in comparison
Having dealt with life
Of polity, rhetoric and
Constitutions, world over
Would the beacon of thy
Lofty intellect, in the recesses
A soul hidden, a love manifest
An imitation, of what is inside
Or what might be. Of the rage
Of your master, Socrates
In conversation. Tell us
What tragedy is, so ramp
So is born the humanity with.

Aristotle:

Acting the stories, as they make it
We turn to Spectacle first, the stage appearance
Then comes Melody and Diction, being mediums
While diction is metrical arrangements
Melody is song, Action needs Agents
Of distinctive thought and character
To whom we ascribe certain qualities
A Fable or a Plot, where action is done
In the natural order of the things
Character is the give qualities to agents
And Thought is enunciating a general truth
Providing a particular point.

Sappho:

Nothing the sort, a mind crosseth
The arrow, once in the heart limpeth
Cupid, a lover, from the maze of life
A passing age, a beauty aglow
How would then, a Plot unfold
When living, nothing else
Is a plot tragic.

Aristotle:

The plot is simply this, in the present sense
Combinations of incidents, things done
In succession, in a story.

Sappho:

What then constitutes a tragedy?

Aristotle:

Six in number.
Of such or such quality
A Fable or Plot, Character, Thought,
Diction, Melody or Spectacle
Two of them arise
From medium of imitation,
One from the manner
And three from objects of dramatic
Imitation; There is nothing nothing else
Of thses six, its formative elements.

Sappho:

I didst not thought either
Which constituent placed where
A poetic diction, beyond reason and logic
An inspiration, who knoweth from where
All is placed as if, by the soft hands
An angel, a muse, god's hands.

Aristotle:

(Now sitting on a marble stone)

Tragedy is an imitation not of persons
It is, of life, an action; of happiness and misery.
The end we live in activity, it is therefore not
The person except for the inner representation
What we do, whether happy or the reverse,
We assign it quality through characters.
So it is the plot that is the end.

Sappho:

What misery that speaketh in love,
A night awake, a mother's tear,
To some it is something else
To another, else. Do you,
O reason's advocate, still believe
That in the deep thoughts
Emotions arising, anger and fear
Such cold demeanors as a marble statue?

Aristotle:

How inferior are the other parts
In misery, happiness and tragedy
Having given the plot –a combination
Of incidents; a true tragic effect succeeds.

Sappho:

How a human emotion plays
Of nature how you spell the effect.

Aristotle:

Lend, O poetess of muses
To the divisions, definition of tragedy.
Dealing with nature and function thereof,
Embodied in three aspects of imitation
Object, medium, manner.
The Object

Is imitation of an action of grave seriousness
Complete in itself, and having magnitude.

Sappho:

I lend, but what is magnitude.

Aristotle:

By magnitude is implied
That it should be long enough
To produce rise and fall in circumstances,
Of the hero. The medium is language
And all the embellishments it allows.
The manner of imitation is dramatic
And not narrative. One in which characters
Act out the action.

End of Act III

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 17,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aristotle And Sappho Iv

The Plot

Act IV

Scene: At lyceum in the museum

Aristotle:

The implied function of Tragedy
Nothing but a statement arousing
Fear and Pity. It purges the audience
Pleasurable. We call it Catharsis.
An emotional release.

Sappho:

Thy master sage, such a distaste
A suppression of human, an emotion
That surge, an effect for a cause
Imitate the cruel life, a happy nature
Be art ignoble to arouse love
Fear and pity: What as humans we can
Otherwise express. A moral's high esteem
Such a deception of the self he espoused
Such a lie unto himself, a harm more ignoble.

Aristotle:

Of the constituents six,
Three are concerned with objects
Of by number are
Plot or piece of life (human actions
And experience) : the characters of the agents
Or (dramatis personae) : the Thoughts
Expressed by the agents.
Two elements are the medium of imitation
Namely Diction and Melody.
The sixth and the last is Spectacle;
By which a story is presented

On the stage and before the audience.

Sappho:

What is the essence amongst the six.

Aristotle:

Plot

The life and the soul

Characters drawn with great psychological skill

There may be great poetic and rhetoric brilliance

But that does not constitute a Tragedy

Tragedy in its essence is a story

There cannot be a picture without a shape or design.

Sappho:

What is Peripety and Discovery?

Aristotle:

The most powerful elements of emotional interest

The Peripeties and Discoveries.

Sappho:

What does it mean master

Though we do, we see and imitate

An acute brilliance, like a star shining

O sage, go on, like a muse

Like a story do tell

All that is done, all that is beautiful.

Aristotle:

Peripety is reversal of intention

Brought about by a blindness to the truth.

So that the purpose with which certain set of circumstances

Is defeated. The realization of truth is Anagnorisis or Discovery.

The Plot is essential design to a play

In which the choice of alternatives is not easy to choose

Or is not obvious.

Sappho:

Which comes first, Plot or Character?

Aristotle:

The first essential, life and soul of a Tragedy
Is Plot. The Characters come second.
Compare the Parallel in painting
The most beautiful colors laid without order
Will not give the same pleasure
Than a simple black and white sketch of a portrait.
The Thought comes third.
The power of saying whatever can be said
Or what is appropriate to the occasion;
This is what in the speeches in Tragedy
Comes under Politics and Rhetoric.
One must not confuse Thought and Character
Character in a play is that which reveals the moral purpose
Of the agents. The sort of things they see or avoid.
Speeches which do not make it obvious
Are not expressive of Character.
Hence there is no room for Character
In a speech on a purely indifferent subject.
Thought, therefore is some universal proposition
Proving or disproving some particular point.
The fourth is Diction: the expression of Thought in words.
Of the remaining two Melody, a source of greatest pleasure
Of all the elements. The Spectacle though an attraction
Is of least importance, and has least to do with the art of poetry.
The tragic effect is quite possible without a public performance
And actors, and besides, presentation up of the Spectacle
Is more a matter of dressmaker and stage designer than the poet.

End of Act IV

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 20,2013.

Aristotle And Sappho V

The construction of Plot

Act v

Scene: School of Athens

Aristotle:

Once and the most important
Thing in Tragedy
Tragedy is imitation of an action,
That is complete, whole
Of some magnitude.

Sappho:

Is a whole, a magnitude?

Aristotle:

A whole may be of no magnitude.

Sappho:

What is a whole?

Aristotle:

A whole is that,
Which has a beginning, a middle
And an end.

Sappho:

What is action?

Aristotle:

Plot in the drama is an equivalent

Of an Action is real life.
Action, is not an external act
But an inward process,
Which works outwards
Or the expression of
A man's rational personality.
The characters in a drama
Are not described but they
Enact their own story
And so reveal themselves.

Sappho:

A revelation though
Is not life itself made of
Multiple dramas enacted.

Aristotle:

We know them not
O! Muse the tenth
From what we are told of them.
We know them by their performance
Before us.
Without action in this sense
A poem would not be bad drama,
But no drama at all.
Not a collection of incidents
An action is whole
An end is that
Which has nothing after it
Which is naturally after
Something itself.
Either as some thing is necessary
Or because it is consequent.
A beginning has that
Which has naturally something after it.
Plot, therefore cannot begin or end
At certain random point.

Sappho:

What makes it beautiful?

Aristotle:

To be beautiful,
A living creature
Or any other whole made of parts
Must not
Only present some order
In arrangements of parts,
But also be of certain definite Magnitude.
Beauty is a matter of size and order.
It is impossible without that
The unity and wholeness of it
Is lost to the beholder, otherwise.

Sappho:

How long the Plot should be?

Aristotle:

So a story or Plot
Must be of some length,
But a length to be taken by memory.
The length thus depends
On spectators, a hundred stories
To be timed by 'water clock'
The limit is,
The longer the story
Consistently with its being comprehensible,
As a whole,
The finer it is by reason of Magnitude.
A rough general formula is
'A length which allows a hero pass through a series
of probable or necessary stages from misfortune to
happiness, or from happiness to misfortune.'
This may suffice
For the magnitude of the story.

Sappho:

I am empty this day,
Your critique, the empiricist
My muse though busy
In deconstruction
I lost the construction
In parts, the whole.

Aristotle:

(Now strolling to and fro)

Unity of a Plot
Does not consist
As some suppose
In having one man
As its subject.

Sappho:

One man as its subject?

Aristotle:

An infinity of things befall
That one man, some of which it is impossible
To reduce tot unity.
And in like manner
There are many actions of one man,
Which cannot be made to form one action.

Sappho:

Where from is the beginning?

Aristotle:

The beginning does not come after,
Something else as a consequence.
It is casually related to what comes
After it. This does not mean
That the Tragedy should begin
From the beginning.

It would be more effective
If the tragic action comes
Later in the career of the hero.
The beginning should therefore
Be self explanatory.
It should not need the knowledge
Of any earlier circumstance.
Neither should it be
To make us ask, why and how.

Sappho:

Where comes the 'catastrophie'
O master of reason, a catastrophe,
Life is so replete with?
Where to place the mirror
To its ugly face.

Aristotle:

The middle must follow
Naturally from the beginning.
And naturally lead to the end
Or the catastrophe.
The end is casually related to something
That went before it
But has nothing coming after it.

Sappho:

Tell the 'golden mean'.

Aristotle:

The Plot should have a magnitude
Beauty depends on magnitude and order.
The 'golden mean' is that it should be neither
Too long, or too small
That one forgets the begging or appreciate the beauty.
Unless of suitable length
One cannot appreciate the orderly arrangements
Of the part of the whole.

Sappho:

What length master?

Aristotle:

'It must be long enough to allow a sequence of events within the limits of probability and necessity which can bring about the change of fortune.'

Sappho:

Do you mean organic unity of Plato?

Aristotle:

This is significant

The 'organic unity' propounded by Plato.

A symmetrical and proportionate relationship

Between the parts and the whole.

A plot should consist of incidents or episodes

Which show a proper relationship to the whole.

Like a creature neither too small nor too big

Beauty is a matter of size and order.

End of Act V

Saiquillah Khan

Islamabad

November 25,2013.

Sadiquillah Khan

Aroma Of Damp Earth

The calligraphic precision of the ink
Blue and black green floral motifs
The nib turns on the parchment
Of gold washed skin like on serpent.
Sliced turned in the direction
Water flows on the contours shaped.
The texture is like silk entangled,
The lover's blood to add the red.
Eyes had seen the roundness
Either a setting sun or a rising moon.

Celebration is to life as extinction;
To death is given the self but once
From earth to heaven is rising the soul.
'Love the life you live' was the writing
Not on a wall but on the body mortal.
Love the life you live or else
Angel of death carries names on scroll.

To the life's breathing moments
Given to us on a count like the eyes
We blink to see the nature's last tempest.
We hold in the arm or brace it to the chest.
The breathing would return from the warmth
Of the love's bosoms like aroma of damp earth.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 24,2012.

Vincent van Gogh: Autumn Landscape,1885.

Sadiqullah Khan

Aroma Of Her Virginity

The aroma of her virginity
Was so strong
That the goddess
Of the virgins
In whose blessings
She was grooming
And the steaming youth
In the woods
And the goddess of perfumes
A friend of goddess of virginity
In secrete design
Asked the goddess
Of fresh breeze
To carry the smell
To the god of war
And the god of war
Riding his horse
Without knowing
Where the fresh breeze
Was taking him
The horse
Galloping like mad
In total submission
To her steaming youth
And her virginity
Lay his head down
And the goddess of cold breeze
Took her out
Total nude
And followed by
"Yellow butterflies"
Jumped the horse back
The god of war
And now god of manhood
And masculinity
The aphrodisiac
An outrageous thunder
Frantic movements
Making wonders

And dance of all gods
And goddesses
The horse on rapid gallop
Butterflies following
The heads and hearts of the two
Now in fusion in heavens
The bodies and the souls
Under the command of one god
The god of love
God of every one
The virginity lost
To the man for eternal existence
A thunder in the sky
And soft heavy rain
Pouring water
For the earth has now
And the goddess of fertility
Quenched its thirst
And the heavy rain
Watering seeds
For the next harvest

Sadiqullah Khan

As Before

Let from the beginning,
As before

Let the time take its birth
As before,

As before, let
Let it happen, let the song
Leave your lips, let

The gravity be not a pull
On your dove feet-

The accumulated years in thought
And suffering, the past
Let erase

Let the puff on your cheek,
Shine in eyes,
Be a lantern of delight.

Defy time,
Let what hinders
And lament, an eloquent interpose.

Let love again
And begin when we were strange.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2014.

Behemoth, oil on linen, by Martin Wittfoot @ MartinWittfoot

Sadiqullah Khan

As Is

Breaking rhythm unstylized
With rhymes give away rhythm beats the essence
An untelling story from the day's happening
Need for the underpinning wording rooting deep
Suckling waters on emotional tank
Or reason's thistling explanations of living
Without judgment, as is, so it is.
Gazing at the ceiling in pre-dawn
Refracting lights from the window gauze
And hanging curtains the way of standing nymphs.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gigit
September 8,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

As One Fears A Night

The voluptuous presence of demons,
Love's hidden triangle making way ahead
A surprising urbanity was around.
From beneath the beads of sweat,
Emotions playing the inner chord of desire.

The whole journey was tiresome,
In the bleak lights of the city of dreams,
So small, so full of nothing.
On the brim I looked for some sadness,
The sunset brought me enough to savour.

You hide from friends O heart in rapture,
Like the great master of Rum, you pelt them,
Away from your door and like the lover
Who fears days as one fears a night.

See everyone wears such costumes of paradise,
Such is the fragrance in the air,
Such is the luminous light like the dawn
Of early spring. Such is the smile on the beloved's
Lips. Such is the shine in the eyes of the love.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ascent To My Soil

'O Poet of the difficult, dear addicted artist
Assent to my soil and flower..'
'At the grave of Henry James' by W. H. Auden

Ascent to my soil, and flower
Addicted artist, poet of the difficult
Upturn grave's stone, a darkened vault
A river's rage, the night's demonic winds
From skies unleashed, O eye bleed not -
Trembling fears, in the noon dusk
Frozen morning, a small cut log,
The dream is smoking chimney, bread
On hearth. The day's gathering for him
Is stone, for her a warmth. There are no,
Unborn, the dead have traveled long paths.
O their hands, who broke the stones,
Bring the mercurial water, in the hill's arm-pit,
Following goats, little girls ride peaks
Boys have known their fathers in doubtful war
Dead. A flag flutters, will someone bring
For my hospitality, flat of the earth.
She bought utensils worth two dried hide,
He sold, in barter, of what shreds could be offered.
They sit together, he brings news, too
Fashionable is the steel bowl, may be next time.
Ascent to my soil, and flower,
O Poet of the difficult, addicted artist
The warmth of the old bones a breathing chest,
I borrowed a moment's dignity to feel,
A king's demeanor, in the seeker's secret.
O tiny lines of beauty, could moon drown?
From her cold cheek, tears of anguish wash.

-On a family buying utensils in Ghizer Valley

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 11,2014.

Ask What

Love's religion, ask what?
In temple sitting drawn 'kashka'
'Mir'* since long, hath given up on faith.
Majnun hath, but to the desert lost
Dust on head, door to door,
He hath, but who has gained
A loss in love, is any other win to choose?
Heaven he found, in hell's fire if burned.

Go! Love's fables, like distant drum
Sweeter melody, O lute! The night's drawn:
Upon firmament's strength, could helplessness
Be the divine's name. Many imperfections -
Could parts be gathered in a perfect whole?
Cold and warm, dawn overturns on dusk.

Flower weep, it is not you, but someone akin,
Next spring, ye be either seed, to carry on
Essence shall then, be the existence's secrete.
A long wait, the time's spill is the youth's glory
Beauty holding, a broken door to the hinge
Hold on storms; let the breeze move over-
Alas but, the fate's tablet affront,
Exist, be marry, fasten the knot
The rope of love, thus may not slip from hand.

*Mir Taqi Mir (1723-1810) , Mughal India, a poet of Urdu language.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 12,2013.

Pencil Drawing by 1koolwhip @ deviant art

Sadiqullah Khan

Assiduous Journeys

Tell the tales, of the giant's lands,
Assiduous journeys, colored wings
Assail the doubts of a fairy's land
And saints where sleep, disciples guile.

Much a whacker you thought of this,
And that. Their ashen faces, lifeless long.
Yet intellect takes over like dark,
Like moon is hid or the sun eclipsed.

We inherit only the austere of times,
Happiness ingrained with guilt to do,
Or not having done, life's worth pain only.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 23,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

At 3 In The Morning

The pain is as if
It rips me apart
The world is closing on me
Sleep is hundreds of leagues
Away are the dreams
To show once again the bloom
Health is the one treasure
Good fortune then distant away
To the night's damp blanket of doom
The sight is fixed for the dawn

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 27,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

At Bay

And it held me at bay
The mirror of the cup of wine
Hath a shadow other
For holy ritual is needed
Evil away from the tavern
Saki read my eyes
Watch the eyes in the dark

Islamabad
17/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

At Borith Lake In Autumn

Secret happy tear, harboring serene, still
Surrounding hillocks of stone and ice,
Unblunk eye, steeped shores, blowing
Down the windy winds, hushing tall trees
Nesting birds, sublime songs of yellow years.
Stony lanes and pavements, feeted by tired
Steps of the shepherds, and cheeky girls,
Like sheep graze grass, and like the ducks
Avoiding the crust of snowy mirror-like plate.
Dryness, apparent, stony countenance, smile
Through the middle of ravines, dust and storms
But so little. And a wetness would quench
The erotic emotion of a hardened, erubatic peak.
Descend the peak, from the top unveil
A gradual delineation of the arduous path to love,
Smoky stay, and the whole earth enters
An eternal song of existence, of a lone bird's
Sweet tongue, a transitory stay to flocks
On way up and down, to where no one knows.
We could have talked love, in its ardent details,
On an emerging, glacieted emotions,
Seeping underneath the mountain of heaves,
And sighs might have sent to heaven this way
Or you could have said to mind own business.
Indifference, an attitude the point of love
Inherited, since long, and I could have been
The unsolaced, weighing on my own grounds
Of an abject failure, of a lover longing victory
On unknown, unrecognized boulders
Of obstructions, and we could have and might
Have reached each other. On a desolate journey
Mine was an empty heartened feel of a bucket
Unnecessarily filled with warm waters
Or from the salty bed beneath the bottom
Of the lake, green and blue, shy and blush
Depending on the emotions it reflects, on the lights,
It swears upon to itself, of its lone existence
Not really liking, an adoration you and I
Display and try to give it a name, in unison

Waiting for the words to ascend, dug like
Stones, big, small and little, put by an extraordinary
Effort of human limbs, curved maze like, stones
Left and right, below, and roofs covered with mud
Dampened for the purpose, leaves gathered
For the autumn, a calf was eating dry stems,
All things out of dryness, defy the gravity
Close to the surface of earth, by a bushy
Margin, while the ducks fed on underwater weeds.
The sunshine was mesmerizing, bathing me
And things, the most void thoughts of your love,
Making worth out of nothing, dwelling
In a bosom, that never was, and shall never be.
Ah! Only earth's embrace shall dissolve
Desires ever waiting, desires never to happen
In a reality, as obtuse, as the wavelets that touch
Marginal depths, into known blanketed surface.
And these waters shall never cease to ooze, from below,
Lessons, of some eternal happiness, sharing
Without lights, and an urban congestion,
Although you wear a costume, as sanguine and beautiful
To make you walk arm in arm, to lightened
Sensibilities and the days shall never come
That by beating loneliness, and away from silence
I could have known better understandings
A life, rich and again, desolation, life offers
Just breathing by the bank, like the tree, next in front
The whirling breezes, of autumn, that has ever adored me.

□

Sadiqullah Khan
Sost
December 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

At Chaayekhana

Could you be adding more salt
The fish steak, like the two fins endlessly
Breathing suffocation. Could someone sit
Across the table to read the leathered menu
A knife stuck in fork, and on another table
The end of history so vehemently being talked.

You would bring me some more tea, flavored
From wild grass, hot in a transparent cup:
I was never spared the loneliness, a sad note
Followed me from thought to thought
Leaving, a gaze up, a stranger never to be seen
From the fall of hair, the gleaming white of eyes
It did not say anything. Demise more meaningful
Than the fables of the Persian storyteller.

A man who could not be saved by his belongings
Dearest, owned with pride; another his friend
Who drew twenty cabmen and had been
Putting under feet, the most feared dacoits, harbored
By the town. He and others, carried a body of flesh and bones
No one could rescue. We are told that for the wise
Signs to read, a petty thief, killing the proud gentleman.

There is a need to do more, the clichéd words in line
It would take the young poetess, across the rainbow
A worth, asking something for the sake of asking
Bring down, what if you have written fifty two novels
Like the novelist, who died at ninety four:
What if you are known or what you think
Is not there enough knowledge already in universe?

An easel with three legs was dancing before
My eyes, to behold, an abstract minimalist painting
Drawn, to what good reason, what motivation
Drags you to certain points? What if this, or that or none.
There is a lightness, neither alienation, nor loss
A gain, an indifference, pulling back the extended aprons
To see more closely, to feel more inside, the portrait

Of a girl that is coming up on the next book of Songs
Why, if appreciated or not, if it ever makes a sense?

Driving back home, the absurdity of living
At its peak, dead, soulless books, crepe papers –
Transporting myself to some non-existent reality, we call
Imagination. An activity, a busi-ness, since I cannot
Believe, loss of faith, an ugly beauty, a distant life
Better wait and see, there might be a heaven after death.
Behold, be marry, be strident, and finish the last drop
Boiled from herb, unlike coffee, less ceremonial than Japanese'...

The walls were preaching, the Poet of the East's verse
'Rise in poverty, my way is not riches', it connotes -
Hanging on the rich, and I requested to include
My would be book, with portrait of girl
Among the readables, for the shelf, a deceptive satisfaction
And that would cost me, eating a steak of the winged fish
And drinking tea, as if opiated, cold without tea cozy.

-Chaayekhana, an upscale tea-house in Islamabad.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 20,2013.

Chaayekhana @ Google

Sadiqullah Khan

At Large

Our heroine is at large.
She has some grotesque shadows,
Hanging to her wall.

Silence is the first step towards non-violence.

Sadiqullah Khan

Dorina Costras is a Romanian artist. I love her vibrant colors and natural palette of finely defined lines.

Congratulations Sonja Smolec, Yossi Foybish and Aquillrelle. A great moment for the poets whose work is chosen to be included in this anthology. This shows that the poems posted on the wall are not lost eternally. They do find a place on the paper too. A valentine gift sure and accepted.

Sadiqullah Khan

At Last

The long night's vigil is ended;
I woke up to the dawn in your eyes.
The zephyr has the aroma; the roses
blossom in the garden. The drunkenness
and the glances are together at last;
the heart's story on the tongue is at last;
the beloved has color of love on the cheeks,
the rebeck, and some songs at last.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 9,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

At Stake

You have asked for the last word
Judgment thou sought
From whose chest
You pull out the last arrow
Holding the flood of blood

In vain thy cries who hold truth
"I am the truth"
What ever you might say

Burn me not in the aloes of love
The aroma intoxicates
The vicinity

This whole being then broke itself
At stake was the victory of love

Islamabad
27/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Attitude

Catch me if you can
Bad when I turn
No match in human discernment
If I decide to be good
Laughter and smiles
Inner happiness
Frowns on face
Or a wide open smile
Tears in hiding
Or tears of joy
Attitude is my name
People fear me
No code is there
To catch me red handed
Only to be talked
When I have done my job
A change for the good
I turn the atmosphere
Into happiness forlorn

Sadiqullah Khan

Augmented Reality

A girl walking naked in the street of sixteen
Magic realism descended with corpses
Blood flowing down the stream in the slum
Through the amalgam of magic in reality
To make one understand the truth inside
Or the clown visiting into the solitude
May be the general whose defeat imminent
For his men had been asking him to fight
The dearth of the real makes him see in words
Wars of liberation in freedoms never been
Fruits shall when success with repression follows
Slogans of justice are found in the drains

The magic still is in love like the sweet
Taste of tears when shed on the loss
Love shall carry with itself much fantasy
Much pain too for being the cruelest
Your voice was like the soft liniment
Flavored with clove to reduce the pain
Of the heart wrenched they say also olives
The king of Romans held the leaf on head
In the mouth of dove to celebrate peace

With virtual reality the three dimensional
My feet up the ground like that Gogol
In "dead souls" when he flew they say
Never touched the ground his last love
Not the real possession in bliss but in virtual
He would satisfy himself in fantasy of sex
Much to the chagrin and frustration of her
Virtuality I want to feel with one sense
Not all are forbidden with eyes or ear
Imagination is the invention of mankind
Wonder do birds and beasts whether imagine

To augment what is seen is real in front
Least of magic and in virtue of the real
With all senses intact as known to observation
Not with inner eye with eyes wide open

The reality blows me by itself like fire
Augmented reality is like the wand
On the software of the obscura picked
The mix of image far away from stillness

From the reality my brushes like the pixels
Take this or that color and as pleased to the eyes
To any other sense as listening sweet voice
Touch of the beauty of her cheek in anger
In love the smile of red lips with a dimple
Long I had been staring on the fall of those hairs
In gold on the slope of the droop on those shoulders
Augmented is reality like intoxication in sips
Wine old for the heart prone to breaking often
16/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Austere And Restrained

Austere and restrained
'Simple, silver and straight'
A night's dimple
A day's sun shine
On a line like written on
Wooden tablet. A calligrapher's
Soul translated into movements.
The nib, made from an unripe reed
Dipped into ink-pot baked from mud.
A child's scribble, neither
Voluptuous curves, nor
Embellished ends, nor signs on staff.
The mystic's circle, and in imitation
Sufficient part, an incomplete whole:
Shadowed, riveted on autumnal
Beauty –faded, alive and weathered.
Not engraved on marble, on epitaph
Like a sultry afternoon, a dusty sunset.
Reddened moon of the desert
Shiny stars in dewy dawn.
On a straw mat
Holiness is not tinsel gold
Relishes on the poverty of soul.
Devilish riches, for whom? Who knows.
A camel's ride, a goat's bleat
A patched tent, enough paths metaled.
Brick and mortar
Disillusioned, a house is made.
Ah! What wealth you seek
In abandoned homes, deserted streets
The bride's foot wear, an infant's cap
Of beads. Whose? And sold,
For what want.
The Oudh seller, rosaries of zaitun;
On the way back
Coffee with helwa
Water, extra virgin olive oil,
Hot bread and long sleep
Tomorrow the sun-god would rise upon hopes, again.

-Brooding upon the cover, title and font (Pakistan Normal) of 'A Forgotten Song' and some other events.

Courtesy: Sonja Smolec

□

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

October 22,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Autumn

The apricot flower's red lip
Hid the secrets again and in oblivion
We shall see the earth's layer
Upon layer. Tree barks peeled down
Humbling and longing a rebirth.
The air drank all moisture, a happy-gloom
Of the incessant cyclical phenomenon
Stretching its gown, the sun
Is redder, the horizon's eye is goblet.
The tired steps from the white mud
Drag into the rug's geometry
Cold smelling hearths are washed
Some have gone to the hills for wood
And the falling leaves shall be fodder
Ah! Autumn I so longingly wait for your advent.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Autumn Leaves

On the lover's ground so befell
The autumn leaves from the tree
Gathered on lush grass round around
When the lonely girl from abound
To the bark for much astound

Like the beauty turning seventeen
From sixteen and like the moon
From thirteen to fourteen before the fall
And the sun at the end of journey from the east
Red azure on the top of hills of Margalla sunset

Distant memories and like the fallen leaf
The beauty that like the sparrow to the nest
Around the tree with a crescent walk
To be taken in picture before another autumn
With the willow whose branches were crimson

I would have for the evening on flower pot
With mud mixed wine to drink listening
Yet another story of love and beauty
She shot her glance into my eyes
To say and to read all that remained unsaid
Like the lonely moon that kissed for the last
The autumn leaves that flew away with breeze
2/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Autumnal Bliss

Youth, you are gone, then how would you
Beauty, on thy sepulture take, my breath away.
Bring me a hundred kisses, a thousand more
Age, I detest thee; O autumnal bliss!
To the garden, lightening and thunder
Else the gardener, who or a rival though,
Rose in tears, how withered the leaves.
The sculptural tallness, ye distant love
Alas! Would ye not melt in my arm.
Seen once, but who would see again
Such glare from your dark hair, shines the cheek
Give a glance, cups of wine, ah! The red lips
Celebrate life, the moon thus vanishes in dawn.
Be a story, a fancy, how I implore
Wouldst not ye understand, or tender of age
Let a bygone day, yet few moments
I hold back the Time, awhile if you be mine -
What else then remains, in the end to be done.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
October 25,2013.

'Then to the Lip of this
poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret Well of
Life to learn:
And lip to lip it
murmur'd- While you
live,
Drink! - for, once dead,
You never shall return'

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, XXXVII, Edward Fitzgerald.

Omar Khayyam: (1048-1131) , Persian philosopher, mathematician, astronomer
and author of one of the world's best known works of poetry, Rubaiyat.

Avail Thyself

The rosy flush of wine;
Before the emptiness takes you.
The silken thread of time,
Not too long to go.
The wiser gone mad,
And the fools gone wiser.
Rise and dance:
Avail thyself the moment's joy.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 14,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Avicenna And The Vision Of Adelard

Avicenna after reading the Metaphysics
Of Aristotle, forty times-enough to memorize
By heart. He could not get to the intent;
In the book sellers' bazaar, he laid hands
On Al Farabi's short guide, a key -
"I returned home and hastened to read it,
and at once the purposes of that book
were disclosed to me because I had
learned it by heart. I rejoiced at this
and the next day I gave in alms to the poor
in gratitude to God Exalted".

Adelard of Bath in 'On the Same and Different'
Tells that he first learned of the constellation from
A famous wise man, scurrying him to a quite locale
Beyond the city limits, he paused between the smells
Of flowers and the steadying rhythm of the river.
A mystical vision comes to him.
Two women one proffering wealth, fame, and power;
The other mistress of seven liberal arts,
Appear before in a struggle for his heart and soul.
Adelard declares himself a firm partisan of learning
And knowledge, and emerged from his dream determined.

PurSina' (Persian ??????? or ????????? or ???????Pur-e Sina; ['pu?r'si?n??] 'son
of Sina'; [full citation needed] August c.980 – June 1037, commonly known as
Ibn Sina, or in Arabic writing Abu?Ali al-?usayn ibn ?AbdAllah ibn Al-Hasan ibn Ali
ibn Sina[2] (Arabic ??????????????????????????????????) or by his Latinized name
Avicenna, was a Persian polymath, who wrote almost 450 works on a wide range
of subjects, of which around 240 have survived. In particular, 150 of his surviving
works concentrate on philosophy and 40 of them concentrate on medicine. @
Wikipedia

Adelard of Bath (Latin: Adelardus Bathensis) (c.1080 – c.1152) was a 12th-
century English natural philosopher. He is known both for his original works and
for translating many important Greek and Arab scientific works of astrology,
astronomy, philosophy and mathematics into Latin from Arabic versions, which
were then introduced to Western Europe. He is known as one of the first to
introduce the Hindu–Arabic numeral system to Europe. He stands at the

convergence of three intellectual schools: the traditional learning of French schools, the Greek culture of Southern Italy, and the Arabic science of the East.
@ Wikipedia

Woman teaching geometry: (1306 -1309) , British Library: @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

Away Away

Away away, leave my dreams, leave me haunting
Nothing, neither flowers, springs nor the fragrance
Your bosom has the eternity's embrace
Much a reason, with senses, the pain of longing -
A wine in wines thus brings the scales up.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 27,2013.

"Woman Drinking White Wine" by Charles Kaufman @ Back Wall Art

Sadiqullah Khan

Baba-E Ghundi

His is the fable of love, the old sage,
Baba, when woke up, his head on damsel's
Lap. The drop of tear, moment of reckoning,
From the nine headed monster, who would
Glutton her. The lone child, for the monster's
Toll. A head every year. Baba, dreamt her sob,
Cut the monster to piece, bled down the stream.
Baba saved them all, the damsel thus in love fall.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 1,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Back To Life

Sweet persuasions for the pain's sake
Numb limbs and dry mouth
The soul as if gathering from the tips
Wit's effort for the last bow in smile
Warm hands for the cold dry feet
For the palms hoping to sweat
Lips twitched that had kissed lives
The cup was with the angel of death
This short would then be the definite end
With such suddenness would every one be left
Asleep for the discovery of the life's nothingness
Much easier is the transition than forsaken
Back to life called the angel of love

Islamabad
24/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Balcony I

On the balcony of love
In empty spaces
When I looked up
In my wonderings
Of the city of love
Up in the sky
Like the north star
The red velvety sheen
From behind the all revealing
Veil of love

That window
Where I would spend nights
On the corner of the street
For you to appear
Never did my talk reach you
But the arrow of glance
In the coziness of your bosom
My desires lead me
Never say goodbye

For I shall visit
And your foot prints
The dust I shall touch
As symbol on my forehead
Many a bows have I made
A bow in the beloved's street
For I know I shall break
My head one day
On the stepping stone of your door
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Balcony II

I have put
Words on fire
For you my love
The blood of my heart
I did eat

Poured have I
Wine of the masters
Secret locks of the tavern
I broke open

From the book old
All recipes of love
The dust in the street
The night's vigil
But you whispered not
That word of love

Of the east and west
The ancients and the new
I sighed when I threw
My luggage
That I did not ever open

And when I looked
In the depth of my heart
A voice spoke
O lover
Burneth not
Your words so intense

Love is a feeling
Wait for the moment
When she would choose you
From amongst the crowd

The crown of love
On thy head she will place
O patience of the day

Longesth though thou art

Consolation is it to my heart

When thou appear

On that balcony of love

From behind the curtain

15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Balcony Iii

We are like actors
On this stage playing love scenes
Who knowing what is happening
Deep in our hearts
We shall only look
Longingly towards each others eyes
After we have finished the play
In simulations we live in the world
O my heart ever shall I find
My love in real
When tonight you appear in the balcony
Wear the black with the silver lining
I shall see you in full moon tonight
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Balcony Iv

My love as yet
Is but so simple
Understandeth not
But she ways of beloved
Proud am I and she my love
Hold me dear like a child sweet
To the natures beauties
We shall visit together
For tonight be
The moon of my love
Of the fourteenth night
For I shall gaze
In the deep night
For the sweetness of your love
To shower on me
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Balcony V

In the city of love
Blinded have become
The inhabitants
For the magic of love
When you are the magician
You dance by the candle
The necklace of love
The diamond precious
I see it glitter
Inviting are the glances
Of the music sweetness
In the full moon
Climbing the wall
I eavesdrop
I see your lovely face
Of abstractions I searched
All my life
To the beauty of the apparent
When you insisted
Closed have I the book
When you tore my garment
In my bare chest
You breathed your love
I shall reopen the book
When in memory
I shall search the meaning
Of here and hereafter
When I shall leave
The city of love
16/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Balcony Vi

On tiptoe you came
The playful hiss
Of the scarf touching
The marble floor

The candle lit
In the corner of the room
Into gold is turned
Everything visible

The silver of the moon
From the window
The dark silhouettes
Of the trees behind

The climber on the window
Hanging flowers
In white and red
The hanging on the wall
A miniature of the lady
Eyes wide open
For the love she sees

In the city of love
The rooms are built
Of gold and marble
Seen but in reality
They are the dust
Of the feet of lovers

Like musk and amber
The red of the carpet
From pashmina of Kashmir
The silk drapes in indigo

A song of love my dear you sing
The moments tonight are forever
16/10/2008

Balm Of Your Love

On the slate of fortune from the seventh sky
When names were given I asked the God
Let I have no name for the name of my love
Broken have I the bond with the world
In love since I am with you
Know not I my name in thousands names I exist
The attributes that I have are nothing but the Self
Is there any name for the being Greater
Felt like the child who knoweth not
His name but the mother for she is the creator
No name I wish but the name of your love
Written on my heart are the agonies of separation
Why then treat me with potions so bitter

The wounds of my heart need balm of your love
Be like Jesus for the touch you bring divine
25/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Bare Feet

When I embraced the night
The night that was to be
A night in thousand
And one nights

In the deep memory of your love
When the divine angels flew
In the sky

After long years of separation
And in my infinite gaze
Like the cheek of that little girl
Turned red with some red color

So were the stars on the face of the sky
That night when my hairs did flow
In cold breeze lying on the vast contours
On the desert of your beauty

And when in all rejection
Of what I have attained
In my evolution when my feet did grow
Barefooted I traversed your beauty

In my symbols and the web of relations
Did not you realize the moments
The ultimate freedom from the agony of self

The night better than thousand and one nights
When I saw you
I was ultimate nature
With no time and space
The last lesson I remember was
"Come to my door with bare feet
O ye seeker of love"
8/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Barred By Surf Safety

As if Descartes is a real mosquito,
Or the one up flown the pyramidal skull
Of pharaoh. An invented drone
A border between state and un-state,
Within and without. The difference
Between your identity chip card
Or the one you carry, a copy everyday
That may lead you to trouble
And hanging mustache from a snotty nose
Of the man on the barrier,
Where the surrounding dust and sand has made it,
Into a virtual tunnel, his tired finger on trigger.
Barred by surf safety that it might explode
And the international mercenary who
Hires citizen soldiers from the United States
To fight and the arms dealer who has become
An adviser to the robed shrouds
Sensing danger.
I therefore make narrow escapes,
In my daylong activities of watchful living,
And may not listen to the song
Or see the depth in your eyes
And read your forehead or touch your cheek.

-To a poet friend, Pryde Foltz.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
March 26,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Be

Be the water to the thirsty
Blood to the bleeding
Be the arrow broken
Be the nib of the pen
That has known all knowledge
Without knowing
Be the hunger
Of the hungry
Be Buddha or Krishna
Be the patience of Jacob
Be the flying feather
On the waves of wind
Be the strength of Moses
Humility of Jesus
Be the arm of the one who forgives
And on the last day
Speaks of the judgments
Be pure love
Be pure strength
Be the courage
Be the truth
Be the fire
Be the dust
Be the spirit
Be freedom
Be the attribute
Of the self
Be all space
Be all time

Islamabad
Sept 23,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Be Eternal

Ye die before death
Or from death ye are born
Is any one has the memory
Before birth
And from clot is the existence commenced
May the souls be there above the seventh sky
Good or bad

Experience the nothingness of void
To die
And to die in collection
Away from any bodily pain

Be then born
This is resurrection
Made live in this life
Turned eternal sans the cage of flesh

Experience the paradise then
Hundred million times the senses grown
In rapidity
Without age as freed from the body
That ages to carry the soul
Younger
And constant

Be the particle invisible
Outside the reach of visibility
Attributes of heaven are nothing
But on earth the visible to none
Not to many
And when to many
To the collective soul
No one shall grieve death
Or depart of life
When paradise is lived here on earth
And after

The revealed is for those who understand

The figurative
The metaphoric

Live in thy spirit
Live in paradise
Be eternal
2/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Be Part Of You

The whole universe is you
You are parting, you are here and there,
Once the ice and boiling steam
Once the ocean and frozen river on hilltop,
Or water fountain from the depth of earth.
Vanishing sun, brilliant star
A rising of the dawn
You are neither old nor young
You are traveler and you sit long
Live in dream and bring dreams to life
Part and parcel you hold
A cosmos inside your vault.
O homeless treasure why I wish
A home indeed, may I shatter
Into atoms of smallest magnitude
To be away from you and be part of you.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 10,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Be Patient

What God ordained
The most merciful
The beneficent
A man asked another
Be my judge
The other replied
Like God
Or like prophet
The first said
Like God
He gave him a third
What the first said
Did God do justice
None is bestowed with equals
Except that men
Prophets or not
Think of equals
And for God
Leave it to him
What He giveth
What He not
Be patient
29/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Be The Magdalene

Immolate the self
Deny the truth
The once admirers
Of the truth
Now for falsehood
Follow

Of the satire's tongue
Banner from some deity
Laugh with sarcasm

Drunk are not dead
The thin line of the unself
My hands has the power to heal
Feather to areola

Where will you go
Be the slave to love

Leave the paradise false
Be the Magdalene to Jesus

Islamabad
2/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Be Ware

Thou who speak the righteous
Thou to whom the madness
Is affair of woes appearing silly
Thou whose pens like a sharp knife
To find intent of the black line

Thou who celebrate the victory of reason
Thou hast not of love heard
Squabbles the laughter of the crowd
Reigns of reason in the lover's hand

Didst't the steed of love looked back
Once to the stars it has its eye fixed
Who to cover the distance in the dark
Who to win and fall back on starry way

My cup of wine has the shine of silver
My wine the color of rubies and roses
Fill it not with sauces spicy and bitter
Fill it not with waters murky and sour

Islamabad
25/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Be Yourself

You tell the story every night,
Of milking honey from the moon.
Brewing nectar in flower's patella,
Your sky head kisses my earthen lips,
Your colors neither surreal nor abstract,
Your green has the fallacy of star dust.

The recessive maze of your soul,
Your sensuous desire is like grapes,
Grown purple on tree trunks.
You would drag my ear to the corner.
Cover my window from morning rays.
You are in a dark cave of murals.

Be the sun, be the rain, and be the song.
The bird sings for no one but sings.
The stream of water pleases no one,
But flows on its own, and so all planets.
Be the multitude, a poor heart's voice.
Be a tongue to an unspoken love.

O love sick poet, if not mine,
If not any one's else. Be yourself.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 9, 2013.

Temenos 8, The poet: Collection of Jason Hughes

Plato on poets.

"For the poets tell us, don't they, that the melodies they bring us are gathered from rills that run with honey, out of glens and gardens of the Muses, and they bring them as bees do honey, flying like the bees? And what they say is true, for a poet is a light and winged thing, and holy, and never able to compose until he has become inspired, and is beside himself, and reason is no longer in him. So long as he has this in his possession, no man is able to make poetry or to chant

in prophecy." Plato

□

Sadiqullah Khan

Beautiful Verse

I want to write
A beautiful verse
In the honor of your love
To spark your imagination
To be sung in the drawing rooms
To come on the lips
Of that beautiful woman
And to get applause

I want to write
A beautiful verse
A verse that teaches morality
A verse that would make you
Tremble with fear of the unknown
A verse that would tell the stories
Of the past and present
A verse that would talk
Of paradise anew

I want to write
A beautiful verse
That would tell my heroes
To bring as many heads
As they can
I want to write a verse
Extolling small men
To make them giants
I want to pray that god
Unlocks my tongue
For an eloquent speech

But of all the things
I want to write
A beautiful verse
For you alone
I want to whisper
In your ears
I want to feel you
I want to tell you

The story of my love
From the beginning

Sadiqullah Khan

Beauty In Black

The bronze of the ages among the first
Love of the humans from the ancient
I take the thread in awakened memory
Of the conscious

Possessed by the spirit in black
In apposition to the white or fair
The color of my love
Unlike beads of white corn
And like the rare clove in black

In bronze metallic color chiseled
And molded in blacksmith's pot
When she uncovered her long legs
The blacksmith wiped sweat
From his forehead

The God's own hand created her
For the last touches when peaks
Stuck to fingers and the crevices
Like lush fertility in the valley of love
Oozed life

Many a times I adored the beauty
Of those eyes and cheek
Like the dancing nude mysterious girl
In preservation but the spirit of the black
Alive like soul and martyr of love
(Inspired by bronze sculpture 'The dancing girl of Mohenjo Daro' Indus Valley
Civilization 3000 BC)
25/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Before

Before your rights
To visit are sold,
In cantonementised park
Swings and sea-saws are installed,
A canteen is made,
Before a zoo
With dead lion's skin inside,
And a Disney-land made in Gujrat,
A fly over, or a Sheikh comes to know
About it,
Makes a hotel taller than K-2.
Before
All the loitering,
Plastic's covers, chairs and bottles
Are stuffed into it,
Poisoned washed
Skins cleaned and folks swim in it.
Before,
'Karhahi' is cooked on its bank
Fish is fried,
And you are shown
The fights of bear and dog.
Before a huge structure
For prayers is made, and people wash...
Before the addicts know
About it
Before it is bought in 'toto'
By Malik Riaz,
Or developed by DHA
Or the Sharifs and Zardaris buy it.
Made into some base,
Before everything
That can befall
Every calamity-
Visit it, see it, adore it
And relate it in stories to your children
And grandchildren.

-On the future of Phandar Lake, Ghizer Valley.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 10,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Before A Jury

Times stammer on the fluency of tongues
They have acquired the power of clubs
On the wet skins under piercing rays
Heads are bound to feet lest they may
See stars and dream in early dawn
A horse is branded by the heat of iron
Iron is clenched on the souls innocent
Hands rise in prayers but the skies
Their color is changed where resides
To the divinity are chores in the universe big
For those whose universe in but in tears
Will these chests grow to the typhoons
The spirit now seeks repose in quiet
To face the loved ones is like before a jury

Islamabad
Aug 5,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Before Dawn

Only and only
The salts
Of your skin
The touch
Of your eyelashes
On my face
Your plait of hairs
In my hands
Like horse untamed
I break you to love
You hear your sighs
In the midnight
To celebrate life
Before the dawn
Of another day
31/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Before Death

I shall raise
The cup of wine
A toast to life
My last breath
Nothing but anguish
Whence my entry
Was not my choice
So shall be my exit
My soul would fly
I shall be eternal
As love
As beauty

Take me my wings
To unknown distance
Socrates did scorn Creto
For the unwise question
That what ceremonies would
The master like
Once the hemlock did take effect
In the blood

Nothing I shall do
Nether can I
But depart in peace

Islamabad
Dec 22,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Before It Is Too Late

I know and I understand
I know and I understand
What you are doing
What are your designs
And what you ultimately want to achieve
I also know
The perversion of your ambitions
Even at the cost of your destruction
You are destroying me
In search of your own legitimacy
You are making illegitimate gains
You will ultimately gain nothing
For there is nature
And nature always settles its score
The idea that you carry in your head
Is alien to you too
Search your soul
Before it is too late

Sadiqullah Khan

Before You Leave

A pyramid of goblets
Trickling wine down
Filling each
Who shall take what
And how it blends
In the blood
For the spirit
In the head
Is a matter
Of luck and chance
We move
In a dark maze

The only good happening
While finding
A way out
We meet
When your laughter
Like petals of roses
Your red lips
In between the dimples
On your cheeks
On a sad evening
When it just happens
That we talk for eternity
In a moment
Before you leave

And then all the long night
I talked of your long hairs
9/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Behind The Bars

Thus this humility begins
For further cold drops
Ego gets entangled with the self
All coated under heavy words

The human spirit needs be bare
This escape from the divinity
To myself and you to know yourself
The thoughts are still behind the bars

Islamabad
16/7/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Behold The Scene

This fine afternoon
The sun is clear with shadows subtle
Making angles of the terrace I stand on
The lark the sparrow and the crow in the sky
In the lush green that covers the earth
Far from the sight are the fields of corn
A small orchard in the making
Saplings of trees that shall bear the fruit
Like grand ideas that flow in the air
Humming of men and women here
Students once more for the memories of past
To the school we prepare early in the morn
For the evening sports they say it is mandate

A gardener pruning in selfless conditioning
His hands mowing the grass from the weeds
Perfection we add to the nature as we will
Like minds we make for the discipline to follow
The nightingale on the rose red or pink
The air fresh from the heavens as if
A small hut near I know not
The purpose but for lovers to seek
A hiding from rain or heat of the sun
An oasis in the country wrought
A lesson in computer or control of violence
For a while here I learn "unexpected behavior"
Should not be allowed and blocked with a "firewall"

Walls we make but where is the human
The human in me and the human in you
Teach me not the means of wielding
Power immense or the statutes in hundreds
I searched in vain for a book on love
In affairs current or the graphs of poverty

Behold the scene my heart tormented
For outside the gates many horses
Pull their carts unfed on the green
A scene of poverty you want to see

In the end we shall know
Only what we know at the moment
(During my training in National Institute of Management, Peshawar)
17/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Being And Nothingness

I thought "I am"
Because "you are"
I saw my reflection in your eyes
And now
I think "I am"
Because "I am"

Sadiqullah Khan

Being Ethnic

Being ethnic you could be living,
A majority, but a minority you happen
Across. At heart the new tag of terrorists -
Bulls' eyes, pointed guns and fingers,
A projection pejorative and rewarding.

The cheeky multitudes have brown faces
Add some pigment to yours and slangs,
The slings may soften their throws
And by the side of the divine, sit
Kneel and follow the prayers, to save,
You from the devil's doing and hell.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Belated Wisdom

The pages go as if sweet wind rolling
Past for the eyes and tomorrow
Forgotten like leaves of the last autumn
Spring buds of life nourishing on trunk dried
Tired and rich with age for giving fruits
Nests to birds and shadows to wanderers
Summer sun of the afternoon shining
Every thing has some purpose common
Be it the song of bird or music of stream
Belated wisdom with no regrets
Had it been the same it would have been
Sameness in life is the variable fast
Would a mother trade her child for one better
Of what is learned we know experience
As I gather my aching limbs
The strength is now of the mind
Of heart and love your capacity to breathe
Saying all with out saying any
The ultimate is the end of existence
We move onwards and never to return

Islamabad
16/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Below The Surface

They tend trout on hooks, below the surface
Hitting hard, the stones roll on, like cold dreams,
Doors open on knocks of knuckles, whose, they know.
Windy storms find new eyes, every night, by fire
Wooded sittings, the night's a long story, only mothers know.
They drag down, carry their feet, or rise up to white snow,
Their long hands hang around their necks, tomorrow
They will sit on a cold black cut boulder washed
Sorrows are left behind and hope is little home.
For my happiness, the color of draped clothes,
Or by a 'suspension bridge', trolled myself up, above stream,
Mirror-like, I look down to see the blue sky, and open door.
Merrily conscious of the happenings, water rolled swiftly,
It has no end, some elsewheres and nowhere, needless
To know the significance. Bread and butter, hill's peak
Could life be a blessing, more or less and even then
It is a long pull on the years, people say, downwards
They go to malls, watch cinema and live in little small 'flats',
Where rats out of fear of being robbed, hide in dirty gutters,
Preachers have their days and politicians steal under tables,
Officers are little gods, and policemen shoot at humans.
They have huge armies, and every now and then 'skirmish',
The big world is mayhem and universities teach 'absurdities'.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 10,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Besides Him

I see the green tomb
O great master of verse
Neither here nor there
All the winds encircle mere
Tall a turban and face proud
O these hillocks in love abound

Sadiqullah Khan

Best Of Times

Hills gone dwarfs, bridges small
O mighty soul, gather not pieces from past,
The day's a new shine, conquer mind's barbed wire.
From the eminent rot, an apricot flowers,
The sun pulls up water, driven by miller, the under duct,
Lined willow trees, mulberry, which were eaten by drought.
These walls have been broken open, demolished
'I heard another dialect', of the harder one.
No doubt they steal your beauty,
But abundance hath nonce been diminished.

Some have gone deeper into the earth,
To spring up like cypresses, tall and distant,
Others may sow flowers, burgundy, with blue leaves.
Beauty is in stones, in watershed long channels;
And wild monkeys, eating up corn in the fields.
Grapes have been wiped out by wasps, their leaves remain -
And feet have the coloration of wet mud.
There is no place to sleep in the cemetery by the dead, or
Drink from fountain, a muddy water-sprinkled room for siesta.

-On my visit to Wana, South Waziristan, August 12-14,2014.

□

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Between Us

Win and then loose
Get to know
Some small drops
And heavy shower
Wiping on the glass
Westward
The sun might have been setting
With red glow
Elsewhere
This coldness was waiting for me
Long long ago
And for years
Every time
I would then line up myself
On the long arm of wood
For refuge and fold my arms
Like I had done years before in womb
What is it that I do not get dreams
The dark street out side
And when there I sit
Self pity then begins
I cannot break through the cold silence
Getting darker
I speak of all the dead
My own demise
Speak of stars
I think I have won the battle of life
This time
By the morning
I drag my dead body
Out
On feet
Are we fighting a life and death struggle
Between us
Let us talk

Islamabad

8/3/2010

Beyond Belief

Beyond belief are the love's light wings,
A lotus's love is to seek light of the sun.
The soul flies to eternal space for peace.

Hath any one thus a flower's fragrance,
In confinement, how the breath is taken.
Neither judged for faith nor belief's askance.

Divinity is one or none, the multifarious nature,
In tender swirls move, a child's hands.
Does any faith, the innocence sweet nurtures?

The bliss of existence is the beauty's sculpture.
The mind in repose invents to imagine.
Driven from nature, in pre-existence, in rapture.

The artist holds the brush to wait for the moment,
The inspiration is murmur from the lips.
Beloved's eyes are in wonder, in amazement.

Sadiqullah Khan

Beyond Pain

Exceeding the limits of human spirit
The pain unending
Arising out of the human disorder
A whole section of humanity
Busy inflicting pain
Human helplessness of utmost measure
The old lying on ground for a breath of air or a dropp of water
A battlefield in the high noon when the sun is two spears up
The wounded being recollected and thrown into a ditch
Makeshift arrangements of tearing apart a limb
An x-ray machine under a tent in a room made of tin
No electricity

The doctor's visit is a wish that remains unfulfilled
On the day
The attendants slept on the road
Respectable men and women
Children and the new born
From far off area
Traveling on foot or on animal back
Escaping a warlord or the lord of the state
Pockets deep you require
Is written on the face of the doctor
His nurse or the druggist
Hell you want to see
Here is one

In the wee hours
When darkness prevails
And the angel of death is visible
Mercy like a sip of water in that heat
Is on the lips of every one
The remedy for the pain is going beyond pain
Beyond pain when all the senses are lost
When human spirit has given hope
When mercy is helpless
When prayers and soothsaying have no effect
Like a hand held fan made of straw
A fresh breeze of air

On the face of the departing one
When every body is the victim of the disease

Where shall then I turn
In some hope
And in some mansion
Under the sky
Who is celebrating the spoils of the war
Who counts the heads
And who counts the left over
Who decides the fate of the people

I need some fresh air
O heart dear
Bear the ignominy of being a human
After long night of anguish and pain
Beyond pain is my remedy
When I shall cease to feel any pain

Sadiqullah Khan

Bit By Bit

Bit by bit adrift, bit by bit,
Time eats my bits, mysteriously
Unamazed, and if you don't buy
Adam's rib story, by choice, you may.

A this belief or that belief, Paradise
Would be a boredom beyond relief,
The black-out is all we head to.

Better fill the space happily, joyously,
While looking at the wrinkles,
Or your hanging double chin, at the most.

You will be remembered like Neruda in hat,
The immense number of may have beens
To sweat the utter absurdness of life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Bitterness Of Yesterday

Ghole ker talkhi-e deroz mein imroz ka zher

Mix in the bitterness of yesterday,
Today's poison, make a cocktail
Colored, hued, sweet and sour,
Tears on smiles, laughter and weeps
Storms and breeze, cyclones, tornadoes,
Healing hands, love and hate,
Diamonds and stones, rubies and sands,
Rock and orchard, water and desert.

Thus moon in the night, else it not shine
The lover's flute, musician's lean hand,
Make noise so that silence reside,
Lament the passing moment,
Her creased cheek, oft remember death,
For life shall flower, color of rose
Alas to fade, we all float in mystery,
Forget the heavy rains, sunshine to come.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 13,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Black Magic

Would it need the black magic
On the swords are the hands of men
Black magic and the bunch of followers
Black magic they say away
Axed heads on the sway
Reason and unreason no wonder
Black magic still stay
The bunch of followers like cult
Closed minds on mantras swing

Islamabad

2/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Black Screen

On the black screen
The monocles
Prismatic uninoculars
The sweat on the cheek
From breathing heat
Exhaled in anger
And joy
Then with closed eyes
For what is seen
The theater of life
When evening would fall
For the next day
Freedom is seeing through
The monocles on the black screen

Islamabad
18/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Book Of Love

The great Unitarian
In the ego of the self
When refused to bow
For the one ordained
As made in the image
The soul of God
Breathed into the mortal
With angels bowing
Singing in praise

In eternal war
The great Unitarian
Keep the humanity astray
By evil deeds
But Unitarian he was

Am I to be like him
In part if not whole
Is what I leaned in existence
The part of the self
The Unitarian became
Bow to the human
In the externals you may not
But the fight shall go on

In ultimate will
The human thus created
Many rationalizations
You make for your love
Knowest thou not
For it is not the domain
The reason shall fail
Once you open
The book of love
28/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Both Ways

He gives life
And dies after fertilizing the eggs
He either abstains
He either dies
Both ways
He cannot escape
The poor invertebrate
For life is sweet
When given
Or face extinction when retained

Islamabad
Sept,20 2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Boundless Honor Xlii

You have spent millennia you have been
The king's escort. The thousand and one nights
Had their invention, and paradise is a utopia
Of boundless honor, robes and ceremonials.

Chess was invented out of famine,
When they would be served with meals on alternate
Days. In between they played chess, and these days
The lesser variant of a Ludo, played by the cap wearing tribes
Under apple trees. Ah! The dread of times -

Story-teller politicians and awe-struck audience
The privileged and the unprivileged,
This is war of nerves. Those in the wings are safe
Who tweet like an owl and others starved for happiness,
Mingle in a state direly needing. Those who escaped drowning.

Dirt, cavalcades of excessive bounty
Schools need to be limed, when the legions of donkeys leave,
Round helmets, skinned and their commandant claimed
More originality than assigned. His future lies in 'service'.

Drawn lines in transparent water of flood,
The magnitude of theft is unbelievable, therefore
It must be taken as true. Headless nails once driven in
Cannot be pulled out. Wait for the rust to break them out.

These efforts are intangible
The awaited sufferings are breaking souls,
Abandoned homes. This earth has no songs, at war with itself.
On the big canvas the resemblance is a void space,
Or ant-ridden carcass, a place of worship of statues, living
Breathing, sitting and standing. They come and go.

Nature is solace for us.
Lucky are the cemetery dwellers,
Time is running its scores with you, you homeless, poor
Time is luxury spent; they measure it by their scale.

This is their country, theirs alone
So do not take it to your heart, and when you do it
You add miseries, misfortunes to yourself.
The breathing space is too narrow, the arbiters too weak
Without scruples, to let an honorable escape, an exit.
But that requires a civic sense, unlike sub-continental dramas
Of three hundred episodes, albeit a Samuel Becket's play's catharsis.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Break Through

Tomorrow's sun afoot, break through the night,
Lone traveler, the dust on your feet,
The destiny's on the palm, all else
From meager stars, snatch from the moon steal,
Or beacon of the heart, no matter they blind
Whose visions are afloat, whose sights but fly,
Who when shine in brilliance, who defeat the dark.
O youth! Be nothing but a waste, like ash in ember,
Like ruby it sparkles, like night, secret it tells.
You, my earth, just stop drinking blood,
For I sprinkle dew, on the petals of red flowers,
For I take the nectar, and I touch the soft
Beware my love, my drunkenness exceed,
The line on your eye, is the mark on the cup.

Sadiqullah Khan
Motorway Express
December 1,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Breakaway Words

Instead that they are tied
endlessly
in divine recompense,
locked in lips
hid under tongue.
Or have a flow of spring
at the river
head.
Fall like from hill top.
Rain drop,
thunderous,
and behold a pin-drop silence.
Each syllable carry
a worth
a head-money
for its execution in manners
and murmurs.
Remove
the fetters.
Put the winged words
in other's mouths,
Where
they belong.
Be silent yourself for God's sake.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 7,2014.

"The world used to be silent, now it has too many voices." Declares the cover of Savages' debut album Silence Yourself.

The debut full-length album from UK post-punk group Savages,2013. @ Clash

Sadiqullah Khan

Breaking Hope

Ere we at time's dispense,
Feeble is the man's arm,
In good fortune an hour naught
Nor recalls an hour lost.
Breaking hope, fleeting free;
Mighty and dreadful, dies the death.
The chant of life in miseries untold,
From fear's circle into the unknown.
From fate's vagaries to the oceans' depth
Shoulders strong and mantle of faith.
Vision's limits, to the blind man's fancy,
Beauty's perfect to imperfection.
From slave to master, freed when caught,
From sleep and slumber, eternal awake.
The reason's specter to intuitive bliss
Belief's narrow, love's embrace.
Cathedral, sanctuary and temple,
Heart is holy, leave the rest.
A life imagined, sans the world,
None shall die, love so alike.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 1,2013.

Maria Ines, Santiago, Photograph: Penrith Regional Gallery@

Sadiqullah Khan

Breaking News

Break me
One more time
For I had a good nights sleep
For there was no load shedding at night
For there was water in the tap
For I had not heard
Cries of rape
Stories of robberies
Of many people
Dieing of hunger
Many mothers
Hoping that
The next day may bring
A piece of bread
The nights sleep
On the road side
Below the street light
Break me
One more time
For in the morning
In the news paper
The analysis of
Economy
Tells
Inflation is up
Poverty on the increase
No jobs
The aid syndrome
Aid the disease
And aid's aid
Gruesome murders
Some blast again
People migrating
Break me
One more time
My songs of love
Of happiness I have forgotten
My comedians dead
My humor dry

My eloquence vanished
My blood but white
The color of my eyes
Has gone pale
My heart aches
My today full of pain
My yesterday was but hemlock
My future uncertain
My generations lost
Break me
One more time
With the breaking news

Sadiqullah Khan

Breasts Sprout

When age grapples with young love,
Sorrows are poured into holy-waters
And living becomes shortened
Into the gravity's pull of the columnar limbs,
Breasts sprout the way of tulips and thickets
Make the clouds burst into the dark night.
When the flesh has the sheen of satin,
And silk thread sharpened between lips.
O dunes of sand lead me unto yourself,
Another mirage appears to fasten my journey.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Breathing Out

Of a good address, abuzz,
Clarke's in London may be -
Herbed tea, macchiato coffee
Jute smelled, honey-oat, garlic
Buttered bread, atop, powdered
Cocoa raw; on an old table,
Served by old hands, parch-lipped
Smile, welcomed and a bowed adieu.
Art, a poem, jazz, and news-paper,
Birds, leaves, chill and cold;
Afternoon, a falling day, and breathing out.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 30,2013.

Clarke's Restaurant, London @ Yelp

Sadiqullah Khan

Brew It

Brew it like butter in cold earth,
Older the thought, return when all is well
O desolation, every turn is a panorama
Unable the eye to capture, mind to comprehend.

There is an end, to what, no one knows
But life goes on in the mud and wood houses,
Strengthened by the stone, made into living soul
By the breathing humans and cattle, birds and trees.

Castled by walls of hills, made greener by trees,
O blackened mountains of mud and snow
Of cold winds, this goes on in celebration
Cultural significance of a higher level of development.

Small of doors, burn coal or a tree bark cut,
The smoke rising from the roof top, as if, from
The cave underneath, from inside the mother womb
Earth. The sky is bluer, clouds whiter and nights dark.

Cheeks are dried apricots, eyes speak of deficiency
Shoeless children, kwashiorkored, but still shine
And there is a man holding a violin in front,
Does not song come from an ached heart?

We will travel by few more hours, to reach
Some tops unseen, some turns unknown,
Tonight we have a life giving dinner to be attended,
By not less than twenty people, and I am the chief guest.

Sadiqullah Khan
Sost
October 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Bride Of Cities – Granada

'Thence I went to on the city of Gharnata [Granada], the metropolis of Andalusia and the bride of its cities. Its environ has not its equal in any country in the world. They extend for a space of forty miles, and are traversed by the celebrated river of Shannil [Xanil] and many other streams. Around it on every side are orchards, gardens, flowery meads, noble buildings, and vineyards. One of the most beautiful places there is 'Ayn ad-dama', the Fountain of Tears, which is a hill covered with gardens and orchards and has no parallel in any other country. The king of Gharnata at the time was Sultan Abul Hajjaj Yousuf. I did not meet him on an account of an illness from which he was suffering, but the noble, pious, virtuous woman, his mother sent me some gold dinars, of which I made good use.

I met at Gharnata a number of its distinguished scholars and the principal Shaykh, who is also the superior of the Sufi orders. I spent some days with him in his hermitage outside Gharnata. He showed me the greatest honor, and went with me to visit the hospice, famed for its sanctity, known as 'Outpost of Al Uqab' [The Eagle]. Al Uqab is a hill overlooking the environs of Gharnata and close by the ruined city of Al Bira.' Travels of Ibn Battuta

Hath you not taken me there, my teller,
Of the stories, to the bride of cities –
And tasted sweet water, eaten on Murcian
Pomegranates, and hath you not with
Your hospitality, to the Sheikh on the hill
Of the Eagle, through the steams and river
Of Shannil, and hath we not been together.
But before you announce the close, and hath,

The ensemble of encore not put asunder,
Like my little host's hands and fingers
In fine collection of the bouqueted tendrils,
And meshed with the most deep colors,
Of the flowers from peaked hills, allowed
On its beds, the stone whiteness of sheets,
You, would have paid with I don't know,
A curse worst than 'guund pakir's shorey'.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 10,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Bright Spaces

In the dark spaces
Sunlight makes some room
For the imaginations to flourish
Slight kindling in the ashes
Find some hidden amber
Ready to blow up into fire
In the cracks of windows
Some looks may give birth to stories
The dormant thoughts can evoke
Rebellious dimensions in the minds of many
The flowers once are out of the pot
Need more space
Ideas then
Fly in the air like butterflies
Sometimes sparrows and sometimes eagles
Some songs and verses have been
On the lips of those who were liberated
Grow like the roses in wild
Bright spaces are there
In the immensity of universe

Islamabad
4/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Bring Me Back

Bring me back my lost years
My youth, O how you stand on the anvil
Leaving me, like a soul, from the statuesque
Physique. Like spirit evaporate from the pitcher.
Old wine, be my wiser self, bring my fancy
Empty thou art, alas. The drunken courage
My feet, how you forgot the steps.
From the love's street, where unto
Much you sang of guillotine in rapture.
Tie not my hands, my head remains high
Your strength, upon my neck the sword.
Death, come - I welcome thee
What fears thou harbor, I have told them
My coffin on head, like a king's crown.
Fate, you were the dirt of my palm
And now, what else in thy shallow pocket.
I have spent thee, O Time, be not proud
None of your riches, a saddened heart
My love like withered, myself like pelted
Pick your stones, are not the wounds enough.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabd
October 10,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Bring The Cup

If love be the wine supped
If heat of the hands be enough
If the cold fingers like dry branches
If trees grow flowers in autumn
If all that was thine be nonce
If the earth would once open wide
If the truth be once on the lips
If laws of nature be so
If to recreate from the time earl
For you to have your wishes thus
For me to be the angel of fate
Conspire once to the decree
Nature I had thine scribing accept
Wise man's folly is insist on perish
Bring the cup in the tavern again
Moon is through the window sought
1/1/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Broken Faces

Broken were the faces
Appearing like triangles
In an abstract painting
Bulging eyes and blue color
Of the cheeks with hairs
Like bushes unweeded

Deep ugly red scars
Saliva mixing
The yellow pallor of the blood

The civilization that took millennia
Like years in our life
Anger when it breaks open
From the womb of hatred
What's hell then

And symbols of the lost nations
On the spur of a moment
All beauty of civilization
Is lost

Is it what we call tragedy
Nay a willful act
Or we need to grow
A human conduct
We only get sane when we loose
8/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Broken Promises

In the ethereal world of promises
When God itself has resorted
In the fantasy of paradise
With houris beautiful
And seventy in number
Wine pure with divine intoxication

Every day when I wake up
And every night when I go to sleep
In my fantasy and in my dream
And every moment
I am misled by new promises

For tomorrow never comes
Tomorrow of your promise
With each day you steal my breath
The illusions of your love
That red corner of your scarf
That slipped from my face
In cold convulsions I am gripped

Like bitten by rabid dog
Bring curls of your hair on my eyes
Like depth of the oceans and the rabid
Die of seeing waters it is said
In waiting though I lost my life
Never has it been that thou
Like the tree in the desert
I sighed in relief for the spring
In the oasis is just a mirage

Far away from the dreams of your love
Nay not the star of your love
But dust unto your feet and if you had
In perfect illusion I make you bath
And let alone you complain of broken promises

A habit to me then how you survive
In imaginations are broken promises known

Bring to me my life eternal
Like Khizr* lead me to the fountain eternal
For a kiss on your lips

(Khizr* the invisible sage that leads to the fountain of eternity)
12/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Brothers In Blood

Hark hark, innocence hark,
When two men in step walk,
Brothers in blood and a perpetuate rule
With foe aboard, and the arms in friend,
The one on top sits crowned in mud
All others drag, bodies drenched and wet.

-On the killing of innocent protesters in Lahore on June 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 22,2014.

Untitled by Maqbool Fida Husain 1950, Pakistan @ Sotheby's Art Auctions

Sadiqullah Khan

Bull's Eye

Hister* says

Now without prophecy

Stare in my eyes

Your eye is a bull's eye

4/9/2009

*Refers to Hitler in the prophecies of Nostradamus

Sadiqullah Khan

Bullets Xlix

'Rained and it rained, bullets it rained'

By One Man Nation. Music album

When 'no' is a bullet
Yes, a brush of fire.
Celebration is shots
Grief, loaded gun.
Emotions are express
Beaded stripes on leather.
Possession a bazooka,
Aroma is gun-metal
The only wearable
The only talk-
Books like fodder
Humility is weakness.
Reading and writing
Are un-manly pursuits.
'Adab', literature
Creates a scene absurd.
He perpetuates,
She loves
When the comfort-zone
Is suffering. Ignorance,
Call of the day. Bullets.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 21,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Buried Alive

Born to a mother
A father with honor
Raised in the village
With dolls and fantasies
Carried human emotions
And the exuberance of youth
Buried alive
In the name of honor
And religion
Those women
In a collective ritual
The crime was love
In a forbidden land

Sadiqullah Khan

Burning Oak Wood

The oak wood burning I smelt last night
In total darkness when only a few things
Had happened in our lives
From the distant past
And into the morose evenings
When your fingers would bring
And break into pieces
Oak wood for the fireplace with light of lantern

Life went by when the yellow winter
Would set in the night's deep pleasure
When life was no glory but for a while
It had stopped for us
To feel what it all was about
In heavy rains when the mud
Of that enchanted land
Would turn into slippery ground
With water falling from the roof
When many events in our life had yet to come

When like cocoon we would wrap ourselves in silk
Magic realism was the food for thought
The books thrown on the hand made rug
The beautiful bed made of straps half a century ago
When my parents had seen and woven many dreams
The dreams which came into reality in me

And like the wood piece
That we used to burn to see in the dark
Oily wood which that great old lady in the village
Told us was good for the evil eye
The magic in me and the delights of the day

I remember for want of doing anything
I picked guns from our family arsenal
To clean and oil and one gun it was said
Was used to kill elephants
But no elephants were in our village

The high peaks and when once
I drank the water from a stream
Rain water with salt of the land in it
And when my veins
And arteries grew in rebellion
By the salts in those waters

Last night
I rubbed my chest many times
For that smell of the burning oak wood
Was not leaving me
It was not leaving me and I felt
That it was burning me into smoke

Sadiqullah Khan

But Not To Fly

Recipe of love and the mortal
You have put soul to the earthen
Of the Moses it was said
In between the palms he would
To the toy doves he would breath
Life and then into the air fly
Like the dove of Moses
To my earthen ware
With love you breathe life
But not to fly
And then into possession
A fiery struggle for the warmth
And to the flight would you leave
Life when you it take back

Holding are you my soul with strings
You make me come but remember my love
Those who from love shall never come
In perpetual pain of longing addict
In emptiness they enter when freed ultimate
Bear with me the longing eternal
Unbridled have you the power of love
In gradual taming and with tears long
The recipe you made not use it again
Back to the world for someone may think
What a madness you unleashed by a kiss
1/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Butterlies

What's a dew-drop, its colors?
Had it not been hanging to the petal.
What's the truth in love's butterflies,
Ever never find, for here the beauty lies.
Once you are not there, how can I?
Palace is a ruin, mirage is a desert.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 9,2014.

Desert Image @ Daniel Greenfield blog

Sadiqullah Khan

Calibrate

Heal, calibrate-
My darkened hands
Awash in dew drop
My thoughts run
The wild,
Harness the avalanches
Given up to storms.

To a medallious precision
Calibrate
Until losing is in thin air.

All bodily afflictions
Spiritual arrays
Rituals now and then,
The suspended air's mist
Stillness of birth
The thing is nothing
Even nothing itself fizzle.

Speechless, thoughtless -
As the mountain clad in snow
Or as a leaf that moves not.
Just Naught.

Gilgit
October 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Camel-Bells

Suspend and supplement
An intent, or break free, even if,
All intents fail when the doing is not yours,
Or you keep the dear ones waiting -
You probably have happy stories
Or sugared confectionery, cooked,
With some hot tea, there is a rain
And the song says, 'clouds circle the hillocks,
Don't leave love, the rain might soak'.
Intervene, we have happy tidings,
Or let us gather our legs,
From across the hearth,
Our times are coming closer,
We are receding, in the walls around us
Or you say, 'lost, fly like cotton-wool'.
We may seed elsewhere,
And the signs say, 'we grow like fruity trees'
On alien shores, sans a recognition
And the pride, some decay of spirits
Holding us back, tying fetters to the feet,
Happily lead the caravan by the camel-bells.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 22,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Can I Get There

Can I get there
Under that tree
With small leaves
And a small stream of water
Fresh cold water
Water coming from the river
Into this land

Can I get there
Under that tree
Where some birds have made their nests
Where ants and some other
Centipedes live
Where the dusty afternoon
And from the sunshine
And will protect me
And the chirping birds
Who take shelter there
And thirsty
To get water from the stream

I want to sit
Under that tree
To watch the roundness
Of earth
And the depth of sky
I want to learn no more
About the universe
And about every thing inside the universe

I want to sit under that tree
For some skimmed milk
Of the mother cow
I want to see the dog
Sleeping close to me
And I want to sleep like him

I want every thing still
A distant sound of the mill

The men and women in harmony
And the children playing
Talk of beauty
The days gone by
The serenity
With scanty shadows
And
Smile to others and laugh at myself

Sadiqullah Khan

Canonical Times

The desperate doors were all closed
Undulating fears hath taken over
The fingers were being puffed with,
The sooths of saying byes and hence
An erroneous curse laden with black
Soot of overwhelming sadness, eager
Eyes spilling the tear down the sulken
Cheek. The bed of rose was a thorn –
Demons from the times of dusk hath
In forebodings, offered feasts of victory.
The residual love hath a trace like beans
From the coffee cup, or cup of water
Holy and purified, and still filling heart
With hope, when stopping the hand
From the evil's doing needed fulcrum
Of a divine power, seven thousand
And some miles away, while the sun
Was watching and the moon still smiled.
The divide was sharp, and the time
Running the gallop of a Saracen's steed,
We thus longed and offered last libation
To the divinity of love and as if a mast
Lowered its resistance, for the winds
Were favorable, the night's fast sleep
Deeper for now the morning's advent,
And she having woken up by pious angel,
For the recurring bodings, and offered,
From her generous heart, love filled
To the brim, her sadden eyes looked
Upon horizon's read of strange doings.
Then we were in the company of airs
Of bright sun-light, the doors opened,
Walls fallen to its place, the longest
Nightmare hath the ceremonial tidings
Whilst we were hand in hand unseen,
Sewn like dolls, together and then we,
Were looking at the fallen feathers for
An absolved night's journey, lost from
Each other's sight and now in the dawn,

In the crowd of noisy oceanic multitude
We had an ascent to the heaven's vaults
Of a togetherness as ethereal, sanguine,
Like the song we had begun the affair,
With the sagacity of determined swans,
To cross over and reside in miraculous
Dreams of the creation, and thus landing,
Whereupon live the suspended mist
And streams of water flow downwards
Or the falls, silent to spy upon whispers,
For love's immense delight, the times
Canonical bearing down a weight heavy,
Like drops from the clouds who profusely
Rain on the lover's loneliness celebrating,
A marriage, hitherto unknown, distant,
Nearer as a warm tear flowing down her
Cheek that tasted like honey on her tongue.

-On some strange happenings, which only 'she' knows. June 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 13,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Capture The Moment

Snow on the hilltops
All night and day
There was snow
And the whiteness turned
In some places
With long steps
Tired steps
Of someone
Carrying
The burden of his life

Besides warm clothing
And some worn out shoes
Socks those were fuming
For the wet sock
Why not seek love in hills
Covered with snow

Why a beloved is not born here
And why there is not
A mad man of the snows
Snow is not as cold
There is intense heat inside
And the beloveds of the snow
Let's sing for them tonight
Let's tell them to lit heavy fire
Let those chimneys emit smoke
Smoke the symbol of hope

And the fire burning
The smell of baking food
And the sweetness of the beloved's
Warmth
Let us invent a story of love
As the hills covered with snow
And the pine trees carrying the weight of snow
Bent down

And the distant houses

All covered with a thick white blanket
Sleeping
And some young girls
Making breads and hot tea for the loved ones
In the early morning
As more snow
Rains from the skies

Sadiqullah Khan

Captured Before A Downpour

Lonely bird,
I capture thee
A foreplay's sort
Before drowned
A torrent fast
The hills hath made
Stone carved into labia;
Eternity's orgasm
A tiny reminiscence
A long' sleep then.
Feed like earth
Warmed by sun
We give
Our lives,
We live in the off-springs.

Sadiqullah Khan

Carpetbaggers

Make me sleep among the wolves
The night fox with all cleverness
So the sympathy was that she was hungry.
The flowers have gone mellow
Leaves are curling walls of impunity
Lo! for the a vigil to find the true self
Self shall vanish as pain is a joy.
Unless to the one who lost all against the nature
And when the carpetbaggers
Would pull from underneath the water and mud,
Every bit of existence buried in memories.
Be drowned for some natural cause
Or else get killed on the street
Or else some one your home to grab
Or bitten by a snake hiding in the corner.
The open sky was such a joy to look to
The children were playing hide and seek.
They did carry bowls to ask
I did cry for pity on myself
I did cry for so many layers, freezing me inside.

Islamabad
Aug 10,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Catch A Falling Star

Go! Catch a falling star.
Ask where all the past years are,
Where, ask the star,
The treasures of memories are;
What hath you done,
To the remembered, unremembered,
Little acts, somber songs:
Of unknown men and women
Bit by bit, to the fairy's tales.
To the delights of virtue, prayers
And innocence. Where hath gone;
All tears. All waters under the bridge.
All laughters, sublime smiles.
Ask the star! Hath you seen those,
Who have left us, to sing by thine;
Company luminous. Or is it all
So dark. All the bird's melodious
Songs. Laments and joy:
Where my sweetheart reside.
Where O star in my hand;
By thy golden wings; where in heaven.
Hath you any knowledge of days,
Whence the spring to come,
Whence the long summer and winter.
How many years, O ye close in my heart.
What fortune thou hast written
On our palms. O star! Ask the star.
Tell me all that ye know of all.

On reading a "song" written by John Donne (1572-1631)

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 28,2013.

Go and catch a falling star
Artist: Monica Murgu (Griet- pearl) ,

Sadiqullah Khan

Chains

Discussion in history
I need audience
Worthy audience
just one
Or talk to myself
My lamentations
Chaos of history
Sweet nature
In fury too
No justice
Teeming populations
Rising from earth
Hopeless sighs
Look to heavens
Heavens
Also abandoned
Who shall then speak
Who shall then hear
Lamentations
When I have forgotten you
My love
Out of a thousand faces
I see you
And when like you
I also drag chains
Like Jesus
Carry the cross
Marry the Magdalene
Mourning
Or Buddha starving
Rhetoric in democracy
Or communist Utopia
Freedom fighters
The power of military
Some tin pot dictator
Chains every where
For every one
Is wearing
Chains

Under the garlands of flowers

Sadiqullah Khan

Charbagh Village

On my left and being overlooked by mountains,
This village has the reputation of harboring
Prettiest faces on earth. There is a majestic slanting fort;
I have heard from a military man that it contains,
Springs of sweet water. The wall of Asoka on the top
Of hills protects it or some other habitations.

Down runs the caves and tunnels, one made in 1928,
The other a year after. In the nearby Shalman hills.
Rising to great heights and falling to great depths,
The air is as if a door from the seventh heaven
Has opened. The sunshine of the noon slip
By the stones like mirrors masoned by the creation itself,

Fluttering birds rise and fall from the stranded
Clouds in blue sky. For the moon waiting
In the bottom of the hills to rise on rugged peaks.
What sight it makes when rains pour in.
From Torkham and gazing into the valley:
Be it high or low it breathes peace and anguish
There is a long line of tear's flow, dividing Shamshad.

Torkham
August 26,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Charlie The Attila

Universal derision for your voice,
Be heard and like a Superamatist cube
Of boxed audience, who have acquired
The unique rhythm of dancing
On the bullets fired from guns,
Archaic with improvisations and technics.

Charlie the Attila rides the horse,
A Tamerlane, a Chengis?

Holocaust, barreled dollar,
Genocide and religion.

Ignorance and war,
Aftermaths and destructions beyond repair.

I had read somewhere,
About the war crimes tribunal
Under the auspices of UN,
Red Cross were providing truckloads of weapons,
Red Crescent was fomenting anger,
They were fighting a holy war
Their women and children begging and getting,
Universal derision, by and large,
Till today, for all days and every tomorrow to come.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Charlie Wilson's War

'It's my war, dammit. I'm paying for it. And I'll go see it, puñeta! '
Charlie Wilson

Glorify congressman,
You won the war,
My favored holly-wood,
Preto, playing you.
Your golf-balls,
Left behind
Brothers in arm, but,
What a glorious movie,
You may have cast,
Out in fashion
Pakul and waistcoat,
Would serve the cause.
The martyres are in heaven,
Send your ghost,
Where you are?

-On the movie Charlie Wilson's War, starring Tom Hanks.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 10,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Chasing Shadows

Bark bark dogs, in spiteful night
From black sleep, from one dream to another.
The spaces, in time, days, eventful, otherwise
A reflection thither, reality in shadow shadow:
Spent a lifetime, a monster writing
Emptied ink, still not sure, measuring waste
Events, on papers, pass, the most urgent
With exception, shall be also washed from memory.
The dead, crawl, chasing shadows
From nowhere appeared, in the dark
'It's been too long, since we are dead'
Fall fall, the world of living...
My impotent pen, thou hast earned,
The delusion of filling, blank volumes of white.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 2,2013.

Chasing Shadows by Santo Mofokeng @

Sadiqullah Khan

Chemical Flowers

Last night
While 'buying' flowers
Red in color
Their buds opening
In a bucket of water
Without soil
A tablet in the water
Is all the flowers need
And for the colors
Add some chemical
To the soil
To get colors
As red as can be
Or blue or green
For the bouquet
In the corner of the room
Or to the one you love
The essence is though
To please the eyes
And charm the emotions
Without fragrance

Sadiqullah Khan

Choir Of The Angels

Your fairy wings had the lightness
Of breeze. A butterfly's innocence.
How you read gallons of ink poured,
A puff was just and the book was closed.

Many stars in my eyes, fortunes on forehead.
Who tells my story, who writes it either.
The dragons of life I had to deal with.
For now I am in choir of the angels.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 4,2013.

Unspoken words, Resentment series: By Dorina Costras.

Sadiqullah Khan

Cicerian Oration

"O tempora o mores"

Oh the times! Oh the customs!

Hung by his tongue, pierced by head-pin
His head severed from the trunk.
Gods bid him farewell, -virtue is human
Gifts are books; the play is politics, day to day.
Pliny the Younger, on how he matches talent
With varied subjects. If Homer be the Greek god,
Of verse, the Roman god of prose is Marcus Cicero.
Sophocles' drama, pigment from Aristotle.
"Be indulgent towards the affection between us,
Somewhat more even than the truth will allow",
He writes to Lucius Luceius son of Quintus; on him
His Letter No 40, Cumea, April 55, before the Christ.
And when he turns six hundred years of age,
A modest view by then might be achieved.
For Hector in the play of Naevius exults, not merely
On being praised, but "By a person who is himself praised".

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

March 16,2014.

"...With these omens, O Catiline, be gone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples, —from the houses and walls of the city, —from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments."Excerpt from Cicero's speech against Catiline.

Cicero breaks it down to the Senate in Rome, fresco by Cesare Maccari, 1882-1888. @Emerson

Sadiqullah Khan

Clash Of Civilizations

From the wombs of civilizations
Occupied the land that carried the promise
The earth with the sustained character
Scarves of silk and music pleasing to ears
Many senses polished to shine on light
Chandeliers of waltz in polka décor
Gold on the walls and baths from springs
Warm for health rose water and milk
Happy conversation the nights on wool
Carpets and draperies what softness means
Wine in crystal the poet recites sadness
Languor of eyes on repressed emotions
Hunt for the fox or lion on horse back
Elegant dogs with stealth hanging on the side
Nothing to say about the furors of arms
What idea the conqueror has of the conquest
Nothing to say that shall please the minds
Sword smeared with blood booty on the ground
No border for flame of ideas when in travel
With breeze flies the falcons of imagination
By power subdued what is there in the head
How to the hearts you go when no path you have
Convert yourself as the barbarians on civilization
Or carry the book lofty in ideals than the one
Seek similarities before the clash of swords
Rise higher or be defeated in wits of knowledge
Akin to the human intellect is rise and fall
Civilizations have a history not of arms and sword
Of minds and wisdom and ideals is the arson
20/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Class Struggle

The divine struck down,
That the beloved shall rise,
Resurrect, and his prayers of being,
Poor and utterly poor are vain.
Nay! For the rich buys paradise.
And the beloved's presence forever.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 24,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Closer In Heart

Explicit renderings of reality
How I get to the depth of fragrance
A flower yields, and before demise
Measure a thousand leagues;
The distance to you is in time
A halt in the infinity's destination,
Wake up on the dawn's twilight
The treasure you seek is closer in heart.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 29,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Clove

Yellow butterflies and sprouting flowers
The smell she carried was in the heads
Broken while she was playing in water
Nude with fuming heat of her youth
She wore no clothes
Down the stream went the blood
From the head broken in her desire
The ooze was her name and her smell
In total nature and into the street
Under the broken door fixed in a mud wall
A streak of yellow colored liquid
Flowed into the narrow stream
And the long trees with leaves melting down
Reality in exaggeration sans the beautiful moon
Tired of explaining and talking about flowers
Moon half and moon full
Sunset and sunrise
Cracking down in miraculous divide into two
The moon was the sign of a symbol
Wind flowing with speed and thunders
The absurd had grown in that town
The dead was buried yesterday
In the memory and with broken head
Still oozing the aroma
Coming out from under the huge mass of earth
A spirit which every girl wanted to imbibe
In the town now under a long spell of the darkest night
Breaking away from the divide of the day
The morals now decided to either leave
Or make new codes
Break the trance of time and the ordinary
Or go into amnesia of forgotten past
Bewitching earth and the sun
Reality is defined
Leave the subject dreadful
Or your head will be broken
With that ooze beyond enchantment
The girl smelt like clove

Cocoon

The cocoon of my love
Encircles you in warmth
In silky comfort when you sleep
Breathing dreams of the days
Yet to shine the golden rays
Alas but for the cocoon
The silk of love so dear to all
Burns you in hot who knows why
In jealousy for the cocoon my love
When you want to be cocooned yourself
In silky comfort when you wake up
For the golden rays of the sun
Dressed like cocoon in the warmth of love
26/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Coffee Republic

Your city did not grow on me,
I have overgrown it, by leaps and bounds -
These leafy lanes of yours, see how
The comb is stuck in the tresses, see how
A wet drop overflows the rock filled crystal
Outward and how the inner throb is sea's storm
As on the fourteenth of the moon, in favored winds.

My being melts in a desire,
Could I see every color, drop on earth, every flower
Could I be a presence, like the mossed effaced stone
On the corner, and the pavement rush back
Below my swift impatient steps.
My hands touching upon your copious rain
And my face shines on the abundant dew.

The mist is over Margallas, steeping hills
Northwards. Practice this sorcery twice
Who brings this magic, and wands the night's shadows,
Brilliant, my double vision, on curtain's face.
What place is this? You rootless one, dancing like
Dust particle in the colored streak of light.

With the mind's eye, I taste your face
Burning the veils with my gaze, smoldering
Not a flame myself, and convulsed becoming wick.
Who is the prey, you or me?
The night's wandering colors are on your cheeks and eyes
Invite sobriety? The sea is past the heads
And my audacious host, gather on your table's cuisine
Spiced, wined, rose petalled and let's take wings.

I run a thousand leagues away,
Yet I am static, with my closed eyes,
This is an inverted vault of sugar and honey in sweetness
You run and run, and when you open eyes
You are seated and the humming is bee's song
Living by the night's fall, and I see
The fond, waiting on the tavern's door since sunset.

Carry us away, a lover is known
Not by rags, he is known by the regal grace -
Thus the nothingness, is the magician's end game,
Effusing effervescent cool, and the eternal loss engraved
On his palm. Gained this way or that way,
Your fading steps on the wood floor,
Would anyone know that I bought a treasure for a penny?

-After an evening in Islamabad at Coffee Republic, on July 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Coincidentia Oppositorum*

The corpus of works from the caves
The soul speaking animate or inanimate
On the earth in things or in the breathe
The One and the only Immanent
Creator or the Mover from nothing
Permeates the glory to the human
As seen with few books in hand
The coincidences with the philosophy
The intellect bringing the opposites
Divide the line of faith and reason
Get to the meeting lines may there be
The prophet and the philosopher
Agree on the theories that exist
Exist not when in real it is looked
Smaller are the incidences to collide
In opposition for the minor gods
Those reside in the hearts of all
The warring Gods of the armies
Why the rains are not in blood
The philosopher's stone to burn
The touch of Midas yet another
The intuition's perfect man
The mystic said for the order
Order to obey in vigil the vision
Latin and the ancient hierarchy
The God in court making decisions
My beloved asked many times
Possessed are you from the evil
Draconian covers of papers in skin
Of animals that were devouring
In personal god and a small book
The verse we write and sing together
And many a voices and many a verses
Shall make the voice and verse of god
So speaketh with many lips
God what shalt he ordain to speak

*(The Cardinal Cusanus' famous theory is that of 'Coincidentia oppositorum')

which can be translated into coincidence between the opposites)
Courtesy Maude C. for the title.

31/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Comfort Zones

Walk barefoot towards it,
Someone brought
Shoes with sharp edged corners.
'We don't wear shoes either'
Or its brilliance is faded on naked feet.
The human skin is the most beautiful ornament,
Don't be consumed in human love.
That which erodes and corrodes in time
Is not the true essence, a mirror to beauty
But a glimpse of a flower in the spring
Makes the nightingale sing a song.

That a splendid moment is captured,
Beneath a flying bat at dusk
Crows on trees and falcons up high in sky.
A figured beauty walks elegantly
In this damp evening when the maple leaves
Screen rays of the setting sun.

This distance is measured
In other terms, of a magical wand
And the arm's length
Is one century or after your disappearance.
They walk on silk carpets
And drink the light of the moon
They breathe the meadowed air after rain
And watch candle lights from
Raw glass blown in some smith's shop.

Humans have a measuring quality
And judgments pass on 'the wearables'
The resonance of your syllabi
And the whistling slangs slipping from your tongue.
Therefore the glitter in your eyes
May drown in the dead of whites
And amazement is a half shout, a cry
To some distant shore invisible to the eye.

There in the periphery

A war of repertoire is going on,
The girls of 'a fascist cult' are raising voices,
Wearing black holster coats tight on hips
Coloring their faces with colors of red
And green. You need to wear joggers
To slip through the mud of the upscaled city,
And go back to your bed,
Of an unwashed bedspread
To dream a life, next door,
Which has a distance to the next century.

The thought is in the 'comfort zones'
They fear losing faith when a pebble
Is thrown into the serene tranquility of the pond,
Or those who have gone away on a voyage.
Tomorrow there is a paradise waiting
When the lovers walk hand in hand
And a life is begun whether hard
And the simmering difficulties are washed and sunk
In the sea on immense laughter.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Coming Home

I had taken the longest journey
Coming home when I was lost
By the signs of the dust of feet
The lion in the herd of sheep
Mirror was water in the spring
My heart leapt when the moon
Spoke to me of the hiding sun
Not an enlightenment meditate
My tongue could neither speak
My hands nor write no language
To translate thoughts so innate
Aesthetics of beauty I articulate
The language was my first love
17/12/2009

After writing a Ghazal in Urdu.

Sadiqullah Khan

Common Feel

Fa Hein the monk, crossed the Indus
In Gandhara, for Bodhisattva's alms-bowl,
Takshasila and Purushapura and on.
Lebid ben Rabi'at Alami's Elegy, -Arabic
Qasida. For abandoned adobe, whence once
The fair one lived. Confucius taught
The same moral code, the same.
Ancient Chinese poetry, his singular feat (The She-King) .
Religion hath human emotions robbed
What a cruel God, -hence all praise unto him.
Asabiyyah is rule by group feel, in four generations,
The master-client relationship wanes. Today
Every client is a master. Group feel is common feel.

The scholar Tsang once said of himself: "On three points I examine myself daily,
viz, whether, in looking after other people's interest, I have not been acting
whole-heartedly; whether in my intercourse with friends, I have not been true;
and whether after teaching, I have not myself been practicing what I have
taught." The Analects by Confucius

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 12, 2014.

Confucius with his students @

Sadiqullah Khan

Comprehend

The bliss emanates from where,
Blinded colors, it is pure light
Nay dungeons of rubies and diamonds,
All senses are suspended.
Weightless, naught is the body of flesh
Temptations fly like straw,
Time is timeless, space is gone
There is no present, past and future.
No desire, no gain and loss.
Between life and annihilation
Comprehend or be comprehension,
Lay the chest bare and mind open.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Concealed Provocations

Held are the banners folded in arm pits.
Where hath gone the truth's trumpet.
Reality is then concealed,
In the long lines either horrific.

The sour is to know the sweetness,
To let know the difference of aroma,
Roasted beans of brown
Make the base note to the olfactum.

The art that lead a revolt,
Braying horses and winnowing cows
Of the human souls drawn on the sword's nick,
Ah! The truth is but behind the shadows.

The attached pictures are sewn
To the words, is it accentuation?
Limiting the mind's flight oblivious
Invented are words soft spoken?

Still lying deep is the desire's fire
Much flame you hired from heaven alike,
Zeus would hold the fire alight
Buddha tells extinguish forever.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 26,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Conquering Love Long Forgotten

Some shreds and strange looks
The child was wearing long legs
In amazement she was looking around
A mother's deep love and grooming family,
What if a lost love has arisen from nowhere.

Hold the breath she has more to say
A mother though needs respect,
Her old love was an acquaintance and many things
Had grown deeper and absolutely in vain.

She had neither lost nor gained.
In most of the cases we overestimate,
And once we conquer we come to know the absurdity
Of the endeavor.

Why a constant quest for love,
As we pass on in living, we rather need to give love,
Than ask for it, and what if it is gained.

Those eyes were showing such brightness and
Such despair and as if vanquished,
I did touch some strings of that heart.
I feared losing everything as once was
As I went on to conquer my loss.

Sadiqullah Khan
Torkham
June 6,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Consciousness G

'Ken had said, 'the villagers don't believe in hot waters.' That means they don't come to the hot springs above the village. They don't strip and lie luxuriating in the hot smelly pools. They never gasp with shock and delight, after a hot day's labor. Or feel themselves buoyant, having walked for days. What a treat they miss! I wonder, why.' Among Muslims, Askole by Night, Kathleen Jamie,2002

Abhorred state of nature is a loss,
Adam's rise to the consciousness of his being
Creative, triggered by Eve and Satan.
We will return to it, a subconscious state-
Unconsciousness when collective becomes rituals.
Soothing, escaping. What is false consciousness?
And various degrees of consciousness.
We have seen, from history, those who are more
Conscious, -the devils, overcome the less conscious,
The angels. Who wins. Eighty seven percent of the land
In South Africa, belonged to thirteen percent of devils,
Riding the holy gospel. The more the conscious
The more successful, the less, will perish ultimately.
The garb is the God. When God wills, he gives you money.
Isn't it? True, It is. But what of consciousness of living?
Breath air, celebrate life, live and be one with nature
Spirited. Who brings this consciousness?
In the village of Askole, the mullah gathered the villagers,
Told them to break their instruments of music,
Fifteen years ago, which is now close to half century.
Another consciousness. Of death, while you live.
Caught them unawares, occupy, steal or simply 'buy',
Who is more conscious? One with money or moneyless?
There are many who travel in boots
And many more whose women are the most protected
Species laden with gold and deing in wretchedness.
They will all vanish, they are buying time only.
We give in to false consciousness quickly, Paradiso effect.
Consciousness true and real needs
A superlative level of mental and spiritual awareness -
With strength of facing 'the real' and defeating
The devil, who eats up the society inside

And divides the world across like a chessboard.

Islamabad

September 30,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Consolation

My love
Come close to me
And console me
For so many reasons
Unexplainable

Sadiqullah Khan

Constant Energy

Constant energy for the love
Tribulations many towards end
Are distractions malevolence
Much pain for body and mind

For the one in faith to achieve
Blessings many as pain itself
The thorns are flowers and sharp
The pebbles for bare feet stars

Is not the beloved a whole
A glimpse of sweetness or
Agonies inflicted in separation
When thou hast set thine eyes

On the distant beyond yet nearer
Shalt thou complain of hurting
In the eternal sea of longing
Thou art but a dropp recycled

In cosmos the energy to enchain
And bring it forth in constant spin
Of activity perpetual without end
For the unseen lineages linked

Smoldered lover like the glance
Of beloved with many illusions
Memory of past and phantasm
Of future no one knoweth not
21/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Conversation On Neruda

With Charu Gandhi

If you like movies, may I suggest one? 'Il Postino'.

Yea. I used to watch movies. Is it about?

A postman delivering Neruda mails.

I have read Neruda's poetry. Had he not been a leftist he might have been ignored easily. I personally like his romantic poems. I will check the movie.

You need the hands of sculptors to make something of your ordinary stuff, place you on mantle and then convince others to worship the most ordinary of things about you.

Did I miss something?

Talking of Neruda..and how to get popularity.

Perhaps. Facebook is not any different.

Advertisements and humens' capricious priorities.

If I put this conversation together and post it with Neruda photo, you see how many people like it.

True. Add to it narcissism.

Try it if you know how. I do not.

Ok. Let's see.

Just now •

Sadiqullah Khan

Gilgit

Charu Gandhi

Illinois

December 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Cowboys Of The South

South of the equator, the cowboys
Rode the plateaus, for beefy celebrations
Two hundred of them, and a few, by the horns
Elongated skulls and bones for jackals.
The orphans would sport beards longer than knees,
Shrouded fe-males, this part of the globe
To embrace other sect's bloody war of ascension.
The ghosts, long asleep by then of the 'politicians',
Lone soldiers on high peaks pulling down,
Dried stems of apricot trees, and breaking them
By sharp stones, 'back to the stone-age again'
Or leave the cursed land, by the time all water from
Under the earth's crust, would have been drained out
By sun. It will have the putrid smell of fossil fuel.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Craft And Spirit

Lines would not cross
Monastic living has all submissions
Would the spirit of human a virtue
Or evil subdued
With painful ritualism of pardons
For being in the world
Consciousness has burdens
Let with slowness of silences
The dialogue with the divinity
Is either prayer or anguish of pain
The resolved tangle
Spirited voluptuousness
Let the hell burn the hysteria
Craft they say
Spirit I call
The echoes were dead
There were so many children
Murmuring chants
On the dry branches of trees
Snakes were coiled some hanging
This vigil has not seen
Winged fairies yet

Islamabad

7/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Crazed Girl Of Yeats

The transcendental value
Put upon the word crazed
Otherwise the word insane
Her sounds not commonly intelligible
And one song she sings
Is actually making her more free
But fear still grips her of the hungry sea
Which she transforms into a song improvising
Insanity itself is freedom
From the existing norms and codes
Be that fate divine or bonds
What are words become polemics
When taken to the scene
And where you make conclusions
He has shown us a picture of a girl
In a state of spectacular existence
Now she will appear different
Every one with own eye

Islamabad
15/2/2010

On "A Crazed Girl ";by William Butler Yeats

Sadiqullah Khan

Creation

God in creating the universe
With the longing and the hopes
Evaporating into frustrations
Sighs incomparable and in the cosmos
The storm with words unable to express
In Gods great scheme and the idea
Sketches innumerable
Or a single word
Be
And all was
And all is
The creation has not come to an end
Except that the God shall will it one moment
With the doomsdays destruction
While in the making
The agony and the ecstasy
The cosmic pain and the cosmic joy
Divine in interpretation
Creation ultimately
I bring at arms length
Hold it down on the tip of my finger
The magicians blow of air into that distance
No balm shall cure the wounds that I have suffered
In the creations discovery of the things
Unnamable for so many more
Shall name them as they wish
Move the earth into heavens distant infinities
God's revelations coming to us
Explaining the infinite truths
O reason guide me
Guide me into this maze
Thou art so limited
In my comprehension
I fail to understand
The grand design
In separation I shall understand
Or in ultimate union I shall discover
But will my pain and anguish
Be over at that time

I pray thee O God
At that moment rest me in peace
Wash my memory
Of the sufferings here
The mused beauties
Open thy doors
Of paradise as I know of it
As my eternal abode

Sadiqullah Khan

Creep In Slowly

On the wall
Sticking closely
Gradually and slowly
And adding beauty
To the wall
The wall
Made of stone
And crushed stone
Heated abnormally
And iron also
A box is made
All four sides
Sharp edges
The big walls of separation
What the prisons are made of
Houses made like small prisons
With gates
Some iron workmanship
Ironsmith
Carpenters and the fallen trees
Cages
Everything available
Where from the civilization has grown
The freedoms in the prisons
A dog and a watchman
Creep in slowly
Cover the stone wall
With leaves, branches
And some flowers too
Look from the corner of the window
I will keep the window open
For tonight the moon is full
Some sustenance
I know you are sun worshipper
But the moon is my worship
A slow song
Stolen from nature
Kiss me
Some thoughts of freedom

Freedom is but imagination only
Creep in slowly
Lest no one sees you
With a gentle touch
Wake me up
But before I have attained that freedom
I would have cut my wrist
For the ecstasy of being with you
I can only comprehend
When I let my body freeze
In the early hours of the night
Into nothingness
So you become me
For I shall be free only
When I am you

Sadiqullah Khan

Cremated Ideas (Aleatoric Verse)

Adolf Hitler lethal injection diet Dr Pepper prefab distaste the tribe has spoken
alienated authorial presence reverse engineered rigorous treatment non musical
reasons piquant abyss free floating connectivity reticent reluctant fierce
commitment to flippancy and off handedness I wear the black hat supremely
offensive punch line terrible acts are serious end the universe if it gets uttered
unnamed characters in a poorly written novel outlandish mendacities tour de
force of nihilist confession the visible man in which a man in an invisibility suit
crouches in the apartments of lonely people watches as they check their e mails
hit bonks abdominal crunches check e mails again rotate dull vortices appetite
compulsion funny creepy penetrating libidinized fermata apologies Iroquois
intellectual dandy W. H. Auden unpredictability grappling with villains real and
imagined Chuck Klosterman rocks sleaziest baboon blweth where listeth write
own ticket cremated ideas the goal of being alive is what it figures out to be alive
loopy essay sequence series of riffs demonic villainy heroic villainy pop villainy
rock bands villainously banned sex drugs cocoa puffs Bill Clinton flavor of the
abyss trivialities piquant haphazardness James Parker occasional pointlessness
difficulty keeping a straight face

Sadiqullah Khan

Crimson Sunset

Blazes through the corner of the earth
Like red wine on the brim of the cup,
Discourse with you has limited relevance
The near monk's solitude is akin,
Ecstatic though, O you are the dusk's prologue.
In the narrow time, of this and that -
Like an eye blinks before going to sleep
Half open a last look, this sleep shall
Let us see dreams in the memory of the day.
The epilogue is the wandering of dervish
Small pause, but it has been through the age,
For the conscious soul, to behold a view
Equally fervent, dark and white and blue.
My mystical meaning of the unknown happenings,
Is anything bigger than this, brighter and alive
Yet this is not a slow demise, only my time
Measured in the steps of going, I watch,
And the coming is like a love's music steps.
The things have the veracity of accomplishments
But we leave them undone, and never done,
With the exception that the perfection
You have is still not understandable.
From in between the time's lapses, we incur,
An unknown phenomenon, as a ball of fire
Unrolls down the planes of desert and the camels,
Return home, sheep after grazing,
The stolen light is like a stolen kiss on the urbane,
Whether a candle is lit or huge works of lighting.
We have little to be amazed at, to wonder,
The indifference is an enigma to the lover's sight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 8,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Crossing Over

'I was rather too much crossing over the boundaries,
But I was right.'

I had the voracious river's thirst beaten,
Hunger of rock quenched

Contradiction melted like wax
By wick, and crossed over
Though it burned and the moths,
For another day's end, waited.

The mind's dividing lines,
From you and mine, I and who
To where and nowhere,
But the idol makers never slept,
Nor could discern the tides of breeze.

I had the lions by the throats
Dragged, for I was hungrier than them.

Sadiqulah Khan
Gilgit
August 26,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Cruel Glance

Take me thou by storm
When my tears flow on thy cheek
Love is like a rose in bloom
From street to street is spreading
The story of our acquaintance
Written have thou my name on thy bosom
With blood I write thy name on my heart
Never to forget thee in the world hereafter
Hold thy hand for my lips to kiss
The divinity of the being bathed in love
Hold thy glance for my heart in raptures
In silence I tread with the eloquence of the one
Conqueror of the world is he who hath
Put the sword in front of thy love
For I forget wars and anguish of multitude
When thou hath cast that cruel glance on me
10/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Cruel Love

O love
Thou art
Become
Cruel

Sadiqullah Khan

Da'man-E Yousaf

Da'man-e Yousaf tu dekhye'...

Which way the gown, Pharoahs!
Tempt with wine, with cuisine exot
Her bleeding fingers, sharpness of knell,
And art as dark, as the other bright eye.

Which way the gown, Pharoahs!
Which way is torn, -hold on the sword,
For beauty is within, human in nature
In front if, and if from the back –
His innocence replete, he exonerate.

Love's fables my friend understand,
Or be with those who have been through,
The lovers thus meet, else your bicker, sans
Aroma either or when the evil visit,
In the greater fold, refuge in the exuberance –
To the faint strings of the lyre languorous.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 22,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Daggers In The Eyes

Some people
I saw
Some daggers in their eyes
A constant gaze
The gaze about to kill me
Or provoke me
To an extent
That I do something
To turn the daggers away
Aimed at me
The whole bunch of people
And their common intent
Having daggers in their eyes
Unleashed
And in control of a spirit
A calm effect was needed
And after a night
The spirit had gone
Like a virus
And slowly
Softness retuning to the eyes
Of those people
Some evil averted
Or magic of the village
In a reality that was
Though not palpable
But for the spirit
Harsh
And my experiment with magic realism
So the realism was
Subjected to magic
With a long line
And a time span
But I knew what it was
Instead
The daggers were pulled down
Softness returning
Experimenting with magic realism
And some demons of love

Some vital interests
And the dark side of the feminine

Sadiqullah Khan

Dante's Inferno

The hierarchy is placed straight up
There is a cover of lies in what is done
His Holiness has many shrouds
Secrecy is one of his weapons
Fear his shield and arrogance his arrow.

They laugh at the absurd humanness
Will some one spill the beans with courage?
Will some one let the world know what happens?
On the dinners served in silver and gold
Champagne in crystals and caviar.

Someone is opening the long dark tunnel
And the only visible white spot of light
When the formation breaks down
The deserters take sigh of freedom
Out of captivity.

Many a ruined hearts and minds
Many a stifled souls
Under the heavy burden of consciousness.

The lament is not for the divine
When they have snatched your bread
And they say it is His Will
You seek from Him
As they have sought!

The lament is unanswered
Misdirected misdeeds
There are many circles and stages
Dante's Inferno
Someone might still hope
That hell is for the sinners.

(On the disclosures made by WikiLeaks)

Islamabad
Dec 1,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Dark Of The Night

With a wave of my hand
With the winds from the north
Along the shore on the dance in the black
From the sea like a fish caught to the fly

The deceit is the aesthetics of the mankind
On the heat of the fire for it shall complete
The cycle to nourish love and soul
So goes the purpose of you and me

The one big soul in units of time and space
To spin around dancing with devil or love
The color of your eyes is too dark tonight
Nights I have seen yet the mystery never before

With a twist of your hands I can bring
Heaven is where you whispered the secrets
My indifference to the beauty of nature
Is not it that our anguish is the same

Separation I detested as long my memory
The flowers and the scents and the colors
Bind us together so is the bright of the day
And so is the dark of the night
5/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Darken It

My vision, catch the glimpse,
In needle's eye, between the ends,
Twilight and night, capture the last ray,
End drop of scotch, twenty one years old.
Darken it, the cup, don't hurry up,
Tinkle the embers of my grieving heart,
Or a hilarious tinge, by master's ignorance
Or delights of life, he sayeth it so.
Down the lane goes funeral of the vain
Devouring agape, earth waiting wide open.
Thus we rise to the sun's first ray
Gleaming life, alas! How many autumns go.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Dastan-E Ishq (Saga Of Love)

Aao ke aaj khatam hoi dastan-e ishq:
Ab khatm-e asheqi ke fasaney sunain hum.
Faiz

Come! The saga of love is over today,
And now we sing the legends of love's fall.

And we to the rest of posterity sing
Demise of enchantment, end of the magic,
We rise from dream, for the moon's gone
For the stars hid, and the sun is risen.
The anguished heart, at last is at rest,
The languid talk, of beauty's variousness
Cold nights of harbor, afternoons of whisper
Caravans of tears, bright laughter
Sighs breathing fire, nocturnes unslept.
The legends long, may I tell
That the beginning is end and the end
A beginning. Shifting deserts foretold,
And to the hills climbed, crossed the rivers
In taverns drunk, in lonesome hours
Tread the leaves, smelled the flowers
Drank from the horizon, in dusk gone mad.
The unthinkable thought, invent the fantasy,
Magician's step, danced to the flute
Musician's string, tapped the hollow beat,
In still moments, like a bee, like moth
Ambulated candle, kissed the petal's cheek.
Her coming adored, her going lamented,
On cold stones felt, the gems of shine
Brought home rainbow, in colors whished,
All this and all this, and her budding lip
The fall of tresses, her antelope neck,
Like smoke in the air, from warmth of hearth.
Envy me not, my heart's rapture
For the end's a beginning, hath the farer
Ever reached? Hath the love been ended ever?

Sadiqullah Khan

Gilgit
December 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Day And Night

There are no necessities worth a name,
Than going down with bullets ridden –
The escape is the other side of fence,
Crossing over to the death's expanse
But what if you face the coward squad,
Day and night, and still remaining alive.

Sadiqullah Khan

Gilgit

June 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Dead Boy's Song

I was born with celebrations
I still remember the fireworks
When out of the sweetness of the womb
I breathed my first air
And when I was taken into the lap of my mother
The sweetness of the milk and the tenderness
With love and compassion when I was raised
For I symbolized the continuity of the existence
And a hope for the future
My father
I heard had said
"I am youth again"
So into this world of fantasies and beauties
Chasing butterflies and the long afternoons of play
The years of romance and the sight of the moon
My prayers for the beloved to be with me
The heroism
I wanted to conquer the world
When I carried that bucket of water for the old man
When I gave all the pennies in my pocket to the old woman
When I learned so many books
My father
Eager to make me understand the things
But keeping me away, from the dirt in the society
The cold sweetness of those silk and cotton garment
Of the women who loved me, aunts and older young girls
As I was the sweet heart
Dead I lay,
I could not be a hero
The hero that was to rise to the occasion
Despite all the hardships
The late night burning of the candle
And the mothers sweet lap
Every one wanted to see me a hero
When I did not bring in good name
When I was told that I was a shame
To the family because I had not scored
The highest grades or grades close the highest
And when

I could not rise to be a god
Which no one was
And when in this battle of wits
I was loosing day by day
And when I was compared
With others
Ah,
How they made to that level when I knew that I was a better fighter
When I could lay my life for my family and every one that loved me
And like the knight of the olden days
I could tear apart the enemy's lines
My enemy was my goals to conquer
Now I am dead
Not a hero's death
I failed in my mission despite all my efforts
I have this song coming out of my heart
That
In the gods image I wanted to rise
But I could not
On my forehead was written
My destiny
The predestined composer
Who has written the music of my life,
And that eternal piano was played in the background
The choirs of all those who were my friends
A loved one whispered in my ear
That you are not dead
That you are buried with all your favorite colors
So much more that you wanted to give others
The ones who loved you and the ones you loved
No more a shame nor you nor others
The sweet piano writing down your life
You only did not rise to be a god
But taught passion for the fear it was gone
Every ones remembering the line and the verse
Not the hand that wrote it but the line
Song makers cry with out tears
Comforting home, mothers lap
Chance for immortality
Where being wanted is a thrill
The sweet piano writing down the song
I am sorry but time will tell

This bitter farewell...

(The idea and the last few lines I have taken from the hi5 profile of a girl named black rose)

Sadiqullah Khan

Dear Poet

Your vision had the wings
The bird caught in the net
Of expediency
Universality of thought
Freedom and happiness for all
The verse you carried door to door
Divine word you chose
All the forces of nature
Encircled you
And you had the last step
To paradise
Dear poet
Reality had the harshness
Of hell
The path of roses
And studded with stars
The beautiful eyes of the beloved
Had much tears
Dear poet
Who makes the dreams come true
Dear poet of the fantasy land
Tell me

Islamabad
20/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Death Wish Of An Orphan

'I Had to kill my self
To be yours
To absorb the pain
Of your closeness'
Chaos of Being

Not seen a parent, the father's shadow
Looms large. But not it seen, the one who
Live by it, and don't escape, are in mental slavery.
Be it a Pasha with Ottomans,
The Wahhabi cult; isolates, indoctrinates
Tells 'holier than thou', schismatic□
The purifier, a hired assassin.
His face reads the gloom of a destroyed citadel,
An apparent grave, underneath lies the corpse.
His woman no one shall see, is a monologous
Ghost, thrives on chants. The white of her eyes
Are like rough rounded stones, - droughty.
He shall lead hundreds of men to paradise
On the Day of Judgment. So he wishes death.

Sadiqulah Khan
Islamabad
April 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Dedication

O love

If we are not lost in this sea of populace

If ever I publish I will dedicate these poems to you

Which I write here

And those which I will write in your memory

And let the universal soul inspire me

And let I decipher the opening page of this journey

And let the one that haunts me always be kind to me

And let those life giving glances may look at me again

And let the depth of my soul may contain that immensity

For I am too small

And let your beauty be like the hands of Jesus

And your memory be like the face of Marry

Sadiqullah Khan

Deep Breath

Is a deep breath required
To say something
Not so important
Not so urgent
Not so theatrical
To wear costumes for
To speak a poem to
Instantly
As it is happening

Islamabad
6/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

De-Feated

An eye open
Incessant
Lid-less
Rolled over
Thrown in one
Direction.

A hand extended
For gold coins
Smiles worn
On each other's faces.

A gun shot
Dead body dragged
War's won
All else
De-feated.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
October 29,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Democracy In Decay Xli

You cannot catch with the modernity
Mr. Fukuyama the knowledgeable,
With a decadent democracy
A quarter of a century after your history
Ended with fanfare. My history begins with that.

I cannot catch up with my madness
Cannot stop the stream of blood, the Joycean
Stream of consciousness sans a punctuational stop,
Full or half. Un ending. I am writing history
In the wretchedness of my capital, in surrealistic airs.

They say the nights here are best for booze,
The spice adds delicious savories to tongue
As you watch the city down from Monal upon the Hill.
A telescope on a journey to other planets
For thirty long years, reflect plains submerged
Hills barren, minds empty and hearts sore.

A poetic contest asks for a seventy five line
Poem. I have never seen such terror unleashed.
Like the seventy men and women who decide to ruin us
And eighty five men with whom Castro brought
The revolution. He says he can do with fifteen now.
Adding his years of experience of seventy. Appealing.

A strong state, rule of law and accountability -
There could not be more 'reduction' Fukuyama
And I discovered some confluence with you,
Because I am the fish drinking in stream
And you have come to quench your thirst.

We are digging into each other,
Thirty million, below the age of thirty
Illiterate, jobless, eaten up like moths by nightingale.
The nightingale will be alive another six decades
Who picks worms from the ears of old bulls:
Therefore do not teach us democracy.

-On reading a review of Francis Fukuyama book 'From the Industrial Revolution to the Globalization of Democracy' at

Yoshihiro Francis Fukuyama (born October 27,1952) is an American political scientist, political economist, and author. Fukuyama is best known for his book The End of History and the Last Man (1992) .

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

September 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Derrida's Deconstruction

Where she finds the wed of pen and ink
'Sappho thrice removed from reality'
Says Plato, one of the two without whom
Human knowledge is incomplete, the other is the Bard.
The Magician ending the time's play
A nudity eating white clay
In the rapturous delirium of wanting to give birth.
The three fold meaning and the deconstructed
Thought had an amazingly beautiful structure in lines.
Random doubt and arbitrary subversion
By a sharpened reed-nib and an intellect never bereft.
'but by careful teasing out of warring forces of signification
within the text itself'. Nothing has been destroyed.
The signification is fundamentally at variance-
'il n'y a rein hors du texte' or, alternately, 'il n'y a pas de hors- texte'
A text may possess so many different meanings that it cannot have a meaning.
'Intertextuality', they had accused Orhan Pamuk with it.
You are the Kastori, and you shall find your own fragrance with it,
And the foreword is by the Queen of Egypt wearing Serpent of Nile
In her crown. The book is thicker and is random
In continual difference, to include what is not included.

-On Charu Gandhi, reviewing my book, 'Chasing Shadows'.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Descending Grace

Upon eye lid, widening pupils
From high brow, sweating the cheek sway;
Prismatic bine-oculas, stars on white rocks
In red. Melting waters on the outside,
In dissolved heat, slow sips.
Descend like grace, like in unaccustomed
World, a stranger, wayfarer's destiny –none.
O! Whoever is the Listener, holder of Divinity,
Let my grace, human, be the Cover
O! You who shall not allow, a mean moment
Pass by, near me, my loves.
O You! Make my endurance Never falter.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 5,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Desert Lily

Bloom bloom, in desert lily
Thirst, sand, mirages silly,
White petals, fairy's wings
Hope and love, thy petulant twigs!

Sadiqullah Khan

Desire

The desire's ultimate goal
Rushing the blood into the sleeping recesses of the brain
Awakening of the demons of the past
Breeding and growing
Out of the cells
Into the head with pounding fists
Lust the banner they carry
Values trampled under feet
The angelic force's rise
In defense
Greed is the playing field
Or the mass of flesh
Sans love

Sadiqullah Khan

Desire Lines

Of macabre pathways traversing
Trails in footpaths to discover stone ways,
Of obliterated desires and to avoid angular
Dimensions. The rugged feet carried the burdened
Soul, to lighten up.

The paths in slow straddles with pebbles and white
Dust. Beneath the fading grass of carpeted landscape.
In the wayfarer's dream, angels sing and the tied down luggage;
Either on back or held above on head. Sometimes pulled;
Sometimes pushed. On preferential pathways.

Of a Wordsworthian elegance, through streams in the woods.
A Buddha's travel as, 'journey itself is destination',
A prophet's union with the divinity on a mount seeing burning
Bush. A night in cave, on a camel's back, leading a caravan.

Much is laden as treasures, but much as one follows,
The paths that traverses the urban design by an oil
Rich architect, as tall pyramid of glass work. A monster.

A beaten stone and brick dust and the proliferated lime,
Wet leather and barefoot. On a temple's foreground.
A walker's stalk. Thousand and one stories. Desire lines.
The beloved's last smile, a kiss in the air while gazing skies.
A dropp of water from a pouch; some neighborly hospitality.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 14,2012

After reading a review of 'The Old Ways'-A Journey on Foot, by Robert
Macfarlane, a British travel writer.

The Cotswold, England.

Sadiqullah Khan

Desperation

Cold creeping on from the feet
Into the legs with injured knees
The last dance when for the rhythm
That girl did show her legs
And in a complaint of a music
In voice died by liquor and drugs
How many hands shall touch her
Like the stone of cemetery blackened
By kisses and eyes with mascara
In disappointment the evening passed her
To the night with the man of broken jaw
She also sang the song for the man who
Being most demanding and yet
He thinks who is doing a favor
Her black skin was soft to touch
Who she was and for how long
I only knew that she went with the man
Of broken jaw for he was
The ultimate savior in her desperation
26/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Devil Worship

The great Unitarian
With names disgusting
Abhorred the command supreme
Unto his way till the end
Devil is creator of evil
And evil of mind
Sin and wrongdoing
Who decides right and wrong
In hermit seminary and sanctuary
Personification indeed

He too is created
In the creation's realm
Worship the devil
He shall bring
Happiness and may
Before the great scheme
Advocate
What happened on earth

Tragedy is the bleeding Ultimate
Reality unto life though
Nothing wicked nor shameful
Goodness is all
Bad or not
Devil brings
Immense hope
22/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Dewan Of Ghalib

I had read in the history books
And in some other books
Books of poetry
But about the book
"The book of poetry"
And some small essays
But you were hidden from me
Then I met you
The grandeur and the simplicity
Each verse creating a convoluted dream
Mystery superb

Of the phenomenon of existence
The universal soul has bestowed upon you
Some keys to the mystery
And the manner to unlock
With wit and a mind intact
Intoxicated yourself to unconsciousness
Yet again spoke the conscious
Of the courtly manners
Yet despised the court

You avoided with deliberation
And let loose your imagination
Into the phenomenon of existence
Drank deep from the Persian
The language refined
And became the king of ghazal

Each verse is a book
In explanation and in theory
No room for stupor foolish
The form is superb
The touches last
And the frame is ready
For the wall, to be hung
And still a side glance
For any thing to improvise

The master of the language
The proud owner of the tradition
The balance and the cut
Of wit and humor

How many times
I read your verse,
The discerning taste
The journeys, the deserts

The plight of the times
The kings humble
A new era coming
Made a place for yourself
The Majnun and the Farhad
Of Laila and Shirin
Each word is drunk
With wine divine

Refinement of language
And imagination
A commentary on life
Aesthete of the aesthetics
Pen sharp like a scalpel
Brushes the picture
Sculpts the beloved
Like master of the ancient

You are my teacher
A joy to read
In my this journey short

Sadiqullah Khan

Dewdrop

Dewdrop, let me cleanse
in your brief
sweet waters...
These dark hands of life

Matsuo Basho

English version by Peter Beilenson
Original Language Japanese

Sadiqullah Khan

Digger Of Oil Wells

Atef ayideeeeeee

The oil wells
You have dug
Piss me of
Alien creatures
From now where
Turned Yankees
Or sheikhs
I am no vulnerable
No digger of oil wells
6/1/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Dilemma Of Wit

She says modernity goes
Literature is a collage earthen
New names brought to the village
Hundred years in amnesia

Goodies invent genres
Red peppers the Portuguese brought
British sign posts elongated

A girl was once hired by the company
To rob the miners of their money
Who were caving the longest tunnel in Asia

Vulgarity is the name other of wit
Humor of the sycophant
Freedom of expression espoused well
How we learn languages afar

Islamabad
24/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Disappearance

The mirror got blind
The beauty of the eyes vanished
I disappeared from myself
Myself found its appearance in you

May 16,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Discordant Thought

Nay nor not letters to begin.
Many dreams now not remembered.
Break it into enjambment or caesura.
Words with restrain speak much,
Speak much and write much like a dance,
Human figure or a swan's to ecstasy.
Nothing is achieved as you count
The successes. The loss haunts and,
Numerous. So is life made.

Did you hear the lament of the music,
Did the nothingness out of thin air.
Did the fabric in time then in time,
Did the beloved then listened not.

Of the eternity's great pages in saga,
Did it not appear with the honey
From heaven. Was not it wearing brocaded
Garment and chest high. Then did it not let you,
A mouthful of the nectar to your heart's content.
Were not you afraid to satiate yourself from,
The eternity's great feast. And were not you,
Accompanied by the reindeers that reside,
Elsewhere away and away.

I am you or you are me is not the debate.
None to argue, as filling the time with,
Certain acts. I am either a host or a guest.
Nothing of this or that matters.
Many a times I have seen myself
Playing the strings of restraint when your heart,
Was singing the same tune of harmony and chaos.

I would not have longed your presence,
Nor remembered you with such intensity.
Had it not been for the beauty of your eyes,
Had it not been for the severity of desire,
Had it not been for the maze we are living in.
Had it not been for the immensity of discordant thought.

April 30,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourse Lxv

Be Tolstoy

Be on my pillow
Be Tolstoy
Tell me a story
Speak of Beauty

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourse Lxvi

Closest

The closest I went the farthest I was

May 14,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses I 'the Big Game'

I lost the big game
I am counting lesser losses

15/1/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses I 'still In Discourse'

And do you have
The same love for me
Or not
I see you distant
The One and the Intelligible
The warring body and soul
The created and the creator
Are still in discourse
31/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses II ' I Know'

I know

I absolutely know

My destiny

Islamabad

11/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Ii 'But I Knew'

I did not know
But I knew

31/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Iii 'in A Mirror'

The only time
The seconds click faster
Back
Is to see a wall clock
In a mirror

Islamabad
18/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Iii 'Essence Of Things'

The essence of the things
In its derivation to One
In intellect and spirit
Intuition acting as the base
The perfect man
Never existed
In own shape
The One was constituted
Intellect in grips of science
The headway is for a pre existence
Either nothing or a thing
31/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Iv 'dialectical Thinking'

The spirit of the world
In dialectical thought
Thesis and antithesis
Synthesis is the dialectic
Aiming at historical determinism
With the material becoming
The basis of determinism
In scientific explanation
Of the class struggle
The superstructure
Of the state to vanish
Human beings in total creativity
Classless society
A paradise on earth
The dialectics still remain
The biggest discovery
In social sciences
Like Freudian psychology
Or evolution of Darwin
The triumph of reason
At times
Beyond its capacity
To understand
1/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Iv 'the Dream Couplet'

Written in gold
I forgot the one
The other said
"Crime is the expression
Of the wishes of many"

Islamabad
18/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses IX 'i Fear Not'

I fear not
The God
The Devil
The Beast
But Human being

3/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxiv 'tragedy'

On Cleopatra's death

The tragedy was great
So was the pain of love

5/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxix 'condolence'

I committed so many spelling mistakes in the condolence letter

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxv 'lesser Relationships'

Is your husband search on
Or you have settled for lesser relationships

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxv "to A Pharaoh's Mummy"

Pharaoh

Where are you now

8/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxvi 'idea'

I gave up the idea
Of being in love with you
Many times

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxvii 'celestial Sphere'

You are
In a celestial sphere
Of activity
And that is love
Where will you run
Except that you melt
In the lover's arms

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxvii 'do Not Deny'

Do not deny the feelings of love
I can count the beats of your heart now

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxviii 'self Denial'

You are in self denial
You will burn in love
You will get addicted to love

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxx 'in The End'

I deserved a few good lies in the end

1/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxxxi 'constant Prayers'

I am in constant prayers I need no rituals

9/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxxxii 'counting Leagues'

I saw him pulling a rope
Counting leagues
Then digging earth
And raising a wall

24/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxxxiii 'beyond Fodder'

King Solomon thus spake to birds and beasts
So speaks the one who drives
The poor donkey with burden
With intervals
For occasions
With love
With care
Words not understandable
But only to him
Beyond fodder

24/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxxxiv 'the Bard's Demons'

The bard's demons

Had little to say

Than the talk

Of the parrot

11/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxxxv 'speak'

Ye speak of these matters
Ye speak of those matters

Ye spake of all matters
But the one that matters

You and your beauty
2/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Lxxxvi 'one Truth'

My thirty thousand lies
Your one truth

12/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses V 'no One'

The whole day I was waiting
For no one

Islamabad
11/3/20101

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses V 'where Are The People'

After Moscow was burned
And conquered
The residents had left the city
Napoleon asked
His generals
"Where are the people"
1/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Vi 'the Winner'

Virtuoso is the winner

Islamabad

15/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses VI 'we Who Were Slain In The Dark'

Harmony of millennia
Before the advent
Of the nation state
Display of hatred
In utmost form
With foaming anger
High caps and turbans
People waving on sides
Both of the divide
Relations in blood
And water
The lovers
When thunder struck
Amputated
The beloveds
In cold blood
For gold rings
The neighbors
Turned highway men
Raped all women
In the dark
I need an apology
From the rest of humanity
From history
From providence
For we
"We who were slain in the dark"
1/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Vii 'be Tolstoy'

Be on my pillow
Be Tolstoy
Tell me a story
Speak of beauty

Islamabad
21/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Vii 'who Are You'

Who are you
I asked the self
Self incarnated
Replied the self
You or I
He or she
Me or we
Self incarnated
This or that
It or at
Seen or unseen
Visible or invisible
Self incarnated
Into many souls
Into many beings
Animate
Inanimate
Breathing
Or not breathing
Self incarnated
In beauty
On those lips
Those eyes
In me and you
Self incarnated
2/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Viii 'the Corner'

Lines

Angles

Triangles

Rectangles

Converge

On the corner

To embrace

Circles

Half

Oval

Straight

Curves

And in between

Fills colors

No colors

Vacuum

Air

Aroma

Vibes

In the corner

From the corner

3/4/2009

From: The Corner

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses X 'i Fear Most'

I fear most
Not the God
Not the Devil
Not the Beast
But Human being

3/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xi 'homo Sapiens'

Homo sapiens
The most dreadful
Animals on earth

3/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xii 'me And You'

.....

6/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xiii 'she Broke Her Neck'

Beloved of many
Tragedy in town
Green grave eyes
Intent upon serious
In her pride
She broke not
But she broke her neck

(On the suicide of a woman who was a victim to tribal traditions)

6/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xiv 'white Butterfly'

The white butterfly
Hiding in petals
In the garden
Of roses
And magnolia
In her flight
Through
Open window
Came
To see
If
I was not blind
7/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xix 'self Meditation'

Self meditation
Or self deception

10/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses XI'to Be Yours'

I had to kill my self
To be yours
To absorb the pain
Of your closeness

on a suicidal bomber

12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xli 'in Bits And Parts'

From animate
To inanimate
The soul is like
Music in the reed
We are its carriers
In bits and parts

12/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xlii 'a Paradox'

When I was there
You were not there

When I am not there
You are there

29/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xlii 'Wake Up'

“Wake up
O saint of the night
For dogs and wolves
Hath taken
The victory”

Baba Bulleh Shah
16/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xv 'mistakes'

I need to watch my steps
I am committing mistakes

8/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xvi 'of Your Prayers'

When all the holy intentions
Converge in your favor
So goes the acceptance
Of your prayers

8/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xvii 'like In My Eyes'

Like in my eyes
I would have believed
The difficulty
The possibility
I still looked
To the lightness
Of your steps
Envious wishes
Who held you in embrace
Some day
I might see you again

The ascetic in isolation
The one who thought
Will find you in heart
The reality goes otherwise
Denial of present
For unknown future

Lost is the present
And lost the future
10/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xviii 'perfect Illusion'

Who makes the perfect illusion
As the time stands laughing

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xx 'my Address'

The Corner
Of the first street

10/4/2009

From: The Corner

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxi 'once In Dream'

The luminosity was like a lantern
The glow of youth in old age
When I kissed thee on the face

He holds the treasure remarked
The old lady saying I had been
Beaten by the stalk of my mother

14/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxii 'loosen Your Body'

In the midst of the ecstatic dance
Some one said 'loosen your body'

15/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxiii 'four Words'

I wish I could

15/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxiv 'my Abilities'

My abilities are my inabilities
My inabilities are my abilities
My inabilities make me humble

15/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxix 'truth'

He

Who knows is dumb

23/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxv 'honor'

"Honor lies

Not in possessing laurels

But in the consciousness

That you deserve them"

Aristotle

17/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxvi 'another Encounter'

Fears

Failures

Held me back

To wait

For another encounter

Which shall never be

Or which shall be

17/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxvii 'before Ye Die'

"Die before ye die"

22/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxx 'The Artist'

We are nothing
But brushes and pens and moulds
In the hands of nature

24/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxi 'captive Of His Guards'

The Caliph was a captive of his guards
The "janissaries" in Turkey

27/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxii 'masses'

Having settled the affairs of war
I shall then turn to masses

30/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxiii 'dialogue'

This session must go on or we end nowhere

4/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxiv 'love First'

I first wrote the song
Now I am in search of love
Or
Should I
Find love first
Then write a song

5/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxix 'thinking And Doing'

While you were thinking
Others were doing

6/6/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxv 'ibn Arabi'

Wonder

Wonder,
A garden among the flames!

My heart can take on any form:
A meadow for gazelles,
A cloister for monks,
For the idols, sacred ground,
Ka'ba for the circling pilgrim,
The tablets of the Torah,
The scrolls of the Quran.

My creed is Love;
Wherever its caravan turns along the way,
That is my belief,
My faith.

- Ibn Arabi

6/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxvi 'without Wisdom'

My Tablets
My Torah
My Bible
My Vedas
My scriptures
In one hand

May I ever
Get closer
To you
With my love
Without wisdom

13/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxvii 'my Nothing'

My nothing
Has everything
My emptiness
Filled with you
With this nothing
You fill the page
Of my life

27/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Discourses Xxxviii 'a Poem'

Had I seen her face
To be a little earlier
Than I was

I would have filled the time
With the presence of the now

A poem
Without her knowledge

30/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Disgrace

Having drunk my passion,
I embraced the disgrace,
What honour you bestow,
Is dishonour to the self.

What loss the fine wit,
What disgrace my heart,
What grace then you earned,
What splendid praise in the end.

What storm has the cup,
What noise in the street,
Be part of the spirits,
Be grace in the disgrace.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

Disney Land

The beginning of spring
After a long winter
One afternoon
Sunshine at its peak
We entered the Disney land
Surrounded by a small bazaar
The bazaar where
Used and simple things are sold
People with beards and long clothes
Turbans and trousers
Above their ankles
For they think it is religion
Selling clothes and shoes
New and old
Vegetables and pulses
Some CDs and Chinese electronics
Books and note books
Spices
Honest in dealing
And poor to the core
Some women
Some pretty
Some pretentious bourgeoisies
In search of some thing
To boost on
And to show to the people poor that
They are there too
Toys of children
The shops made of sticks
The crowd happy
I have never seen so many poor people
So happy
Together
And we went to a small Disney
Carts and horses and camels
In different shape
Children riding them
And one schizophrenic boy
Riding the camel

Laughing loudly
In a bunch of young girls
My little daughter
Also rode in one of the carts
A cart moving up and down and the other revolving
I sat with the owner of the Disney
Told him that my daughter is here
He replied
Oh
How lucky I was and that I should thank God
That I had a daughter
And some one to play with
Giggling laughing
And small children
Boys and girls
We went to buy some walnuts
The bearded man said
These are from a distant land
Then we had rice and sat on the ground
I felt like riding those donkey carts
And later
In a wheelbarrow I put my little daughter
And drove home
One of the days
That I would explain with simple narration
It needs not any genres
For that would pollute its beauty

Sadiqullah Khan

Dispassion

This must have feathered the face, the edge of a paper,
Would cut through cheek. Smashing its way through the angry,
Shouts of the one singing like a Mexican, and yelling fire from tongue.
I have forgiven myself many times. My hands reached to the papers of currency.
Expressing pleasure and gratitude, as I feathered it in the air. Amazingly, and
the one who.
Claimed to be the captor of 'jinni' laughed. Everything touched the ground.
The modesty was returning and the feathers that flew from my hands, alas.
I could have given to those poor musicians separately and in hiding. I wished.

If I go there to the other one sitting in the corner not knowing, whether he sang.
Well or not. Many were dancing to his music.

Then she said I join a cause, why?
I am suffering from compassion fatigue.
I am sick of these serene messages full of lies on the face book.
I have lost a lot of ground.

May 7,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Dissimulation

Something you are naught, beyond -
The little knowledge, finding in phrases,
The outward, embellished, standing ceremonial.

My home is naught, not perhaps the corner
Of the first street, while others' birds take flight
Across seven seas. From the cotton ginner's
Serai, to the sugar street. Neither name.

Then what all is this about,
'Knowledge that takes you not beyond yourself -
Such knowledge is far worse than ignorance'.
Hakim Sanai

So dissemble and split your mind,
There are a hundred thousand ways
Without knowledge, without teacher,
Without discipleship. Do not let it
Be in your way.

There is a sweeter way of talking
Away from the crowd, sought after by lovers.
If only we had been companions,
If only the night had been long
So we could sing songs, and get drunk.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 30,2014.

Hakim Sanai from Alchemical Tones by Owl Glitters @

Sadiqullah Khan

Divided Souls

Could it be some fictional names
To the real characters and one with no legs
Could life be so harsh in treating them
Could answers be so difficult to pose

Could a city once glorious be so
Ruins could be so unpleasing to eyes
Could the heaviness of graveyards
Amidst the living be so uncouth

And so divided the souls you imagine
So the crowds running in queues envision
Making and breaking could be so easy
Respite to see mud houses and cows grazing

Solitude could be so warm and icy
Reaching out for the common culture
Help could be so abundant in the poor
Emotions could be like the mother's warmth

The colors of beads and red baskets of flowers
Hanging down the aisles of the coach
Cupid's arrow piercing bleeding hearts
The corner of the couch was soft like cradle

26/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Do Not Ask

The lost book
Her last converse
An ending
A beginning
Speech rendered
Word listened.

Do not ask
A life spent
A love given
Walked a distance
Measured time
Drank water.

Verse spoken
Written a line
Danced wild
Slept long
Dreamt a dream
Raised hands
In prayers.

Corpse buried
The son's friend
Taken his life
A girl wept
Mother cried
Heavy rain poured
Storm endured.

Flowers in spring
Leaves of autumn
Snow of winter
Sweat of summer.

A cup sipped
Rush of blood
Anguished night
A long meditation.

Breakfast served
Cup of cappuccino
The new day
Rising sun
Rising hopes
Under the blue dome.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 9,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Do Not Fade

Thou still ravished, fair senses,
A happy child from serenity, from grooves.
Thou slowly slid, on the farthest, unvisited shadows.
If soul be a name for wild ecstasy;
Play on the muses of unheard melodies, sweeter and softer.

O lute! From the pastoral lips, is thy lament,
A nightingale's adieu to the spring. Is thy gentle pause,
A beginning anew.

The incense from earth, budding trees,
Purple flowers, on the shores of silence, neither kiss;
Nor part. The lightening on the skies, a weeping cloud,
The night's oft treaded path.

Do not fade; my eyes follow a sketch in black.

Sadiqullah Khan

Do Not Forget

On this valentine day
Do not forget
Those
Who have no flowers to share
To whom
No one has ever told
That love exists
And that love is a feeling
That has to be shared
To whom
Some preacher
Has preached hatred only
Do not forget
Those
Who have no means
Of sharing their love
Those who have been robbed
Of their feelings
By some traditions
Customs
And beliefs
Those who have only
Been dreaming of red roses
And those
Whose beloveds are
In far off lands
In the name of
God
Or national cause
Or to earn a living
Those whose beloveds
Have martyred
Those
Who have never
Felt the warm feelings of love
The mothers
Whose sons
Have decided to destroy
Humanity

And those
Who engineer
All this destruction
Send roses to every one
Tell the soldier
That today
He stops the fire
Tell the cruel
That today
Let there be
That trace of love in his heart
Rekindled
To day
Let the peoples hearts
Fill with love
For each other and the humanity
Let's imagine and think
And let the red color of the valentine
Be the color of every one
For today at least
(On valentine day)

Sadiqullah Khan

Do Not Leave Us

Do not leave us
Do not be extinct

Be a child
In nature

Sleep, as long
As you wish

Play

Run as fast.

The herds of wild
Boars, pass by

Tiger
If you are not there,

What we gonna tell
Our children
About you

If

You are
Not there,

Who rules the jungle
And snow?

-On International Tiger Day July 29,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 29,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Do You Recall

You were burned alive
on your happy day
along with whom, who
always was with you.

You were only shot
because you had
breathed, your chest
heaved. Or coughed sputum.

They passed you
through salutes,
all of you, your daughters,
in a funeral. When you died.

My sad poems
did not write you,
they offered condolences,
do you recall.

On that cold night
there was terrible mist
and I prayed for
heavy heavy rain
to break every skull through.

Gilgit
November 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Done With It

I am done with it, done with it!
Disarmed like to soothsayer's charm;
To awakened spirits, -I am possessed
To Death, Time and Memory, to the Tree's
Shadow. Longer, much longer than reality
Dispose. This is black magic, and the words,
Like murmured before sleep, to invoke dreams.
Or else on the plain, stretching far, sleepy -
Oblivion's call, like the angel wearing green
Leaves, on your forehead. The time goes
By pulse. And the hand held loses its sanguine
Warmth. And ye! The deathless tree, -languid pale.

-On reading 'Our Casuarina Tree' by Toru Dutt.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 13,2014.

A view of casuarina trees @ The Hindu

Sadiqullah Khan

Don'T Cry My Mother

I remember the days
When you showed me
My shirt of my childhood
The shirt I had worn
For the first time
In my memory you had kept
All my little belongings

I remember the days
When in the early morning
You prepared my breakfast
Besides the fireplace
And the nights
When you covered me
From the cold outside

The gradual understanding
Of my self
And the depth of my being
The aroma
The mother big
The protector
The warding off the evil
Some sorcery too
From the evil eye

The beauty I learned
Being possessed
I tried to overcome
My childish ambition

Anger and emotion
Many things you had learned
On your own
And you taught me
Without knowing

My deep desires
You understood

The smell of earth
The afternoon
And cold silent afternoon
Fire and smoke

I remember all my mother
The creator of my being
Don't cry
I love you too much

All my life
I had been longing
For the love I lost
But never found it

Sadiqullah Khan

Dream Found

Yes come along
To my heaven lady
Who else in my loneliness
All the songs but for you
The dream so misty you have seen
In dreams let the life go
In mind I create fairy tales
Of fantasy lands where I live
9/4/2009

(Courtesy Sandra Fowler)

Sadiqullah Khan

Drink Drink Sire

Drink drink sire
None other times
Insistent more
No other shadow
But thyself
Moon and stars

Drink drink sire
Thy creed to followers
Lonely hearts
Under the moon
And in the flowers

Drink drink sire
What times other
What seasons other
Spring and stars
And the moon
And song of love

Drink drink sire
To the last drop
Un satiated
More and more
From moon now
To stars now
To milky way

Drink drink sire
To the passion of drink
To meet again in the journey

For Li Po

Islamabad
17/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Drowned

My shaded unworth, O my day's dream,
What for you had been waiting, fly from my breast?
Black dove's flutter, I saw you roll down in wavelet.
This long run for a decade, my eyes' secret tear.
Bewilder for the happening, small but averts an event
The detriment is it was, and was not. Let it
Get ahead. The Lake's dragons may swallow up more.
For the lesser loss, of necessity 'you needed to get rid of',
Since it did not belong to you anymore, forget sail ahead -
The day when my Donna Karan eye-wear drowned in the lake.

-On falling my sunglasses in Attabad Lake while crossing it on October 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Drummer's Hand

Takes out of the raw hide
stretched in by a leather pull
some hollow echo from the first sleep,
between the awakening and when the day
is yours. It makes you step, twice forward
and every surrounding gyrates. The while
an intelligent forgetfulness, an occupation with
pristine counterpoint, ascending turns.
Awhile the blood rushes to head
and dust is washed from the face.
The poetic rhythm of beats, repeating itself
the farther the sound, the sweeter it sounds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 3,2014.

Tribal Dance by Mussa Chiwaula @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

Drunk On You Xlvii

'Zalmona kawi banrhan de na dee dehshat gard dee
Katloona kawi ter'a ter'a laka khanjar dee'

Terrorists are your eye-lashes, I am drunk on you,
Murderous, treacherous, wine-deep and black
Taverenous glance, the gaze is arrow throw my heart.
Ah! Sorceress, play black magic. Smolder me.

Lute, your distant notes, sing my sweet pain
And rose you wither in lap, for that cheek is in spring
Gentle zephyr, for pity's sake, let the lock of her hair,
Dark clouds aside for I am all eyes, to the moon.

To the street of rapture I am back again
Chains and chains, or the broken urns of love-wine!
O my madness, my unquenched thirst,
Such, as dunes of endless desert, such is your beauty.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 19,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Dysfunctional Fixation

Hundred suns and thousand stars
Moons like fireflies
Water like falls
Between the creeks
Red and green
Forget
Dysfunctions
The fixations to see colors
Smell scents
Hear music
Abandon silence
Unfeel touch
Kill myself
The fires of tongue
The attitude on your forehead
The holiness of your face
Was a terror
Is a terror
Make my fixation
Dysfunctional
From my blinded vision

20/1/2009

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

East And West

Fables of the kings
Alchemist philosopher's stone
Hoofs down the rocks
Flying carpets carry fairy
Tale is to be continued
On return
The Mediterranean cloud
In autumn the vines
Flowers on almond tree
As leaves shall follow their fall

The east to you
The hub
The great poet in pains
Had traveled
For the Raj was seated there
In renaissance
Heavy monsoons
And socialist dream too

West is east and to the east was west
Be it the coast or peak of the hill
Be it the plain where slain
When east meets the west
It is the compass
You see from what direction

Islamabad
27/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Ecstasy You Want

I shall spin you
With chants of love
Like a whirl of smoke
You shall loose your shape
On my palms then slip
Away and embrace

Like a dolphin in whistles
Shall you speak
Your love
When I shall turn
You upside down
In the air oscillate
For a fall in my lap

Lip to lip
Then I shall breathe
Life unto you
In a long kiss
For the ecstasy you want
15/1/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Edge To Edge (Post Post Modern Poetry)

When I slept in the afternoon after going through the ordeal of riding a cab in the heat only my Donna Karan glasses less by one degree in darkness and covering all my eyes protected me from fainting I wore my shirt which was stinking from sweat when I threw myself on the bed escaping the eyes of the old widow in the other room the fan went off I concentrated to sleep even without and I did after intense fantasies remembering the movie "The Pianist" I had watched the last night and the inspired soldier who let the soul of the pianist survive and himself landed in the war prison camp because he wanted to contact that other foolish violinist who instead spat on him being German and he could not be saved by the pianist as the pianist did not know his name because when the German soldier was getting inspired by the music in ruins he forgot telling him his name we are all victims of romance the German soldier could have made a bargain the pianist was too hungry to know about him and terrified for what he had seen when I woke up I got hold of my guitar similarly inspired as the German soldier was I entered into a black shirt on whose collar is written 'edge to edge' with an emblem of an animal having one long horn I went to drink coffee before I took a bath when I picked my phone to make a call one dear number of mine with me since a decade I found that it was stolen by someone my dreams shattered suddenly in the wake of reality of the number from the pianist now I was in deep trouble I came out my appetite was no more I entered a bakery to buy myself a burger that was wrapped in polythene there was no place to sit the burger was put in oven some of the polythene melted into the sauce my fingers burned to open the ketchup sachet I came into the dark corner a dog was sleeping I preferred sharing my burger with a cat on small concrete steps the cat could not take diet coke pieces of chicken slipped down and she was eating I rubbed my hands on my shorts and thanked the cat for she was my friend on dinner

8/8/2009

PS: These are real events narration in what I call 'post post modern poetry' writing straight what you feel without giving it a form or even punctuation

Sadiqullah Khan

Ek Khazan Raseeda Drakht

Us ki tehni se latka howa
Akhree pata
Jis ki nokon pe thee
Khazan ki rung raliain
Us ki joban ki bahar
Wo nazar ker chuka tha
Uus andohnaak khazaney mein
Jahan sansein bhi
Beghair ginney
Aur jehan khoobsoorat parinday
Gaathey howey
Apni khoobsoorti bakherey howey
Jahan badal teher choka tha
Aur phir
Thandi hawa
Serayat kerti howei
Dil o jan ko
Thatool rahee thee
Jehan saree yadien
Ahest aahesta
Athey thum gaien thein
Hawa ki khonaki
Ek lamhey ke leiy
Bekhodie ka alam
Door andherey se
Uththee howee
Rang o khoshboo ki awaz
Tintimata howa sitara
Gherey asman ki aghosh mein
Aaj mojhey koi bhi
Koi bhi
Yad na aya
Aaj merey dil ka dard
Tham choka
Ek lamhey ke liye
12/12/2009

P.S: The above Poem is in Urdu.
Below is its English translation

An Autumn Tree

Hanging to the branch
The last leaf
On the edges of that
Autumn played its colors
The spring of her exuberance
She had bestowed
In that dreaded treasure
Where breathes are counted
Where the beautiful birds
Singing
Showing their beauty
Where the clouds were still
And then
Cold breeze
For the heart and body
Giggling
Where all the memories
Slowly and slowly
Stopped coming
The mist in the air
For a while
State of unself
Far away from the dark
Exuding the voices of
Colors and aromas
A twinkling star
In the lap of deep sky
Today I did not
I did not
Remembered any one
The ache in my heart
Just ended
For a while
12/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Elegy To A Friend

you plucked few thorns from the shimmering Eye,
watered them to flowers, the weight of your riches
lighted by the burdens shed in love on others,
glorious heaviness of the toils of living -
generous of heart, noble of character, grace dispose,
and the common air we breathed, is still fragrant.

-To our (Ghulam Haider, Khursheed Haider and myself) s' common friend Munir Lakhani, who passed away on January 16,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 18,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Embers In Ashes

In water my flames alight from sky,
Invert the bowl in the domed circle
Wait the times, from hands of the beloved,
Henna drops instead of red blood.

My cross-over the river is ages,
On the razor blade sharpness I am slew,
Hands stop count, on earth lines drawn
My decades of anger is now half a century.

My habits, unless you hold my arm
Throat shall pay in choke my heart in cry.
Busy hiding embers in ashes -
Night is cold, we are touching the dawn.

Rabid dogs everywhere in nooks and corners
Recite the words, summun bukmun,
While passing the streets, now and then,
Or grace upon walls, on the doors like beggars.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Emotions (Post Post Modern Poetry)

A terrible evening that had my feet going underneath me I had to deliver a note all the way reaching there of urgent breaking speed signals I saw a girl I had seen once in a movie who rode a Latino car in the street my car refused to start up I asked few guys around to push us through the steep road I could not find a breathing place what happened next is strange memory my pouch that contained some valuables like my old sim card jacket and keys with some extra buttons of my jeans went with evening for the emptiness was too much to fill in the gaps a man came and said his prayers the moon was full and dancing with shadows that would need some classical poetry to say I was lead to the rest room on the way back it was all sickness I ended with a workshop to sit in for repair for three hours today I came after sleeping long and thinking the waste of time to put confusions here on the paper that looks like a screen hiding lots of emotions and many truths

Islamabad

1/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Empathy

A dog sleeps by my door,
On a warm mat, in a cold night,
When it is raining.
He had been coughing
Howling strange sounds, as though
He had been biting more than
He could swallow. Lame on one leg.
He had been fighting
Other dogs, who in a pack
Were after a she-dog.
It made me fearsome,
To let him go, which he would not,
Afterall, he begs,
We live in a civilized locale.
At least he was not bringing bad omen,
His breathing, -if not rabid
Was a life closer by
And I was protected by the door,
Tightly closed and locked twice
So he would not break in.
His coughs would disturb me,
Not really fear me.
And by the morning he would leave
By himself, if it is a shiny weather.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 7,2014.

BOSSHARD Rodolphe-Théophile,1889-1960 (Switzerland)
Title: Les enfants et le chiendevant la maison
Date: 1917

Sadiqullah Khan

Emptiness

Lack of ideas
Inner emptiness
Whom I pity
Whom I love
Or is it that
I accepted the canon
Of providence
Submission to time
A painful disease
Wounds inside
Or outside
The doctor's greed
Or the hand of Jesus
Or the Prophet's prayer
Curtains closing
The drama of life
Coming to an end
Last gasps
Come close every body
Dear and near
Forgive me all
As I did
In the gods hands
My soul ready
To fly to distance
Unknown to me
But the glimpse of that darkness
Infinite emptiness
Some white souls
Whirling like dervishes
Lo my soul
Like a white dove
I see fluttering
Ready to fly
But be around
Till the last time
My dead body still
Has memories of you
(On my mother's illness)

Sadiqullah Khan

Endless Love

You have bound me with endless love
In sequels in thirst, in love and wine
Where shall I go and to whom return
Has any one returneth to the self
From self I escape and to self I return
31/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Enough Enough

Many thoughts
That comes like waves
And then surf my mind
Many emotions
That deeply touches my heart
The bygone days
Memories of the beloved
Some good deeds
That has enlightened
The dark corners of my heart
Many a soft afternoons
And the evenings
The play of my childhood
Those days of immense delight
The hopes of conquering the world
And exploring every nook and corner
The beloveds lock of hair
And the mysteries in those black eyes
And the misfortunes
Some sad moments
Tied to the fate
From morning till evening
And making a living
Thinking of future
The dark shadows of future
And the fear of loosing my address
On earth
With no cause
And unable to face my children
The philosophy I teach
No more contends them
No religion and no values
For what I speak
Are lies
On the face of reality
And so I think of the rest of humanity
The environment
I know
But here the issues are graver

Than the environment
And last night
On my dinner
In a road side barbeque
I was surrounded with five beggars
Two were young girls
The shadows from the future
And the search for an address
Address of whom
Will any cemetery do the job?
Once I avoided
My address in front of the cemetery
The bitterness of memories
The hardness of the present
And the shadows from the future
All this time
When I loved you
You played with my emotions
By showing me new fantasies
Every day
In your smiles
There was no warmth
In your eyes
There was no love
In your heart
The blood had dried
All your memories
Are my own fantasies
Colored
Like the colorful beings
Of supernatural world
Enough enough
I want to be myself
I am now not deceived
By your smiles and your eyes
Whatever you say now
Is of little importance to me
But I promise you
That I will not tell
Any one
This secrete
That you were just an illusion

And in reality
There was nothing
It was my imagination
That had given you
All these vibrant colors
And I was alone in this struggle
And discovery
Now within my self
I travel up and up
And give names to various stations
As my steps towards you
But in reality
I am what you are
And then there would come
A station by itself
That you will cease to exist
And only I will remain
At the time of annihilation
I will search for an exit
And by that time
Things would move and gather
In such a way
That this process of annihilation
Will look sweet
And less painful
For all the forces of nature
And every one around
With mourning
Would make the exit easier
A rapid flash of memory
That would remain

Breathe fresh air
My heart
For the moment is not far off
That you will struggle
For one breathe in the end
Enough enough
But your love
Was such an illusion

Enter The Flame

Eulogy of the Queen's birth
Champaign was water in Pims

Misled to the dust
Time overseeing in retrospect
Chameleon knows art of color

Sans everything that matters
Prophets could advise
The poor people

Sage the lesson of faith
And humanity
And soul

The flame in the Irises
Took me to the smoke in purple
Dispossessed any
Many before me

Do not take away my name
I will sell it for a living

Islamabad
27/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Epilogue Of Today

Turning pages of the days
The nights of the year
Some prayers for those
In the life's fields of battle
Some for drops of water
A kiss of love
Some played with toys
Others owned much more
For some a bliss
Like child in a lap
Or a beloved holding hand
Others gazed at the sun
Some toasted to happiness
Some tears down the cheek
Few smears of blood
Some smiles with white cheeks
Some red in the eyes
Mother nature is crying
To turn to her
Epilogue of today
Is prologue for tomorrow
31/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Equipment

Don't sell them out, Doctor!
Apothecary, don't make beds
Of your children of it, play swings.
Since you lose heads, by thievery,
Inability and ignorance and apathy,
And the gains of my tails –
Or the severed limbs of daughters,
Have to be operated upon,
But don't break them often.
Dispenser! I plead thee,
For there is nothing in my dispen-
sation for your satiation, Mafioso!

For I have given up holding
Two revolvers by my waist.
But this time have mercy,
Don't sell them out and in your
Register add some photos and marks,
Of verification. Because you may,
Point out at the falling stone walls
Or a junk of corrugated stolen sheets,
From colonial times and say,
That this the operating table, and that
Is the machine of x-ray, or the scissors
And scalpels used to fleece sheep,
Because you wear goat's hair,
To repair broken bones of poverty.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 5,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Erased

Who brought you here, who in the dusk
A prolonged sunset a night held back
Who told the bird to hide, who but thirsty
On the bank of a river.
A fish, having emptied all the jars
Who but feeds water in the ocean.
Who has written you? It is whom, who
Erased you. You having been read
Before the last lines of a calligraphy
Touched in your color.
Standing on the forefoot, holding balance
The raised hand was pointed up
You ran a swan's steps before flying
Expanding your wings, into an unknown freedom.
You let your luggage fall behind.
Who was driving the horse faster than it was,
You were not escaping.
You were neither breaking the prison walls
With an ax.
You wake up to a brighter sun,
A finer company of gracious demeanors
A host worthy of name and attendants ready
To serve. You are overlooking
The city walls, a minaret
You have been erased and you came up
With a song. Are not you surprised?
Your name carries all the fortuitous tidings ever.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 28, 2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Eros Gets The Smile

Eros the big roar gets the smile,
An Aurliano, a bed of seeding,
Some Castro turns the sideways,
And Che Guevara decides celibate.

The Psyche power assumes
Boundary to a Tsunami was fragile,
As was the relief and the choky beards,
Scarf tied necks, laced boots and rib boned heads.

If you fly with a damsel and the one,
Left in dignified repose, waited outside.
The war is happily over, as if,
Never begun, and the energies
Swept into the rivers, fished out in the tube.

SadiqullahKhan
Peshawar
January 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Errors Of Judgment

Demean the little innocent acts
Make a celestial cosmos out
Of the small lies cognate.

Let for a small stream of beauty
Hold big rocks and let the fragrance
Of flowers be in no sense proportionate,
Taken from air and make a storm.

Drag the hardened mercury from
A buried past and judge.
Let the one pointing fingers at you,
Mold and snatch the tongue.

As you hold some canons of words
Which others are not blessed with.

Turn the blessings into curse
Others are begging pardons and mercy.

The paranoia is so hard
He is praying and you say Spartan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 1,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Escape

Escape pedant, the tyrannical word
Simple is beautiful, scholastic's expose,
Throwing ice on warm water:
That the ice melts well in own waters.

Floating it draws upon the element
That ye long, in a distant gaze, across horizons
The ship's wreck is thrown back on the shore,
Dead return to the dry-land, aboard a fish.

It closes, quick is the world's a-live,
Where from we came and where destined?
The lesser the roots, easier the fall
Winds harsh, and earth refuse, if deeper stuck.

No ones took, loads of riches -
A good name? And some little memories
Thus when in your feet there is breathe,
Walk away empty handed, habits the wise.

The closer it comes, the eager day,
The saddest moment, or a happier recourse.
O prophets, ye did tell all, but ye
Could not tell, that indicts sundry and all.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 11,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Every Night

Break I shall you
To sculpt you again
From the grains
Of my love
Like in wood
For time
Under the sun
The chisel
And the axe
Back like
The stems
Leaves
Of the pine
I know
One day
I shall sit
Under your shade
To gaze
Into my past
Green with your love
And to the skies
Blue with fancy
Many such loves
I make and break
Every night
24/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Everything Is Piecemeal

Everything is piecemeal, every beauty
Is hidden behind and in some ugliness,
Every piece, neither here nor there
Disconnected, disjointed, by light years
And if, they are together, they can't hear
Each other breathe, see each other's dream.
They were once in stories, on tongues
There are no storytellers, and 'tongues'
Brutally snatched. Alien, without support
Lost, in these alleys, there is nothing more
To preserve. Is there someone to see -?
The pulse of life, a spiritual journey
And defeat the forces of 'vulgar modernity'
Tasteless, intellectually void and culturally disruptive.

-On Chowk Yadgar (Yadgar Road-Crossing) Peshawar.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 30,2013.

Chowk Yadgar Peshawar @

Sadiqullah Khan

Except That I Love You

The immense gratitude, the debt I owe you
Except that I love you, except
And until I die no more, until
I see light, until peace. A heavy hand
Grotesque empowers: demonic, unexplainable.
Until the suffering has gone, and the visibility -
Of a form dense. Until the colors bleed
Elbows wet, de-lineate objects, and beauty prevail.
The readiness of drawing, sketches
Until I make a dotted appearance on your outline.
Trance figured, without boundary.
Until roses blossom on your cheeks, and your eyes,
Tulips. Lips honey. You breathe music.
Except that I love you, except
The immense gratitude that I owe you.

□

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 15,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Extreme Shades

whiteness and blackness
recessful, and we have known
night and day
put the two together
it makes it three.
precise anti-sentimentality
refusing to seduce. empty space.
perspective wise.
'The expressions are hard edged, the eye
as obdurate as metal'
cynicism is the price of survival.
the blind-alley photographer walking
into cul-de-sac, and scrambling to find a way back.
failures and making mistakes is an integral part
of an art.
the relational reality on an image is at work
a state halfway between creation and decay,
this is enough. the sequence is dramatic.

-On the photography of Michael Schmidt

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 12,2014.

Eagle Can Image: by Michael Schmidt @ Michael Schmidt Photography

Sadiqullah Khan

Eye Of The Storm

In silent gaze your eyes did look
In lost emptiness it wondered for refuge
The darkness of the color did speak volumes
Into the oceans of those eyes when I wanted
Like storms and winds from behind the clouds
Stolen were those looks for the questions did I want
In my memory I thought was the night spent
The exhaustion of the early morning
The wondrous look in front of the mirror
In my ways when the days did haunt me
My glance and lament like the nightingale
The rose in redness when did I see
Heard are thou for the songs sweet
Blood from the heart when I dip the fingers
Of loves mysteries when I thought like the star
In the north that shall vanish in the dawn

Like the star did my hallucination vanish
Out of paradise when on earth did I descend
For the God's message I did I know
Into the mysteries of universe when those black hairs
In my imagination I thought in prophecy I knew
God's message I know and all love am I
In discerning divide for the great Unitarian
From the constellation at night with music divine
Still singing in my head for the memories of my love

Escaped the storms in your eyes but did I catch
Eye of the storm in fierceness like hell
In disenchantment when I was engulfed
On the side of Unitarian are you so how
You speak of love when love does not exist
My years in wandering and my nights awake
Still am I to cross the barrier
When life's great tragedies of love I lived
Like a broken glass of goblet did you throw
Away from my tavern had you spoken soft
In many ways but my heart needs years

Smolder thyself in the secrete of thy love
let the world know not haunting laments thine
24/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Fading Beauty

Human though and the ultimate symbol of beauty
The poets dream and the sculptors longing restless
Or inspiration of the painter in descriptions long
Mortal and vanishing in backdropp of passing time
The age cruel hits the mortal being with suffering and pain
The languishing look so dear to the lover is the artist's desire
Unaware of the pain of the substance inside
Eaten up with a vampires bleeding fingers
The candle burns itself to produce that glow of light
In burning is her life to give light in the dark
The firefly in the end becomes prey of the nightingale
In the rose garden when the rose itself laments its fading charm
Transient is the glory of this world but where to take recourse
In souls dominion discovered hard and away
From the confines of defined sketch of the mortal body
To be eternalized be a houri or an angel
A goddess with divinity and in beauty's sweet sepulture

Alas thou shall not understandeth the agony of beauty
When in the fading years it has to live in its own annihilation
The eyes and the white cheek with swan like neck
The forehead foretelling the fortunes of the time
Or reading the lines on the hand in comparison to the zodiac
Thou shall take refuge in wine and wine
Thou hast the nature and the philosophies
Thou hast the habit of claiming divinity
Tell me
Where shall my fading beauty take retreat

Sadiqullah Khan

Fading Into Oblivion

Beauty has the habit of fading into oblivion,
Lives in legends, frozen in marble, worshipped
In stone. It is the lover's tear, it is a sigh
It fades, and ultimately dies, be it Cleopatra
Or Nefertiti, be it Helen of Troy. Stories
Are made out of its enchanted demise.

You stand still, in half moon, moon turned full,
In the rosy rays of the morning's sun,
By the dusk, in the beginning of the night,
You stand still, to all the flashes and light
To all the kisses, your tresses only fall to vision.
You make the cup end in haunting hangover,
And you sing a silent song. Only you know
The ways of the beloved, your undaunted
Demeanor, it never ages, with every single sight
You bloom, with every wind of autumn, you are
Born again. And again you are born whoever
Amongst the multitude drinks a libation,
To your weathered cheek, and snow clad forehead.

All times, you are there, never shy,
They make you, cut you, live on you, build on you,
You eat them up, you by the horizon's red
Console, the bereaved. Yours is abundance, beyond
Bound. Those who live by your terrestrial rims
On the extended gown of flowery beds, on your sand,
Those to whom the rest of the world is 'writ large you'.
O innocence of the inhabitants, what a tragic ending
You might have by leaving it, you by the generosity
Only the poor like you, and the wretched like me afford,
You, whose happiness is to imagine, live and laugh
Whose trade is nature, whose living is 'living heaven'.
My felicitious heart! Are you fallen in love?
Love, which shall consume you but itself is ever immutable.

-On a night in Sost

Sadiqullah Khan

Sost
December 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fading Vision

Darkness spreading
Like the roots of a cancerous disease
Eating up life and sucking blood
Life giving up
Bright windows with sharp sun rays
Particles of dust like atoms
Dark ominous clouds and storms
To wipe away the sunlight
Getting invisible
No more
The sun piercing through the creek in the window
No more
The sun's luminosity and the seven colors
The rainbow after a heavy rainfall
And the suspended particles in unison with moisture
The mist
The green of the trees or red of the sun
Silver of the mornings
The evenings
The meaning of day
No more
Night coming after night
The vampires abode
Colors faded but went stronger in the closets
Of mind
Like shining diamonds and rubies in abundance
In dungeons
The color of moon
Gone cold
With stars pinching
The faces now made
By the sketch of imagination
Hands growing with fingers
Like tendrils
Feeling contours
Avoiding edges
Flowing streams
Or singing birds
The music sweeter

The flowers and butterflies
O happy providence
Bring in
A ray of hope

Sadiqullah Khan

Faithful Sun

You are back on your footprints, faithful sun
The night's dark well, harbor, a reflection
Mirror to the moon and stars, a black veil,
Having drunk the morning's bowl
Folded unto are much a happening
Corners, edges, life's blesses unending.

A sung sonnet, sages from the times ancient
A song's lament, love's strange habit,
Having found the truth, like in the bottom
Hope a day, yet full of fire, cold and warm
The rise, upon dry hills, from where you set
Opposite, do I watch, east and west
Mistful, speaketh a dove to the dry leaves
On wings, vast white clouds, shine your sky in blues.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 24,2013.

Photograph @ Griggs Dakota

Sadiqullah Khan

Fall On My Chest

O sadness, fall on my chest, on your nest
And nothing deter, nor the dusk's shower
Nor the heaving heart, or the day heavier.
Be gentle music, torture my nerve, unnerve
My sense, like black dog, sleep near, dear,
We are old friends, our hearts depart never.

A nostalgum, or those gone up the green hills,
Others living barren, some on river's bank.
But tune your violin, caress the grieving soul,
Of an unapparent cause, dimmer are lights,
Nor stars bright, neither comes out the moon.

-Sir Winston Churchill named his 'depression' as black dog after Samuel Johnson's. I read it many years ago, and found a name for mine, which followed me through my life, in the words of Winston Churchill.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 27,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fallen Leaves

Some fallen leaves
Yellow and rusted
Made differently
All of them

Creations adventure
No two things are alike
And so are the leaves
Yellow and rusted

They had started as small buds
With hopes to give sustenance
To life
They did
And the great cycle of life
But now fallen

They come together
My body cracking
Under the weight of leaves
So many youths
We have lost

My body covering
Roots follow
Some tendrils
Still green on the trunk
Of the large tree

Green we were
The leaves
And my youth

Fruit and fresh air
Life and beauty
The leaves have done
What they were meant for

They ask me

What have been you doing
In your youth
Except destroying and burning us

If we are nature
You are nature too
We are one color
How many colors are you

Sadiqullah Khan

Fame (Pheme, Fama)

From a slower beginning, to the rising head,
Multiple tongues, who would but catch,
Of either sex, trumpete, and fly,
The smaller the eye, bigger appear.
Of song, swing and sting,
No sooner to the ground, like a swan's.
Like ant that fly, in the limelight,
Who is destined to perish, gets wings overnight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 11,3014.

Sculpture of Pheme/Fama on the roof of the Dresden University of Visual Arts. It was sculpted by Robert Henze, it stands on the Brühl's Terrace. @ Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan

Fan My Flames

Fan my flames,
Pour in some passion,
Your colors are blasé, autumn -
Grieves the nightingale.
Far is the spring,
Yet at hand is the urn
Grape-vines though flutter
By the tavern thou seated.
This sweetness is to over
Long winters are awaited,
We then plunge to the darkness,
We shall rise by sun-rise,
Every dusk hath a dawn,
Every night is daybreak.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 17,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Far Away

When you have gone
Too far away
When your whole body aches with pain
When your heart has
Broken into pieces
When your eyes stop seeing
When you are dieing of thirst
When your bones
Refuse to carry you
And when your soul starts dancing
And your body is left alone
And you enter into another state of being
Then wait for me
And remember me
I shall visit you
Sometimes
In that wilderness

But when are you starting your journey

Sadiqullah Khan

Fasting Buddha

Nor did the paradise
come down,
Nor my inflicted flesh
Left the shadows
of my bone-cage.
Neither was the self hung
by tongue,
Nor they who drank
my ashes dry.
None has seen me
here and there
So how? They know
I have turned into
a dove.
Thus the knowing is
an illusion, still
the unknowing but
I have made human hunger
a virtue,
and desire is smitten
by a holy chant,
by an easy lot
you may get my advice
of your personal sort.
Do remember
few of lessons
my wonderings conclude.
To a spirit here
and here alone,
For I pray
You be better being human.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fever Of Love

The burning fever of love
In heat convulsed from breath
Like magician aflame the sighs
On my lips the words of love
Your name a hundred times
With rosaries men of heaven
Blowing wind and chants
In recitations with closed eyes
Truth of love that I held back
Today I rise with the word proud
On my forehead the touch of hand
Who is it for the soul has felt
Life anew the longing of years
Fly not away O angel of love
In abundance is love but like
Mirage in desert with thirst deep
Desires forlorn shall never quench
O love thou cast me like a rebel
Alas like Majnun I did not loose
My wits intact with my chest open
How many more stones you throw
My friends congratulate and enemies
Happy for the years of vengeance
Hold me straight when thou take me
To the grave under mounds of mud
The pride of love in my head
Open my eyes for one last glimpse
While leaving cry long for I can feel
The warmth of tears on my face
Dark are the days and dark the nights
Will you once but lighten my heart
On my epitaph for a song of nature
Few more roses and a touch on the soil
I feel it deep inside my soul
31/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Few Things

The thousand little desires
That each day brings
With your footsteps
The time flying
Like electric wings of the fastest plane

Today's sweet talk is vaporizing
Into some codes of eternity
To be deciphered by the angels
In times when we all shall
In the happiness of some moments
The ethereal world of the unknown
In some distant stars
Where our souls shall reside
When we shall in this world
Cease to exist and the flowers
Shall narrate our stories

In my refuge of the yesteryears
Your beauty has led me
Into a world of fascination
Only your love has given me hope
Like a child loving and playing
With objects of imagination
So is the world defined
I want to get to the nature again
To explain a few things to myself

Sadiqullah Khan

Fickle Fame

What glitters is gold, fickle fame,
The eyes sleep on me like bright
Shadows under stone. O art,
Make me an immortal sepulture
Of your insistent eye, in flesh.
Your soul is transfigured, and
Your sweat, a drop of sapphire.
Drink the dark wine in white
Marblous cup of thighs, closer
To the eternity's forever spring.
And by the Lord's grace, I bestow
On your aching heart a lasting name.

-On Adele Bloch-Bauer I, by Gustav Klimt (1862-1918) , an Austrian symbolist painter, which sold for a record US \$135 million in 2006, Neue Galerie, New York.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 16,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ficus Tree

You stand there stately, meek and maimed
In a row and six in number
The green foliage on a rusted bark,
And still I have not seen you.
In my wild imagination I see some nests
And some birds coming to you.

You can afford thirst and live dry
You also are capable of being a national tree
To a country.
You are also known as weeping Benjamin
Why do you weep?
Once I am in your shadow I shall ask.

You are also a favorite of doves
White, grey, big, and small
In urban indoors you have made rooms.
May be you are the tree that I walk under
Every evening.

Are you Ficus or that other tree across?
But the gardener told me that he has planted
Ficus in front of my would be home.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 14,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Filling The Days

A sunbeam, from the breast, from the dark cuckoo's beak
A melodious song, a wake-up call the day's to begin, an idyll's
Waiting hour. No need looking what may be or may not.
An abysmal afternoon, a leapt up evening; a night of sorrow.
The present is an interlude, and many a news, and many a sights
Just vanish: filmed, stored to an un-recallable archive.
We leave what to whom and who then what they will do,
Sooner or later it will end, and they would do
What we have been doing: filling the days with trivial nothings.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 1,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Find Me Ruins

Saqi, find me ruins, you and me
The taverns become a temple
In 'Khirabat' you and me, Saqi!

O keeper of the tavern, let's with,
Urns, goblets, cups, water and rose,
And amber and perfumes and pitchers.

Saqi, the taverns become a ruin,
A ruin of all times, ruin of hearts and souls.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 22,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fire Wall

I must then
Cross the firewall
To see nude exuberance
I must then
Be "materially aware";

2/2/2010
Islamabad

On my inability to see my poem" Nude Exuberance" because of a heavy firewall that would not allow me through the word "Nude";

Sadiqullah Khan

Fire With Fire

The candle for the fire
Lit into ashes the flicker
Killed by time yet the bloom
Youth the darkness is peripheral
With the sweetness of the mind
Intellect had set some plans
More for the fortune to hide
O heart didst thou to the beloved
Asketh reasons against reason
That thou didst not believe
What love hast to the signs
Let alone thou seest the love
Art not thou but telling the maze
Thou hast by the wave of a hand
From the seventh sky brought down
In a cup of wine all wisdom present
Of future and past thy steps treads
The meaning of love hast someone
Thou shalt fall in the mystery again
Thou hast not learned love as yet
Whence revealeth the beloved
Thou shalt have fits of madness
Thou hadst appearance of form intact
Beloved asketh still alive not dead
In avoidance many wise notions
A spark is needed for the ashes
Fire with fire that burneth the self
Once more on the east wind towards
From where comes the aroma subtle
13/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Firewater

Bon vivants is saffroned firewater in ice-steaming kettle
Sweating warmth on a woven wool-thread's dye
From the sheep skin's, through the fingers
Mother's faith in the stern weaver's destiny, set apart.
The poverty of self, -fuqr, is the ultimate grace -
While that would let you, its own demise
Unless you be the Supreme Being, in unity
But since you are not, therefore in your death
You are eternal, whether you live or die.
He who was called the sun, lived in taverns,
He soiled his hands, gathering roses, and drew a mat,
Locking the door outside, that none should know
The wandering man is the -qutb, taught in 'the ways',
And in ruins, -khirabat, meets the little women.
For the death unto your carnal self, you live
A life shone with the mockery of the outward, and
Vastness, an eagle's eye look for, or beneath the sea
The bird with sharp wings, the moment he sights moon.
For the pleasure of the loom's arm's dance to and fro -
The cotton bud lives on the cloak's embroidered fold
The silk shines on the love's hair, extract of grape is wine.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fishes

When the fish moved in the metallic color
That water coming from the far off spring
In underground channels
Whose inventions no one knew
Pharaohs might have invented
Pyramids for their eternity
But here in this small village
Which shone like silver and the green patches
Like emeralds
The fishes in the metallic colors
A bite on the finger of that young boy
The people had not yet learned
Eating fishes
No genius of the pyramid was required
It was invention of the people in that village
The green cedar trees which tangoed
With the music of soft breeze
In full moon the small fish would come out
For a dance which gave motif to the weaver
The rugs were named after those little creatures
For the fancy of imagination by the fireplace
The treasure of the village was lost
Much before the inhabitants that survived it
Dried are the streams of water now
The crab has run away to die on hot soil
The fish breathed their last in memory
Of the days and nights spent in the village
Their sweet cold channels are traversed
By soldiers with heavy boots and in search of booty
Not to catch fish but terrorists
The home of the fishes
Dried and destroyed with heavy gun fire
(On the destruction of underground water channels which was natural habitat of
fish, crabs and humans in South Waziristan, Pakistan)
10/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Flames Of Love

A trap to the lover
Is the lock of hair
Of the beloved
Or curl of hair
Take no further
The promises of the love
The deception to the lover
Shall cease its beauty
Once the truth
Of the pledge is known

Like a thirst in the desert vast
By the illusions of the mirage
Longs to quench
The flames of love
But once reached
The thirst is increased manifold
So is the beauty of the desert
And the pain of love

Sadiqullah Khan

Flat Tires

The dreamy night
Rain drops down the window
By the fireplace
On a green striped sheet
Wrapped in blanket
Like grizzly bear
On the first ray of sun
And wearing crisp blue lines
French collar shirt
Regimented neck tie lines
Rubbing shoes for the shine
Then
Look at the flat tire
Oops migod
The two nuts stuck
And would not open
Frustration can have further
Limits
Then living on the edge
Falling off the edge
And just now
With four tires
All going flat
I am detailed to attend
Inter ministerial meeting

Islamabad
16/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Flesh

Flesh
But made in the shape
We call a woman
Sold like sheep
Harkened
One is selected
Her soul she has forgotten
With intention
When she leaves
Kisses
The coldest kiss
Paulo Coelho's Maria
In eleven minutes
How many times
Someone to repeat
The profession oldest
And the kisses dead
Leave us alone
You have sold too much
Depicting our stories
Stories of pity
Don't pity us
We wait for a Jesus
To change your dirt
Into a storm
We wait that one-day
This flesh
Will burn itself
Into some glory
But only you
If you let me be out
Of my shell
If the laws
And the religion
And the customs
And the morality
You created
With your lies and deceit
Only if we are free

From that stinking flesh of yours
Only if you realize
That I create
Only if
We could carry you by that storm
You and your accomplices

Sadiqullah Khan

Flow Of The Mist

With the flow of the mist,
The fall as if streams where would,
The hair as if hiding the moon of face.
Bring in superlatives as the night slipped,
Vanishing into the ravishing darkness where,
Hiding is the cup of lips, as old wine.
The redness was akin to the petal of a rose.

Your voluptuous eyes breathe soft air.
So where goes the repentance to adore!
How many times didst the glance so tilted.
Heart has to sing whence from the smoulder.
Nightingale neither blithe nor reed is flute.
Love still is the vibe not perishes of age.

The angel of happy omen with wings a fairy.
From the eyebrows posed is a question
Where to and not into the haze of coming times.
Speak few verses or make the words in salsa.
Or rub your hands for the flight of the wings.
Or just lie down and in freedom underneath,
The rain of bliss as it showers benefaction.

May 8,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Flying Saucers

He was telling me every thing
Discipline is the core
The sun look rises every day
And the oceans
There is a method
Is this all instinctive
Or divine intelligence
That sometimes intervenes
Have you seen the madness
And let things happen disorderly
Do not get so organized
I will take my breakfast at night
And Like David
Take my fast to the next day
The shepherdess that was looking
At the infinity
In the afternoon sky
I have broken into intelligence
Performing
And in action too
From mere observation
The mystic's dilemma is that he cannot act
The intelligence in action
I am increasing the distance
In natural selection
From my immediate ancestors
And from birds too
And from fellow human beings too
Many more are ahead of me
We still look for
Unidentified Flying Objects
Flying saucers
To know
Whether there are more intelligent species than us

Islamabad
2/3/2010

For A Kiss

What if beliefs lead to delusions
On another soil is this rose
The red sprouts like the bright sun day
Would it come back to fruition
And forget the winds of autumn
Would some eternity befall the abandoned love
These memories were forgotten long ago
Let the spirits who had left
And one by one recount in dreams
On these pages like the leaves taken away
By storms of time and like coming across
The deserted streets are still replete
With the presence of the loved ones
Much if rains have washed away all signs
That white cloud is to me a symbol of hope
That sun setting behind you will cast
Yet another shadow to recall
I had wished to grow beyond
I had put the scrolls unrolling before
The red ink was still like blood from my heart
You might have bought a fortune
You might have earned some love
I have yet to conquer many fears
My love has yet to grow feathers on wings
I understood it would not mean much to me
For it would come back to me
Like the flowers you withered to be known
And your lips now wanting it back for a kiss

Islamabad
Jully 26,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

For A Millennium

Nothing is going to change, for a millennium,
So relax, and take a deep breath, close your eyes.
The boundaries will remain the same, (beware of
Political sloganeering) , and divine rule, is subject
To the same rules. It has no chances of survival.
(For Islamists) , and will remain a political gimmick.

Most of the hard stats will be the same, may be
The gap between the poor and the rich narrow down.
The natural forces of decay and re-creation will remain
At work, but only in, families, sub-cultures, and small
Communities. Therefore there is little to worry. Economics
Would be of vital importance, so will be social equilibrium.

East and West may mingle up. While China and India
May find some common grounds. The rest
Of the continents, will remain the same.
There is less likelihood, of states' borders
Changing except the Middle East, and the holy places
May go to some sort of universal buffer areas.
Therefore, do good, hold on, and accept the little bit
Of change around you, think globally and act locally,
And live in great brotherhoods and loving neighborhoods.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 28,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

For Angry Reasons

And thus for angry reasons,
Wars, famine, and human misery;
Rain's beauty on droppe'd petals
Grasses' shine, on dew feathers.

Lose your way through
From the dark woods of love's hair
To the cheek's shine ever,
To the fine urn's spirit, in knotted pewt'r.

Sdiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 10,2014.

Paul Madeline, French,1863-1920, 'LeBaie de Launay Bretagne',1913 @ Litchfield
County Auctions

Sadiqullah Khan

For Another Dream

In my dreams
On the green hills
Onto the valley of beauty
Enchained in metal
But still patches of green
Of life breathing
And the night's high noon
My will breaking
Melting slowly
Steaming with youthful
Energy and the joy
Of possession
When in the night
The dieing sounds
Into sleeping night
I was awake
Waiting for the night
That brings fresh fragrance
Into the secrets of myself
Like many other nights
I kept on waiting
For another dream
26/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

For How Long

For how long
I sing the songs of despair
Bring in some love
Let this darkness
Be filled
With some luminescence
Let the beauty of your cheek
Enliven
And let the exhilarating life
Life full of laughter and joy
A life red with celebrations
And festivities
Be around
Let there be unending happiness
In our lives
Happiness and joy and love

Sadiqullah Khan

For Pity's Sake

Open the pitcher
Of the wine old
Goblet after goblet
When thou art the saki
The tavern in ages
Unending is my thirst
In the desert of love
Wine and wine
For pity's sake
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

For You

The mother lioness to the cub whispered,
"Hold the cup, but be thyself"
You come of age, the tune is now,
Not suffice. Go bring back
Chords from skies.
Your gaze how. I see stars drown
In the molten ice. For you,
The love, has woven though,
A flower fresh on the bosom.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 24,2013.

On the occasion of function held by Wana Welfare Association, for young students on February 23,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

For Your Eyes Only

Who in my lines
And in words saw a distance
Crossing the mirage towards oasis
This was a journey as hard
There were some flowers
As we met in the midst of storms
As you pick the dew
On the rose of your cheek
So are the memories
The once beloved of many hearts
For your eyes only
I had to travel all through life
That was scented by your love
The glances that had fallen
And that I thought had fallen
On every shadow of the moon
I looked in to your footsteps
Removing the sands of time

Islamabad

3/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Forbidden Fruit

The whole gimmick of life,
A life we are so concerned with living.
As poets look for the most absurd in it,
And the muse brings sadness and
Nothing else. As if looking for happiness,
Is a forbidden fruit.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 19,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Forever

The sweetness of those lips
Like wine old I get drunk
In the contours unknown
When I slipped my hands
The aroma of the bosom
So inviting behind the veil
Of thick dark hairs
The masculinity of myself
When you loosened the grasp
Of your embrace against my chest
In slow rhythmic movements
For the eternal feminine awake
In the confines of the softness
Of your skin
You take me in is my temptation
When death is my destiny
Besides your glowing face
Take the dagger of love out of my hands
Into the sheath of your bosom
Where it belongs
In deep mysteries of love
And after death who says
We shall part
In the depths of the skies
In beds of the flowers
In the memories of lovers
Shall we live forever
10/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Forever I

He has forgotten
All
And forever

Have some one said
Any thing so eloquent
Ever

Islamabad
29/3/2010

For Emma Adamyan

Sadiqullah Khan

Forgotten Memories

The birds left us,
To sing somewhere else.
Their empty nests are,
The reminiscent
Of long forgotten memories.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 31,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fountain Of Eternity

The legend has
That there is a fountain
Of eternity
And a sage
Only one sage has visited that fountain
Located in the depths and the farthest corners
Of this earth
And only that sage
The invisible sage can take you there

In my search
From the deceptions and mirages
Of the story
And my desire for the eternity
And thinking that I will reach
The fountain and on the way will meet the sage
A mirage
A travel
With little belongings and my imaginations

From the seductive looks of the eyes
The eyes that told me the stories
Of centuries
Learned and transmitted through generations
The smile so innocent
And I entered the jungle
The thick clouded jungle of the hairs
The aroma spreading all in the air
Through the shiny cheek
And lips like golden cups
Of red wine
Into the steppes of that magnificence
Smooth as silk
The peaks
Like peaks of the poles
With signs
Of feeding the humanity
And every living being
Having sucked and eaten

To sustain the tenderness in life
Nature's bestowment
Stolen
From that small
Tip
Like a child suckling...

The sage in wonders
But now
I was in the vastness of the desert
An unending desert
My limbs unable to carry me forward
For the anticipation of discovery
The deserts and the deserts luscious curves
Storms and nights
Illuminated with full moon
The sage and me
In dust storm
Could not see each other

The rise and fall of the desert
The heat and cold of the dunes
Dunes chiseled by nature
To ultimate perfection
Downwards curves
Shapes and a small pit
Where demons of love reside
In the middle of the desert
Another mound
The rage in me increases
And the bushes
Some unexplainable
The pruning
And the edges made to minutest details
Between the Greek columns
Exuding exuberance and musky perfumes
Silky smoothness of the columns
Made to ultimate craftsmanship
The artist must have burned his fingers
The smoke and fire
The agony and the ecstasy
Nature at its fullest

Inspiration

The gorgeousness
The house of azar
Azar the sculptor
The fountain of eternity
For nature wanted to present
To the human race
Something unsurpassable
The diva and the goddess
The matriarch
And the one worshiped
The symbol of fertility
And the shapes from another world
The mystery and the enigma
The black and the white
The color and the colorless
Nature the artist
With gods own hands

In that gorgeousness
The sage led me
The sage invisible
To the fountain of eternity
Flowing with sweet waters
And juices of life
Waiting in anticipation
For discovery
To honor life
And the demons of love
Now let loose
In deep embrace
With the vastness of the nature
I drank
From the fountain of eternity

Sadiqullah Khan

Four Tree Barks

I am learning a few names
But there are four tree barks in a row
In the centre of the city.

My thoughts will follow you
And will return to me
In the colors of spring.

One day we will have all the places
Visited and memorized them by heart
As we go down the steep valleys,
Into Shyok river.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 15,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Fractured Violence

The small girl was sold like a slave
The middle man cuddling her with a candy
The fat house wife suffered blues
From the riches in her neighbors
And those obese relations and friends
She felt terribly jealous of the free spirit
Of the small girl
She needed some one to look down upon
Whenever she would see her ugly face
And her bear belly
Her husband was a notable
Who would take his son
And to make him grow like himself
The small girl would share food
And chewed bones of the woman
With cats and dogs
Her smaller ego would get a boost
Her husband proud of her command
And one day in fog
In terrible cold
The fat woman ordered the small girl
To wash the floor
All bare
The small girl fell ill
Her nails were broken
Tortured
She screamed mother hundreds of times
In minus cold
She screamed blanket hundreds of times
Water
She just got an echo of her voice
From the cold walls
God like every one else was sleeping
At the time
And the nature watched
The moon and stars
She was murdered in the dark of the night
The husband and the fat woman
Had so many curses for her

The people
Did nothing
And the God was still sleeping

Written in the memory of Shazia Maseeh,12, a child worker in a house who was
brutally murdered

26/1/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Free The Master

Diogenes

Once captive of pirates

Made a plea

To be sold to a master

Who needs to be freed

Free the captive

Ye

Towards freedom

Islamabad

2/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Free Yourself

What fears assails you of the finality
Doomsday is to befall we live in the last times
Judgment will be what we will see it happening
Ferocity of execution is what appeals to human minds
Anger is letting go through the fuming nostrils of bull
Injured in fighting for the amusement of others
The man versus beast born out of the subconscious

The beginning let be started from the end
From the end we shall watch the beginning happen
Perpetuate not fears created to strength
Grip on the throats of the poor
Hung in belief or a piece of bread for the night
Divine decree carried to forward the designs
Free yourself and all others one day
There shall be nothing but much for regrets

Justice for all and be the part of the lightening
Be the slave of the self and be the falcon
Be humble in love and let go of the fears
Pick the tears of the one who in the cold night
Begging on the road side with no parent
Be the hand of the nature if that be so
Be the follower of your heart that one evening

Let silence be the wise judgment on your side
Let the wine the beloved is holding across the corner
Get drunk to the magic of your sword
Get drunk to the new dawn and many goblets
Let the universe be your tavern
Let when you depart your soul shall live
Free yourself and let others live in freedom

Islamabad
5/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Freedom From Will

The night's darkness falling
On the city of dreams
The drizzle that has been raining
For thousands of years
On the stone inscriptions*

The angel of night had this time
Brought stories of ancient love
In midst a thought like a jump
Of the small fish or a star blinking

Will like strength we have learned
In the books and the rituals of faith
To survive when we are hurt by times
In our certitude with destiny

The destiny of self that in the physical world
Is destined to disintegrate into the unknown
Only to survive in the realm of soul
And never to return back or we shall discover

And the demon of will
Like the consciousness of being
That takes us enchained
The night's angel
Whispered into my ears
Yet another freedom
The Freedom from will
(On visiting Asoka's stone inscriptions in Mansehra)
17/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Freeing Myself

Freeing myself from
How, when, what, where and whom.
Friends across the table ask,
How, and one is taken by the flood,
Who, and one wonders,
What, when where, is Time.
The friends of Kahaf, woke up
When time had leapt, away from time.
There is no need of taking wings,
Sharab-khor, -the wine eater,
I host, the falcon that bringeth
The unseen crown, and feasts on the heart's shreds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 10,2014.

Time animation @ Explain xkcd

Sadiqullah Khan

Friend And Foe Xxviii

He came with a loan
On a markup only the mealy mouthed Chinese
Business could understand. A Shanghai saga.

The other, the long foe
Drowned the plains with the sagacious Rama,
Of Bhagawad Gita, along with sacred animals
By letting the rivers overflow.

He is the ring in the neck
Of the nation,
Defunct Parliament
And every breathing living
Living on this part of earth.
He is a liability
Hulago refused to take care of him.

Brother the younger,
Is an estate agent, a developer□
For whom progress is buying a laptop
Of Vaio company to the errant son:
And marrying every leftover widow,
A 'Desi' version of an aging playboy
Who smells of curry and curcumin.

They eat roasted hoofs of cows in their breakfast,
And tend to wear waist-coats, count their money
By moistening their fingers with their tongues.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 9,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

From Different Corners

A seed hides in earth to become essence
Of a tree. A tree is a thousand seeds in fruition.
Lighting contracts in dark clouds,
It breaks unto space and there are one thousand suns.
We seek the shine, wherever like walking trees
Facing like sunflowers the rays of light.
Wherefrom it comes, peculiarity of the fruits
We bear and the fragrance of flowers
We are apt to carry as beauty of our external face,
There are different lights, from different corners.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

From The Air

Tired leaves had constancy
Dripping water of rain was penal
Panorama overlooking the sleeping city
He had tied a barking dog for special invitations
His roosters were running headless on dawn
Words eat up the terror in the air
Forbidden music would let the silence melt
In the lunatic's asylums was forced repression
I do not hear your sounds from across the depth
Walls hallowed where bats would live
The powerful king would take two men
In his arm pits while running like acrobat
This is not the harem where heart will not speak
These are not bones buried under a tomb of Taj
These are not the bleeding nails of the young lad
These are the winds when on high roof
These are the kisses that I catch from the air

Islamabad
14/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

From The End

Since we can't capture the whole beauty at once;
Therefore tell your lame gods,
To be content with whatever you have
Bestowed on them.

Sadiqullah Khan

From The Treasure Trove

And when on love's insistence
I to the treasure trove descended
And when centuries had passed
I held breathe on a dagger's tip
Or demon's chants, awakened
Nightmares. Holding a thread
From one end, unending like
A long night, like her hair, dark
And her eyes like a mirror.
I laid hands on the treasure
Unseen, ever unspoken of
Like brewed wine in old casks
Like words held back and never said.
Be insane to get it, and leave reason on
The door. Said the unknown guide.
My sanity prevailed, alas! ☐
Nothing I found but dust in my hands.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 9,2013.

Dust in hands @ Metta Refuge

Sadiqullah Khan

From Unknown Plant

The girls ride hyenas, from the ancient valley
The lion Buddhas have been exterminated
And dismembered. Blasted out of recognition.
Alexander on his Bucephalus stood on the top
'Pirser', to a voyage across Indus, make his
Assault final to the plain. A mullah is holding
A gun in one hand and the holy book, in another.
The colonel in US military warns the young British
She Journalist to beware of the governor of Ghazni.
And Sultan Mahmud had taken his slave for a lover,
As Babur, the first emperor, would be pushed by mother
To bed his wife. He had fallen in love with a boy,
And he was fed with aphrodisiac from Bajaur,
Made from testicles of hedgehog and brain of sparrow,
Sprinkled with gold powder and resins from unknown plant.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 1,2014.

Bucephalus by Andrew Mc Millan @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

Frozen Dance

The tree is without leaves
Lifting one arm in the direction of the air
The head as if to see
The dry river bed
The stones have been cut sharply
By wind
There had been some water
And the river had been in flow
This bridge is built in vain
The other tree
Had been a fisherman
The first one
The beautiful fairy
Taking a bath
And in sight of a dream
Is now a tree
In the shape of frozen dance

Islamabad
28/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Frozen Experience

She opens the pages where love
Written in decibels for the ears
For the eyes some scratches
In philosophy she says lost
In wisdom like the master who
Carrying the books ancient
Of frozen experience without
Nothing of love in polemics
Falling apart in pieces are the words
When warmth of love ensues
When wine is the kiss on her lips
5/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Gabo And Madiba

Familiarity breeds contempt, the less the more,
Third World -ism, Gabo's town was less than ten thousand souls.
Madiba, -for my lack of more knowledge, lived in isolation, imprisoned.
The clash of various civilizations, in various stages of 'development',
Gabo, after one hundred years of solitude,
Tearing apart, dragging corpses in the street, unpaved.
Madiba, fought it headway, headstrong, on own soil.
Meeting them, in a crowd, in soul-
Similarities, might emerge, conundrums of individualism.
-isms are certain other absolutes, people die and commit
Collective suicides, lead by a cult leader, telling the way to their,
Insidious desires is away, by the weakest link to life, and breaking
It. Knock, knock, knock, I am already inside, there is no outside
No inside. Inside and outside, -some understanding, and the funerals
Go global. Their rights to tube, already sold,
Gabo, now feasting himself to a fifty thousand dollars, interview,
Selling half an hour. The great Mughal, in his new religion,
Had decreed, to feed, the 'would be dead', before and not
After his demise. Magic Realism, the Indian chapter.
Madiba freed his people, or at least pretended. It will
Trickle down -John Locke's capitalism. A rise to the first world.
Gabo, invented fetish.
It is better that we are waiting for Messiah,
To descend on stairs from heaven, he may at least sell his rights,
To be distributed amongst the poor, with little knowledge
Of the division of world into first, and third.
A child was selling roses, shivering in the cold outside, in garbage
Can. Another man with a white beard was holding a spade,
Asking a meal, well built, not having found the day's work.
I am overlooking the city, a view I am always afraid to loose,
Or miss. The roads converge on Constitution Avenue,
Where a Chair, made of metal is hanging from earth towards the sky.

-Gabo: Gabriel Garcia Marquez

-Madiba: Nelson Mandela

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

December 19,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Gamble It

Ka der lachar wey mo de gharhey manai kshezhda -
Jeworgara yara ywa jeworey prezzhda...

-Pashto folk song by Neena khan and Gul khan, early eighties.

The most delectable preciousness

Gamble it,

The thought and fantasy,

Your reputation,

Name and pride

Gamble it,

To your love.

The visible reality

To the confusions

The reverent bows before

The walls of stones,

Gamble it,

To the winning wines

Passages of love ridden journeys,

Do not stop

On the mean spirited roadhouses.

To the foolishness

From the country you are in

To the country you are heading to

Gamble it,

To the unseen

Irreverent

Unholy

Upholstered rainbows

The untruth,

Gamble the retractable to the unknown

Comfort to the spirited adventure

Gamble the night

The day,

Gamble the gold of heart

To the rushing blood, the rivulets

Of talk to the ocean of silence

Slavery to freedom,

Gamble every possession

Every surrounding,

Gamble it,
The static step for a wild dance,
Ascend
Gamble it,
The apparent to the beauty
Intense,
The paradise
Shore to a voyage
Destiny to wayfareness.
Gamble it,
all knowledge
all dignity and majesty and elegance,
all robes of honor
all sense of good and bad,
all religions
all laws
all practices and mores and customs,
all language
all books
all libraries
all ages
all life
Gamble it,
Lose it to the spirit of freedom and liberty.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ghazal

Hum se tark e ulfat jo us ne ki
Der tak us ke chehra udaas raha

Bewafyun ki ek unkhuli kitab
Us ka her safa roodad sonata raha

Us ki ankhon mein neend ki srgoshian
Bekhawabi mein kuch khwab dekhata araha

Mon morh ke us ne chalte howaiy
Dekha tu kuch lumha wo khamosh raha

Jab khili nai komplain bahar ki
Wo apne labon ko chotha raha

Use maloom tha hoga na kuch magar
Sara khazana us ke dil mein chupa raha

Apne ko to ye umeed bhi na thee k ek din
Dabe pawon wo meri therf aata raha

Kuch nai din ki roshni mein talash kerna
Andheri raat mein aksar bhtaktaa araha
15/12/2009

Ghazal: The most celebrated genre of poetry in Persian, Urdu and other eastern languages.

The above Ghazal is in Urdu.

Sadiqullah Khan

Giant Leap

Steve Jobs to the Coke's CEO,
That you sell watered sugar,
Less a worth, more a disease,
Nevertheless, the Big Macs,
Where go, the rest of food is
Ethnic and out of sober taste.

Capital on the rise, run fast,
Or be rounded up, your death,
With the ideas you have, will -
Take you to grave, the time's
Come, they wait for attrition,
And slowly die like poisoned.

Those who struggle, little long,
Unless those who are on the,
Giant leap, internally converted
Hardest of resistors, the might,
Modern is adept, others vanish.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 12,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Girl Friend

All it required
Were a few more bucks
A dirty jean
Or anything to wear
A smile on the face
A little tease
Eying to a friend
A perfume for the night
Some lies
Some songs
A small car
If not a shining one
With a little common sense
A triumphant value
The Rousseuean romance
The common love
For a girl
To be your friend
(Rousseau idealized lower middle class values and talked of common sense more than philosophy)
9/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Girl With Auburn Hair

Girl with auburn hair, tells me write
Nothing else, my eyes' horizon. Read fate
Time's fortunes, on my forehead, peaks
Deserts, isn't nature a curvaceous dune.
Apple of my chin's a dimple. Cuts my cheeks.
O your fingers of stone enamored,
Blackened clouds, else where? My hair.
Wait. Let the light lay upon, by twilight,
Alight your canvas, for I am the greater celeb-
Pour in colors, by needle pierce, by spear a banner.
Lovers destines, to martyr's cemetery, gallop-

SadiqullahKhan
Gilgit
November 7,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Give In To Me

Give in to me
Like the song of a bird
Like scent from a flower

Give in to me
Like ice melting in warmth
Like smile leaving lips

Give in to me
Like in your absence
Like your presence

Give in to me
Like a child running
Like to a mother

Give in to me
Like your silence
Like my love

Islamabad
July 29.2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Given In Adoption

I may have ignored or given in on you,
Had it not been to the elegance
And the gentle nature of your demeanor.

We could have parted like a breeze
Has a sudden end before a heavy downpour,
Or clouds broken open into distant lighting.

Yet the gold strips on your magnificent head,
Soft brown eyes mulled over a lumber-sleep
Or myself becoming nimble, stark light.

Had you not lived with us for two years
And you not slipped onto the glass shininess,
To sleep on and dream we do not know what?

You lost snow-bell the first one
To a cruel accident, and the odd eyed second,
Who went lost in the maze of the night, where?

And had not it been for the daily chores,
Of your 'Meo food' or the soft tender tuna
Of 'Whiskas'. Your Vet's cautious needles –

Loyal! O son of Bengal Tiger, you palace-cat,
Walked only on the finest marble and you
Who never asked more than what was given.

You had the last bath in rain on the way,
Someone might be taking more care
And living the loneliness out there from your life.

Such urban decency and sophistication
As your spine bent, to give a subtle touch
To the bare feet, that you needed to be purred.

Only watch through the window,
Your curiosity was just diminishing returns
As if you knew the laws of nature in perfect ensemble.

Or your eyes in an indifferent manner open,
A stray black-cat appeared on the roof
Or you warned on the territory of your extensions.

Or you may not have been Wareesha'a pet,
Who till the last time waved her little hand
To say adieu, and for me taking you all along.

Then as we move on to find life elsewhere,
You might be enjoying freedom's given promise
Because of your gentleness, they readily took you to adoption.

-On giving Casper - my daughter Wareesh's Persian cat, in adoption.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Glacier Melts

Mine is a repository, swallowing the night,
Dark brazen and like a dove's wing
Flutter to loosen the thread of time
Glacier at Rama melts, the east ridge trek,
On the Nanga Parbat from the day's
Un-dusted voluminous presence and roads
Up-leading broken and watered like fields.
The shiny eyes of the boy is to learn
Swimming in hopes, and the absence
Of colors from the feet of inhabitants of valley,
Of lately I knew they have little stories
Littered in boxes of wooden rooms,
Still empty for the hibernation of severity
But the goose tail like sun-rays depending,
And sadness written on every face,
Like sheepskins in whose bowels is skimmed,
Yak's milk, and they had earth mashed
Upon their heads, without vegetative color,
And they said they do not make camel-wool
Caps, or catch ducks to tuck their feathers in.

-On a visit to Rama Lake, Astore.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Gloomy Sunday

When the feel has got feathers
From redness on the cheek
To the blue ocean eyes
When the bosom sprout flowers
When in laid back repose
Puffs of dandelions in memory
The bygone love once that was
Like the old violinist when he plays
Tune of his time and suddenly
On the gloomy Sunday when in grace
For the love of his life the gentle man
Bows to ground with his stature this time
The pianist for that melody had given
His life when his love was no more
O earth I have this plea on my lips
Shall I hear and see when I am dead
Shall I have memories when I am gone
I shall find some lost icons of my love
Some broken stones pictures white black
Aroma of earth some rays of sun
Of the moon and stars some music loud

("Gloomy Sunday" is a beautiful German movie. There is also a song with the same title by Sinead O Connor)

4/3/2009

Sadiqullah Khan from Chaos of Being

Gloomy Sunday lyrics by Sinead O Connor

Sunday is gloomy,
My hours are slumberless,
Dearest the shadows
I live with are numberless
Little white flowers will
never awaken you
Not where the black coach
of sorrow has taken you
Angels have no thought of
ever returning you

Would they be angry
if I thought of joining you
Gloomy Sunday.

Sunday is gloomy
with shadows I spend it all
My heart and I have
decided to end it all
Soon there'll be candles
and prayers are said,
I know, let them not weep,
let them know
that I'm glad to go

Death is no dream,
for in death I'm caressing you
With the last breath of my
soul I'll be blessing you

Gloomy Sunday
Dreaming
I was only dreaming
I wake and I find you
asleep in the deep of
my heart dear

Darling I hope that my dream
never haunted you
My heart is telling you
how much I wanted you
Gloomy Sunday.

Gloomy Sunday was composed by Hungarian pianist and composer Rezso Seress in 1933, as *Vege a vilagnak* (End of the world) . It's alternate is *Szomoru Vasarnap* (Sad Sunday) lyrics written by Laszlo Javor. The original lyrics depicted a war-stricken Hungary and a silent prayer to God. Javor's lyrics are a mourning to a lost lover and a pledge to commit suicide to meet said lover again in the afterlife. Javor's lyrics are the ones used in Gloomy Sunday. @ Gloomy Sunday Movie Squidoo

Translation of Javor's Lyrics

'On a sad Sunday with a hundred white flowers,
I was waiting for you, my dear, with a church prayer,
That dream-chasing Sunday morning,
The chariot of my sadness returned without you.
Ever since then, Sundays are always sad,
tears are my drink, and sorrow is my bread...
Sad Sunday.
Last Sunday, my dear, please come along,
There will even be priest, coffin, catafalque, hearse-cloth.
Even then flowers will be awaiting you, flowers and coffin.
Under blossoming (flowering in Hungarian) trees my journey shall be the last.
My eyes will be open, so that I can see you one more time,
Do not be afraid of my eyes as I am blessing you even in my death...
Last Sunday.'

Vége a világnak!

LITERAL ENGLISH TRANSLATION:

It is autumn and the leaves are falling
All love has died on earth
The wind is weeping with sorrowful tears
My heart will never hope for a new spring again
My tears and my sorrows are all in vain
People are heartless, greedy and wicked...

Love has died!

The world has come to its end, hope has ceased to have a meaning
Cities are being wiped out, shrapnel is making music
Meadows are coloured red with human blood
There are dead people on the streets everywhere
I will say another quiet prayer:
People are sinners, Lord, they make mistakes...

The world has ended!

I cannot escape the sadness of this poem, my personal experience with it. I used to listen to songs of Sinead O Connor back in early nineties, and Gloomy Sunday was my favorite. I watched the movie Gloomy Sunday, some ten years ago. I wrote about it in 2009 and got it published in my book Chaos of Being in 2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Glory

Glory! Glory, glory be to thee,
Short- lived, counterfeit and transient
Gathered in by worthless marks of distinction.
Sped up and rolled up in quicker steps,
In virtue lies all distinction and merit
To one's honor, respect, alone and alone.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 3,2014.

The Glory of Being by American artist Susanne Schuenke, born in Dusseldorf,
Germany @ The Gallery Art

Sadiqullah Khan

Glory Of Love

Let the intensity of my dreams
Find words of expression
In phrases so devoid of emotions
Let me open the thesaurus
In dictionaries and in rhymes
I am searching in the archives
Goethe or Frederick von Schiller
Some word here and there and few more
A closed door I met and on the way back
An unknown hand and into the world
Of oblivion, like master of the yore
When love is thy teacher where do you seek
Knowledge from whom and learning from whom
Seek love in your heart and the tears on your chest
Are nothing but precious gems of knowledge
The bliss of love thou have yet to seek
O ye, wander and wander and one day
The glory of love shall descend on you
1/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Go There

Go there, where no one knows
None ask, who? From and whereto,
Go seek in ruins, a treasure might be
None found else, whether far it be.

-To Afghan refugee children in the Jalozai Camp.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 10,2013.

Afghan Refugees at the Jalozai Camp, Nowshera, Pakistan @ Herald Tribune

Sadiqullah Khan

God's Servant

We met; I blind folded, to a belief
Never mine, nor yours. In some sun-lit spaces
Your hands were hanging down the knees
Stature up-right, smiles carried by laughter
Of hills, you were in some darkest corners
Of gallows, away from sun, and away, your heart
And tongue singing the 'songs of freedom'.
Turning a 'God's Servant', a banner, to the wild
Ever they may call themselves, despising violence.
They traded in, selling their poverty, their souls
To the 'carpet baggers', of the World greed.
Heaps of earth now separate us,
Your people, still blind folded, brought to
A dug well, of fire, ignorance, decrepit.
Reclaim, your destiny, protect identity, assert
Be your voice, weak, shaking, be you shout
With rights you are born with, with freedom
Your mothers kissed on your foreheads.

-Dedicated to the great Pashtun of the twentieth century,
Abdul Ghaffar Khan (1890 -1988)

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 8,2013.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan by V.N. O'Key (1917 -1998) @ Kamat Research
Database

Sadiqullah Khan

Gods Of Wrath

We have given in too much
To the gods of wrath,
We have enough provided
Space to the history of terror,
We have rationalized every
Demeaning act, done
In the name of religion and god.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 6,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Gold Wash

They collect gold wash, they are ants
Bigger than a fox, smaller than a dog
Sage, thou art Herodotus, by name -
Who hath said so of Indus, years ago,
But what I hath seen, a tented wreched
-ness, a cold river ebbed by witches
Of stark nights, dark skies and starried
Day. O mornings, the red of the ward-
Robe, spread against the cruelty of stones,
We inherited weighty masses, carried
By our rough hands, either making great-
Walls, or encircling dried river beds frozen
Into trout's skeleton. Some cub of a lion
May fall down the stream, a wolf, leave
Her skin or a goat is slaughtered into it.
I might wish, for the sake of loneliness
On the spread colors, you might be dream
-ing, of the distant roars of breaking hills,
Nature slipping into the ravines of cold
Waters, draining a glacier of hundred miles,
You may shift to better harvests, across
Another valley, where the day is half or
Fourth, and the night is longer so longer,
That no footsteps are heard, after making
Love, and no dip is needed because morning
Is frozen and we shall cross avoiding a curse,
Or hang down the river, with nuggets of gold.
They say, there they make mountains of it,
Women wear it, men cherish it, it is studded
From the brethren collected gems, raining,
Like an ibex, mounting sending down, chip
-ped stones, scratched by hands, made
Prismatic. We shall talk later on, but
Nothing shines more against human skin
Than dust of gold, and pearled gems of stone.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 31,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Golden Cage

The prison of life
A golden cage
With iron hinges
Rusted though
Soul like a bird
Restless for the flight
When the door is open
The memories of the cage
The cagers delight
Enjoying the laments
Of the singing bird
The cage of life
Though like a prison
Has memories beautiful

Sadiqullah Khan

Gratis Politics Viii

I stumble in the way, gratis politics,
The overflowed stream stops
When I throw in a stone,
Hands 'summon all courage', to like.

Since you are dancing to a tune,
Mine is a beat, you need a rebirth -
The lesser numbers are playing the chord,
My love's difficult, still I am with you.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Great Age

different perspective..
this is great age,
I am sitting on the other side of globe,
and am reading you..

courtesy: Roy Mark Azanza Corrales

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 9,2014.

image @ The City of Glass

Sadiqullah Khan

Great Poet

Che alwat da takhayul ta na rakuzey da
Pa dam de sheba wahala, kudrat ta na rasamey da

Waley charpera we lambey laka da zulfu
Pa speen makh ye, lar de ukhko na rajorhey da

Che wal wal yesho da tar tar sartarhoney
Pa tora shapa da zhami, wawra na rarazhey da

Da sparlee da wakhtu laiwantoob ta
Da khazan bada bawekhta, waley na rarasey da

Pa jam kho de sar da mastai mat krho
Paimana pa morga, nasha de na ramatey da

Great poet of courage and despair
Like empty cup, dances in the eye
A pearl hidden in stones,
Await, love's puff of warm breathe.
O life, once shine,
To the love-sick poet's laments
They sing him out in rapture's street,
Down the river his heart drowns
Up the hill his soul flies,
Your words like, 'blood on flames,
How it seems', and how it smells!

-To a contemporary poet of Pashto language.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Green Algae

Forgetting that
It was a tree
The green algae
Climbed my feet
And my feet
Wanted to grow into earth
For some roots
And my hands
Growing into stems
With water
The flowers are
But grown in my heart
My breath its fragrance
My smiles its colors
The fruits are the abstractions
And the ideas
To consume
Flowers all around me
Flowers of your sweet company
And the laughter
Like white butterflies
Flying from beneath those red lips
And the pearl teeth
Your talk like a bird's lament
In early cold dawn
After a long sleep in those nests
The roots and the stems
Fruits and flowers
So we are in this beauty
Of surrounding
In swinging motions
In the breeze
That connects us together
Butterflies and birds
Laughers and songs

Sadiqullah Khan

Greetings

Those greetings
So much of the language
The whispers
And my imaginations
Of your beauty

Sadiqullah Khan

Guillotine

You leave me no time
To think and feel
Your love unending
It is as if
The time has come
For the sacrifice of love
I am not last in the line
When the spring came
The season of beauty
Of flowers and nightingale
It was my turn
On the guillotine
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Guillotine I

You arrive for my last will
Before the cruelties of time
Ordained is my hour
For my soul to fly

Break the crowd
The men in arms
For the love shall now
In humility descend

But before the soul flies
For eternal freedom
An embrace by you
When eternity shall expose

The beauty of my love
When you revealed your bosom
In great happiness
Shall we both

By power of love
Hold the arm
Of the cruel times
Before it falls

The multitudes now cry
For the savior on the day
The Day of Judgment
The promised Day of Judgment
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Gypsy Girl's Song

The great orchestra of Vienna
The ninth symphony begins
The connoisseurs of music
Of discerning taste
The grand composer
Facing the orchestra
Moves his hands
In frenzied motion
The mind plays
The heart moved
Emotions playing
The grand symphony
The audience enthralled
The grand finale
Applause

The composer's back towards the audience
Somebody touches him
To see the applause
Beethoven was deaf
When he composed his ninth symphony
A creation of his imagination

Did you know this my love
I read the story to tell you,
But I was wrong

A shepherd boy
Knows more than me
Shams in the wilderness
Shall teach me,
"The ways of the beloved"

Leave the books alone

Leave the books alone,
Raise your head
Look in my face,

You will see more
In my beauty
Than those books of yours,

Gypsy girl's song to her lover

Sadiqullah Khan

Habits

Habits make you perfect, Dmitri,
Konstantine Keranin broke his knuckles,
Now and then, and the magnificent Count,
While he flew on horseback with Anna
Whose neck she saw broken and her eloquent eyes,
Rolled back. They were about to go on fox-hunt.

The groomed elegance of picking caviar
Slowly walking down with a stick and tail-coat.
Dreaming chords on piano and savoring cadences,
Silent breathing of the saint, reclining to a camel
And her hands twisted in textured warmth
Of the palms, lips squeezed into honey.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 7,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Had I Been A Poet

On the sea green shores that washed,
The sands of life in its arduous contours.
The exhibit is the subtle expose of a shy beauty,
The smile would leave butterflies from lips.

Thinking of you my words had gained,
The extempore dryness of the desert.
From the shore I held water like mercury,
Like I would hold the shower of the moon.

Like the sands that vanished between my fingers,
In my palm was the ruggedness of your soles.
Your contours held me breathing deep into myself,
The aroma has the lingering memories of yore.

Ah! The sunset shone on my face leaving its gold.
It set its red in the silver of beaming waves.
From the tip of the hill that oft was visited,
Damsels that rode the trunks of date palms.

O! Forlorn night of dreams bring this sadness,
Like the embrace of the eternal beach to the sea.
Clouds of sweet happiness in the gloom of dusk,
Let the dawn meet to the languid eyes of sunrise.

To the dust I melted like a warm day of summer,
To the night as would gather stars in its fold.
The deep crevices of earth torn down by rain,
Such drought and such fertility of the sense.

The delight was achieved as would be hung,
On the leaves of the palm or goat of the shepherd.
The falcon of my love sat long on my arm,
For the dove of your love was the existence's desire.

Dust was to dust as was water to a stream,
Neither were the metaphors not beauty of similes.
Such lavish was the coast to the deep ocean,
Had I been a poet what else I could have written.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 15,2012.

The poem is written in memory of my posting in Makran Division, Baluchistan. It is dedicated to my friends Aly Bossin and Shahana Burgi. Aly Bossin shared some rare photographs of our tour of Dasht.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hail The Day

Greek the lover speaks when unaware
The language of love is not like the one
You read and you write goes to the worms
What you see and feel is the soul of being
Much spoken is this for real and unreal
What self is to unself the songs of the birds
Wake me up for the beauty of the day
The big men fall like the tower of Pisa in recline
Hail the day whose evening shall see the happy verse
Once again my love come that way
That way when my eyes would wait for long
The way when the cold dew would fall
On the burning heat of desire in my bosom
5/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Half Asleep As I Lay

Half asleep as I lay
Thinking of the immensity
Of this universe
With snow all around
And my body attracted towards the earth
By gravitation
In freezing cold
And the mysterious drops of water
From the rooftop
Outside
A sad evening
And in that immensity
For a while I thought
Of my self
Being in the earth
And that
I suddenly wake up
And look
That all the people have gone
Push my way up
But it is eternally closed
Where have all the loved ones gone
The people, friends and family
And my loves
Yes in that moment of despair
What will I do
I empathized with my self
Lying like that
Straight
With my chin up
The universe
That does not belong to me
Anymore
And my memories
I need angels
And a window from heaven
I want to look back
To see my loved ones

Yes I know of all the injustices
But life is still
Worth living
Some fire, bread and butter and hot coffee

Sadiqullah Khan

Half Picture

The half picture
So long ago
In my possession
The other half
I shall search
One day
When I am free
To think
And recollect
Where I have lost
A picture of my children
When like birds
They shall fly
From my nest
In search of living
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Happiness Departs

From your lonely existence, happiness departs,
The dissolved sweetness is nonetheless you!
Of a shared moment, unless you become,
The ember that kindles the fire from ash
Or a breeze of spring from across the gardens.
O shower the bliss of times, in all and around,
When your smile mirrors on the face of another
And their grief sinks down your heart,
Speaks the brilliance in your eyes, or becomes
A song high pitched, O why the birds have
Sweet tongues, and rainbows adore the skies.
Of the 'things' they say you don't love,
O the cherished intervals from the teeth of life
That they have a celebration of the advent
Of spring. Yellow flowers the earth offers them,
And the apricots before their leaves shine on bows.
Roses for whom bloom? And Jasmine smells?
That ye be the happy captives of the tripod
From one freedom to another, or wonder.
But with all the intensity of seeking paradise,
O lonesome seeker, ye may be living in heaven,
With closed eye, and reflecting soft smile.
We may thus assume, but with all and sundry
The death may sound a happy coming,
If the hand is held, and chants are sung to the going.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Happy News

Give me happy news,
Of a hundred drowned men,
In the happiest tides of ocean.
Of the men hanging to your thousand,
Hairs, below your feet and flying like kites,
In the blue sky, with colorful wings.
O victory, ever since you left my door step;
Like a smoked chimney or a hearth with ash.
Like the cold smell of a watery morning,
An evening that has turned away her face,
From the red color of horizon, and the night,
Eating up the day's light and stars opening doors.
From a nightmarish dream that has clasped,
Hands to celebrate and drunk itself on the dew.
O victory! The impostor, if I could only treat you,
Like defeat, like nothing and like being itself.
From my hands would then fly kisses,
Like flowers, bright and sweet, of multiple hues.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Happy Versatility

Do you want me to relate to the nature again
And all the things you have so far achieved
The civilization
For nature is not the answer to all this
The civilization
The exclusive creation of human
And human alone
The mark of human intelligence
And then again I must relate it
To the time
For I am not free
From time alone
So the event goes
In the dark big room
The show of happy versatility
This time
No reference to the heavenly
The warm room well lit
The room was called a hall
The youth graduating
Exuberant
And dressed in black
And the nice beautiful girls
In the first segment
A girl wearing green
The Indian silk
And the dresses
Young boys
Dancing and making jokes
A display of discipline
Some more girls
And other in designers dress
Self design
The naiveté and the innocence
The amateurish
And the elegant
My heart pounded with laughter
To see those young girls
And boys

Ready to embrace life
With a smile
And a sense of achievement
The dances and the songs
Some small musical instruments
Tonight
The angels from heaven
Did not come here
For jealousy
For purity
And the devils
Had left the place
And had informed other devils
That tonight
They don't have a place there
The cathedral and the flow
Of soft music
Soft jokes
I revisited my youth again
With those
Who believe
That love can survive
That all is not yet lost
That angels
Can be found on earth
And that there can be some places
Where the devils cannot reach
Let's build a civilization like the one
Let's give up all the philosophies
And all the explanations
Nothing is of worth
And
In Khayyam's words
The beloved and the wine
With a book of verse in hand
Is life but eternal

Sadiqullah Khan

Hashtnagar (Eight Cities) Xlvi

Aye, eight cities in a street, the name comes
From the story-tellers' tongue, home to Bodhisattvas,
On ruins they still sit, bake bread, and serve, Kulfa -
Pehsawari, of cool milky taste. These must have been
The commoners and the nobles' houses, Haveliies,
Wooded, grand, austere. Preserve and you have culture,
Destroy, and you raise tasteless mortar and concrete.

Inside a door, there was damp woody smell of tea, Kahwah
Green, melting mud down the walls, glazed with sights
Of two thousand years. Gutted, deep, soft, smelling
Like, this part of earth, like having born for centuries.
Urbane, voluptuous, fast, and I was in the city of colors
Drowning in a range of smells, noises, dream like, and
Spiced, in brass utensils, tapetted to perfection,

Silver, gold, rubies, red stones, and roses, in Gajras,
Drinks, red carpets, small rooms, and the gathering night,
Velvets, wools and silks. Bright eyes sleepy, red lips
Ivory hands, -laments of rebeck and fingers breaking
On Tabla. Make the whole universe revolve and revolve.
The morning prayer, the king's little fort there. As we
Passed through goldsmiths' street to Mahabat Khan Mosque.

-On a visit to Hashtnagri in Peshawar on September 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Kahn
Peshawar
September 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Haunting Memories

But let the mystery unfold
When my thoughts are yours
In one voice how we speak
A duet when we do not look
In each other eyes and touch
A feeling is it when I escape
For I understand the anguish of love
Away and away shall I run
In the desert with no name
Eye to eye when once I pledge
Of the loves pledge I shall not keep
My tavern and tavern and the goblet
When the evening comes with the red sunset
I open my heart like a nightingale to sing
The lamentations sweet for the rose is but shy
Never shall the rose understand unless the autumn
When its petals shall wither on the ground
But the memory remains for the nightingale to haunt
1/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Her Bony Countenance

Her bony countenance and his clad face,
Stormed in snow, weathered like hide –
The labored smile, lest it may not be returned,
The grasses smell the earth's aphro-seeds.
A donkey wishing and potatoes were grown,
They all stood up waiting for some news,
Or a neat expression, for large laughing eyes.
Their happiness is leached by the priest, suppose,
Or a life, tiresome, boring and insipid.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Her Hair Made Of Fire

You will mount the horse whose mane
Flows longer than foot, and is made
Like the girl of eloquent pout, high chin
Her hair made of fire, and her wings
Of air. The magician is long dead,
What ails thee, none other will be born.

There could be none else so full of pity
Like the gatherers of hardened 'chests'
On the breasts of dead warriors, -poets
And authors, writing by the graveyards
Who wear 'one tooth of gold, and feed
Themselves on onions' or like the prayer
Call, by the ones, who has oft been beaten
By the cruel parent, and now fears the god.

The other who laughed ominously
And another who was holding an 'exhibition'
By stealing 'hearts of poor', adored behind
Wall papers of nude girls 'who went to bed
Because of hunger', and melancholy.
Who told stories of immense misery
Who were there to be interviewed for pittance, and
They were coming from 'Oxford' with a paper knife.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 24,2014.

A detail from Women Encircled by the Flight of a Bird,1941. Photograph: © Successió Miró/ADAGP, Paris and DACS, London 2011, by Joan Miro @ the guardian

Sadiqullah Khan

Her Right

A wry smile
On my face
When she came
To claim
Her right
17/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Her Silent Grave

Of the many things
I want to do
Is to stop
Look for
Touch
Taste the dust
Sleep nearby
Her silent grave
That I pass by
Every day

Islamabad
11/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Here And Now Ii

To your radiance, integrity
Personification as love and friendship,
Other than the Self, is deceit.
Patriotic fervor, religious zeal, and nationality
A bigotry.

Under your feet,
Keen wealth and riches, beauty -
Stand to the lesser gods,
Evil manipulators.

Sleep every night in your tomb
Walk out every morning to your spring.
The living's in the head,
Its dome bigger than seven skies.

Death is an intermission,
The whole story pre- and -after is alive.
So it depends what you sow,
For the hereafter, which is here and now.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hidden Evil

Much an evil doth reside,
In garb of the good.
Much virtue doth betrayed,
In guise of the harmony.
Souls doth stifle,
In the mockery of ideal.
Morality thus avenges,
Human kind unaware.
The devil then exposes,
Hidden evil in the goodness.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 24,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

His Emerald Eyes

They were closed and shut for ever
No one could peel of the lids over them
The eye brows were made like bows
On a forehead that would the Chengiz
Have had for his battle for a mask

His lips were sealed never to talk again
Like a Greek statue accenting the high bridge
On his nose and the cuts with defiant chin
Long neck with Adam's and height of a Legion

The innocence that would come from his tongue
That would make breathe young girls for eloquence
Every one saw the wings of cupid on him
When was he bathed and perfumed for the ceremony
For the wedding to go and in black he himself
Stepping the beats with grounded lightness

Such beloved was he to the mother
Who read all her hopes in those emerald eyes
He whom she offered twice to the deity
Offerings from the eyes of those called evil

He was then the victim of a blast while passing
He that lay in coffin with head broken
He that did not utter a single word before his soul
To the heavens flew in a moment's space

Only if he had sung a few more songs just few
His innocent silence left us so little to sing

Sadiqullah Khan
21/11/2009

Dedication: To my young cousin Kamran Khan, who died in a blast on
14/11/2009. He was seventeen.

At no point did I consider myself to be in breach, -Digital Art, by Ian Bunn @

Sadiqullah Khan

His Emerald Eyes I

They were closed and shut for ever
No one could peel of the lids over them
The eye brows were made like bows
On a forehead that would the Chengiz
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Sadiqullah Khan

His Excellency

He sits on the oil well bestowed
In the desert when tired after the herd
The search of water brought wells
Pumping crude to the world held
Kill any dissent in the name
Divine law he says he is inheritor
Reinvented slavery for the poor
Subsistence to the man or woman
Manual laborer or girl from Philippines
On the computer selling jewels
Playgrounds in the air and casinos
Behind the mosque is the pub
Reclaim soil from the sea
For money the Bacchus reincarnated
Morality under the feet when once
Said the prayer and kissed the book holy
Fights his war of wrath in distant periphery
With champion of democracy in secrete communion
Strangulate people in scarves or tie their heads
Repress the growth of minds and souls
And Japanese inventions another blessing

Jogs in the air His Excellency
Bows the President to His Excellency
His Excellency has a hundred wives
His Excellency answers no question
His Excellency has a life of many lives
Vegetative existence His Excellency
His Excellency is fond of falcons
SUVs and sports cars and any magazine cover
Hires the worlds best army His Excellency
On the border for His Excellency to protect
Plays the role of a mini god His Excellency
With a support from the ideals of revolution
Of French and struggle for the rights of man
His Excellency protects interests of Big Sam
The history goes to Lawrence of desert
Fond of charity to cleanse his riches
His Excellency then to the charities

To those thirsty for water
His Excellency has his palace in paradise
The horses of His Excellency
On camel race His Excellency when he laughs
Ripped apart children stolen from poor
Possessive His Excellency of women
Cannot drive for the delicacy
Lineage a thousand years back to be a citizen
His Excellency lives in a utopia on this earth
His Excellency earns nothing but owns every thing
In lousy strides as His Excellency
Moves to multiply his wealth the modern way
His Excellency
Is such an exalted character in history

Sadiqullah Khan

His Excellency (Original Version)

He sits on the oil well bestowed
In the desert when tired after the herd
The search of water brought wells
Pumping crude to the world held
Kill any dissent in the name
Divine law he says he is inheritor
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His Excellency lives in a utopia on this earth
His Excellency earns nothing but owns every thing
In lousy strides as His Excellency
Moves to multiply his wealth the modern way
His Excellency
Is such a pathetic character in history
25/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

His Fortune

He played with his fortune
To escape the drudgery of life
His skin on a bony skull and skeletal frame.
I for the first time saw
A healed injury, a mark on the temple
When he shook his hand with me, I
Felt knuckles and fingers worked out.
How he would fare to the catastrophic middle,
He was making his own counts.
I knew his desires to live, to make a dash
A remarkable result, from a lean stature.
His eyes blinking, full of fears
Behind glasses,
Scary. And he said, that he had been too scared,
To tell a truth, worse than a lie. He was carrying
Twelve years of hard work
In a folder. He was broken to the bones.
An 'e' or an 'E' in a score,
Decided the fate
Against him. With his brilliant mind
He went too far ahead.
He had topped the university test.
Had the 'e' been 'E'
He might have considered himself
The luckiest creature that existed on earth.
With a very heavy heart, I bade him farewell
Had I thought that ever I would treat him
A stranger. He going his way, I, mine?
Though I served all kudos to him, he asked for a hug
Before leaving. May be he wanted,
To coil like an infant, may be to sob.
May be, he thought, that he has been unworthy
May be he thought, he would not succeed in life.
He was in the gym lately,
Working his knuckles out.
I gave up myself to the grief, the suffering.
Am not I reading Franz Kafka these days?

On my son, Noshewan's visit to Islamabad on September 25,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 25,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

His Friend

The broken man was telling
of the death of his friend.
And that he had been crying
to mourn, As mouthfuls of blood
would gush from his liver.
For many days the angel
of death had been eyeing,
No one knew, it would descend so near

Islamabad
Oct 26,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

His Return

He shall return I know
For all the earth in wander
To many places and loves
But my love has the beauty
Of being honest when tired
Of seeing all others and many
When returneth he from distance
One such evening when the sunset
And in the autumn when the flowers
Shall wither and on dry stem
The golden ray shall tell me
The happy news and from the morning
The black crow was crowing
An omen good like each day
I waited in despair to look
Deep in his eyes and read all suffering
In my paradise when he enters
He shall forget of the world and after
Like the vines of wines in autumn
I shall bear fruit when watered by his love
31/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

History Is Static

The past resembles the future more than one drop of water another.
Ibn Khaldun

Time is spread over and over
Layer upon layer. History is static
Events repeat. But time goes,
From past to future, living in present.
Poet's rendition is time's sway
Historians talk of events play,
Live Shakespeare, be it tomorrow,
King Lear thus stays, far away
Alexander's fable, he jumps to the sea,
Brings back demons of many heads,
Who writes, but Herodotus-
The First teacher, in the logic
Didn't, say, Homer's great?
We pass it on, like standing before
A ruined city, abandoned home,
Let's sleep, or struck by amnesia□
Many hundred years later, Ah!
When this long age shall pass, so
Prolonged. Pull back the reins, hold
The foot. Halt the time and history stop.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 3,2014.

Carthage Tunisia old city with Roman Baths of Antoninus Pius 138 AD in Africa,
Bill Bachmann@ Posterlounge

Sadiqullah Khan

Holding You Firm

Our long love
Our common sighs
Our common songs
Our common souls
Our common bodies
Our common doings
Aspires
To make us laugh
At ourselves
Love ourselves
Love one another
Desire
That like a flying kiss
Feeling the warmth
In your bosom
Touching the wet lips
Between your cheeks
Satiny soft
Kissing your mouth
Holding you firm
By the pull of your hairs
And you
To my anchor
By the hold of your hands

2/2/2010

Islamabad

Dedication: She knows it all

Sadiqullah Khan

Hollow Silence

Frightening hollow silence,
Autumn winds, white snow, grey summers
Green springs, all in one.
My barren thoughts, a plodding
Supercilious, a cold outright -
We could have talked of better seasons,
Within, colored the canvas of minds,
Poured inks from the heart's pot
Sewn on the lips, each others.
We have lived storms, wars, nature's obliqueness
By love's eternal resolve, though
We passed through the times, giving
A piece of ourselves as age, smiling at,
We perish, like the leaves befall, by a slight wind.
This afternoon I had been waiting for you,
Ah! Many goodbyes constitute my little life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Holy Festival

I am painted in all the colors
By your holy festival
See me through the prism of your eyes
To see the dimensions of my colors
The provocation of the smiles on your lips
I would dance to the love
Yellow or green or red
My fantasy I want on real you and me
I shall sing the song of spring
May I learn it from you

Islamabad

4/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Holy Language

Were you to get the tongue of preacher
Minutest details of the body of human
Rights are reserved in the name of heaven
Prepare otherwise for the fires of hell
The language comes from other celestia
You converse how and sing love how
Alien is he or you who teach grammar
The rules are made by the divinity
Though you speak it in verses
Of love mundane and in prayers too

Islamabad

3/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Hopper Of My Garden

Hyphen or not, the grasshopper flies,
From green to green, from gray to gray,
O freedom's child, your innocent wings,
Like a chopper's on air, like my arid
Dreams. And like you, like ladybird
Polkaed dotted black on red, -bring me luck,
To the distant love send, kisses of love.
On feathered flight, on my anguished heart,
This story read, this verse to the love sing.
That the night was ahead, to grapple with
The love sat to the advance of dawn
And on the window sit, see what,
That what you fancy take, what I fancy
Bring. Thus be spent, by the unworthy
Time. Which without love is on wild thorns.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hospice Of Shah Shams

Leave them everything in the spirit
Of Shah Shams, who the destitute village
Enriched with staff and drinking bowl,
From your hands every palpable object
May fall, and you carry some promises,
Never returned, nor the whispers of leaves
Their thorns have flowers, their barks fruit.
And their ways in the hills' ruggedness
Ways on the milky-way, shined by stars.
O river, end your lament, we have known
You were flowing before the mountains' rise
A detour takes you, forcing you headstrong.
Live the thousand and one nights,
On the road of silk, in taverns, tired hoofs
Horses' legs retiring, their backs curved.
The languor is longer, and longer hangover,
We know for sure, the love's bitter saga,
Hath no end, but of the innumerable nights,
A night in your hospice, the last wish
Remains unfulfilled, O great sage of the age.

Shah Shams, according to legend was a Sufi sage who passed through Shimshal. He left them his staff and drinking bowl, his only possessions. There is an ancient hospice after his name where foot travelers would stay at night in their four days and nights' journey from Passu to Shimshal.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hot Potatoes

"The quality of the potatoes come from the soil",
Consuming myself for two hours, reading
John Galsworthy.

After All, What Else
Is There To Say?

A kind of feminine
Madness of chatter
Allen Ginsberg.

His mouth is big, a hopeless provincial
His friend cool to a degree;
Consuming myself for two hours
An outdated bourgeois novel
Stuffed into a cover, two in one,
Like sand-stone bricks.

These poems, and your characters are almost dead,
Hiding in e-books, behind foolish images on Facebook.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies; "
George Gordon, Lord Byron (he is there
in auto spell check)

"She wears short skirts, or pants too tight,
(if not torn) , eats greasy fries not caviar.
But she is my only love despite
Her tendency to hop on cars."
William H. Roetzheim

Tomorrow, the first thing to do
is putting the bricks back on the wall.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 18,2013.

Hour Glass

Hour glass, your thousand grains!
Bring, as more happiness, as more
Rainbows. In your colors, be
Stars. Play the celebration of Holi.
I am full of eyes, the way the sands
Of time comes down, fades between
One nothingness, to another.
Fill, the emptiness, through your,
Yourself like narrowness, into the womb
Reveal, the hidden treasure, give birth.

With a gesture, whether upside down
Allow to happen, dance of Houris,
Of spring, and autumn, draped in silk.
A yet, that has to be, hold a tear
Before fall, and paint a smile red
On lips. Indigo, purple, faun and pink.
A play, like the one, on the door to paradise
Buy patience, a fancy, lest the pains of living-
Be brief, a fairy tale. In abundance, fill
All flowers, in their laps, whether I be or not.

-On presenting an hour glass to Sidra and Vareesha.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
October 30,2013.

Phenomena Sun over the Hour Glass 1966, by Paul Jenkins (1923-2012) US @
The Prodigious Century

Sadiqullah Khan

House Of The Infamous Xxix

'Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving.' William Shakespeare, Othello

Reputation kills the bestiality amongst men,
A leopard leaves his skin, what you leave?
Once asked to prove a legitimate birth
And you stand on floor to contend, otherwise;
An immaculate conception, from what father?
The honor's dictate is walk away and not smear,
In the old books, on old stones ink and drop.
House of the infamous, united in guile,
Spill the gall, when freedom is sought
From you, by those who placed you on altar.
When law is broken and peripheral the process,
The judge who walks the rope is on trial himself.
Strut and fret upon the stage, an idiot will tell
Your tale of inglorious detail, of losing a moral.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 11,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

How Can I

How can I measure myself against,
A poet's resume is but love,
I told her to wear bright, against
An ultimate sophistication,
And to face the dark, in deep night,
Only bright against the stains of dust,
Against green of leaves, red of flower.
Face to face, with the emoi,
The chaos of stillness to which
A raptured heart sings, to an unmoved
Beloved, to the earth's hunger
Of its sons and daughters, and the time's
Ravages. Spent, every passing minute
But who amongst the coming,
Shall lay eyes on you, shall make them small,
Who amongst the lovers, hath the courage
Of milling your sands of ego, breaking
The rocks of your softness, who?
Tell me who hath ever caught the passing
Breeze, stored forever the moments
Leaving us behind. O divine tragedy!
Hath not I seen the sweat on her face
Breathed the aroma of her clove-skin,
Could passing be so painful. O mournful
Cup, of a blissful night, she lay spread
On a wooded floor, on another hemisphere.

Sadiqullah Khan
Sost
December 7,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

How Do You Know

How do you know my love,
That from the ashen face of morning,
Before the tender fingers of the early golden rays,
My ruffled mind was on the night's ravaged dream
All the lights were gone, and there was no sign
Of a rainbow. How do you know my love!
That from the wheel of day and night,
I escaped into twilight.
The warmth of the early hospitality
In front of the little caged rooms,
I wanted to crawl, obiesing a sacrifice that they
May get up happy. They my neighbors, -
And how do you know my love,
That the tired tiny darts, humans were collecting
Garbaged consumptions and a woman
In an obvious attempt to retain her air of dignity,
And some children, some others with white caps.
How do you know,
That the call to prayer, blasts in my ears,
That from my open window, although I hear
Bird's sing, stones sharp, and struggling grass,
Live-ing. How do you know my love,
That the close-lipped books, of ancients
Await a spill of my blood, a reflection of my vision.
That, a day I was chased by terrible loneliness,
Running, gasping I entered the coffee shop.
Ah! And I dined with her, I befriended her,
I took her by the arm, we walked under the trees.
I was gazing at your milk-white face,
And your coal-black eyes, -by that time you had gone.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 1,2014.

Keep it simple @ An Early Morning Walk

Sadiqullah Khan

How Jasmine Smiles

If you reach home by the evening
And if you find some dried pieces of bread
Soaked in olive oil
And the fuming coffee that melts the ice
Off your heart
And if the little one takes you
In the fresh morning of the other day
To show you how jasmine smiles in that freshness

Islamabad
2/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

How Tired

Behind the cover of tottering guns, arched bows,
Shields and fire emitting eyes, and wishing to see light
Through the dust, begging on the ground and throwing stones
On the road. How tired, how tired.
And under a tree on a dried stream of spring water.
Turbans and white caps.
And as if a love spreading legs, so like the village of Shalman.
And as if wide spread arms, and a scarf black in color,
And as if such a smile on her face.
As if those flames so furious from the well of oil,
Suckling drops for tomorrow, and as if the bodies of two,
Dead, a man and a woman. And as if those flames have burned,
All. Everyone was crying mother and some higher deity.
Everyone was so tired. How tired, how tired.
And as if under the cool tree or a soft empty room,
Bread with onions and skimmed milk,
And a sleep and some prayers and some talk,
And some shadows of big walls and a cow eating grass and
A child playing in the mud, and some memories, and red lips,
Smiles and some tears.
And a knock on the door and some greetings in sunlight,
And lost dreams under the stars in the dark night.

Sadiqullah Khan
Torkham,
June 12,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Human Endeavor

In the early spring, when the sun has become warm
When all the trees have started wearing the green foliage
When the stems and roots grow in opposite direction
To give sustenance to life
When the birds in their breeding frenzy
Make love in open, and then return to their nests
When the chirping birds, after hours of flight
Making and beautifying nests
When the season of fresh fruits arrive
With news of bounties
And when the dry streams start flowing

Why I make so many references to nature
Why not into the deep world of the human nature
Why not the consciousness mixed with the natural existence
Why not that deep anguish of unending love
Why I do not refer to the killer hate
That separates the humanity
Why not into the deep labyrinths of the inner self
And in the dark and luminous alleys of human conscious
Why not the soul and all its accompaniments
Why has that concept of god evolved in me

Leaving aside all this,
Why I should not refer to the human intelligence
The Newton and the Einstein
The human intelligence which is the highest invention
Why I do not refer to those signatures of human civilization
Where is the collectively learned experience
The libraries and the scientific accomplishments
To the doctor who invented that drug for me
And the airplane that I travel
The modern education
Why I should not write here
The monuments of Manhattan
Which I was amazed to look at

Why I do not write about the struggle for peace
Why I have forgotten the Aristotle

The Rousseau and the Marx
Of human liberties
Why is it so that I am lost in a deeply pessimistic world
Of the unknown
Why is it that I do not look at the microchip
That has made my world so wonderful

In this early spring
I praise thee
O human endeavor to survive
To make the world beautiful
And to defeat the forces of nature
Those are alien to me
And to defeat the evil spirits
That has made their abode in human nature

Of all the heroes who have laid their lives for the cause
Of all the women and children
Who have lost their lives and abandoned their homes
The struggle of humanity
I salute the unknown hero
The soldier and the laborer
The entrepreneur and the leader too
The anchor and the entertainer
And every one who contributes
To this celebrated human endeavor
The endeavor to make the world a safer place

To strive and move onwards with a cause
I dream of a world
That is free of all the hatreds
And world that is akin to paradise
For we would like to see
Paradise on this earth

Sadiqullah Khan

Humanity

Tell me the way
That how can I
Renounce to be
A human being
I want to throw
Away the crown
Superior
In the comity of
Animals and beasts
And birds and fishes
And trees and plants
I want to renounce
The title
Of being called
A human being
To attain
Freedom eternal
Coin
A new name for me

Sadiqullah Khan

Hungama (Émoi)

Unless she be a riot to the senses,
Tumult fabricated, chaos conspired.
Gentle torture, wit's finesse -
Unless she be a 'hungama' (émoi) □
Earth's fable, heaven's ascension.
Wiseman's muse, insane's snare
Drunken's cup, dreamer's un-furl.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 5, 2014.

Chaotic beauty: Tunnel graffiti in France by AngLangyaw@

Sadiqullah Khan

Hunt Lions

From the master I learned, who from
The one who gave his head for the hunt –
To thee impart, illustrious sons of soil
Not less than a troph, cross over the torrent.
Faster the step, destiny is not far,
O the dawn is at hand, we shall see
The beloved's face like the rising sun.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 28,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hunza

Everything is before and after
Everything flies by the stipulation of time,
O tranquil hill, be you raised like lady-finger
Or glacieted ice melting down the valley
But yours is a dream that has no ending.
In the present, galore freedom of,
If nothing else but to imagine, overlooked
By the mirrored mansions of the earth god.

They danced to the percussion, intoxicated
Heavenly wines, and the gravitas
Are buried elsewhere to roost, are not
Either allowed. They must have been wearing
Silks, brought by the tendered feet of them.
Merriment is measure by a communal gossip
And the moon reflects the many facets of the top.

-On a visit to Hunza (Karimabad) on October 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 19,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hunza Gems

They rain from up the sky, like drops
Like the crystal glacier water, down flow
Like the fortune lines on your palm,
On the glistening oiled and perfumed skin.
Stubborn, they are broken out, pieced,
Rock's rage on itself, gravitas of thought
Converted into, like 'kishmish', -dried grapes,
Into an apricot cake. Making memorable neck-
Laces, or ringed into fingers for their good luck.
Omens, the earth hides from us, rays of sun
Trapped into it, once they see it. They are eyes
Of the divine. Beaded to adore foreheads
Of wide denominations, and eyes glistening.
Awe-struck, possessions could never tell
Breathing stories of human love, secrete desires.
Do not lose them. Once the beloved ties,
It to your silk kerchief's corner. Like everything
Else, they are all different. These drops of divinity.
Wish stones, or rub it like Aladdin's lamp,
Monstrous genie, visit you, to talk to you.
Send messages through, and in dire need, fly
Through with, to the loved ones. They are
The hardest to break from rock, and be tamed.

-Gemstones are collected by youth on the road side, which fall from the mines on hill-tops in Hunza. I received a handful from a collector.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Hushed

Like the embroidery on the edge
The skirt of love that you wear
In flow is my destiny
Like "pairahan" The colors
Spirits of various mixing
In life that the movement
Of those curves with silken touch
Your steps light like a swan on the lake
As if moving like a butterfly
The dark eyes with that gaze
In hushes in light music
The music of the whispers
That the cold breeze brings
Like Arizona sunset
Or the Oriental spice
No temptations have I
Of wars and peace
But your phrases of affection
And love
30/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Hysterical

Bitten tongue
Muscles bring joints fixed to angles
Uninhibited neural transmissions
Smell the shoe or those brown little seeds
On black charcoal

Call the Brahmin
Or some one who makes a conversation
With evil spirits
The holy wood is burned to call sanity

She may speak the truth
With the utmost will from her unconscious
Her bulging eyes then need a long sleep

She carries the weight of her bosom
And hides it
Why

She is a woman living with guilt
Why

She tells about future
Her soul too has the right to ascend to divinity

Islamabad
Aug 10,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

I Am Answerable

For the deeds for the suffering
For what I say, my thoughts, demeanor
I am answerable for the sensibilities,
The existential despair, I am answerable
The trust you repose, that I am responsible
To you. That the human errors, that
We longed together, endured in collective soul.

I am answerable that I failed you, for
The betrayals, for the injuries and scars
Pain and tears, for the human indignity,
Inflicted upon you, for the derision though.

For my ignorance, and that you can hold
My collar, you can show me, for I am blind,
For the light I lend, from your heart,
For the beauty I steal, your languorous
Eloquence, and I pray the Soul,
The Might, to show me the path, righteous
And ask forgiveness, deep down in my heart.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 23,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

I Am At Peace With Thee

"Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter."

Act III, scene 1, line 4.

Measure for Measure by William Shakespeare

I am at peace with thee death,
I shall bear with thine clawed fist,
Unless thou art not the black milk at day's break
Unless thou art not a master, from somewhere,
Thine eyes blue, thou art finger on trigger.
'A tree like tower, a palm laden -full, -
And when the grave is not dug in the air.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 15,2014.

Hinh-nen-mua-5 @

Sadiqullah Khan

I Am Black

If thine graces permit,
"I am black but beautiful,
O ye, daughters of Jerusalem
as the tents of cedar,
as the curtains of Solomon"
The secret, supra-formal
Gnosis. Un-naked truth,
An un-veiled veil, inviolable
Fiancée to the worthy aspirant.
Musical calligraphy, a pre-existent word.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 14,2014.

Black art Wallpaper @ PC pot

Sadiqullah Khan

I Am Life Vii

Riding the lightning, on your silence,
On the dreams in your eyes, I am life.
Afire myself, and the day -
I shall be done, but we will remember,
To the caravan of lovers, who had?
On the way held urns of water, and flower.
To your 'liberty', the free world,
Then I shall send robes of honor,
A token of humor, a symbol of candor.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

I Beg Leave

????? μ?? ??????, μ????, ????????????, ?? μ??? ??????

'Goddess of songs, teach me the story of a hero'
Homer, Odyssey.

Lo! I beg leave.
For I have become familiar with the things;
The strident fortune is off my shoulder,
My spoils gild, what hath been the gain?
Of virtue, hath anyone lost.
My tongue refuse, my thought bent,
For in after-times, what shall be said.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 27,2014.

Greek statue Apoxyomenos, oil painting by Mathew Bates @

Sadiqullah Khan

I Can Feel You

I can feel you when the roses
Blossom in the spring
When the signs of a shiny noon
And stillness in the air
Tells me that a heavy rain is coming
When suddenly the silver lines in the clouds
Start turning black
When the mystery surrounds space around me
When a sudden blow of cold air
Getting the top dust from the earth
And when there is heavy rain
And the balconies are full of rain water and flowing down
When the earth starts giving its pristine thousand of year's aroma
When the fire wood starts cracking
Under each others weight
When the bark of the old tree
Having seen centuries
In the sweet nature
Burns without smoke
And the water in samovar drips
On the fire
And the smoke
The smoke like sandalwood burning
In a monastery
I can feel your presence
And when the sounds of water
Torrential rain stream
Moves in cuts and with fury
When that water
Which tastes like salt
Salt of the dear land
The murky water with the holiness
The holiness
The holiness it carries
Because that is my birth place and yours too
Because that water shall sip
Into my soul
I can feel you
When the spring rose has started to blossom

In the starry nights
And the chill in the air
Makes every thing cold
On my first touch
Invent for me some new stories
Stories of my youth
O beloved mine
Invent stories for the generation coming
Let peace be my lantern
And your love be my guide
Let's sing once again
That song of love
Which we have forgotten since long
Let's move with the drumbeat
In the direction where the earth revolves
Let's get mad with drunkenness
Let's forgo the wine in paradise
For the wine of here and now
For the wine of today and this happy moment
Some names from my ancestors
And some glorious people
Alas
The earth devoured such luminaries
Such diamonds of worth and such youths
Such beautiful faces and innocent flowers
And today
I can feel you so close to me
To my heart
You have left me
So many memories
Despair not my heart
For these days of separation will be over
The spring next time
Shall be more joyful than this year
Grieve not my heart
For the days of happiness and enchantment are near
Just so near
And just across the corner
A few more steps
My blistered feet
And my old man's stalk
My garment torn

My back bent down
Because I m carrying
The signs of your love

Sadiqullah Khan

I Gotcha

O the failing's bitterness,
My perceptual used to -ness
That the love at last hath gotcha,
My addictive 'inkar ki si lazat'
The joy of her saying 'no', always
When she said, yes -
I mistook it for a nyet,
And when my knowing could know,
An emptiness seized me the while
To know was a lifetime's spending,
Deciphering that the flowers
She held in her lap
Were the diminutive posture,
As my yellow rose-bud floated
In the air, for her and she said
That we were only friends,
The misunderstood ayes -
To catch attitudes you need be
A hell hound from the lands of Alaska.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

I Hear

I hear the duet to my song
Echoes are heard to those
Whom love has bitten hard
Flute and rebeck of the last night
Spring could never be as fragrant
In this fluorescent lit night
I hung the stars on the wall
I slept on the moon to muse
Happy dreams when the wings
Of fairy you fold eyes closed
I must have of tales of love learned
Of fairies I saw you dreaming
My eyes would pick every drop
Of fragrance you have stolen of nature
One hope has been constantly a haunt
Be it you or the idea of having you
My courage would melt like mercury
Like gold would it form your shapes

Islamabad

8/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

I Know You Shall Listen Not

Ask me to sing the songs
In praise of that beauty
In broken half talk like
The child yet learning
Calling into the beauty
Of the universe when
The universe is just like
Composed of toys given
Breath by her imaginations

I shall sing your praises
With music you have never
Heard and with colors
Not seen by any human
The contours of your curves
When those hairs fall
On your face encircling
Red lips with glances
From the eyes that have
The power of magic

Tell me when you shall
Leave me in oblivion as I
After years and one morning
When you discover yourself
Before the mirror of beauty
I would not have said good bye
But I know when I not
My fault for the rest of time
A formality it was we knew

Did you think that much
About me or again
In my last moments I fell
Into deceptions of your love
I wished I had not said
Anything but just a walk away
Into my own life for a few
More songs of love

I know you shall listen not
26/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

I Learned The Rules

I learned the rules, I forgot the essence;
The far end of goodness, the narrow street of vice.
From a tongue tied, without a sense of history
My thoughts in translation, transforming rhythm.
The innate beat, on an unstressed emotion,
The valley of innocence, behind barriers strong.

Come, to where nothing of the like exist,
Outside the form, outside the cage.
The Sage sayeth, to the cloak of dervish,
Patches in disorder, or in order,
A fast broken in the eve, or taken to the next,
Do either this, or do either that.
A raga by maqam, and a maqam in raga,
A dream is seen and is vouchsafed for life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 6,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

I Passed By Your Side

With you hurling
I see stones
In the hands of many
I bled to the earth red
Whence flowers grow in bloom

They have found
The discerning thin
Whom to the presence
Never been
Beauty is a talk
Who have not seen one
Let comprehend
Sans love the word

I tread the foot prints
To that door
I saw the moon move in lead
I thought that was a kiss
On the bud
With thorn I felt playing
In muse

Stone me to death
I passed by your side

Islamabad
18/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

I Search Myself

I search myself
In the creases
Of your costume
In the colors you choose
In the life you give
From down that stair
From the bend of your spine
In narrowness like hour glass
Like tulip tapering
The fall on your contours
In the hairs perfumed

I search myself
In the swan like neck
A chin like apple
In the honey of your lips
In the depth of your eyes
In the self of self
Like a branch laden
With fruits sweet
Shower on me
Your love like rain
Soft drops of water
And rainbow imagined

I search my self
In your songs
In your laments
In the voice eloquent
I read twice
I search myself
In your poems
In your words
How many others
Like me
Are in search
Of themselves
31/12/2008

I Search You

You find yourself in the depth of my heart
In the luminescent corners with beams
Of sunlight and thousand moons
Muted by the sighs that I breathe in separation
On my chest is drawn with sharp knife of love
The curvaceous sketch of your image
That I dream in the coldest nights
Like spirit you descend with aroma of earth
The wine that has been in tumult in goblet
Like mercury like the storm of Noah
For the lips that speak your name
The smoothness as from your peaks
Like the highest tide and as like the vessel
For the voyage that shall save me
Closer in my eyes when they look deep
Of hairs gold and lashes like lances
She lives there exclaim they with eyes open
In reverence on their knees for the magic
Like the travel of the great to seven skies
Each night is my travel towards infinity
When the visions of thou I speak accompanied
In dreams I speak and now I know
Secrets in divinity and to the self I proclaim
"Thou art the reality" like the great sage
With blood shall I pay the homage to your beauty
All the ways that I exhausted in discovery
Untie the camel of the self for in ambling free
Guided by the stars and the signs you leave
Like pieces of the frock that the beloved tears
For the lover when the caravan departs
I search you in the moons as on rooftops it appears
And the many suns that hide behind the walls
15/1/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

I Shall Ask Thee

I arise from the depth of my being
My mind on fire by the subtle touch of yours
Letting me in my flight in accompaniment
Of the angels and in search of the lovers
The lovers which have been consumed
By the closeness of the earth's surface
What then remains of all those
Mansions or possessions not their own
Every seventh step on earth it is said
Falls on the head of a king lying asleep
Or his soul lost in the heavens or hell
When I shall visit thee
O earth reverend
Who shall hide me in thine embrace
I shall ask thee
Where hath thou ravened those faces of beauty
Or the humans superior born to mothers
More than queens or kings
O earth
As thou art my final abode
Or the creatures of earth
Or being burned on the surface and then flown
In your rivers holy
I shall ask thee
What you did to all the treasures
While I wake up
With my mind on fire
I search for some meaning for myself

Sadiquallah Khan

I Shall Drink

I shall drink when the last stone
Pelted on me falls down
When the last dropp of blood
In my body shall speak the truth
When the pen and the ink
Has been snatched from me
I shall drink when the beloved
Like moon appears on the roof
And when like a ray of sun
Hides in the corners of the house
When the half covered face
And the dreamy eyes
Hold the cup of wine red
I shall drink when in the empty street
In the late hours of the night
The wayfarer searches for the abode
When tired out of a long journey
And in the darkness of the night
I shall drink when the tavern
And the saki in beloved looks
When the pitcher of wine
Pours to break the spell
Of unending thirst
I shall drink when the nature
In an abundant downpour
Brings down the rain of happiness
When the leaves in the autumn
Shall start falling, cracking
After a short spring and the flowers
Hiding their faces, and the grapes
Bloom, festivities of the autumn
I shall drink when the beloved
Dances to the beat of tambourine
When those hands shall move
Like tendrils and the eyes
Glow with passion
And when in an ode to life
The beloved moves like a swan
I shall drink when the perfumes

Of that beauty spreads over me
And when I am lost in the mystery
Of the thickness of those hairs
I shall drink from the eyes of my beloved

Sadiqullah Khan

I Simply Said

It would then pass,
From door to door, eye to eye,
It would then be forgotten.
It would then be for those who love,
To lament,
In such long nights,
It would then, that the book,
Of bygone days be read,
Slow turning of pages, like,
The autumn leaves.
And underneath memories.
They simply said, 'Where is the love'
I simply said, 'Where the lover is'

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

I Speak

I speak their conscience
I speak of delayed desires as holy
I speak away from their eyes
I speak as many lies

Islamabad
Aug 5,20101

Sadiqullah Khan

I Stole

I stole that kiss from you
With out you knew
The soft lips done
And the shine of your eyes
Without you knew

I stole the steps
On the green of the garden
Towards the roses
Without you knew

The heaves of your breast
The burning sighs
I stole your hands move
For temperance

I stole the auburn color
Of your hair
I stole the moments
From your life
To color my life
To decorate you in the corner
Of my heart

I stole some love from you

Islamabad
15/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

I Will Get Drunk

When thou draw the circle
The vigil of forty days
To strengthen thy inner self
In thine hardships that thou inflict
Upon thyself and in search of paradise
Woes of the hell that out of fear
The God thou hast created
In forty days and one more day
When thou art out of the circle
I will get drunk and dance to thee

In the fastest colors of my apparel
The darkness of the hairs falling
On my shoulders
The black magic of my serpentine figure
Black to the eyes but in illusions
When objects of heaven and demons
Of many legs visit thee
The smoke of my sorcery out of magic
The silver gray line on my long garment
Break the vigil for I shall then
Get thee out by the aroma of my skin
Or a glance of my eyes
Serpents and riches and gold
Honey and milk and wine
Thou name the bounties on earth
Or thy imagined paradise
Nothing shall compare to me
When I will get drunk and dance to thee

While thou art waiting for the stage next
Higher in thy search and what thou call soul
An escape from me thou canst afford
Many a tattoos have I on my face
Than the books thou raven or the nights thou spend
Break the vigil in thy effort futile
To change thy inner self for reality is me
Bathed in wine with the scent of jasmine
I will get drunk and dance to thee

Thou art the serpent the evil doer
Love hast thou yet to find
Like *Shams to the master
A dip in the ocean of the agony of self
Search not thou Shams for Shams shall then fly
In the ethereal self leaving the dervish in whirls of dance
Hold my finger O ye addicted to vigils
Devouring the books or teaching morals
The exegete of the word thou call as God's

To the universal soul I shall take thee
Nearer than the left large vein
Closest to thy heart
The treasure I know
O ye seeker of the fountain eternal
Love's mysterious fables shall unfold in thine eyes
When I will get drunk and dance with thee

*Shams e Tabrez
9/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

I Woke Up

I woke up, with a heavy bust of marble
In my hands. My elbows tired carrying it
I can neither throw it, do away with it,
It has the weight of history, from it hangs
Chains of words, like from a warrior's helmet.

The Time is still, -there is no Time indeed,
Perhaps, there never was a Time-Concept.
There is a vacuum; there is a frozen stream,
And sometimes, it flows back, rising upon hills,
Upon the most un-understandable conscious.

There are no dialectics, there is no otherness
There, the souls are wearing bigger chains
Than themselves, tied to heavy iron-weights,
The legs are hobbled, hands cuffed, and
Thinking is limited by rat-caps, in rat ridden hermit.

The leitmotif is a linear progression, circular
They wait, wait and wait, for none: they gaze corners
They hold dried bones, and burn seeds of unknown
Weeds, to bring them offer
To deities, they shed blood of the animals, hunt birds.

Their women wear black, they are the patriarch's
Devout servants. They fear hell, they strive to win
Heaven. They dream that they are falcons, and lions.
They ride bulls, with ears severed, -have been
Through hundreds of years of warfare, without winning.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 31,2014.

Pushkin Antiques @ rubylane

Sadiqullah Khan

Iconoclasm

Iconoclastic dissipations
Breaking begins
A new beginning

Worship is to things
Earth
And stones
Some statuesque

To fetch
The water in pitcher
The pretty lady's centuries old
Disdain
Neither the pot
Nor the water
From such distance

Fusions of testaments
The vigils on rosaries
Inspirations
From the ragged poverty
Of humanity

The man
Who carries the messages
From the red boxes
Door to door
Creates the sage

The monk's pouch
And the hand band
With four stars is a loss
Human is akin to bow to ancestry
Made up with fantasy

Every day to commence
With out the bandwagon
Of the heavy weight of the past
Be possible

Let the newness be the beacon light
For explanations
Of what might be
And is

Let the Now be the master
Of the Past
Let the child be the teacher
To the astute

Islamabad
2/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

If A Lyre Be Broken

If a lyre be broken, would the spirit not sing,
A painter without brush, would he not make
Canvas of stones, though in caves he dwells.
Emotions, expression pre-exist the art
A spoken word has more worth than the laid
A pastor, on lips, a lonely man or woman
Isn't they sing, a nature's gift, as birds on tongues.
Be a barren earth, a gaze to the moon, the black
Of eyes and hair. A flower's beauty or human guile
Love's wanton desires, aren't they greater than
The rules. A harmony like, a detour -roundabout;
So a symphony is made, when part is whole,
Making nails of bronze and tresses unable
Flown in the air, unsettled, would we call it art.
Art is all; a stifling detail would make a trash
And steal the flow, static goes the word,
From figure, to the depth, employing 'method'
What I say, like Orpheus, is a masterpiece indeed.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 16,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

If I Could Be You

If I could be urbane like you
Vocal, and could write graffiti.
If I could catch eyes
Of a shoot, and in orange knickers.
If like you, I could only know
Where from the missile come.
If I could only know
My enemy, who lives with me.

If they all would meet,
The Oh I Sees, -OICs, on a toast to me
If he stops burning me with oil and I know UNSG.

If the big Sevens, the Sam
Make telephone calls on my 'incident'.
If the black hawks
Flew away from me, and if
The CCN show roaring jets,
Gunship helicopters
And the IDP tent, my ultimate dwell,
My training camp. I am made for bombs,
Nearing my severally populated tombs.

-A Pashtun boy to a Palestinian boy.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Images

I saw
That was a form
To the things
Boundaries well defined
Shapes fine in nature
Then gradually
The shapes started mixing up
The boundaries vanishing
Some patterns
Unseen to the common eye
A matrix
And further later
These make
Geometric forms
Some abstract
All colors mixed up
In different combinations
A code is formed
A new code
And a new shape
We all belong to
One larger shape
A protoplasmic mass
Of immense volume
We are part of one
And to this one we all shall return
We all live together
In a huge mass of encircling space
Expanding
And there is the phenomenon of rebirth
Is heaven that matrix
Of dissolving boundaries of images
Or an illusion

Sadiqullah Khan

Impassable Hour

Mouthfuls of silence, impassable hour,
Umpteen names, charred
Silted bed of salt, textured color of stone
Eyed, hearted blinked in orange and black,
Swinging in air, tailed in brilliance
Of white and mud hues.
Sorriest my expectant ears
Recital of your poem,
Wheels, wings and fans flying in space.
Dance the word,
Dance it on the surface of dried water,
Laked below the ocean
Like snail crawl, like a scarred wound.
In happy chaos, from dreams catch
Your hands have the marks,
Palms and fingers convulse.
The tongued song has the emptiness
Of the other nights, spent bereft, barren.
Fish the ocean, of dew,
Breathe odor of the finest flower,
The damp autumn of wild cracking leaves.
The bud awaits a sunbeam
Of the season of spring,
The thing knows the thing by perceptive
Delights, if the moon could emit rays,
Reflective thought
And we carry butterfly wings,
Or eagle's sharp eye.
Death has the ramifications of blindness
And life has the visions
Ultimate journey wears you,
Tears apart and the rose on the grave
Covered, coveted. Love is both
Life and death
Life and death whether you go to funerals,
Or end a celebration of happiest moment.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit

December 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Impossible Idealism Xii

Desire the impossible,
To know the limitations of things.
Discipline and dedication
For a worthy cause,
To undertake any task
Which the history might assign.

Mean everything you say,
For 'The blood of the patriots
In this country has been shed,
For demanding treatment in conformity
With civilized standards'.

For 'If I must die, let me declare
For all to know, that
I will meet my death like a man'.

Quoth Nelson Mandela
From the five points jotted -
To face a trial from the dock.
April 20,1964. (conversations with myself)

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 29,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Impression I

Years into decades turning big
As centuries half we approach
Into the city of lights those years
Greeting with stripes of red and maroon
Dark blue and golden on a white surface
Golden is the hue as the air nearby flew
Once I had seen and lived in déjà vu
The palm on the right was one that just
In the compound and the gardener proud
Known to me are the nights and days
Like that girl's skirt flowing as if
From the deep ocean the color of the fish
What aliens were we but for hospitality
In a city where black magic or iced Alaska
In taste similar to the name it carried
Rich in memories I need to see
Just a look like a sweet girl
As young you see when she has grown
On the side of the sea I have not yet
A visit though but I see it from here
Sweet companies like bouquet of flowers
Long I slept for the colors have grown fast
An unseen damsel complain the age cruel
In youth are others my love you do not grieve
Tonight I shall sit on the chair that once was
When all was hope yet still was the longing
Bring me my days and nights like the copper
A kettle made for lovers with desires deep
As unfulfilled as the waves hitting the shore
In bloom is the life in the city of lights
I wish not any one but wander on the streets
In loneliness but for a merry company
Will someone come and say welcome gentle
A whisper to the man who in years has not been
In the beauty of the city that as yet is still growing
(On a visit to Karachi on 30/11/2008)
30/11/208

Impression II

A black fish with long tail
In forceful movement
Caught in a hook
Pervasive aroma all over the city

Torn into pieces
Salted and dried
To be sold
From an egg from deep ocean
A bifurcating tail
Very long ago
Some similar happenings

Two boys crossing road
Hiding in the bush
A sport starvation
Four other boys
From the same mother
Watching laughing

An ant running very fast
On the footpath
Where who knows

The old man on the gate
Tired of searching

Aroma of coffee
What a symbiotic relation
I will become
A tree with long shadows
(On the city of Karachi)
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Impression Iii

Break it free
A distant call
I am gratified
With freedom
To move
Why she looks
So close
To a stranger
Her husband worried
When I shared
A cup of sweets
With the beggar
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Impression Iv

While traveling
I tied
My shoes
With my neckties
3011/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Impression V

My loins
In search of food
Will someone say
Into life
Get branded
The signboard read
In search of business
It was the time
One by one
In front of
Closed shops
A leap forward
Into the future
For more visions
My cell
I do not have
Any balance
As always
For my inactivity
A reason ready
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Impromptu

Women in ice you four maidens,
Frigid cold, whose curse though!
Found naked by, none know,
Or the beloved who had become,
Rock with unkempt grass your hair
A woman who wished to become stone,
When revealed her out to the lover's gaze -
Shed the ice, and slowly melt,
Your exterior in silk be your sublime grace,
Or walk the walls, of centuries old,
Your pitcher break, refuse to fetch,
From down the hill waters though
Create and spin, your fertility,
Rites of birth, celebrations unbridle,
O break the tides of the ruinous now
Invent a future, on liberty's throes.

-On an impromptu call to write on four women iced, by Nadine Jessel.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 24,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Another Sense

Tomorrow you shall put the candle
To the sconce, and the green of March,
Spread, tomorrow you shall lift the veil.
We shall trust the waiting tomorrow,
Ah! My all tomorrows are willows' boughs
As I step down the years of longest anguish
You will have your lips brushed with star-dust,
And wear the hope's bright moon on face.
I swore to myself not to cut my tongue
Short, not to let the breathing mellow down,
But an enchanted silence ensues or
Is flown down the tear without a weep.
We shall coil round the fireplace of desire
And your body-tale of limbs like grape-vines
Ambulate the thought. I am in a hurry,
If you ever want to catch on me, you have
To have the quickness of a sparrow
Or the mystic step of the wild crane,
In another thinking, in another sense, a presence.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Autumn Leaves

Between the pond, the frog and a sound
Of the splash, a silence. A journey through
A narrow path in the recluse's footsteps.
Bamboos and ivies grown in harsh winds,
Explaining the bereaved lover's woes as
Pearls in tears. Being the end in itself or
Is the journey itself an end. In autumn leaves.
Looking for bones in the flesh of soft skins,
A somewhat blacksmith's blows on moulds.
Receiving smiles on woven words and etchings,
Actually of no worth. Flashing skimmed milky light,
As if moon has the habit of piercing in the eyes.
The tone of the voice a greater harm than
The voice. A novice remark. Asking someone closer,
For a like when already liked. Washing hands in
Dewdrop, being blackened by life. Learning the virtues,
Of understatement and elegant simplicity.
Of a nourished soul and respect for nature, and humanity.
I still remain between the pond, the frog and a sound of the splash.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Awe

I once held my breath, in awe.
The master and the friend were conversing.
The beloved's contours had a maestro's chisel;
The friend to the master showed a path,
Where the beloved's eyes and steps.
The tavern's door had long been forgotten.
The heart shall lead to the divinity of presence.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 28,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

In Broad Day Light

Immeasurable, raucous, incessant dreams;
you were not present when they were seen?
Rivers, overflowing and fish who had taken refuge;
on the walls were written, by sun rays
moon through the window,
that was known, seen, in blind dark nights.

Water had rained, from the seas.
every particle was hitting the head;
barbed wires, were some use
the flow perpetually adamant,
taking lives.

Ear marked, dusty and in loose pages
the lament so old
was begun many more years before;
the shroud of mystery, confused with romance
and some reverence for the dead long ago
the plaster on the walls, melting like honey,
this street carries no sweetness

Life in the strings of music
violins are carried away, discovered just;
the whole of the cemetery, carrying bones
swept on the romance of the river.

Reinvent, reinvigorate,
my mother had left some relics;
eaten by moths
like today
that shall be buried in broad day light.

Islamabad
July30,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

In Fact

In fact

I will come and go,
say whatever I want to say,
I actually do not belong anywhere,
I am part of no company,
I harbour no love,
No hate.

I do not want any binding,
any promise,
any commitment,
I want to be on my own,
doing whatever I want,
to do.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May18,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Gilgit

My first day, over peaks of Himalaya
On the west, Hindukush and Karakorum,
Trailing fire-bird, white snowed, gentle like
Ice cups or heaps of chocolaty mud, runs water through.
The stillness is making my tinnitus unbearable,
The green palm is swinging in own weight,
The loud sound would alert, and murmur suffice
Lone rose bud, and garden is receding to autumn.
Where I have seen this before, that the girl,
As if had tattoos of Bukhara on her chin,
And a Kazak lass's simile in own land, own home.
You will not be so hospitable, I know this-
They would have made a crescent of extreme
Sophistication, amiability and raw nature
By Buddha's teaching, today's modernity,
Some of the followers of the prince think in English,
Alice Albinia told me and women greet strangers.
There is a back flow in Indus, the ants who eat gold
And dust, the very alien existentialogy is killing them.
I found a Chilas blanket, may be the last of its kind,
And a Swat cream-white shawl, edges done in silk,
Not lesser than Cashmere and redder than her lips.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 13,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Gloria Jeans Xxi

Let's talk about politics on a cup of Mocha
In Gloria Jeans,
Tell the CDA (Capital Development Authority)
To remove those wretched tents
Of protesters
Occupying the view.
Those fellows down there
Storming our city
Plucking flowers and breaking pots.
I have't watched ma fav soap,
The Turkish Sultan, bastard
They wear great costumes, aren't?
...

Sadiqulah Khan
Islamabad
September 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Memories

In the tired evening
Of the day's long spell
The guitar in sweet melody
In lighter strings
When the pain of life
Was singing itself
Behind those weathered fingers
And the seasoned face
Like the 'Old Guitarist' of Picasso

Your memories have revisited
The haunting moments
In form I cannot go beyond
The raptures in my heart
Of the days past
For me one day to sit and ponder
But alas those small steps
Of the girl when she was her own

Where have the wit from your heart gone
Had the beloved been with you
The pain might have been lesser

In love I cherish but what is beyond
When the solace has given up hope
Come close my love for tonight
In tiptoe your memories
Enlightening me like the sitting Buddha
No new religion did you espouse
Except the religion of love
O heart! Lament not
For the ways of the lovers
Nothing but tears in memories
15/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

In My Phantasm

She showered like waters from heaven
Emptied my mind for expression
Music is broken in the formulae
Galen or another sage
From the cage the heart was bursting
Into desires so much in your laps
Like roses of black and white color
What holds you in the sweetness
Your tongue now speak angels
Devil's eye had on the brow
Unquenched thirst for the fountain
Whom shall you lead my love
From the bosom to the eternity
Through the desert of smoothness
Like having seen no spring for ages
Like storm then I take your dunes
Every particle in your existence
Shall have the energy of my lust
I shall not admit it as my fault
As you shall not admit your beauty
What causes me in flames inside
I see you naked in my phantasm
31/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

In My Vast Emptiness

I stumbled much
False exhilarations of living
From the thick bush of trees
And a very dark silent night
Behind the open door
When my back was towards it
Some fears will visit me tonight
I had immensely felt before
The memory
I wanted to patch in
You
In my vast emptiness

Islamabad
15/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

In Residence

Look above the big eyewear
Bold repertoires a woman making space
Sleeks out of many folds of silence
Speaks crisp she knows she can
Say light and from above the rims
All the way sleeping unlike others
Shrouded in mystery cloaks
My space on the edge holding
Residences have seen more to talk
One space and another nothing
Blessed is the one who gets a little

Islamabad
31/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

In Suspension

Everything suspends, the pendulum's
Arm unswung, hangs idly. Except for the bird's
Wings' clasp and musical wasp's flight
Dragon fly past a flower and bee suckling in deep.
Shadows change, by inch, creepers riding walls
Crimson autumn leaves and abundant fresh air.
The majestic mountains with their backs
Their fronts the other side in humble poise
As age has sharpened the furrows on them.
Even words float in the air. She spoke yesterday,
And I am catching them today, many more wait
For me, on the windows aisle and others swimming.
Pull anything anywhere, find it again after a year
Waiting upon you. Living cannot be more joyous -
The houses built three thousand years ago
Whose doors open for you on their swing.
The night will bring Jinn, their eyes slit vertical
Fairies with wings of butterfly and demons
Whose feet are back turned walking by the wall,
Expressed wish is no wish, fulfilled dream is no dream.

-An afternoon in Gilgit, gazing outside from my office into the garden.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 14,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

In The Beloved's Street

In the beloveds street I lost my heart
Lost from my home and into the street
The mad man of the town
The laughter of the people
My form is lost
My address is gone
My memories are faded
I was once
A man of form
My home elegant
And now
Children stone at me
My garment torn
In selfless agony
Away from the confines of time and space
In ultimate union
Of the beloveds imagination
In the confines of those serpentine curves
Under the shadows of those dark hairs
The wine, heavenly wine
Pouring from the unending beauty
Lost in that mystery
The joyful existence
O love
What hath thou cast on me

Sadiqullah Khan

In The End All Alone

It is for us poor that
We sing different tunes
Some one may on the way
Listen while others ignore
Those whom we freed from the cages
On others shoulders laughing at us
The pain of my longing
When I was shown the way
For the stars do not
Make friends on earth
Deep in heart burned into ashes
Like red sniper when she aimed my heart

But of pity never ask as my heart
Your truth when revealed to you
Much bitter but be in the illusion
She once was my love forgone
So what while leaving
She did not look back at me
Never let the stature of the self crumble
In love were you born like a true lover
Downcast eyes but your head upstreight
Is what you possess in the end all alone
4/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

In The Fourth Dimension

The three dimensions
Making triangles
In a crystal world
Transparency marred
By human intervention
The fourth dimension
Is it the eye of God
When the three dimensions
Cannot determine
Reality
The absurdity of being
No purpose but to live
Love is the name of God
Then who created hatred
Prophets and the books old
Brought a word
Not enough to know
The final destination
Justice denied
We live in seconds
By God's time length
The doomsday is near
It is said
But what after
Another tiring existence
In the fourth dimension
9/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

In The Interlude

Long ago and a distant remote past,
A wish, so concise in brevity.
Would it make a flutter on bosoms of love.
Would it rain on sand dunes and bring in
Signs of early spring. Would it be, and
Sans words, written on parchments, read love.
Felt and expressed with the intensity,
Of immense pleasure and joy and anguish.
Like a dove, would its wings carry,
And a weight not less than the earth itself.
And lighter than a feather, to be diffused,
In a moment and be a memory.

In the interlude, on the red carpet of desire,
Making things out of nothing and bringing
A sense. I addressed a gathering of gentlemen,
Looked up to some date palm trees, which would,
Bring fruit, which some day birds and humans
Would eat. I had been thinking of a lantern being
Hung in the late evening and early night on its branch.

There was a mighty river of Indus in its eternal flow.
On its bank, the dust particles look like stars.
There were many walls and small paths. This place,
Was once the bed of the river. Like the emaciated
Legs of a tall girl who out of poverty, was selling
Everything, without knowing its worth.

We move and unmove, we then stop and pause,
A Turk's dilemma was to relate to a culture where
Blindness was treasured as the ultimate epitome
Of creativity, and 'imperfection as mother of style'
I was reading a history book. The author, had been
In love with his native city of Istanbul.*

In the interlude, I did experiment in the 'intertextuality'
I had done this before, and like it. Small words, said
By others make a difference in another context.

The last thing I did was to hear to some Arabic music,
By a lady maestro. Trumpets, tambourine and strings.
Words when said with love make a difference.
They nurture soul. This was all, I was thinking,
Would it happen to listen to her live, seeing her as
An object, a reality. We have many concepts of,
Heaven. We can imagine.

I talked to someone who had been dreaming a marriage,
To my brother. Convincing. It appears happening.
My brother is coming from another city and he has,
Sent his books ahead of his arrival.

Everyone has left the home for some happy excursion.

*Reference to My Name Is Red, By Orhan Pamuk, from Turkey and Nobel laureate 2006.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 17,2012

Mecmu i Menazil. A view of Istanbul. Turkish miniature, sixteenth century (Ottoman)

Sadiqullah Khan

In The Middle Of War

Dance in the middle of war,
None to the horns of bugled demise,
Collectively thrown upon
The surface of earth is ashen
White, rivers boil with
Molten earth
We become fossil fuels
Of another evolving genera
From coldest ice
Until the sun decides to return
And the moon golfed near.
Dance in the middle of war,
Demise, celebrate like wedding
None can stop you,
But the doomsayer, stop
Sermonizing,
It will soon mean nothing
If we rise to 'collective consciousness'
That we all living things here
Have a span of one hundred years,
Real, as real as you are -
In the middle of war, dance
Dance friends, dance,
Dance to your own rhythms
Dance before damnation takes over.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 18,2018.

Sadiqullah Khan

In The Ravages Of War

From the ravages of war
Imminent
The soul of the country has gone
Languishing
But the man who after thirty years
In his Italian suit
And crocodile skin shoes
Who apparently talked sense
Who was neither the idealist
The revolutionary
The mad man of masses
Nor a poet
Who lived in mansions
Who reappeared again
Who put his documents
With his youthful photograph
Who had gone old now
Not much
Who wanted his Mercedes to be allowed
To be imported
Who was a tycoon of transit business
Who had grown his fortunes
In many other countries
Who was all smiles
Obedient
Who may have rescued
Some Lauras*
From their lovers
To safe heavens
Who offered his visiting card
To be kept
For rainy days
Who was the man
Who sold the world
Wisely
In the ravages of war
4/12/2009

*Laura: The epic heroine of Boris Pasternak's Doctor Zhivago.

Sadiqullah Khan

In Times Of Storms

Breathe your winds, on my broken sail,
In times of storms, bring splendid peace,
The thick and thin, in the life's dark street
Mantle heavenly, if ever, lit my path.
From the tired way, beaten times,
I am freed, like a bird fly, from the cage.
O ascete, enough of your wisdom-talk,
You ain't wise, nor am I sober.
Look the distance is reduced on my fingers,
Doth that I be a wayfarer?
Like the light-house to the billowed ship
Lost and the furious waves of fortune,
Below hit the echoing rock, demons' abode.
I see through times, through space penetrate
Yet of age I abhor, yet the urn to the fill
With eye of the eagle, when the wings I take.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 5,2014.

Sailing Ship, Photography @ Free Wall Pictures

Sadiqullah Khan

In Wanders Itself

I open the screen of the darkness
Like a canvas it unrolls down the easel
From the corner in the groove on the silence
Rivers had not heard nor seas proclaimed
Deep the well in oasis from bright
Sun had been as slow in yelling
For the moon in the folds of the night
I meet you on the milky way carrying dew
On the green leaf with dandelions
The brush stokes deep in indigo

Heavy drops of rain is the glaze
Not to subdue but enhance the effect
On the top of the leaves the wind blows
In the distant darkness as I count
Moments of my fall to eternity one day
I accepted the creed of the moral
Belief in what ever is said in holiness
For faith I have the vision of tomorrow
The nothing makes me live more intense
Of prayers said and on my face poured

Why so lament the distance from thy love
Endowed with powers of right and now
Your heart shall in niche burst in tears
Longer separation shall when seize all
Closer to my eyes let me breathe my breath
As warmed by the heat of your cheek
Was it my choosing to be human not a bird
The bird of humdered colors of heaven
I had guessed the soul has the answer
I saw the soul is in wanders itself
11/9/2009

From: The Groove

Sadiqullah Khan

In Your Arms

The kiss you take
To know my love
A novel way
To take my breath
Love I have none
But do know
How much love
I have for you
When after the kiss
The touch of love
For me to be back
One more time
And many more times
In the embrace of death
In your arms
15/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

In Your Ocean Eyes

The evening's sun in your ocean eyes,
The rays beaming, on the edge of time.
On the high neck, peaks, cliffs, behind.
The desert of shoulders, in the valleys,
Of presaged aroma. On the lips, on the chin.
Envy the kempt garden, and smoke whirling,
Signs of warmth, desire, and hope.
The sight's visage, up, down, far and between;
The last drops of a heavenly bliss, in my heart,
Sunk, like a hermit's emptied holy cup.

On a sight of sunset on March 1,2013, on Motorway, near Taxilla.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 4,2013.

Photograph: Sunset at Goa, @Goavoyage.

Sadiqullah Khan

Indeed

Indeed, we know the awared,
Topped the hill's sand, carved the snow
Checkered reality, we brought down the stream
Consciousness of misfortunes counted.
We accepted all ills, history taught us
Before us is spread, nascent victories, retreats.
What a beginning, now we make,
Instead, reinventing the lost genres of gone,
Instead, our beacons behind than in front
Though lighted, we grope in the dark.
O! Legacy of the written word, our memory
Stronger than our vision, our past brighter,
Therefore, one step forward, two steps back.
Of your 'likes', I am sick
Would you tender a better way to understand,
Or I post, of having done, a pole of light.
Quote lies, in surreal 'escape',
Quilt so small, neither covers feet nor head.
When all is done, what else remain
That I follow the path, right, at least.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
December 10,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Inescapable Disaster Xxix

Have your soul the same destiny as mine,
Singing to those who have been drowned.
Songs of autumn and winter next day,
High winds break your wings, the rain soothes.

You make me belong to you not by beauty
Of your rainbow cheek. But by the misery
Be it in the steppes of hills, from terror refuge
Be it from the awaited future bringing bleak hopes.

Greif-stricken they sell caps of freedom and scarves
And listen the 'bulletin'. Whose job it is not his.
The sorrow-stricken grass is bowed since centuries,
Will it be the high flying mane of a horse on air?

My shoulders weigh a hundred elephants
And my feet have the lightness of thunder struck.
This dug earth, heaps of mud, is living gold
My poverty oft visits, my streets are dark.

Under the sway of the waning moon, I am
A new ferocity is loosed every other day, every night.
Leap up leap up, from my wounded heart, radiant
Ray. My vision carries me through the heavy mist.

I can't break the vault by closing eyes, or prayer
Now for me is what's been happening I count
On the rock of your face, is inscribed, the cause
Of sufferings, deaths, disease and inescapable disaster.

-On a visit to Azadi Square in Islamabad, September 11,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 11,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Inevitable Xlviii

'Telemachus, Now is the time to be angry.'

Odysseus to his son when the time came to deal with the Suitors.

From the movie The Odyssey 1997.

Historical determinism is inevitable,
History takes with itself what comes in its sway,
Political inevitability is a necessity -
Or be consumed, eaten up by the inferiors
Politics is not the end game, it must
Lead to virtue, and believe in goodness.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

September 21,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ingratitude

Bearing the marks of forgetfulness
Of loves deep meaning twisted
Into a selfish grandeur
Of false pride
And like a giant hulking around
Unaware of the miseries set by the plan
For you

Your two feet and the biting lip
You have discovered to be able to carry your falling structure
Horns growing out of the fertility of wisdom
Hands moving forward to push away
Any embrace of love

Ingratitude
Your inability to understand the preciousness
Of others time and meager treasures
Luck may be your definition of success
The cowardice that you display
Luck may depart soon

Of all the men's vices
And the ungrateful women
Those in their new glory
Forget and ignore
The gratitude
And the favors bestowed on them

Like a worm in the bark of a growing tree
Eating away all signs of life
In gradual small bites
And when the tree suddenly falls
Showing its moth eaten strength
So is ingratitude
In nature
In men and women

Sadiqullah Khan

Inhale

And the smoke becomes fog in your lungs
Memory of waiting outside
Waiting for..what?
Exhale and Time flows out like a river
Losing its way
In morning downpours.

Marycharles Meserve

August 13,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ink And Pen

Let the white of paper be
The tip of needle in your fingers
Let the ink finish itself dry
Let the blood be the color red
Translucence from eyes never finish
Tip of the tongue in thirst
From the moon the reflection
That writes on the dark page
Night that shines with stars
Did the marble borrow pen
When sweat was engraved
Living light from the niches
Gold was written in blue
What else could burn the heart
In holy fire when sole of the feet
Lover who says need ink and pen
The parchment of the cloak I patch
Love on every leaf and flower
I for the lock of the hair you adore
Shall speak of ages to me in love
Need the memory that like jewel shines
Is not the sindhoor on your forehead
Writing of devotion sans nib silver
The nightfall I held the white of arm
Fingers were art when raga they write
Music to the ears like dervish
Reed had the plaint of love not known
Let the dropp of the pearl in pendant
Give tongue to ruby for the bosom
What else is the page to touch
With divinity my soul inscribed
No speech no written word
I shall for a hundred lives in wonder meditate
Let alone that smile from behind the skylight
2/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Inner Awakening

The Buddha left all the worldly things
For an inner awakening
He also knew that how he will
Spread it
And the story of inner awakening
In so many others
Who told the world their experience
Of the inner awakening
Some spoke of inner awakening
As a means of power
And then telling others
That the inner awakening is the eternal
Law of nature
On the way the humanity suffered
Because of the inner awakening
With definitions varied and absurd

Inner awakening
Is but that love of the self
Self idealized into a superior being
And the means of achieving that
The path is love
For entering into a collective consciousness
This then transforms itself into a social reality
And then brings justice
To the humanity

Inner awakening is the awakening of the community
To achieve some higher goals
From individual experiences
With the strength to defy
And challenge the existing relationships
In an ailing society

Inner awakening
Is but the collective intelligence
Of the society
Towards progress
Suppress and

Ultimately eliminate dogma
Before it transforms itself into another dogma

And then
A new awakening is required
To give fresh impetus
For the evolution of the society
And new relationships are formed

Sadiqullah Khan

Inner Beauty

A painter of love am I
In colors that depict you
In green with yellow
From the leaves of olive
To the mustered
In many colors you have
Bathed me like the one
Who is gone mad for the love
In the oceans of your eyes
When I looked in the depth
A mirror though it was
The passion of your lips
In great tumults when I woke up
The touch of you on my soul
In visions in my vigils of the night
You beauty of the temples of the great past
I searched love in the celestial self
Preacher am I of love
O ye who argue for the beauty
That I have seen with my eyes inner
28/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Inner Strength

The inspirations turned human
The frailty of the fate in favor
Hidden hand is withdrawn
For let the course of history
In determinism take to finality
The megastructures on heaps
To rise above for the fortunes
Many hands in prayers up
Eyes to the skies for mercy
Rise on the steps of the soul
Comprehensions have to bring
Awe stricken for the mystery
Increasing with more discovery
Many demons with identities
Turned to inflations and politics
In the higher echelons decisions
That shall bring good luck
Peoples' lives as the sea
On the shores in high tide
Ambition for the poor
Need for the rich
Patience for the needy
Management for the wealthy
Entrepreneurship is having
No wage but nurture the spirit
Inner strength in confusion
Saints unable to discover
Remedies new in complexity
Challenge to mind and soul alike
What to do next to survive
2/4/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Inspiration

Come and inspire me into your praise
That I say some thing Beautiful
Like pearls flowing down a stream
Just the way you talk
Inspire me by the thought
That you have in your mind
The openness of the heart
And taking me deep inside there
Inspire me by your innocence
And that feminine intelligence
The intrigue and the deception
Inspire me by the depth of your love
And the suffering you have had
Inspire me by the tears flowing from your eyes
And bath me in those tears telling me
That you love me like no other
Inspire me by your perfumes
The perfumes of your deep cloudy hairs
And by the color of dresses you have
The colors exotic like
The magical bird of heavens
Flowing in the air in absolute abandon
Inspire me by the gate
The gate of the swan and the flamingoes
Inspire me with your eyes
Like golden cups of wine old
Inspire me with that gorgeous self of yours
That can possess and surround the earth
The warmth and softness of that lap
Inspire me with the henna on your hands
And on your feet
Inspire me with the mole on your chin
And the redness of your lips
Inspire me with that necklace and all the details
Of your beauty
Inspire me with the talk of my rival
And inspire me with your not loving me
Inspire me with your flirtations
The heart broken lover of yours

Inspire me with the thought
That you do not belong to me
Inspire me with the thought that you belong
To every one else except myself
And inspire me with the thought
That one day I shall be alone
And one day even your torments
Shall not be with me except the memories
Of my love and your deceptions

Sadiqullah Khan

Interference

I did not know
I was interfering so much
In nature

Sadiqullah Khan

Into Vigils

From me you derive
On my hands when did you
Of love kissed with a bow
The wine did I pour
From my spring of love
A dropp thou sipped

Storms in the eyes
In lust when they see you
Of the meanings of love
With me and my heart
On the door of old Magi

Who did let you
The door of my tavern
Into my secrets
Do you ponder
Into vigils thou return
Burn will you
Thyself with love
29/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Invisible People 2 (No Complaints)

He was carrying bananas on his head
A long route to avoid any mishap happen
Parkinson's disease had made his hands tremor
Every morning was not unlike earth quake
The old man had lost all his teeth biting dust
His white beard had though signs of spirituality
That comes with honest work in an age of seventy
To avoid search of the police man he would take
The long route to the garden where on benches
Strangely no one sat for they were too uncomfortable
Below the little trees were hiding some old and young
Three women reading the holy script in the hope
To bring some fresh breeze from heaven up the west
In the canal water had gone rotten for littering rampant
A very young girl was begging who had come
From the nearby village she had the dried lips
Her brown green eyes had lost the shine still
She did not know how to beg and her father
Who would chop woods and she earned enough
For her day's work to be away from home
A sister of five and his father unaware
There was announcement on radio to be ware
Of human smugglers I wondered may be angels
Protected her from the devils that throng the earth
The old man would sell enough bananas for his afternoon
And a happy sleep at night
There are no complaints here
19/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Invisible People 3 (Neighbor Of A Bull Fighter)

I also take the opportunity
Of congratulating you
To have achieved that esteemed position
We are all proud of you
And then
I am also proud of every soul
On earth achiever or non achiever

Give us names
Don't call us names
From a person
An old woman
A young girl
Some boy
You and me
He and she
We and they

And a philosopher
Sits in residence
On Heathrow airport to experience
Travel
All that is attached to it
I am the subject again
Of the artist
For the amusement of the people
Who have names

And I do not have any name yet
Will you bother
To know who I am
I am
A neighbor of a bull fighter
Whose children shout and fight
Every night
19/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Invisible People 4 (The Woman Who Sold Eggs)

In a bucket
Eggs collected
Offering life
To continue
Her own bucket of eggs
Revealing in the hard shells
Cell membranes
To be pierced by the agile sperm
Strong headed

She had covered her face
On the door of worship place
For hundreds to see
Her misery
Behind the veil of poverty
Veil of religion
And morality

She had exposed her inner desire
For life
To those
The ones who came
Out after prayers
Who had long carrots
And corns
In their hands
Rubbing red chilies over them
14/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Involved Disinvolvement

I counted from my thousand days
What is spent how as the present
Of the past nothing uncertain future
We did not stop the days hence
Nights are for the long sleep
She has addiction to noise
From the busy street bring scents
Sweet to the ears as to the tongue
All that surrounds when in life
Sleep is delight as day dream
Inner silence with now I discover
The one who sleeps on the road
Knoweth more of what goes inside
A mass of blinking flesh or defaced self
In protest lethargic and a cozy corner
Human once from the palatial building
Imagination falls with ambition to ground
Of the four days I spent home
Doing nothing letting others live
Letting myself to the care of dears
Involved disinvolvement some one told
Is what when you get wise with age
30/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Irrevocable Acclaim

On the cold faces of children
On blued cheeks and parched lips,
In the fenzy of the eyes, on torn sleeves.
Heavy ornament of silver
A man bowing to his gun for having discovered;
A new god. The bride's hand must touch it;
For her future will hang on to its valor.
Some women were dancing to the drummer's beat,
Some men praying solemnly to the arson in front.

We saw a divine distributing amongst the poor.
To earn himself a piece of paradise;
To alleviate the carnage and the terror stricken,
Young boys, who will have to pull along;
Their grief stricken mothers and sisters.
Who have their fathers eaten up by wild fires.

The nostalgic reminiscence of the past
Hung on to the daggers worn by men, with
Handles made of bone and sharpened on a stone.
Who were wearing high turbans and who belonged;
To a past that was two hundred years old.

One day a soldier will be standing facing rocks;
Requesting the beleaguered stones to parade,
Or a wrought stream of water to look for fish.
Or hold a dried branch of tree to find fruit.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 6,2012

Wrought iron sculpture, Ghana

Sadiqullah Khan

Is This Life

When every line you write
Laughs at you
On your face every word
Mocks at you
When all the fantasies
Stand up to you
When loss
Like death visits you
When happiness is the bird
Flown out of your hand
Is this a dilemma
Of faith strong
Or weak
Or is it walking on the sword
Sharper than a knife
Thinner than a hair
Is this life

Islamabad
20/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

It Hangs

Ah! It hangs
Glory be to the years lost,
And years to come
The sage says live today.

I have pulled it much,
Worked much and starved much
Breathed much and my heart,
Pumped much.

It still hangs
My spirits went up.
Those young girls watched much
And some old yearned much.

It still hangs,
Like a toy made of
Some loose cloth
Untied.

It still hangs in the dreams
Dry and alas not wet
It drains,
It aches when I stretch it
To stand.

It can do nothing more,
It is like a blunt tool
It has no bones either.
It shall neither graze in rich
Bushes of virgin landscape.

It will neither find its place,
It will shy away
Or let go
Like a monk.

It would then after some time
Give way to nature

And having lived its life
It would tend to sleep

It only hangs
If not reborn sublimely,
From inside.

Sadiqullah Khan

It Is Not

It is not that I want your discerning gaze,
Or a smile playing down on your chin
An approving nod, or attempting to shake hand.
It is not to awaken a dream in your night,
Make you your feast your sense
And ask you to pity, may you?
My aim is to make, to myself
My art of a higher significance, to my own soul.
Since it is there, like a vase,
Not for the worth of gold, but for the worth of toil,
And more so, for the elegance it inspire.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 11,2014.

Vintage Elegance by BlackandWhite @ deviantart

Sadiqullah Khan

It Rains Back

We disappear, we perish,
The silent wings carry us.
There is a fountain, in the ocean.
The ascension steps are easier.
Once the ground of a thousand years,
Of age is covered. There is no respite.
As we lift the lid from the pot,
The water is evaporated into steam.
It goes nowhere, it rains back.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 11,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

It Rang

It rang, it horrified.
Breaking into the silence of words,
Of singing music.
It, then smashed the skull.
The long awaited gush,
Of warm blood.
Giving up memory,
It did write what was remaining;
On the closed eyes,
And on an extremely serene face.
Pick those stones up.
The soul is not dead yet.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 22,2012

Dedicated to Malala Yousafzai

I thank all the sensitive hearts who have appreciated my endeavor to give some expression of what might have happened to the great soul at the time of assault, then her contribution, and having been able to write 'what was remaining' [of her ideals] on closed eyes and serene face, a reference drawn from a Buddha statue carved in a hill in Swat valley. The last two lines show the resolve and strength of the soul. [You hit me with the stones and my soul is not dead]. It is a challenge, the eternal war of good and evil.

Sadiqullah Khan

It Was Not Difficult

Growing
And then into stems
Leaves
With roots
Flowers
Climbing
Touching and caressing

It was not difficult
To rise
To reach
Your wall
Get close
To your bosom
For a few words
To tell you

It was not difficult

But the addiction
Of impossibilities
And further impossibilities

And otherwise
What would have I gained

For my love
Was like
The love
Of Every one

What I gained
What I lost
In this love
Who knows
But me

And that
Your gain was my loss

And my gain was my loss

Sadiqullah Khan

Jackal's Wedding

The small dust particle
Is like an atom
Revolves on its centre
The light coming through the window
Gives it visibility
The drops of rain were falling
Splashing on earth
Leaving behind lightening thunders
We had heard in childhood
The rain drops so falling
Is the jackal's wedding
The celebration
Though deep in the heart
And around is the circle
Of the singing girls
And playing children

Islamabad
21/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Jeans

The long legs that I have
Looked so tired today
In humidity fiber turned
Drenched soaked
In my every day struggle
To cover your legs
Hold your waist tight
For the chores of life to begin
Long slender look in front of the mirror
Ironed but now given up
With the invention of new fashions
Designer's scissors
My legs cut short or long
To two legged piece of cloth
Made in the shape of human half
With a tee or a shirt full
The bust I adore in various combinations
The colors and the style
Tiring though the whole exercise of wearing
Everyday
Fanciful dreams as I am a counsel wise
For that pretty girl to look at you
Or make you feel younger
Agile and smart
My two long legs
And a belt up the waist
You own me so close for so long
I never betray you
Only when you have someone
More near and dear
Where I have carried you
I am your proud possession
You display my designer
But I am customized
For once you wear me
I have caught your odor
Or I sometimes catch
The odor of your love
I hold so many secretes

Holder of your hands
On the waist for your confident look
Or out on a date with that lovely girl
In the folds of my pocket
And when you push back your hands
For the wallet to pay for the bills
I add style and splendor to your physique
I have grown out of the gaudiness
Of the costumes of the times old
Wash me well
Wear me well
Tear me well
I am your friend indeed

Sadiqullah Khan

Just Another

The essence is drawn, colors dissolved,
The colorless one is casting dyes
The repeat silence is candor to the note,
Every second is a prologue to the next,
Like water drops from the loosened tap
Or rain on the roof tops beat. Nearer nearer
The steps take us. The farther the dreams
Sweeter the scene, some sit the thrones,
Others have lesser fortunes, taken the Hades.
The bewilderment is 'loss of sense to the beauty'
Thus earn the grace of the might of being,
The majestic night may take you there -
Seeing beauty is one thing,
Being in the presence is just another.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 22,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Just Another Day

Just another day
To one another night
To one dream
A crash landing
Flying high

Just another day
To the same faces
On the tube
Same news
Same songs
Same memories
Same blasts

Just another day
To the same work
Same sun
Same light
Same doors
Same roads
Same trees
Same flowers

Just another day
To another hope
Another beginning
Another rebirth

Just another day
With myself

Islamabad
9/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Just Be Not

These days
Dreams make colors
As if some saint
Told me of memories

Sweet that they may groove in
How to bid farewell
To the love that is a haunt
Letting go
Is too old fashioned

Rise
Leave the music unsung
In between the lines
In half smiles
Just
Be not

Like on a winged horse
To heaven
The last look into the eyes
Of the beloved
May make your heart break
Just
Be not

23/1/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

K2 First Impressions

O distant mountain I do not give you a name
By whatever bare bones and skeletal stones
You are called the storm, the nakedness
Planet earth exhibits, before the first man.
Desolate one, terrifying silence to the lone
Smallness, in no proportion, equals you, who is
So completely ignored by Nature, so completely
Incapable of entering into communion with you.
Your heaviness weighs heavily on me, so long -
That I lay asleep in your vibe of listless solitude.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 14,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Kastoori

Be pure absence
The narcissus eye is blind
You have travelled
Far and distant
Meadows, valleys, bazaars
Taverns, visited harems.

In this vast, unending absence;
Like the fabled musk deer, -Kastoori
Who searches the whole world
Over. The source of the scent
Comes from itself.

Sadiqullah Khan

Keep Walking

Move on
Don't look back
Left and right

Keep walking
Walking and walking
In the direction
Of the sunrise
Or the sunset

Keep walking
In the direction
Of the North Star
Or any star

In the day
In the evening
Morning and night

Don't look
At the dust
That follows you
The dust is nothing
But a milky way

Tread slowly
With empty mind
Breathing deep
Keep walking

And keep loving

Sadiqullah Khan

Khan-Baliq [peking, Beijing]

'That land of China is of vast extent, and abounding in produce, fruits, grain, gold and silver.

In this respect there is no country in the world that can rival it. It is traversed by the river called

'Water of Life', which rises in some mountains, called the 'Mountain of Apes', near the city of Khan-Baliq.' Travels of Ibn Battuta

Thus the name derives, from some heard about,
And might have been placed, in some misnomic
Gesture of unknown times, or who retains the title,
Of 'Khan', when the great khan called a someone,
He said, 'he was the bigger khan than the khan',
A Pashtun, and as it is said, the turban of great khan,
From head slipped down to the shoulder, the shoulder
As bent, and was as strong before, and still is spined,
In the wrought iron of times, heading forth, although
Nowhere, but today's winds could not hold, drops
Of rain, as it got too pregnant with terrible heaviness.

The name Khanbaliq comes from the Mongolian and Uyghur words khan and balik ('town', 'permanent settlement') : 'City of the Khan'. It was actually in use among the Eastern Turks and Mongols before the fall of Zhongdu, in reference to the Jin emperors. It is traditionally written as Cambaluc in English, after its spelling in Rustichello's retelling of Marco Polo's travels. (The Travels also uses the spellings Cambuluc and Kanbalu.) In 1264, Kublai Khan visited the Daning Palace on Jade Island in Taiye Lake and was so enchanted with the site that he directed his capital to be constructed around the garden. The chief architect and planner of the capital was Liu Bingzhong, who also served as supervisor of its construction. His student Guo Shoujing and the Muslim Ikhtiyar al-Din were also involved.

Yeheidie'erding (?????, Yeheidi'érding, ? - 1312) , also known as Amir al-Din (Arabic: ????? ??????, Amir al-Din) , was a Muslim architect who helped design and led the construction of the capital of the Yuan Dynasty, Khanbaliq, located in present-day Beijing, the current capital of the People's Republic of China. Source: Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan

Gilgit
June 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Khush-Gai (Happy-Cow) Yak

Smiley happy face, happy-cow -
Eat from grass, dried below snow,

Fairy tail, woolly wings, light hoof,
Graze, say cheese, on world's roof.

Scary the herdsman, but a mother,
Bull's brother, calf and cow's sister.

Long horn, short horn, feed infant,
Sweet butter, from white milk instant.

Carry loads, they ride upon, uphill
Bring down, running, a-play still.

Smiley happy face, happy-cow -
Eat from grass, dried below snow.

-To a Yak, called Khush-Gai (Happy-Cow) in Khunjrab.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Khyber Pass

The majesty has the king's bow before
The nights see through some uneven ravines,
There on the hillock lies the fortress; and legends
say that this is built by Asoka.
They would overlook the path through the pass,
and down lays the fort by Mongols, that would carry
The ritual of death.
And who passed it unhurt would utter a sigh of relief
and tears too for the captivating beauty.
The Buddhist Stupa did not preach peace either:
And someone who had been looking for treasures,
Underneath.
Went lunatic.
The dragon's teeth are not just a symbol.
And you have to pas through it,
As last night we made our way through the den,
for a safe passage.
The Raj lived it.
Respected it.
Loved it.
And marched through the peaks and valleys, to and fro
from one world to another.
They also died in it abundantly.
These stones have seen,
The marching bandwagons
Expedient tradesmen and caravans
And some mysterious objects.

Torkham
Feb 12,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Knock The Door Down

Knock the door down, dwell in impossibility
Thump against the veins, stream into the sweat
Lick the flames of nothingness, breath out the fire,
Drown the moon in ocean; let night flee from the dawn.
Ride the sun's rage, blinded by the thunder
Lay the arrow of arrogance, on the mercy's anvil,
Be the sinless sinner, awhile friend to apostate
Bring home the hungry lion, prey on the trap,
Believe the unbelief, be acquaint to the beloved.
Storm the stars, chase the storms, hunt on the fate,
Break the time's span, pray a hundred prayers,
Leave the homeland, straight to the horizon
Make intimates of foes, be foe to the friends.
Cup-bearer, make swift a pure pour, -the last
Unite all complexities in the purple color fast.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

July 23,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Labels

Black

Red

Green

Gold

And blue

Black and white

Kick like

Wild horse

Black dog

Regal

Royal salute

Some insights

At least

That girl

Casting news

Is not smiling at me

Islamabad

6/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Lamentations I

I lamented myself most
When in the evening's heat
When under the big trees with leaves
Covered all with dust and had become heavy
When the monsoons were about to begin
And dark clouds bringing the much awaited rain
When your gorgeousness appeared
Out of the high corners of that balcony
Which these eyes had adored so much
And when in the evening's spell of the fall
The colors like the flowing vision of the one in vigil
The colors in surrealist shapes mixing dream and reality
In that appearance with the flowing hair's aroma
And laughter like beads of precious stones
With colors varied and like crystals clinking
An angel on earth with wings of fresh breeze
Red lips like the bud of a rose
And eyes dreamy like a miniaturist's painting
Of the gazelle eloquent
I lamented myself most
When in my dispensation
I gathered the courage to say that I love you
And the surprise that played on your lips
I lamented myself most
When I felt that I am loosing you
When I said that I have nothing to say
And that you will haunt me for the rest of my life
And when the heavy shower of monsoon poured in
I lamented myself most when your dreamy presence
Was no more a part of my fantasy
I lamented myself most when my jailer held me back
For my wish would have been otherwise

Sadiqullah Khan

Lamentations II

The night's deep long woes
The darkness spreading
Like a thick blanket
Of dark clouds
The nature life giving
The instinctive behavior
What we call as luck
In an effort to tame
With human reason
The child like desires of the heart
After long hours of crying in despair
The lesson as we learn
Bow before the ultimate will
Of life's gains and losses
Not for you to count
Leave the rest for follow your lonely path
Every one has to learn the way
The discovery either through flying high
Or in deep meditation
The word of the sage
Who claims he has heard it from heaven
Has brought no remedy for himself
Nor has he told us anything of the great will
The very purpose of existence
No one has yet discovered
In defiance I decry the eternity of being
Sweeter memories of my life here
In the final moment
I shall lament the plight of all the humans
In deep embrace of the beloved
I count the number of breaths
Or listen to the voice soft of the heart beat
When you whisper to me the sopiness
Of my love
Telling me that I have yet
Not learned the ways
I lament the pain of my longing
When the smile playing on those red lips
Wine is to my senses and music to my ear

No wise decision or cause of my life
Is worth lamenting
Than my love
When thou appear in full bloom

Sadiqullah Khan

Lamentations Iii

The killer heat
Last nights visions
Explorations into the past
Many people sitting on dinner
Like the last supper
But without the fervor of assembly
Some hidden codes in many hearts
A face can be placed both ways
To give meaning different to the assembled
Or individual relations
Into the simplicity of things
The long tall boy who when was born
Candles were lit in the room in front of his face
Now wearing spectacles
The ambition of living in years lost or spent
Has come to the simplest form
For when life unfolds
The wildest dreams come to fizzle out
Or when luck favors
Or some higher level of performance
A simple honest smile of the other child
Who wanted to say that I forgive him for his innocence
And that he wants to play some more minutes
A constant chase from one corner to another
When a demonstration was shown to the boys
On motivation
The anger on the face of lady
When she talked of rising prices
She has not cooked desserts for a long time
A fair advice was to accept poverty
And avoid human tragedy
There was no electricity
The city generators have been blown up by terrorists
A lackluster independence day
Independence from whom
A once forgotten history and rewritten by others
No ideas today to put down or the paper might not do
Anything
Dramatic effects are over

The base line touched and life on the edge
The edge is getting sharper
In the morning the vehicle refused to start
Another tiring day

Sadiqullah Khan

Lamentations Iv

Like the nightingale
For the laments sweet
In freedom
Trapped am I
With broken legs
And wings
Into your captivity
I shall no more sing
But before
You set me free
Or I break
The walls of prison
26/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Lamentations V

In love we committed
The crime of devotion
Many a times and times again
On the deceptive glance
The temptation of love

In sleepless nights
Which I felt you remember
The first time met our eyes
On the mercy of times
"In my love my eyes did look
A downcast gaze but not my head"

Unending springs of love are you
What if the beloved had not looked upon thyself
In the vigils of love O dear heart
Thou art the beginner and shall never know
1/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Last Inks Xxxvii

Fear is to be doubted, fear of hell,
Suspend the disbelief, your way is to heaven.
Guilt is not to be doubted,
From it spring subconscious spirals of living nightmares.
Had the father been not killed, religion would
Have lost invention. Wrapped in dark folds
There is no other joy than making love in fears
Of demons, and visiting fairies, from the gaps in walls
Jelly like, climbing and riding thick walls.
The sun of the afternoon has aphrodisiac rays,
The grasses' blades are aroma from the earth's
Creative sprouts, nasal, suffocating and rich.
Abundance, you may squeeze damp mud
In your fist, a Donatella Versace texture rub on face,
An eye-wear, making dusk out of dawn.
Imaginations are sharper in the edge
Of the mind's twilight, sun rise-fall.
I had once thought that, that will be the saddest moment,
We depart, exactly on the time of day-night
When we are the most inspired, creative and filled with love.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 15,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Last Night

Few drops of dew,
From the divine fountain's lip,
Sipped. Lest time would melt.
I hold the thread to the path,
Last night I was with the moon.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 22,2013.

To Kar A Ghoun Khan

Li Po

Sadiqullah Khan

Late Night Walk

In the late night walk
When the whole atmosphere
Was full of sweet smells
The mixing of the mist
With the dark colors
The colors
Like the black scarf
That has imbibed your aroma
The darkness of the night
Like the dark clouds of your hair
The moon was crescent
Smiling on us
In rich blue color
When we talked of the humanity
And the universal designs
With stars visible
A visit to the garden
And the gardener who was a sculptor
Had pruned the trees into birds of big size
With crowns on head and tails upturned
In tranquility of that night
And in the greenness of the colors
Showing heat
The elephant with big ears
Was too enthralled
Like the bed in some celebrity's mansion
Who has not yet taken drugs to sleep
The willow tree
On one side
In mourning
And suddenly the trees
Started talking
Some talked of their age
Some growing
Some in bloom
Growing buds
Like a fourteen year old girl
Dressed like punks
Others getting old

The maple tree
In his submission
Uttered with the grandeur
Of the king in court
"we have a life too"
We breathe like you
And we have a life cycle
But said he
Don't be terrified
And don't worry
We shall breathe out
Oxygen for you
We shall take carbon dioxide
From your atmosphere
We shall keep our pledge with nature
And with you
We shall provide shadow and shelter
To you
We shall make your stay on this earth
As beautiful as our ancestors did
We shall bear the strokes of your axe
With dignity and grace
And when we fall
We shall fall like the great warriors in the battle field
We know you will not shed a tear for us
We know about every thing happening to us
You,
Who has no gratitude
You,
The destroyer of the earth
You,
Whose greed knows no bounds

Sadiqullah Khan

Laudable Compulsion (Jabr-E Mahmud)

Muddam, muddam –the continual,
Drips the wine in the veins streams
Laudable compulsions are the riddles
Discern the space and time's factor.
Sharper than sword is 'waqt', (Time)
From the past drift or future float.
O son of time, the Nowness is at hand,
Be split like a neutron halved.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 21,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Law Gaad Dai De Lawangey

'Freedom is what you do with, what's been done to you.'

Jean Paul Sartre

Yur dey pa angrezi ke taki wyayee
Ksa che gwtey prey na ke mayana
De spezhmai pa zoi bijilai ro balaweena,
Law gaad dai de lawangey,
Pa wazirai Pashto ye poem dai likalai
Dictionary pa jeeb garza wa, mayana,
Matlab ye yu wee ta bal zney rokhala,
Na dai pe poi dai na nur poyaweena,
Law gaad dai de lawangey,
Janan ye de larey malk niwalai,
Na ye weenie na ye was pasey raseena,
Pa Salvador Dali ye na payezhea,
Malo ta dreema, che rota wako towezzena.

-A poem in Waziri Pashto

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Lead Me Home

Lead me home, O master!
Through the old stone grave-yard
To the door of my existence seventy years old.
The gaze on walls, my ears open to the noise
Of my neighbor, on the mud ridden feet,
Let me enter the spring, on your autumnal face.
O be the lame goat, left behind,
For I drank from the streams, less than intellect,
To the spirit's river, I watch the open sky
Of the abandoned home, O lead me in,
As you take me back home, from an abject wilderness.
'Learn from the lame goat, and lead the herd home',
My wanderings like the poems I write,
Are on the dear one's tongues, don't put them,
On the lips of the alien sensibilities-
Do you know the path, O crawl the dust upon
Your years of youth, in your old age,
Hence the cup is a mirror, unto your heart
And freedom's presence, a lighted glass.
Drink from the cooked pitcher on aloes,
Sans a carpenter's detail, and weave through rugs
Many colors, unless the deceit of dyes,
Vanishes in the red lip's hue, and the cheek's shine.
Keeper of the tavern, lead me home,
Your urns are empty, goblets turned upside,
In the chase of rascal love, I had been roaming,
Not knowing that the fragrance is from the Self.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Leaden Conversation

As if the whole world is on my back
A thousand elephants I carry
On shoulders the heaviness of centuries
Taught and learned as morality
Religion of the man who with perfumes
Nauseating and thick books of metal paper
Speaks before some object so his message
Reaches thousand ears spreading hatred

I burned the books of the yore leaden too
With thoughts of further thousand years
The "ornament of paradise" or giving
Instructions how I undertake my private chores
Told with perverse pleasure of that sick man
Who says he has embraced modernity now
And talked of lesbians when not needed

In the culture when young children talk
With the heaviness of a suffocating bull
Under the great load to cultivate land
For the future with seeds coming from the hands
That man who knows he will die soon
His son grows to be old at the age of ten
Who walks on earth as if his feet dig
Ten feet down the earth for his leaden thought

On his visit to the holy places he is cleansed
Of all sins and becomes an addition
Into the leaden baggage of the society
The young and those beautiful girls
Carry him as the biggest curse on earth

He marries a young girl of fourteen
His moustache he oils with the fat of lamb
The night before he had been eating
Raw testes of the bull as aphrodisiac

He talks of politics and his son and his son's son
Carry the leaden curse of the centuries

In their leaden conversation in sly gatherings
8/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Leafy Lane

Oriana Fallaci asked the astute
Bhutto, Zulfikar Ali,
What a politician is like?
"The one who can steal eggs from under the hen",
They have drunk the sea,
Yet their tongues are dry,
While you sit killing flies
Or reading your dejected poems,
Sitting on a stool, hiding yourself
The expression, and while being admitted,
'Lower down the price of your work',
And cut it to size.
Or plant the piece of sculpted
Art in the leafy lane,
Outside the window, to block
The pedestrians disturbing my view.
The others shall wash the linen,
On the beds, where
"Little girls go to bed for hunger",
Or sit before a 'tandoor'
For free 'daal' on 'roti'.

Oriana Fallaci: (1930-2006) An Italian Journalist and political interviewer.
Zulfikar Ali Bhutto: (1928-1979) Politician, statesman and prime minister of Pakistan (1973-1977) .

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 4, 2014.

Fallaci in Tehran (1979) . To interview the Ayatollah Khomeini she was forced to wear the chador. During the interview, she removed it criticizing the imposed obligation to the women to wear it. @ Wikipedia

Oriana Fallaci in Tehran 1979 @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

Learn Freedom V

Everytime
my obstinate stroke,
On your chain hits,
Everytime
your obdurate slavery;
Everytime I tell you run,
You return.

Learn freedom,
look at the open door,
No one's holding you,
But the 'comfort of your un-thinking mind',
The daily rut, sloth, fear
and your round capped head.

Learn freedom,
To govern yourself, which
is the biggest empire.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 23,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Leave Me Alone

O Virgil! On your joyous journey,
Put out your dark Inferno.
From the beasts three headed in mercy.

To the garden of roses and bliss,
So much has gone your banal way,
My Paradiso has but gone amiss.

A moral's way to the depths afar;
Plato, Plutarch and Ptolemy.
No sadness is greater than in misery rehearse,

Fransesca tells, the memories of joy.
O Virgil! Leave me alone.
I am nothing but a heaven's toy.

On Dante's Inferno. Written in "terza rima" in Dante's style.

Sadiqullah Khan

Leaving Behind

Spaces overturned in the dazzling night
playing ching into the vastest corners.
The high roof has been set and beneath some day,
Life would speak in soft murmurs and birds chatter.
The evening's lightness would bring the early aubade,
closer to heart. Longing and some forgotten moments.
Eyes were shone with unspeakable and defeated wishes,
Dignity was escaping the scathing arrows
of those to whom the book of life was to be reopened.

The winds would encircle some merry occasions,
For such a time, was piled the bricks of molten mud.
Such a time as would be visited by some happiness.
The master 'tilted the night and the garden ran
with stars', so was the beauty of a silent laugh.
Or a return of emptiness and a gaze in the 'unending eyes'.

April 27,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Leaving You

Your child face, covering tender years,
Sometimes from the angular disposition,
My selfish nature would look to you.
From now onward those years,
Adding dust and withering like flowers.
Why my vision goes to decades, yet to be.
Of your glowing beautiful hair, why,
I see them turning into silver grey.
Would they know how much I loved you.
And sometimes, when I see you crying.
Would they know that one day those tears,
Would be rivers and eyes turned stone.
I live, I would have only lived, and I would have,
Transformed myself into a living statue.
But would they know how much I loved you.
Ah! I would have forgone my death, to live
Like a tree, like a stone in the corner, if you,
Tell me that you would not cry for me and,
That you will live a much fuller and happier life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2013.

The Path: By Nicholas Delaney

Sadiqullah Khan

Lesser Ochre

The lesser ochre, Othello!
Brave and the courageous,
Envy bitten, but who is Desdemona?
Player, recall or help me with memory,
Of the years ago, I ask the youth,
Nearby stands, she far away.
The play shall be read and read again,
Whence I read is my time's spread,
Or a painter makes her call, in Homeric-
Fancy, décor, color, column and costume.

-On a painting of Desdemona by Gustave Mareau,1885.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Lesser Tenor

Unless the lesser tenor, you ain't
The wise man. Unless the king's entourage,
Humor of wisdom contain, a lantern in hand –
Or the sycophants may lead you down
If not gallows, in deep rivers you may drown.
If love, the common, by bitter nut not swallowed,
Or pull out, people's love too great,
Just greet from afar, neither step a door
But of good heart and judgment,
Don't be too harsh, nor despise yourself.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Let Me Know

Click the space away,
O my bare marrow expose.
Leave the soul in etherium,
And my skin hanging the bone –
Just beauty and beauty alone,
Or ugly if I am, let me know.

-On the photography of Raymond Depardon

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 23,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Let Me Ponder

Let me ponder, sea high, sky deep
Barren solace, O child,
That I see an emaciated bone,
Coated in the color of skin, feathered
The raven's hair of dark.
Host of Saracens, dealers in flesh
Chained corpses dragged in sand
Make walls against the ocean, so cheap.
Bought abundance, Bible's page
And in the mud shrines, in spirits,
Africa, your sons, were none the worth,
But an enchanted freedom
Sung by the choral appetites of mothers,
By fathers systematically defeated
By disease and famine. O rich continent,
For you could feed the hungry world,
Or roaring lions, tropical rains,
Ride the tall giraffe, be wings of parrot,
And play the sandy dunes
Bare soles, or walk the grandeur
Of the chieftain's cotton, whitened.
O your ivory, poached,
But your soul alight in the eloquence,
Eyes speak seldom, heart throbs rare.
My untouchable corpse
O divine befells, curses left,
Dragging me through the lines on the map,
A play in the hands, heavy fat,
Black with white rings, and strings.
I shall crawl from the captivity
Of your galleon, to a wide open shore.

-To the children of Africa

Courtesy: My friend Taiwo Soyebó

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
December 4, 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Let New Tribulations Join The Old

Fish eye, invent the ire, from nine to three
By the clock's pendulum, to and fro,
Bring fore the past, and past back
Implore the winds, against gravity fall.
'Degenerate man! Thou woman's property! '
Unmoor the vessel, from the shore depart.
There is no end but seek with thou
To the generous winds, thus thy wings afloat.

Let new tribulations join the old,
Let old remain the book's deco'r,
Renew the cup, holy fill anew.
Of warmth of spirit, did'st not the dare
On the valleys set foot, on the rocks step o'ver.

The sculpted love, thy hands with clever craft,
And the fame shun, nuptial bed stole.
For she bites her hands on the back,
Such raw, short lived, but to a life long
Longer than that your death cannot end.

For living long is not living the breath,
Of virtues, loves and deeds, in the storyteller's
Half ringed circle, on the hot water serve,
Mixed with aromatic tea, the sage's sip.
Of long a snoring dream, but whence on oak
The fire of bygone days, and the old lady's hearth.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 11,2014.

Sien with Cigar Sitting on the Floor near Stove by Vincent van Gogh @ WikiArt

Sadiqullah Khan

Let The Roses Float

The sun settled behind the Margalla Hills,
The ample night's dream in drizzle.
In the bamboo trees and behind,
The pond of water is overflowing.
Before the cloud is blown away by wind,
Let the roses float in the golden cup.

Sadiqullah Khan

Letters

In an empty head
Eyes rolling like balls
In the dark
What were you thinking
How could have
You told me all
In so many walls
And my understanding
Going astray
I have lost
A sense of touch
With reality
Today I was not
Looking for the feel
In the bottom of the hill
I reside like an animal
Feeling heavy
I see my eyes
Searching
Looking closely
To the fire
In the hearth
On the painting
Hanging on the wall
My poems
Becoming letters
To the unknown
29/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Li Po

His hill
Moon and cup
The pot
He dancing
To the sight
Of shadow
The three together
The dimensional equilibrium
Sorting and data fusion
Algorithm
In the boxes
Living
Moving and working
Watching
Deriving
Any formula one
Me
And my cup
And a lap top beauty

Islamabad
12/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Liberate Your Words

Liberate your words
Loosen your thoughts
Bleed your colors
Bless your emotions
Burn your books
Blow away the ink pots
Give up on the phrase
Give up on the rhythm
The last to take over
The last to make over

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 8,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Libido

Resolution disentangled
Enmeshed tissue vesicular
From the making interplays
From brain to spine
Enringed heart
Extended neural jerks
To awaken the pace maker
In the valves of the pump
And stands the erectile projection

Unresolved
He binds the whole truth
To conquer the dilemma
Destroy the self
Destroy every thing else
The larger mother figure
Oedipus or Electra

Islamabad
25/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Lie

Today
I wanted
To make
Another lie

Then
I decided
Not to

I could feel
The heartfelt
Laughter

And
Tears
Comming
From your eyes

In gratitude

Sadiqullah Khan

Light

Light falls on wall
The bird speaks an alien tongue
A round stone stops the door
From casual opening.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 16,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Like A Mother

Like a mother
My little daughter
Receives me on the door
And when I am leaving
And when she knows
That I am not taking her out
She says me good bye

She so much understands me
And tries not to hurt me
Some times
She kisses my face
And my hands
When she sits on my legs
And when I feel tired
And chocolates and toffees
She demands

Her little talk
Like beauty transient
Is becoming history
To return only
In memories rich

My little daughter
She is learning
To be a mother

Sadiqullah Khan

Like Joseph

Like Joseph in the company
When you call your friends
Of the beauty of your love
Nay not they understand
What is beauty in human
More than angels they found
From the heart like rose
Sprouting with perfumes
Blinded were they
When the knives did cut
Their fingers out of wonder
Revealed to them was the nature
An angel though is without desire
With desires beauty in human
When the devil subdued
The eloquence of the youth
With modesty and love pure
The proud ladies when took leave
Heart broken were they for the beauty divine
Pity they felt for the lover of the youth
Did they understand what was inside
In soulful eyes and long days of separation
Call them not for they shall steal
The love of your heart
Alas they understand not
For once fallen in love
Love knoweth no bounds
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Like Perfumes

Like perfumes
Of jasmine and roses
In the breeze of the evening
In the desert at sunset
Like a flying horse
Towards heaven
In defiance of time
And space multiplied
With nothingness
I shall hold you
In the power of my arm
The nothingness I breathe
To be eternal myself
26/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Like Sandalwood

Like sandalwood
Burning into ashes
In the beloved's memory
The smoke
Making the images of the beloved
Turning into whirls
Like the deceptive hair of my love
The abstraction of the line
Making the curves of that beauty
The beauty that is burning me inside
My glory is to add
Life and enchantment
Like the saki in the mehfil
Like the flow of the winecups
From hand to hand
Like the dripping wine
Down those red lips
The twinkle in that chin
The redness in the eyes
But I am burning into ashes
The lines and the curves
The smoke is making
The beloveds definition
The smile on your face
Hold me close
Smell me deep
For I am the one
Vanishing in smoke
Close to your bosom
Kiss me once
As I will be no more
Once the mehfil* is over
 *merry company

Sadiqullah Khan

Like Treasures

I bore the heaviness of the days
Those happened to the nights before
To come like horses from the wild
The fortress of hope dims like glimmer
Rapid wind has the darkness brought
Underneath I shall imagine roses
The ultimate defeat to the life was death
So delicate descended just live the feelings
O eternal separation not prey for the eyes
If opened the lament would drown the earth
From amongst the loves from this world
Heavenly bodies may take over
Never shall be forgotten this sweetness
One last evening or a day earlier
In the discourses therefore
I wrote I know with absolute certitude
The destiny is the end of me
Bring the pot and flow over the brim
My cup has this time collected the sadness
For ages I have been keeping like treasures

Islamabad
11/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Like Yesterday

Be subtle pain, torture to the senses,
Be chaos on the face of unrevealed silence
A sun that shines on every wall, a moon hiding,
On the roof tops, be the gentle breeze freezing,
Ice out of water, and the breath blowing,
Sweet sounds the reed's narrow dark lanes.
A dance on the palm, be the face of Mary,
Like love's remembrance and the touch of Jesus,
Like your beauty. O muse, be like yesterday,
The wheel of time, by the treacherous fortune,
Slowly circle back, and be the forward thrust,
To the billows of the stuck ship, O the storms!
And unto my fingers, be the pen with ten pots,
Yet the burning is a craving, like fan to the fire.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 15,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Like Yesterday I

Be subtle pain, torture to the senses,
Be chaos on the face of unrevealed silence
A sun that shines on every wall, a moon hiding,
On the roof tops, be the gentle breeze freezing,
Ice out of water, and the breath blowing,
Sweet sounds the reed's narrow dark lanes.
A dance on the palm, be the face of Mary,
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Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 15,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Limitation Of Things

Desire them to know
The limitation of things
Far exceed,
That you might
Understand;
A horse's run
Yet a leap to leave,
Wishes are
Beforehand,
In the destiny's urn.

Sadiqullah Khan

Lingering Satisfaction

Yes the satisfaction lingers
Like a lull before a storm
Or like a very tired boat
After days on sail
And then
Having been brought to the
Shore
By sea winds
On its own
And without knowing
That there is an inhabitant inside
And when after a cold night
Lying in the open
A sunny day
Slowly warms
The boat
And the one inside
Heat falling on the naked body
A slow emergence
From the deep sleep of unconsciousness
Blood running in the veins
And a rise
A hot sunny day
A tropical sun
Palm trees
And the man comes out
Sleeps on the sand
Looking at the sky
That sunny afternoon
Lingering satisfaction
After cold nights
And storms
With memories so painful
But
He has survived those
And now his body
Gaining his heat
To begin
The struggle once again

That sunny afternoon
And
Lingering satisfaction

Sadiqullah Khan

Literary Establishments

They hold the castle
Stronger than the King's men
Some Humpty Dumpty
When fall, escape and run
From their eggs.

The great poet would watch
The court slaves would carry
The eulogist, to sing praise,
To the fallen Sovereign.

The worth is a robe
On the alter of conscience,
Under the rug
A heap of lies.
Once to the Chair
They sold –a daily
Different from what was
And that for the masses.

Feeble morals, in conformity
Ignorant, sans true spirit,
Shining shields, carved woods
Signed papers, adore the walls.

To let go, and speak human candor
The unknown poet, a philosopher;
Didst not few, but have forgone
To speak the truth than harbor falsehood.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 22,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Little Angel

Then smile me, little angel
My thousand worries drowned
Then cheek me, a finger's bite,
My daughter, your morn's gift.
Then sway the cradle's rope
My ship's anchors in floating clime,
Then tie the pink petticoat
My gown's atorn air's blown.
Then kiss the tired mama's face,
My hands in gem's search scratch.
Then someone may never tell
My lips, your smile may so wear.

-On Ganish Settlements, Hunza.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 30,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Little Ocean

Little ocean, sparkle sparkle,
Lonely drop, wherefrom sprinkle,
Away, far and distant, whom for?
Indifferent garnet, ruby esquered.
Your fish swim where, where goes
The sweet tongued bird. Green leaf,
You, in shyness turn crimson,
Yellow smile, O aged bark of old tree.
Little ocean, of all your splendor,
Little talk, O love, the pilgrim's ashore,
Like Buddha leave, or like dew suspend
Ultimate is to find a path. To whom!
Her teeth shine like sun-beams,
O spread is she, red rose on sheet,
Travel, you marvel, in her eyes
Songs? Until her tongue speak,
Red of lip is wine of the yore, forehead like,
Snow clad hill, cheek is beaten by autumn wind.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Loneliness Of Ages

The loneliness of ages
Ages and ages
Has come to visit me
In the darkness of the night
I even cannot remember you
Today I want all my relations
Today I want to make friends
With the rest of the world
That I had forgotten
In the saga of your love
Today I want to tell them
That love it never was
And that the fiction was not real
Today I want to be with friends
I am turning back to life
To return once again to you
1/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Lonely Sphere

Lonely sphere, such is revolve around
Sans news, and love tells us happy tidings!
May the rebirths continue, may when
All else for me is dark, and dust breaths me
And waters drink me, airs blow me, and
When the flower is eaten up by fragrance,
Beauty consumes the apparent.

I shall see the wherewithal scheme of divine,
Reversed, and when nights come before days.
The beloved is after lover, and when
Everything is upside down, for a while,
All poor rich and all rich poor,
The vanquished risen, the victorious defeated,
And the coterie of few, are ruled by many.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 28,2014.

Still of fireplace by Rémi Jouandet France @ Saatchi Art

Sadiqullah Khan

Long Nights

Catch the moment
In your breathe
In your eyes
In your memories
I did that
The moment is in my heart
But will you know that
When I remember you

I am afraid
Of the long nights
With so many moments
To torment me
Bring in some joy
Make me a part
Of your life
In celebrations
I am tired
Of loneliness

Come slowly
Like aroma
From between your bosoms
Engraved with love

This winter
I am waiting
For a heavy snow fall
To cover me thick
Like in igloo
I shall lit
The fire of your love
Stories from my heart
In my long nights
29/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Longest Hangover

It did not finish as it did carry,
This eloquence was melting on the face of the night.
There was a city destroyed by nothing.
There was an afternoon faded
Behind sunrays. There was a goldsmith in the street,
Repairing earrings and he said he cannot repair broken arms
Of sugar pots.

The humming voices of the people needed a rhythm,
Next only to some songs. For them to be on their own.
The travelogue were streets narrowed down
By those who were selling used shoes.

The night brought such an ancient song
So long forgotten.
Travels evoke a sense of control, though
Away from loved ones.
The destiny was not yet reached as all thoughts
Evaporated.

The morning was a half victory.
Even smaller than that
Why there are celebrations
Smaller victories are bigger victories
The people have learned through ages

Neither laugh nor cry
This is such a swift exit
It is nothing
If it means many victories to others and loved ones
Be it my loss.
And this was such a big victory for me.

Islamabad
Nov 11,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Lost

I found you, lost -
I lost myself
Creator lost, the creation lost.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 2,2013.

Lets Get Lost, Photography by Hingki Koentjoro @

Sadiqullah Khan

Lost Consolation

While your candle burns
On the tomb's epitaph
Matron of the Republic,
The Palla -, green, yellow
And red strings, waist high.

An open dome, an earth's
Converse. Since I go in
The heart's tombs, in song.
On plane arable surface,
Mine is a lost consolation.

-On reading the letter of Servius Sulpicius Rufus, the most eminent lawyer of the late Republic, to Marcus Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia Ciceronis (79 BC – 45 BC) .

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 10,2014.

Cicero. (106 B.C.–43 B.C.) . Letters.
The Harvard Classics. 1909–14.

XXVII. Servius Sulpicius to Cicero (At Astura)

Athens (March)

WHEN I received the news of your daughter Tullia's death, I was indeed as much grieved and distressed as I was bound to be, and looked upon it as a calamity in which I shared. For, if I had been at home, I should not have failed to be at your side, and should have made my sorrow plain to you face to face. That kind of consolation involves much distress and pain, because the relations and friends, whose part it is to offer it, are themselves overcome by an equal sorrow. They cannot attempt it without many tears, so that they seem to require consolation themselves rather than to be able to afford it to others. Still I have decided to set down briefly for your benefit such thoughts as have occurred to my mind, not because I suppose them to be unknown to you, but because your sorrow may

perhaps hinder you from being so keenly alive to them. □1

Why is it that a private grief should agitate you so deeply? Think how fortune has hitherto dealt with us. Reflect that we have had snatched from us what ought to be no less dear to human beings than their children—country, honour, rank, every political distinction. What additional wound to your feelings could be inflicted by this particular loss? Or where is the heart that should not by this time have lost all sensibility and learned to regard everything else as of minor importance? Is it on her account, pray, that you sorrow? How many times have you recurred to the thought—and I have often been struck with the same idea—that in times like these theirs is far from being the worst fate to whom it has been granted to exchange life for a painless death? Now what was there at such an epoch that could greatly tempt her to live? What scope, what hope, what heart's solace? That she might spend her life with some young and distinguished husband? How impossible for a man of your rank to select from the present generation of young men a son-in-law, to whose honour you might think yourself safe in trusting your child! Was it that she might bear children to cheer her with the sight of their vigorous youth? who might by their own character maintain the position handed down to them by their parent, might be expected to stand for the offices in their order, might exercise their freedom in supporting their friends? What single one of these prospects has not been taken away before it was given? But, it will be said, after all it is an evil to lose one's children. Yes, it is: only it is a worse one to endure and submit to the present state of things. □2

I wish to mention to you a circumstance which gave me no common consolation, on the chance of its also proving capable of diminishing your sorrow. On my voyage from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to survey the localities that were on every side of me. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara, on my right Piræus, on my left Corinth: towns which at one time were most flourishing, but now lay before my eyes in ruin and decay. I began to reflect to myself thus: "Hah! do we mannikins feel rebellious if one of us perishes or is killed—we whose life ought to be still shorter—when the corpses of so many towns lie in helpless ruin? Will you please, Servius, restrain yourself and recollect that you are born a mortal man?" Believe me, I was no little strengthened by that reflexion. Now take the trouble, if you agree with me, to put this thought before your eyes. Not long ago all those most illustrious men perished at one blow: the empire of the Roman people suffered that huge loss: all the provinces were shaken to their foundations. If you have become the poorer by the frail spirit of one poor girl, are you agitated thus violently? If she had not died now, she would yet have had to die a few years hence, for she was mortal born. You, too, withdraw soul and thought from such things, and rather remember those which become the part you have played in life: that she lived as long as life had anything to give her; that her life outlasted that of the Republic; that she lived to see you—her own father—prætor, consul, and augur; that she married young

men of the highest rank; that she had enjoyed nearly every possible blessing; that, when the Republic fell, she departed from life. What fault have you or she to find with fortune on this score? In fine, do not forget that you are Cicero, and a man accustomed to instruct and advise others; and do not imitate bad physicians, who in the diseases of others profess to understand the art of healing, but are unable to prescribe for themselves. Rather suggest to yourself and bring home to your own mind the very maxims which you are accustomed to impress upon others. There is no sorrow beyond the power of time at length to diminish and soften: it is a reflexion on you that you should wait for this period, and not rather anticipate that result by the aid of your wisdom. But if there is any consciousness still existing in the world below, such was her love for you and her dutiful affection for all her family, that she certainly does not wish you to act as you are acting. Grant this to her—your lost one! Grant it to your friends and comrades who mourn with you in your sorrow! Grant it to your country, that if the need arises she may have the use of your services and advice. □B

Finally—since we are reduced by fortune to the necessity of taking precautions on this point also—do not allow anyone to think that you are not mourning so much for your daughter as for the state of public affairs and the victory of others. I am ashamed to say any more to you on this subject, lest I should appear to distrust your wisdom. Therefore I will only make one suggestion before bringing my letter to an end. We have seen you on many occasions bear good fortune with a noble dignity which greatly enhanced your fame: now is the time for you to convince us that you are able to bear bad fortune equally well, and that it does not appear to you to be a heavier burden than you ought to think it. I would not have this be the only one of all the virtues that you do not possess. □4

As far as I am concerned, when I learn that your mind is more composed, I will write you an account of what is going on here, and of the condition of the province. Good-bye.

@

□

The Convert after a painting by G. R. C. Boulanger @ Guntenberg Books

Sadiqullah Khan

Lost Forever

Unhappy with me
For the world appear
In my dreams I search
Those hair the cheek
The eyes in emotion
And the lioness in you
The lover the real
One more wound
One more blister
How many years
Nothing to ponder
But anguish
You were not mine
I knew so long
But I know now
You are not mine
The distance of ages
I otherwise knew
Beyond comprehension
But your love
A hope in despair
I lost forever
29/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Lost Images

I remember
When we were young
And when out of deep love
Of every one for you
I remember that black and white
Picture
And your expressions
Worried
Emotional
And frightened

Then I saw you growing
That same child in you
In your own thoughts
We did not know
What you were thinking
But a life partner
And then suddenly your dreams came to an end
Some people who did not understand you
And the harshness of everything around you
The attitudes
The men
And some women
Jealousies
Some sympathies

After years and years
I see that same worried child in you
And meanwhile you have been through difficulties
Mental anguish
Declared insane
But that grand presence in you
When I met you
After a long time
I felt that some lost piece of my soul
I have found
A satisfaction
And so much above the ordinary
Aloof yet graceful

Your demeanor

Allow me to pay respect to you

I know your pain

Your worries for your children

And the mediocrity

That surrounds you

(To my sister)

Sadiqullah Khan

Lost In Storms

Will I know it again, my willing feet
Graze the path. I hear your voice
My waning strength, my fading will
Will I ever add meaning to my life.
These streets, narrowed down,
I saw your tulips growing
On you. Your rose cheek in tendril hair
But will you, on the sand again
In lighter steps lead me there...
The last ones though, are lost in storms.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 15,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Lost Jockey

Since I am too entangled,
Waning capacities of love
My saliva is not honey, my
Sweat not amber, you may,

Elope with air, jump over
The barbed wire, never
Look back and be dust of stars,
Only birds bring your songs,
I hear about you in angels' flutter.

O Lost jockey, never return back,
To your circular knightly barns
Nor to the Princess' love,
Nor to the kudos of your trot,
Unless you have been to the unseen.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Love And Fame

You had The Spirit through your eyes
Holding arm stepping down slow
Amongst the autumn struck cypresses
The self like aloe wood burning to amber
Hope was a light in the dark though

Of the hundred yards in square
Break open the cage of hope
The silence of the ocean over the roar
A dropp comes down with lighting and thunder
Unspoken word is an encircling revolution

Nowhere is located the throne of fear
Leaving the shadows of clouds a pain
The painter of life feared the demise
For love and fame his personification
Wise to know where flows the life

Standing in front of that immense beauty
Yours was not the dream to nurture
Soul in different shapes of same nature
Loosen not the knot of the intellect
Discourse is not with Shams or Keats

Love and fame shall survive all other
Lessen the fame then the rest is sweet honey

Islamabad
19/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Love Begets A Secret

Love begets a secret, love's name hidden,
On the forehead if brought, on the lips, if,
Speaks, albeit in song if be sung, in silence,
If dreams, if, with winds towards the love's
Street. If the perfume of her tresses bring,
Love be the other name to the great divine,
Bow, rise in supplication, unfulfilled desire.

Or if spread over, like rain when it falls, on,
Roofs, like hoofs of horses' gallop, bringing,
Omens from the distant traveler's lone song
And the sun when it hides and comes morn
And stars on the palm are teller of fortune.

Like in afternoon from the many story tops,
Onto the yards, adjacent where languid steps
Come to and back to the door, where, solitary
Bird has tongue, breeze whistle, choral moon,
Where hands are found wide spread, for a fill,
Where feet ache, blistered, on thirsty desert.

Dreams are relived in life, but love is a pain,
Sweet, yonder and like sandalwood burn
Is consumed to ash, delivers fine fragrance,
When he, who teaches is back on the knees
And he, who learns, is thus no more a pupil -
My grand teacher, hath thus named himself,
To disciple pupil, who taught him meanings,
And himself floats, like 'Dali's annotated mirth.

Love begets a secret, and in secret flourish,
That what ye know, which from time descend,
And that very moment, the most unlikely one,
O child of just yester, do not give up so soon
Love's martyrs, do not embrace a life swift,
Languish, yearning rose to nightingale's lament
Or give up your long shroud of happy redeem
Discern this from that, yield no more to passion,
Congruate upon, hidden crown shines on your head.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 18,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Love Goddess I

Pure has I become
By visiting the shrine of your beauty
In timeless muses when I pondered on your line
From the cuts and angles and curves serpentine
I went beyond into the divinity of you
Forgotten I have religions of the yore
The holy waters and my blistered feet
Louder is your name the goddess of love
Written on the air and in the universe of my heart
Cupid I am not nor am lover of your outward
Inner beauty I seek like the red in the flower
Draped in white coffin of the petals sweet
Rise today I to embrace as in vigil
The eyes you cast on me is giving
Angels I see on your back and the rising moon
In cold nights when you whisper to the disciple
Inviting are you for me to conquer
Your inner self with the beauty of houris
Filled are my imaginations with my nostalgia
Of the state of nature and your temptations
In a futile effort when I want to reverse the cycle
By possessing you in the softness of the green
Red is the color on your head in happiness
So cherish you my love though you are the goddess
Unending is your grace and the anguish you cause
Love am I when I enter your vascinity
Never have I escaped the karma you have
My moon and my night and my symbols of love
Religion is nothing but a manifestation
I see symbols in nature even when in opposite
Love of you as love of me
Is the love in you O goddess of love
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Love In The Time Of War

Brazen laid fields, howling wolves
The water channels dried as if sorrows,
And tears have taken the heart out of the soil
Beneath the slum like streets of mud
A far streak of candle light or a fire to warm up.
Horror would make things worse or a dead;
Buried last night. Would a desire be more intense?
To live. Narrating a history of 'dialectics' or a song?
The toil that had been a fate in redemption,
Nothing other than love, be it war or be it peace.
Hope still survives or else and what else;
If we die for love.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 27,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Love Is A Constant

Love is a constant,
All else variables
Circumstantially evident
Respiteful and difficulties
Stones in the way,
Detoured by the sprinkled water
Making itself into a river
Following the fall.
The fall was like a train
Of a hundred maids
Lifting the costumes,
And the love heading to actually,
Dissolve in an immense cadre
Of standing trees, and walls
Who would speak,
Roofs holding up clouds of patellar
Significance.
This cider tree hangs looming
Larger than life, how?
Is this real, and if not real,
What does it signify.
The bride's face was covered
With white bonnet from her hat
And those other women wore
Embroidered caps,
But the feet were in ice-cold
Water,
And stones were sleeping.
The constancy of love –
The other variables,
Who were named demons.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Love Reside Deeper

'Lose yourself completely
Return to the root of the root of your own soul.'
Rumi

Love reside deeper,
Deeper and deeper than knowledge,
Knowledge is dark force of nature
Naming things seldom make them better.
You need not change the world
Of its own doing is the divinity's course
Or a spark within the dusted pans.

The singer in the street is freedom's bird,
Do away with the moral's bicker
The poet-sage, Ghalib was in love
The Domni muse would bring him tidings,
Nor a conversion here and there,
A note that swings from note to note
Is sweetness in music with'out ties long.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Love Time And Death

The jigsaw
To and fro,

The ultimate
Time is death,

Love, you
Far and low,

Else go
Through and through,

Either small
Or grow,

Love, Time
And death,

And Solitude
Make a Fortune,

Else stand
On cemetery gate,

Or beaten
Love,
By Time and Death.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 8,2014.

Photograph @ Operation Eden

Sadiqullah Khan

Love Under A Street Light

Guided hands from black
Haloes will become areolas
Hanging to flesh
Carbon mousse cake
Chocolate color of lips
Struggling to open the mouth
Of golden bottle with keys
Suggestion was to pierce
Like dead flesh on charcoal
Between the legs hidden
Odor like roasted peanuts
After my fingers
Without a handwash
Love under a street light
On a busy way
At midnight
Neither were stars putrid
Nor her bones
Her horrified looks
Wandering
Whether heat can be
So contagious
Whether nails can be
So biting
Whether cannibals eat
Raw flesh so voraciously
22/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Love's Ends

Of a noble heart indeed,
A nun's annunciation
The mystic Emily Bronte,
Or the broad side of Virginia Woolf.
The beloved is not only eloquent
Her brows may cast you pious,
Pious and pure are the love's ' ends.

-For Portia Burton on her poem 'My Journey'.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Love's Pledge Of Honor

Carrying lightening and thunders,
In my palms, and like beads of gold,
Precious stones, rubies and diamonds.
The prayers oozing from raised hands.
Dusted and puffed pages of history,
With borders of sweet smelling binds.

This upturned stone on a stream,
Whose sighs are hidden underneath?
The ancient lovers hid their love,
Above bosoms, on a brave chest.
A lover today would burn in own fire.
At stake is "love's pledge of honor";.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 8,2013.

Photography: Ken Lee
Location: Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest near Big Pine, California, USA.

Sadiqullah Khan

Luncheon In Chapursan

Piyar Ali came from the meadows, gasping
Across the road, to guide us through
The stony and rusty terrain to the shrine
Baba-e Gundi, to whom he was a 'Minjowar',
Caretaker, for three generations. Could not
We find a place to rest for a while and then proceed?

Autumnal terrain, familiarity bred love,
The road to my village Dabkot, is the same
And down the plane vastness, drying 'Chinar'
Trees, whose saplings' stems had been scarved
With yellow, green and red cloth, to protect them
From winds, which would dry skins to wrinkle,
Faster than the years of harshness, breezed.

We were sitting in a room, sharply red and blue
Colored carpets, Spartan to poverty, functional.
In steppes, the cool of the rooms, the shadow
Of walls, are a blissful relaxation, stillness
Hushed by the leaves, who would cross each other,
By the edge. 'We call it 'Manai' and the winds
Yellowing, tinkle the trees, an advance awareness
Of the approaching winters, brown deep, yellow and black.

We were seated on cushions, with white pillows
Embroidered with flowers, and motifs, I do not know
Who invented it, we or them, but they were the same,
As had been gifted to me once, roses with leaves.

We were taking cold, seasoned 'Ghee' of a Khush-Gai,
The Yak is so called there. In my terminology, it was
'Washalye with Gorhi of Banai', they called it 'Khasta',
This is served to the esteemed guests. The 'Ghee' is
From Pamir, Afghanistan. They bring it here,
After a foot-travel of four days, and take back things.

We took it with sugary tea, carefully
But it did not give acidity, the seasoning in the goat-skin,
Might have reduced that. There were blankets in the room

A suitcase, of the newlywed, and curtained to avoid the glare.

In our tradition when we have a luncheon like this,
We as a symbol of honor, give something to the house lady,
I took, a thousand Rupees, note, gave it to Piyar Ali.
Outside, his mother was waiting, anxious, for the comfort
Of the 'guests' mattered. She greeted us, like all the mothers
Who want all your tiredness, dissolved in their divinity.

She was wearing 'Urdwa', the beaded cap, standing nearby
Was her young daughter, similarly clad, pleasant of face,
I told Ali, to give her the money. 'It's not a hotel', she said.
No, it is just an honor, I want to pay, and very gratuitously
She kissed it, giving me the honor of a prince, on tour.
Blessingly, she bade us good-bye. It was a homecoming,
And a home leaving. We, in some very distant past, I suppose
Had been living together connected by stones and needles.

-On my visit to Chapursan, October,27,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 1,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Made In Germany

'The attached covers arrive to you from... Germany :) .'
Sonja Smolec

I traded the satiny white, deep red,
Of the flowers, whose life's ten days
Petal shower hath the Japanese semble –
Extreme white sophistications on grey earth.
The rain is soft touch of the balancing nature,
Yin and Yang, some supercilious Matsu Basho
Like haiku, wishing clean hands in a darkened world.

But then the German idealism hath a sway,
On excuses, and the magician was asked,
On a close-up of Hoper glacier, O let your brush strike.
Cuts and cuts, compressed landscape in white and grey,
The one I see on every face, in every weather,
But let the flowers be the frame on the post,
So intent I looked, so bizarre the background.

Very strangely it came out to be German
With Nietzschean gravity and Hegelian idea –
Although it has to be from Brussels.
The golden dressing matters on the quickly put together
Messianics, as she waved the magic wand,
While we were conversing through difficult wires.

-On designing the cover of my book 'Orchard of Raining Petals' by Sonja Smolec.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 4,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Magic

by: Ovid (43 BC-17 AD?)

E elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back, you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring water; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art.

Translated into English by William Shakespeare @ Poetry Archive

Sadiqullah Khan

Magic In Reality

Higher than the skies
Darker than the nights
Brighter than the sun
Bring magic to reality

A single day
Longer than a century
The corpse of the girl
Sold as mummy
Years ago
As Iranian queen
Of the pharaoh
Where is she
Who was she
After three thousand years
Or just from the grave
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Magritte Window

I see it rain from Magritte window,
Crimson green, grays and gouache -
On Pavilion of Three Laughs, Wang Wi,
Gentle staff, walks with heavy gown.

And I intend to drive to Kohsar,
Hazel nut coffee, crackling seedlings,
Yellow leaves burn, smoke and water.

When it rains, clouds pour in Islamabad -
Bursting long silent skies, Margallas steam,
And a calm recourse, on my ruesome heart.

My friend Suleman Yaqub,
Offers an ink-pen of iridium nib,
Says it comes from meteorites
And may my verses be with beauty even;
We discussed, 'chasing shadows'
And feel of presence in 'orchard of raining petals'.

Erstwhile religions, discourses of wise,
Those who spent years in prisons
Prisoners of conscience, -now though flown
And those who spoke, sense, elegant men,
The sixties and the seventies harbored
In the rust and dust of the city of flowers.

It still rains.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 12,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Majestic Presence

Yet this all remains obscure
Sandy beauty of curvaceous line
Peaked tops, rubbed a roughness
Your chin pops up for a teeth-bite,
Your eyes the naughtiness of cat -
Inside the coziness of stone lined doors,
Flowers wither to the smoky aroma
Narrow lanes taper down to warmth
An embrace might be the night's awaited
Cold. Who shall see these willows again
Not me at least, whoever, blessed
In the aloft highness and majestic presence.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Make Me A New World

Make me a new world,
Without
Death, disease and suffering
Without age, forever young.
A new dawn
From the tiresome night
A new moon, sun and stars.
Don't ask
Me to die first, to perish instead.
To live in soul
In an unseen, unknown heaven;
In hell,
With my sins. It is no use
Expanding my inner self
And imagine
Happiness, hollow, immaterial
A sickening tirade
Of words
Playing with my fancy.
Let's then join hands
Let's then make a paradise
Here and now.

Sadiqullah Khan □
Peshawar
August 17, 2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Make Me Belong To You

I have my steps on your ground
Make me laugh with you
I had many of your tears wiped
I have embraced this strange feeling
I have the tips of my fingers
On your walls that are damp now
I breathe from your windows
You do not ask for blood always
You do not rise to the dragging chains
You do not dance to the hoofs of horses
You grow many trees and flowers
You are very strange to me
I hold to your roots to grow life
Make me belong to you
You are no other beloved
O my dear homeland

Islamabad
July29,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Make My Woes Your Songs

Make my woes your songs
Make my drunkenness ecstacy your laugh
Make my midnight's dream a nightmare
Let for the dead of the lion call the vultures
Let for your peace carry shreds of my clothe
Banner to lovers are the songs of the lover
What love is to you take away with deceit
Sublime is soft like silk from cocoon
I wake to the world my friends indeed
Red of the cheek is now pallor of the face
The shine of the eyes is now visited with death

Islamabad
2/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Man Of Vanities

Your tail's the sun ablaze,
Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan
'In caftan of tan, henna hackles
Universal cock, halt'.

Down to earth but this earth?
Vanity's pride, sophistication lie,
A piece of black.

On your 'subject's' size zero -
In sun tan. You ten foot tall
And the inchlings beneath 'eye wear',
And opposite to vulgar.

You might wear beauty
The skinny tans, still 'blazes beauty'.

-To the designer Karl Lagerfeld

Karl Lagerfeld (born Karl Otto Lagerfeldt, 10 September 1933) is a German fashion designer, artist, and photographer based in Paris. He is the head designer and creative director of the fashion house Chanel as well as the Italian house Fendi and his own label fashion house. Over the decades, he has collaborated on a variety of fashion and art-related projects. He is well recognized around the world for his trademark white hair, black glasses, and high starched collars.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 7, 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Many Illusions

From state to state I am carried
Different dimensions of reality
I open my eyes into a new illusion
Which appears to me as final reality
Crystal clear becomes my mind
I say to myself
And then discover again
Illusion of the illusions

From state to state I am carried
In haze and mist and dust
With blinded vision or the colors of my heart
The colors that I choose by choice
And again I end up with many questions
About the finality of truth

Endless is my journey
I sit in the lonely corner of my new discovery
Be it a rose garden or a house living
In exhaustion and my back against the wall
No destiny is final but the entrance
There on that house living of yours
My gaze fixed for some new state
To be carried forward
From state to state

In constant float on endless waves
Drifting into the vastness of the sea
The heavy breeze and the seagulls watching
From above with wide open wings

The sunset so near like a ball of fire
Slowly going down the deep sea to disappear
I color the vision in my own way
Many colors and colors enchanting
So is the beauty of nature at this moment

From state to state I am carried
With many colors and visions

And many illusions

Sadiqullah Khan

Many Knots

Many knots I tie in that rope
Like a blind man would in a haste
I find them recovered with luck
The hidden treasures in the dark
My memories found in luster
My vision is back with a glaze
I unfold mysteries so vague
15/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

March In Step

What then has he in store for me, his father?
When two men march in step,
The bristling land's a-tremble with tense tumult,
Dolabella is on the way to greet Caesar,
For many pupils are better than their teacher.
The Stoics chose indifference, 'no chose indifferente'
Less virtue, all is vice, and 'things indifferent'.

-Publius Cornelius Dolabella (70 BC - 43 BC) was a Roman general, by far the most important of the Dolabellae. He arranged for himself to be adopted by a plebeian so that he could become a Tribune. He married Cicero's daughter Tullia Ciceronis. Throughout his life he was an extreme profligate, something that Plutarch wrote reflected ill upon his patron Julius Caesar.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 25,2014.

After 10 years, Fathers and Sons @ Journal Star

Sadiqullah Khan

Marks Of Distinction

Worthless, who says?
In an age of iron and blood,
(and dollars, pounds and riyals)
Of bastards and adventurers.

We could have known,
A commune of earth's resources
By factors of greed.

So they defeated
All opposition, swiftly
With clean hands.

There will be no poor
Henceforth, and divine
Law has been promulgated.

His Holiness
With Almighty's grace,
Had three hundred wives.

Six hundred concubines,
The wrath of impotency goes
To Houbara Bustards.

The agents like the Lawrence
Or St. John Philby smoothed
Aramco deal. (Philby by converting
To Wahabism)

As long as
They pump crude,
And have little cronies abroad.
(in other wretched countries)

Their agents, hunt
The youngest possible world over
Sanctified pedophiles.

Because it makes you
Young at ninety four, (they say)
Writes Louise Brown.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Masterpiece

I shall
In my amnesia
Of the lost ages
Stored in my subconscious
Color myself
And color you
In red and green
Indigo and aqua
And all the seven thousand colors
Colors from the wings of butterflies
From the petals of flowers
From the pink of the cheek
On your skin when it is
On the fourteenth of the day
Like moon
From your eyes that tell secrets
From the smile on your lips
And the sadness when in separation
I know you sit lonely
Facing the setting sun

The line from the crease
On the face of that old lady
In radiant smile
And when behind those lips
The pearls of teeth appear

On the face of the man
Who after a long travel
Is seeing in hope in some direction

The blue of the midnight

When we are painted with all these colors
We make love on a canvas
For a marvel of the art
To create a masterpiece
15/11/2008

Matrix

Thin slicing lines
The thread of fortune
Cutting yet allowing
The crossing
On pinheads and invisible
The pins fixed eternally

The matrix of life
From its first appearance
Fluid
Clinched fist entrapped
In the membranes
Flow with a gush of waters
Towards its first cry

Breathing to survive
And preparing for the strings
On pinheads
To be sliced
With a hope to cross over

From one matrix
To another
Unfolds the mystery
Matrix after matrix
With the same clinched fist
Tight lips and holding its breath

No room to cry this time
For the final exit shall not allow
An escape
The divine intelligence
Has devised
For the matrix of life
Slicing strings
Invisible

Sadiqullah Khan

Me And My Heart

When the evening breeze did me touched
In affection and solace towards your arms
On the setting sun of that November eve
In the days from the early mornings
I thought that the bitterness of the yesterday
I wanted to tell that I have now removed
In thought and in spirit the sadness
That was but me and why have you touched
The sensitivity of the soul to engage
In affections when I color everything bright
In autumns I see flowers in bloom
A rainbow after the driest spell of season

In my humble ways my pearls of poems
To my heart I held when that glance by you
In return when I held it up for you to read
Upside down after the while I saw
I want my feelings back but I did not say
A request for my things you honored in hurry
Yes close to my bosom when I held the dear friends
You are a guest of few moments but me and my heart
Friends for ever in life and in death
Speak your heart like songs from up the sky
Is it what that the beloved does not listen to hear
In visions and at night when my tavern is lit
With abandon shall I drink to me and my heart
29/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Meadows

In the green valley
Up and down the track
Making depths and heights
Delightful to the eye
The city akin to the city of dreams
Lying like a carpet on the meadows
Soft star like lights lit in the homes
Was a reflection of the starry night
Stream of fresh water from springs up on the hills
A heavy mist and clouds hiding the peaks
Fresh breeze laden with moisture
And mixed with scents of the woods
Pine trees seasoned and aged
Leaves and flowers
In mid May and late evening
And a walk on the track made natural
The green in multiple hues and so is the wood
A rising full moon sometimes hiding
Behind the clouds
Unable to carry heavy rain drops
The clouds let them drop
Thunders on hilltops and lightening
Heavens reflection on earth
The singing of the lark
Little birds flying with abandon
A life of idyllic living
To ponder on natures bounties
The fair ones memories
The bygone days
A plunge in the future
Or souls wandering
One with humanity
Nature and the universal soul

Sadiqullah Khan

Meager Mast And My Broken Oars

'Meager mast and my broken oars'
Homer is blind, stately Virgil,
Of the New World they did not know.
Banished to Towers or some Bay
The Fathers in the Dark Age,
And the sons now in enlightenment.

Sad so sad, could a train be in rain,
A lost plane in the Pacific, a smashed
Car, in formula one, red Ferrari
Of Michael Schumacher, else
Nuclear leaks, and oil spills, shrinking
Glaciers and Amazon 'the wasteland'.

A rogue army, with a nuke ticking
Tied to the boot-lace, eye-cuffing
Senior citizens or giving rat-poison
To the children, -graves outnumber,
The living. Catch a metaphor
From the rooster's swelled breast,
Or count the age whose' younger.

On empty roads, they went,
In fear the swans, change paths,
Like the Prussian army owned
The country, in real-estate, and
Enterprise. Ah! What a feat, dead
And alive, heavens also belongs
To them. A hapless enemy, a created
Target, and war games could be so easy.

Sadiquallah Khan
Islamabad,
July 1,2014.

The Waste Land by T.S. Elliot @ web

Sadiquallah Khan

Mediocrity

Generic
Showcased
Haute bourgeoisie
Petty emblematic.

Mediocrity
Saleable
Brandic
Untatse-worthy.

Nebula
In centripetal
Gravitational fold
Peripheral
Wilt burn.

By itself
In ad-vertisement
Or read
A page
To the micro-phone.

To
The captive audience
In in-visible ropes.

-On Islamabad Literature Festival 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 21,2014.

The literary festival
This is a big moment for Simon, the former City financier who used his payoff to settle down and write his great novel. @ how to spend it

Sadiqullah Khan

Melancholy

Deep sadness born out of love
The roots of the tree appearing tired
To hold the trunk of life with supplications
Deeper is the anguish in my heart
In alienation when I look upon
The morose living habitations
And the late night dust on the street
The howling dogs and from every shadow
Where demons are hiding to appear
And follow me in tiptoe
The moon that has gone pale
It is not that I want to be a part
Of the haunted life of that city
The aroma of the night
In gloom when I longed
The wine of beauty in a happy gathering
In my imagination every night plays
The beauty of paradise revealed unto me
Nothing is real in this world of bliss
The romance of the desert and the wandering
The beauty of your face and the eloquence
That your eyes shower on me
In metaphysical world
I searched a place for myself
To the great Khayyam when I referred
He held a cup of wine and a book of verse
Beloved! Wilt not thou appear once
I sip the wine of melancholy
Wine dancing in my head
With your song of love
10/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Memory Lane

Down the memory lane
Like a street car□
With slow motions
Into some familiar roads
In search of the place
Now hidden behind so many walls
In an attempt for a glimpse of the past
Only in memory now
In the years
In which I am dead
With an opportunity
For a revisit
The structures newly raised
And signs of old age
On buildings once
Were the prides of the neighborhood
The earth now hidden under heavy slabs of concrete
Grass struggling to come out of the crevices
The old structures
Now speaking their past
In the husky voice of the old man
Who has his legs now bent and skin wrinkled
That cool of the weathering effect
Like moss on oak wood
Or the soft look of the earthen flowerpot

And when I spoke to the walls
Who had seen many like me
Looking for their lost lives
In some useless effort
To resurrect their past
While still alive
And in search of those faces and people
Whom no one knows now
Who have moved on for a better life
That beautiful girl
Who exuded sex
Now like the walls
Speak of the unspeakable

Down the memory lane
In convoluted dreams
I made another memory
To revisit again
How many more live on that memory lane
I add
New addresses
To my memory lane
For a slow drive
For my days coming

Sadiqullah Khan

Mendicant Shadows

And the horse-show cliffs turn round and round
On each turn hangs an old master's painting
Done in the impressionist or pointillist precision,
Narrow bridges tied by knots to the edge of rocks
Hangs down on the rivers' eternal flow,
Glitter of glaciers is understated by mix of mud.
O wherefrom the wrecked school building in boulders,
Or a board signifying who's done what, in wretchedness.
Absence signify presence, cemeteries are not mile long,
Like houses smaller, there is no epitaph, no rites prolong.
Old fashioned smile pervades the season,
Scarf fallen from head, who watches, nor is preacher insane
Old huts emit aromatic smoke, dewed in cold,
O cosmopolitan sensibility, the bird has wings of color
Sitting on walls, may they forget the engravings in stone.
Paths are made by stones, following the goat's hoof
The child's play is trekking the hill. Are they destined
Only to be porters to the princes from Europe
On the edge of Asia, sub-continental chorus of dance
Selling like rotten cakes, the bake-man display
Fair and lovely to the customers to look faire.
The abandoned water-mill, small stream
Of deviant water channel, flows down the bark's gut
To run the mill, did not electricity is invented
This way, and unlocked, stealing has not gained practice.
Yet a woman drives a car, and has kudos going to centre,
Learn and teach trades of living, men have not
Turned upon their halves, for fear of a dissent.

Gilgit

November 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Mens Sana In Corpore Sano -A Healthy Mind In A Healthy Body

Anton, and are not I am cultured,
Stealing a line from you and your brother's
Nikolai's painting. Am not I cultured,
On the face-book, and in the times of internet.
Neither spilling vodka, sniffing cup-board-timelines;
Catching mad cats and sharing goats for no reason.
Paying other's debts, hum...
Do you mean mortgage?
Or paying other's bills.
No sir! Others are others, and where they are not,
They are quickly becoming.
Disparaging oneself to rouse compassion,
You are speaking of mobile-uploads, I suppose
They forgive noise, and do not say "nobody can live with you."
Agree, is this for loving spouse?
Not for beggars, but sympathizing with those not seen
You mean emotional-fatigue, I am sure
And fotos and videos, 'terribly miserable' affront
Nightmarish arousing nausea and needing emesis,
Like Zion butchering and overnight cities of millions
Virgins refusing to die, for fear of terrorists,
Lest they may be offered to them as rewards.

"So, according to Chekhov, "being cultured" is synonymous with being compassionate, sensitive, mindful, kind, true to oneself and to others, resourceful, grateful, aware, tasteful and seasoned with a great amount of courage and integrity—qualities most individuals are or should be reaching for on a daily basis. In other words, to be cultured is to be whole."

-On reading Anton Chekov's letter identifying eight qualities predominant in so-called cultured individuals in a letter to his brother Nikolai, an artist.

Saiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 30,2014.

Merchant Of Lies Xxxv

One eyed Justice, the lean sipah-salar (General) :
Astya ka saudagar (Merchant of Lies) ,
With deep pockets.

Small men on big stage,
Truth is the David's sling -a journalist,
Goliath's fall, tell us which way.

Momentous moment,
What for we have been preparing?
Prayers on the mat,
Or the caravan of lovers su-e harrum.

It is not the plunder,
O pirate of the night
But the plunder is by miran-e caravan.

A disgrace to humanity, to all living.
Of a worthless me,
Of worthless multitude.
And the day-light burials with impunity
Of martyrs, who laid their lives in thousands
Fifty thousand.

One eyed Justice, the lean sipah-salar (General) :
Astya ka saudagar (Merchant of Lies) ,
With deep pockets.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 14,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Meshing Iii

'Meshing gives warmth, softness and transparency to hard cold opaque steel.'
Charu Gandhi

That knowing is suffice, the revolution is won,
That the craftiness and shamelessness known
That every corner of your mind, opaque
That the winds break closed doors, windows open
That your magnificent head on pillow thinks
That your feet take you to 'Azadi Square'
That new names invent, that the left over rot
That the contagion is spread, and the mighty fall
That the steel is meshed and brittle concrete,
That the shadow holds the walls, and hands free,
That an unknown quote embellishes a verse
That when a century is past, waiting, and
That a rose was afloat, amidst storms,
That the freedom horse is let loose, unbridled
That songs are sung, and dances on mud floors
That a history is written, pages torn
That out of nothing, something is made,
That love is made in times of war, and the poor,
That the voices are raised, and truths are spoken.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 21,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Midnight Grief

Midnight grief, thou art but a wick's smoke
Burn me to ash, that before the last flicker,
Dawn is the traveler's step on treacherous sand
Rise to the setting moon; let the urn sing the secret.
The cup-bearer's tired hand, hold another cup
Yet the veil hath, the love's face not revealed.
The fold of mystery shall shine on you soon
Soon shall be the stars laid your way.
Whisper to me, from beneath the dark clouds
Your hair my love, your lips be the candle
What a moth am I, before my sight, still reason?
Storms be my companion, the falcon taketh flight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 7,2014.

William Francis (Will) Longstaff (Australian,1879-1953) , The Rearguard (the spirit of Anzac) @ carter's

Sadiqullah Khan

Midnight Rain

I woke up to the midnight rain
Freed from hourly time,
Sequences and relations.

I woke up to the rooster's call
A clouded perfect silence,
As if the existence
Hath taken a deep breath.

I woke up to the flying
Candles from the expanse,
Of my breast
Towards grey skies.

I woke up to my steps
On the roof-tops,
Looking for the lost moons.

I woke up from a dream
Awaiting my execution,
Seeing my face the last time
In a mirror.

I woke up to the thought
That how I would
Look on death,
And how I wear grace.

I woke up to the water
Bucket steaming in heat,
The patient renewal on the rise.

I woke up to the morning
Birds leaving nests,
Singing advent of the spring.

And I woke up to the fragrant
Rose, washed grass
And vines hanging on the walls.

I woke up to a certain belief,
To a long wait
And the struggling noise of life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Milky Bath G

That wretchedness, Sir is not my feat
Snow topped peaks, melting glaciers
Of streams down the ravenous thighs
Of valleys, gushing waves from womb-
Ous rivers. Neither tell me sad stories
Of cretins, living over there, nor trouble.
O Prince, bring mulberries and plums,
With sweet Hunza wine, and milky bath.

Islamabad

October 2,2014

Sadiqullah Khan

Mimicry Of Events

You chase them, they do not look back,
Lead them and there are pitfalls,
But they when ahead of you,
You follow the dust, and they lose their
Lure, they are mimics, they are deceptive,
Than not doing things, and doing is replete,
Like the sea of names, or things taught
To humans. Had they not known anything,
They might have been better, and had
The events been blocked, we would have not
Counted the miles on the path, and vanished,
Like dreams or be blown by the wind,
Like leaves in autumn or fragrance of flowers.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 3,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Miracles

Khizr, the secret spirit,
Taking others on eternity's spell,
Invisibility, be it a magic head-dress,
A genie, arising from the lamp
Of Aladdin. Miracles defy nature
We adore in awe, or our wishes come true.
Having dealt this,
The lunatic boy, who sat by my side,
Thus spake his mind,
Was he Khizr?

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 17,2014.

Aladdin's Lamp Painting by Michael Durst @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

Mirror In Sand

Eloquent sleeps the love's eye,
Ah! Open, it is mirror in sand -
Or else, moon drowned in flood,
Or happy tear on her cheek flow.

-On Khalti Lake, Ghizer Valley

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 11,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Misleading Obvious

Misleading obvious, a beauty's garb
Flower's petal, is better to pollinate,
A carnivore, his tongue for ants
A good manner but to bring home
A desire wrapped in religious black.
A priest's trickery is fire of hell
Or dwell by beauties reposed.
De Kooning's art is expose of the nude,
A line obliterated may well speak
Reality behind the veil of skin,
A chocolate coating to the bitter pill
A patriot's blood goes to heaven straight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 3,2014.

Willem de Kooning @ PhilroPost

Sadiqullah Khan

Missing Script (Not In Verse)

Rising

From a tribal mindset

To a politically conscious society

With rights and responsibilities

Defined is how this community will grow.

Being ethnocentric is not in the interest of any one

Except for keeping an identity and feeling of togetherness

The collective aim here is to advance in minds and spirit

From the basic humanism

To a conscious achievement of well defined objectives

We shall neither be the battle fields

Nor cannon fodder for global

Regional and local designs

Waziristan is our motherland

And carries to us the holiness of any sacred land

We some times must respect the wisdom of elders

And also some distinguished persons

Who are giving exposure to our youth

Both at the national level and international level

Poverty lack of education unemployment

Gender discrimination are just a few problems.

This community has all the potential

Of being a modern

Viable

Deeply cultural

And seeking to play its role

In modern civilized world

Islamabad

26/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Modern Fiction

Its CDiotic,
Pulpish, -splashy cover
Thinner than a Mc Donald's,
Fishi-er, slip
Ery...erry, eiry.
Reader's digest, of modern time
You look for quotable quotes,
And don't find, the best medicine.

A rock singer's album
Note the Turkish military beat
That you want to smash the dvd
Out. (Alisher Navai competed Persian)
Or any 'album', after the second song.

It's not worth
Two hour's reading.
On the back-cover nominated thrice,
For some 'Hampton prize',
Bribed reviews.

And published by Penguin India
(we don't have any publisher of note
In our country) -another proof
Of poor intellect, -markets-man acue-
Men.

Light-weight, light-hearted.
Terror sells, may be anything
Inter-faith. Women clad in 'burqa',
Militant combing beard.

High-brow
Stuck in low-brow,
Discovering herself -the protagonist.
Rumi and Buddha rule the roost
Or some tricks of 'Change'.

Poetry

Back-burner
Never sells, -is sickly grave.
Nauseating,
And the masters are a drag.
Burden to the senses,
Imposing.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 17,2014.

The Slacker in Modern Fiction: The Flâneur Goes to the Mall @ MM The Millions

Sadiqullah Khan

Modern Moderns

Cozy
Posy
Shadows granddames
Soul living

Mantra deflect
Betty sassy
Emo punk
No pink

Women day
Celebrate come
Back and forth

Repentant in minutes
Smooch if flow
Neither ancient

Modern moderns
Iconoclast
Slicing others
Cabbage flower

Oldies goodies
Through glasses
Hung upside
On the pole

Opens closes
Tagore on show
Eyes rolling

Islamabad
11/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Moment Of Reckoning

It rained on me like descending clouds
Flickering lights were seen behind.
A glass wet and weeping
The ominous apparel of the angel;
In the stairwell of heaven.
There are no more songs of life,
Memories abound. The moment
Of reckoning. What's been done
And what's not.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 22,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Mona Lisa

The studio
The set perfect
Some rays of light
Coming through the panes
Of glazed window panels
The white crisp window aisle
The wooden floor
A table and colors
A palette
The beloved is the model
The outline is drawn
An immense energy is required
A long sitting
The artist
Wants to get
The complexity of nature
Of the model
And the inner conflict
The wine of nature
Sipping
Gulping it deep
Hours and hours are passed
The artist gets very close
To that
Complexity
Touches it but floats back
The model is now
In deep emotional tension
What the artist wants to capture
And what he is searching
Palette in hand
Beads of sweat on his forehead
Sighing deep
Eyes turned red shot
A sudden brief movement of the model
Loses her concentration
As if freed from the possession
Of an evil spirit
Smile plays on her red lips

And shine in her eyes
The passion of love for the artist
Who wants her
To be eternal
Peace and her hands slip over one another
In an expression of
Indifference
And contentment
The artist captures the moment
And infused with this sense of freedom
The free spirit enters him
The free spirit in its search for that centre
Of freedom
Transforms itself
Into hands and fingers
The palette and the brush
The model and the artist in unison
The free spirit
In a frenzy of emotion
And not finding the center
Takes out its own brush
But that is not a brush
It is a blade
And a convulsive dance
Tears apart every thing
Inside the artist
The model cries out
The artist
In convulsive fits
Gives final touches to the portrait
And after a long pause
When the artist
And the beloved have separated
From the embrace
Look with amazement
At the portrait
And in deep reverence
To the love
And free spirit

Sadiqullah Khan

Mother Of Cities –balkh

You housed Jalaluddin Muhammad Al Balkhi Al Rumi,
in the suburban. Tamerlane waited
on your gates, expecting the grace
of drinking blood, thirsty than
the adobe walls and writing his name
in the botehs on the capitals of columns.
We heard of Bactrian camels
fierce, adamant on breaking each other's necks
Balkhi sheep, brown, tall, fat with thin legs.
Zarathustra, Buddha, and a statue
Of Kanishka in arms and gown.
A saint in the company of angels,
a miniature penned with gold-ink.
Ruin across, a silk-route halt
of battling horse, like carcass snatched.
Like in sport now, as you run with the ball.
Like yet from behind the wall
a prostrating beauty praying unto God, lest
the changing hands of time, may keep the honor intact.

-On the city of Balkh, Afghanistan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 14,2014.

Buzkashi, Balkh 2013, photo by Laura Salvinelli @ Laura Salvinelli

Sadiqullah Khan

Much Grief

The day the plane was downed,
I had much grief of my own
But from the strings of your lyre
Come, these notes of sad melancholy;

Though I hold a river of tears in my eyes
Into your lonely spring it surged in floods.
This is no time to rethink the cause
This is the time to pray light in the dark.

-On downing of the Malaysian Airline plane MH17 in eastern Ukraine on July 17
2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Music To My Ears Xxxix

Music to my ears, colors to my eyes
The uncouth name, a revolution bears
I have fought for and against
Unsung heroes, bright eyed -
By your side, fair ladies of high heels.

This is not the Achilles' song, martyrs
Are not only men. Children do die for
Causes, their mothers teach them.

In the times of universal decay
Let's share abjectness, poverty
Our sold souls, ah, you need to join
The dots, of immense potential, charged.

Their chins are stuck to the chest
Their eyes 'death' and their tongues lie.
It just needs to be on your mouth
Those drunk with the taste of wine
Of freedom. Why? It would not lead them
Heads walking on feet, with drunkards' courage.

The decadence of weltering flowers,
Who never bloomed to spring
Who with the murder of their fathers
Buried their hopes, and returned, tired
Whose hearts never love, whose minds
Never thought. Day and night, day and night.

I am fighting this war with you
Alongside, a silting time's sands
Although I have a burned house, a broken pride.
In this newness, will I be the peripheral onlooker?
A pawn, and my hills and valleys and clouds
Rain blood, human flesh. When will my sword
Adorn the walls, and my shoes take rest?

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad

September 16,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Musician

Thy lean hand
Thy angelic face, Musician!
My heavy hand,
On the goblet, Musician!

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Must I

Must I flout
The steps
Must I tell
Why

Must you say
Insane
Without reason
In the unself

Must I tell
At length
My reasons
My freedoms

Islamabad
28/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

My Blindman's Faith

So the dried autumn, eat my heart out
So my love, my drought stricken eye
A tear comes, rolls down like warm blood,
Down the cheek, -aye sadness my sweet-
Heart. Ah! The vibes, tell me, your winds
Her scents in the air, her music sounds.
Enough, lo sing to me, my aisle bird's song.
My blind eyes, but who hath seen, heavens
Wide open, on your chin I see, on cheek
Touch, a softness as of a budding wet leaf.
My stems crack under the dust of time,
As bones retire to a warm hearth's coz -
The autumn's extreme, but earth's crust
Moisture like love, let root deep down.
What if love, in all this by the lake's edge
A sleep longer, igloored by stone and mud.

-On a tree in autumn in Shishkat Village, Gojal.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Bright Eyes

Its pain is not subsiding, as I made
that dark substance of vision melt away.
No one asked the curator of the house of mirrors;
and also the one who had been writing
In the darkest labyrinths of time.
Lamenting some other darkness.

All were looking for some bright fresh dawn,
and somewhere were sown the seeds of deep dusk.
I brought it down on my fists;
what amazing creatures these eyes are.

And now they tell me,
that cure it with some pieces of glass.
Ah! My bright eyes.

Peshawar
Jan 23,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

My Country Girl

The sun prolonged the shadows of mountains
Yours is flock to return by dusk, my country girl!
Red repine and mulberry blue lips ravine
Yours is day gone by, yours a night lit by
Fabled stars of lady, the four legs of cot
Yours is the dog. A protector angel's shale.
Ah! Like myself is the sunlight's morning dew
In doom, and yet the age, for the time is yours,
Evaporate, ethericize, lest the day ends.
Your tomorrow is gone, though you shall live
In future, because we change from bad to worse
From in between, you will take a century or two,
To be again what you are, to be the now, tomorrow.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 28,2014.

Country Girl Leaning against a Ladder by Silvestro Lega (8126 - 1895) Italy @
Wikimedia commons

Sadiqullah Khan

My Dark Companion (Ode To Coffee)

My dark companion, take me away
From my drunken frenzy, early morn's array
O boil the aroma, from my hangover, silent night,
Wake me up, O steaming Genie, let lose -
In Africa born, O Yemeni breed, in jute sack.
Coffea - many names you have earned
But by a soft afternoon, a sip hot down
The throat, cooled by blow, with closed eye,
Or end the cup, with a little sigh, incline
And watch the world go by, or in warmth
With 'sohan halwa' of Dera Ismail Khan,
In lounge with family, share with children.
Or taken black, hands on beads, in autumn,
In the 'Eagle's nest', not to mention
Coffee Republic, or another high brow locale.
On 'cot', sitten, or by 'bukhari',
My morning's huge mug, a beginning while,
Or bring headache on my table, thinking-
Or reference to color, brown and black,
My favored face, textured deep,
Or moss from in my perfume, woody
In cozy retreat, on the back chairs in the corner.
On lonely days, my isolation's relief
On heavy days, my feet's dust awash,
And windy days, what might hold tomorrow's fate,
Or in a distant memory, when the heart's afloat,
Or when love's remembrance haunts, some dream,
When the eye is dry, lips quiver hard
And when it rains, rains and rains, and sun shines.

-Coffee cultivation first took place in Abyssinia. The earliest credible evidence of coffee-drinking appears in the middle of the 15th century in the Sufi shrines of Yemen. In the Horn of Africa and Yemen, coffee was used in local religious ceremonies. As these ceremonies conflicted with the beliefs of the Christian church, the Ethiopian Church banned the secular consumption of coffee until the reign of Emperor Menelik II. The beverage was also banned in Ottoman Turkey during the 17th century for political reasons, and was associated with rebellious political activities in Europe.

Source: Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Dear Wei

My dear Wei, if you were not my relation,
By virtue of being in the civil service of state,
I probably would not have been so empathic
With your quietness, and would not have been,
Hiding in bamboo cottages, riding hills, sleeping
In boats through rivers, travelling in heavy rain,
And not making efforts to develop own ethos,
Neither spirituality, nor religion, fate, or intent.
Had I been closer to the emperor, I would
Have offered a eulogy, and praised his feathered
Vanity, silently laughing at his follies, naiveté.
I would not have been sent to the distant north,
And then called back, at the beck of the day,
I would not have been standing like the Japanese
Under the apricot tree, to be blessed in whiteness,
Wishing grazing goats, hunting ibex, or simply,
Selling books, becoming a Confucius teacher.
Although outmoded, but maybe I would have
Bought a degree, from some street university,
Harvard or Oxford, some scholarship for emergent
Leaders of the world, junking jargons, and cliché.
I would be a shallow bureaucrat, arrogant sans
Competence, and making high connections,
Be a part of a club, and present, two-piece suits,
To the waists which are forty plus, and myself,
Buy a used necktie, wearing severe looks on face.
My dear Wang Wei, you made eternal pages,
By emptying your ink pot on paper, painting
Landscapes, writing poetry as fragrant as jasmine,
O the names you give to your gardens, names,
To the corners, your recluse friends there,
Bushed in thatches, and with whom you drank
Your heart's fill, you sang the bliss of Zen, Han,
Or Dang, whatever the dynasties you served,
And look how your little book of verse reached me,
How I dream through your words, how project,
My lines, of little worth on your silken old gown.

Sadiquallah Khan

Islamabad
January 12,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Faltering Courage

'... Farewell then,
Until, under a better sky
We may meet expended, for just doing it
Is only an excuse. We need the tether
Of entering each other's lives, eyes wide apart, crying.'
John Ashbery, Parergon, from The Double Dream of Spring

My faltering courage, my muse,
Of drowned words, songs I forget.
Could someone be poorer than me,
Meager mast and my broken oars.

Of your alms, O small arm,
Restore my pride, shambled shame,
My home in tethers on vast earth!
Ah fate, could you be destined so?

Twice bitter than enmity sour,
My Nang, Pashto and Ghairat (honor)
A spear's banner, my tall head,
For ever bent, such a foe I face.

- To the Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs) of North Waziristan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Fingers Burn

Time to leave, gather, the caravan moves,
Not in this city, in the fold of arms, embrace.
The view is where the tavern is, so is desire
Of the heart. Like an autumn's eve, the self devoid;
Season of spring, fragrant flower, and colors are you.
These lonely streets, where my eyes carried, your image
A stranger's abode, dust of feet, is the treasured home.
We were happy, had we been in a count, in annals,
Had we hosted, but just once, the angel of death.
Grace so descended on yourself, statuesque!
On your footsteps, I grew ambrosia, freesia and Jasmine;
Far, tall, wide and distant, is this you, or a reflection,
Such delusions I espouse, such illusions of an oasis.
My wish to weave pearls of beauty, O praise,
Be a word other than, any human ever disposed.
An art, yet not discovered, a song not sung,
A soul so nourished, a beauty not ever seen.
I hold my palms to my eyes, my fingers burn,
Hath anyone bent the fate, moved the earth and,
Brought down the stars. Aflame are the imaginations,
This night. A cup more, red roses, red wine more.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Forgetfulness

Some flowery speech
Comatose
Was not unlike
Music from reed
On the winds flying
Spontaneous

You want it back
Deframed
Original
Shall I go to the same state
Of unconsciousness

Conversations have the ambient
Warmth of love
I love you
Because it matters not
In the form

I will recall the moment
I have to have my eyes one with you
If you forgive me
For my forgetfulness

Islamabad
25/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

My Friend Munir

Will I ever be able to write something for you,
You have such a relentless desire to make a living
One day you were very thirsty and wanting sleep
The other you were and like the sparrow looking
For food. You too are a lover and you have some pretty
Little daughters. You come to Torkham everyday
It is like a visit to a holy shrine. It fills desires and rewards
Ambition. Some saint might have touched with barefoot
This soil. I did not do much for you and how could I. The frenzy
That lays in your eyes and every time you telling me,
What you shared on your meal with your family.
A deep honesty and goodness of nature drives
You past the waves of fortune and a living that is
Limited to the day only. Tomorrow is another big day
For you. Such simplicity of character and love,
You might be embellishing. Such is the power of
The dirt under your feet and the sweat on your brow.
Is there anything on earth and in heaven, that can beat
Such nobility of spirit and such gentleness of nature?

Sadiqullah Khan

My Heart My Traveler

We again part ways
From the love's street,
My traveler my heart
That the decree hath come
That exile be longer
From home alienate
Nights of separation
Hath no sight in the end.
The stranger's blistered feet,
Knock this door knock that
That we find some acquaint
Talk here and there, now and oft
And ask where the home is,
Drag nights to the days
And days to the nights
Sad dusks your drink
Lonely mornings your greet,
We would have endured this all
Hath we been in some count,
We would have given our soul
Hath but it ever been once.

-A rendition of the poem 'Meray Dil Meray Musafir' by Faiz Ahmad Faiz.

On my transfer from Gilgit-Baltistan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Heritage

Sell my heritage
As you have none
How a someone
Who is not a goldsmith
Shall understand the value of gold
Sell my heritage
And my history
In pennies
Sell my pride
And my honor too
To those
Who have none
Corrupt me
With those pennies
That you collect in your bowl
Like a rabid dog
Tear my garment
To expose and to put me in shame
Tell me what your value is
Your value and your values
Ah unfortunate me
I have fallen in the hands of thieves
The hyenas
The vultures
My symbols
And my stories of the past
You are adamant to destroy
And against history
You will be judged
For this act
As I am injured
Bullet ridden
But still standing tall

Sadiqullah Khan

My Holy Waters

Sooth me from my inside
Cleanse me with your
Gentle flow
Seep into the heat of my brain
Bring down my fears and anger
Aflame the spark of love in my heart

In the loves journey
Into the distance infinite
The dancing figure of the beloved
The angel in nude
The tulips redness of petals
After a deep kiss
The bud of your lips
Blushing face
The holy waters
In its magical spell
And eternal purification

Give me my holy waters
Wine depict
Surrealist shapes
Rising in the blood to my head
Thumping my heart
Red deep color of your eyes
The white cheek
Hidden in deep curls of hairs
A trap for the nightingale
To sing
Those lips of yours
Which has now freshly caught
The color of the red rose
The beauty has taken touches
From the pallor of the setting sun
For the night of enchantment
To begin
With your appearance galore
Your soft words
And the song in my head

“Wine Saki wine,
Red wine,
For pity’s sake”

Give me my holy waters
My wine depict

Sadiqullah Khan

My Humble Patience

My humble patience, I pray
The prologue I play,
A gentle ear
A beholder's eye.
The devil's cursed,
Upon the mercy and bounty
Out of our imperfections -
O Lord, grant us pardon!

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 20,2013.

Prologue 4 @

Sadiqullah Khan

My Imagination

Give me words
For this sea
In constant
Turmoil
With shore unending
And in those waves
Of love and emotions
And the depth
Where centuries and centuries
Deepened it
Do I need to talk of the absurd
The absurdities
In the world
The flowers
And that
Butterflies
And the small insect
With blinking tales
Where do my imaginations
Will get the words
Or some sarcastic remark
By someone
Some girl thinking that she is succeeding in her love
An old lady
My mother
And warm olive oil
Rubbing my feet
With her hands
That has been feeding us
The hands that had gone rough
With age
Some lonely moments
I am not further interested in you
But tell me
How are you doing
Take me back to my loved ones
I am one like them
And I want to be with them
As I know

My little success
Is my loss
I am still searching for words
Words with wings
Or words that can capture the imagination
Words that speak for every one
And my suffering
And your suffering
Is all one
Little moments of happiness
Come visit us
In this long dark night
Of lamentation
Let the dawn of your beauty
Bring hope
And happiness
To everyone
And the multitude
In that room
With sweet smoke
And cold air coming from the door
And from all the sides
My mother covered me
And blessed me
With her sweet smile
And tender touch on my forehead
Now
For some sweet dream
What words and what imagination
Sleep well
And sweet dreams

Sadiqullah Khan

My Inbox

I write in there
On the page small and big
I attach smileys and pictures
On my cell phone
In my mail box

I go through the much awaited events
Planned in urgency
With dates and time
Many worries are coded in those words
Much happiness
Impatience

Now after deleting lots of them
And also the sent ones
Some drafts too
As more important and mundane messages
Reappear
Much faster

My space is too small to keep all
Like all memories that pass by
I want to keep them
Some with love and others with chagrin
Some with happiness and others with remorse
Some catchy phrases from my heart
Some made up jokes

It gives me pain to delete them
But I have no choice
I don't either want them retained
That equally gives me pain
I want to live those events again
Some new ones too

I see every thing growing
Passing by my side
Like riding a train
Seeing outside the window

In fast speed
8/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

My Inside

I swam across the beach through the lashes
To the ocean of your tears to kiss the sadness
The sands of the dunes in the green of your eyes
Like the dropp of water I rolled down the surface
The dawn like the rise of the supernatural deity
Heaven I wished was on the rock that burned

My inside was like the sole of feet of those
Whose love in the storms for want of requital
Bring reality not unlike my fantasy in my hands
Down your lips my fingers feel the softness
The corner of the heart that has you sitting
Worship is my habit whether empty or naught

Lure me more into living by the magic
Reality distorted or opened like a book
Of wrinkles they say is the fade of beauty
Is a dropp of wine old not equal to the gallon
For dreams I retrench from day's exhaustions
Every one to his world plunges for the morrow
31/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

My Liberty

In the service of the victor
Hiding faces behind fences
They think the motherland forgives
Holy Spirit enchants with moans
The bullish bear has the habit to snatch
God was once the shield of the king
Other names of God have been invented
He who follows the camp
Over bearish in the service of the victor
The mansions of power has more than that
Rub your skin to get white
On birth I heard the sound of bullet
Before anointed holy verses in my ear
On wedding my mother was given
Feel of the ancient gun of valor
Blood stained piece of shirt was my possession
Revenge of my lost liberty
The dragon sleeps still holding the breath
One foot on my soil with designs
Rivers of blood will you have to cross

29/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

My Little Dinner

I had been living in the nights on the rusty edge
I saw the black linen of the dark slip by my hands
I was feeling the tenderness like wings of butterflies
I did not look to the stars and the static moon

Then I had been waiting like I did last night
Like a bird you passed over my head
You are the sprit that I would like to see through
You are the innocence that I would love to dine with

I had been dreaming of the dead for many nights
I was as if I had become like them
I had also been dreaming of savory dinners
I had also been traveling away from home in the evening

My little dinner was small of things
Savory in feel and delicious in taste, luscious to sense
I wish I had not told you to leave earlier this afternoon
For another dinner tonight smaller and full of surroundings

On Noshewan's visit to my place

Islamabad
Oct 21,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

My Love

Like a lioness your eyes glow
When we talk of love
In the books I have read
Plays and poems
Never has it been
When I asked you to part
The anger was but love
When you refused
To dance
And with out love
Your eyes did speak
How you break free
From your surroundings
The trivia in the nature
For the ecstasy in heaven
My love
I think I am a little in love with you
11/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

My Love Is 'infidel'

O men of faith, my love is infidel
Such a calamity, such is the bliss alas!
The morning dew on her shoulders so sit
To the silent rose amourn; the nightingale ever-
And anon. Untrue in the ambush of her hair,
The tulip's sad face this morning dappl'd grey.
From the soft winds of paradise -this day
Let it be flown in the mist, or a kiss on her lip
No nectar, honeybee from a flower ever sucked:
Rain is a hundred blessings on her eyes
To die than to live, upon a lover as it looks,
Friends the morning cup, and yet you say
The keeper of the tavern is just a'way.
'Opener of the Door' I implore thee
Open the door for I knock in vain.
Lose yourself as you lose, all else in love
Hath anyone in love ever gained?
He hath thus gained who hath but lost himself.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Memoirs

The sense of loss
Amidst many gains
In never ending struggle
To survive without living
With no watch to wear
For fear of the ticking time
Mornings and evenings
In the midst I stand
In search of my lost years
Like seconds they have vanished
In space and in time
Like midlife crisis
No way back
Nothing in the future
When I looked at the watch
Many times it had completed
Its cycle
Without my knowledge
Lately I thought to write
My memoirs
Of an ordinary life
And I am hit with amnesia
And gripping pain
In my chest

Sadiqullah Khan

My Neighbors

Who chose my neighbors
Who wrote my geography
Who rewrote my history
My friends are not natural
I have developed friends with
People who never belonged to me
I have forgotten my kinsmen and my ancestors
I have no sense of my past
I have forgotten neighborly relations
My neighbors
Rich in culture and history
I am at war
For reasons that I understand not
Let us be one again
Let us live in harmony
Let us give up all our grievances
Let us look upon the humanity
Let us find ourselves

Sadiqullah Khan

My New Year Bouquet

Holding the lingerie
Of the night fading into dark
I had flowers growing
On the tendrils of my palms
I had the ribbon on my bow
Starched collar white
Moments wished a mused dance
Like smoke risen from amber
Let the while I dream
The festival of the New Year
To kiss the rose petal together
From the bouquet of your love
1/1/2010

To Ms Nivedeta Bagchi

Sadiqullah Khan

My Odysseus Xix

'Know then we Cyclops are a race above
These air-bred people, and their goat-nursed Jove:
And learn, our pow'r proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as He wills, but as ourselves incline.' Pope
The Odyssey, Homer

O blind to fate! Ye err, the lone wolf howls,
This grove's got horrid mazez, yet ye speak
My Odysseus thus when the fortune allows
Magic, mixt the potions, fraudulent of soul:
Wave the wand, on the given word, hence,
To thy fellows, dreadful they are as seated
'Go, be a beast! -I heard and ye are a man.'

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Poems

Do you want me to write poems

No

I will not

I will write for you

And for my self

I do not want to write poems

Or prose

I want to narrate things

As I see them

As I feel them

When my heart bursts into tears

When my heart sings with happiness

And when I have nothing to think

Don't call these as poems

These are narrations

And words

They do not devour books

Or forms

Or a linguistic beauty

I do not want a Pulitzer

Or anything else

If you say

That I have written for you

And if it brings smiles to you

And if you think that the natures misfortunes

Are ours together

And if you accept

My apologies

For all the sufferings you have had

On behalf of nature

And if my songs

Bring that redness on your cheeks

And the shine in your eyes

And speak of your hopes

And those red lips

Talk of red wine cups

And your mouth turning from a fresh flower

To a bud with that wonderful glow on your face

And if those tears from your eyes mixes with mine

Then I will think
That I have said something
Or written something
But alas
I am only busy in child's play

Sadiqullah Khan

My Slipping Ground

Pity what, on the periphery born,
Marginal life, where they cut the throats,
Adobed living, ambulate the camel's tie,
There is no excuse, now, when in world,
Or to the best of places, best of schools,
With the ones who on the campus reads.

If not your squalor, you are no lame
If you are not equal now, the probability,
That you have wasted an equal opportunity,
On your fall, don't bemoan, don't blame others.

My slipping ground, beneath my feet,
Is like sinking sand, either I swim, or go,
But to you, let me say, it is your own doing
And thus the collective guilt,
Put off the shoulder, the decisiveness of,
Fate may recall, and the great nature's doing,

Or poverty hinder, those who up there,
Blind to times and not let the visions drop,
And if they don't, to their troubles address,
Generations born, but nowhere to go,
No jobs to do, no ideas worth espouse,
But for most, there is no excuse,
For the boomers are, gradually millennials.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 12,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

My Struggle With Insanity

I liked insane people
I enjoyed talking to them
Their talk made a lot of sense to me
A cutting edge
From the hypocrisy
Of the conscious people
I would make friendship with them easily
And I knew they liked me too
For the insane never tell lies
The civilization
We have made is hypocritical
Why some people don't get into the intoxication
Of insanity
Why we cannot forget that we are not "normal"
Why some one can't rise and tell
All the people that they were ...
Why the humanity has let itself loose into the hands
Of those mediocre
Where is the man to rise and shout
Shout and shout
And tell every one
To break the rules once
That social chain
Every body is wearing with pride
Is there any one who can free that man
Who is wearing that golden chain
In his neck
And free him
To be a free man
Some insane people
Come out and tell the world
What they are up to
Let me turn to the master
For the master was insane
And mad too
By whatever name you call him
Why so many tears
Cries and despair
In silence

The eloquence of the eyes
They cry in secrete
Come out
Cry in open
Break out into freedom
Let your voice be heard
Let your voice be heard
By some insane
And by yourself too
Break free the chains
In the name of sanity
You are strangulating me
I hate you!
... Of the first degree
You the slothful creature
You who put behind the bar
All the insane people
Who, you have made the laws for yourself
You, who is the eater of dead flesh,
You who would devour the entire world
With your greed
You, whom the earth is ashamed to accept,
Yes, yes
I m insane
I want to speak the truth
From now on
Stop
Stop
Your sermon
Of religion
Of morality and law
I m better off insane
Without my clothes
Without every thing that you devour
You small creature on earth
Let me be insane
For I am free

Sadiqullah Khan

My Sweet Child

This space of silence dreadfully filled
With long distances like the cold evening
In between the frosty woods and flowers
My mind shall cover with utmost vitality
My heart with the vision of hawk discover
This is not the slow wind of autumn
This eternal space has nothing of heavens
On the last day and the night before
When you were lost to me like a tear
So soft could it be and tender to touch
Once I my self am in that dark oblivion
Hope is that I find you my sweet child
You may not remember my name
I your eyes have engraved on my heart

3/2/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

My Symbols

Where do I search for symbols
The symbols and the codes
That I decipher
And then I pass on the code
In secret
Yes the times are difficult
To speak the truth
The truth of love
My love for you
But I have no symbols
And no code
I do not have
A secrete
My symbol and my code
Is but your love
I shout loud
And I cry out loud
That
You are my love
I don't want any body to decipher
I don't want to talk to you in symbols
I shout loud
That you are my love
Like the mad man
The Mansoor
I cry out loud
That I am love indeed
In total freedom
And in my connection with you
I severe it
I don't hide my love
In codes secrete
And in symbols
I am love myself
With this freedom
Take me to the cross
Or put my head on the guillotine
Or cut my head from my self
I shout loud

I cry out loud
That I am Mansoor
Mansoor Al hallaj
O lovers
Sing me in songs hereafter

Sadiqullah Khan

My Time

Waiting
Over the years
In shadows
In sunshine
On roadside
Slow stroll
Sitting under
The tree
With long
Long leaves
On that bench
On this stone
In this corner
On that turn
And when we met
You said
My time was over
27/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

My Two Loves

Die to the temporal living, and live
Hereafter. Walk, speak, do all.

My two loves, death and poverty -
Die before ye die and embrace death.

For the other pray,
And resurrect with the utterly poor.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 18,2014.

Photo by Stitch @ Digital Photography School

Sadiqullah Khan

My Unnamed Host

From the wool of desire,
We been spinning, the setting sun's demise,
These cold winds shall carry
Kisses of love, and flower's fragrance
Demeaning selfishness in love,
We were seeking in each other
Another night of separation.
Below, the towers of city, which shall
Grow on me, while I prepare to leave, to some
Destination hitherto unknown. And you on your way.

I am escaping you, stealing my glances
We stand on the edge of knowing each other,
Having spent two hundred years of love
And you hosting me -I am an ungrateful guest,
I fear your advancing steps, fear the unknown -
A difficulty speaking out, away from the walls,
We were looking for 'things' to find a way to talk on,
Hiding beneath words, in books, in gossip about others.

The lips would not let, like crystal
Or broken glass, a cracking sweet laughter
You had a wish for the last dance, and I,
Still ravaged by the time's ultimate denomination.
I did not write you, a dedication,
I shall be writing you in my poems, I had been feeling
You with intensity, and weaving you
In the threads of my thought, thriving on your beauty.
And I dedicate this to you, -you my unnamed host.

"We all carry within us our places of exile, our crimes, and our ravages. But our task is not to unleash them on the world; it is to fight them in ourselves and in others."

Albert Camus

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 20,2014.

Lovers At The Gate by John Atkinson Grimshaw @ John Atkinson Grimshaw, The Complete Works

Sadiqullah Khan

Mysterious Objects

Would the mind break through it?
Stone hinges and many laurels written on rocks
Behind is the vast barren land
Darkened like the veils worn by women.
How do they live and where?
The little one's cheek says they might be beautiful.
Do they remain in mourning all life?
Fetching water from the stream down
In early cold morning
Do the stars speak any romance?
And where the moon lives
Across the great divide
What is what and how?
People rush to the exit and entrance
For a living.
They drive strange carts to carry the passengers.
If not crushed under the wheels
Or beaten ruthlessly
So they carry some bread to their homes.
While giving safe passage to the great war of cause
No one stops by.
I looked for some learning and tiny children
Hiking up and down the hills
Like the grazing goats
And I find the green tomb of the poet
Amir Hamza Shinwari,
And the village of Khatir Afridi.
I believe the mysterious objects
Have been manifested.

Torkham

Feb 12,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Mystique

The lover in his wandering
The bigger eyes in the dark
The mystique more so feminine
The dark with little revelations
Like Queen Sheba's long black skirt
In mirrors and fountain
Held up for the vision of her legs

The hair those fall one by one
On the glow of thy moon like face
Like the dark silk garment thou wear
Pieces torn are placed on the eyes of the dead
For my eyes
Thou send me a lock of thy hair

On bare foot never hast it happened to thou
On the heat of sand for my open door
Like the torn garment I hold on my chest
In an abandoned movement
And into the poverty of my being
Once thou enter

O beloved mine
Never hast thou cast
That life giving glance
That would raise me
Into the bounties of thy beauty

Sadiqullah Khan

Naked Storm XI

Ride the naked storm
Sublimation's the art's archaic brush,
Cut to size
The incoherence of your speech makes
Me believe, that I am not wrong, altogether.

A tyrant was pulled out of gutter,
Another dragged. Don't you see the mirror?
Men of roped heads. These prisoners whom you tied,
Like sheep, and caged like 'chickens in cold winds'.

I am born free,
From a thousand and one whispers, when united
A cry is born, a shout is created
A right is asked. Trembling legs in gradual succession
Make tremors, and the earth shakes.

You did not invent
A swan song for yourself and upon my mercy
You had been the sucker of blood, a leech, a parasite.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 16,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Name It

The boys and girls
Love them
If they are running your blood
And milk

These people have names
These places have names
These cities
You want the other corner on earth
Will some one then think what was
The city of Peshawar
The name of my friend

Forgive me for my love
Where I hide the names

Islamabad
11/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Nameless

If the fears would not hold me back,
In the seven seas of wisdom
Of the Lawrence of Arabia watching
From the hump of his camel, a couple in love.
He won a kingdom and a name in history.
It is in your veins, and you breathe it,
Or the marrow your bones are made of
Or the wings of fortune,
Simply by 'you not being there at the moment'.
A contentment of a kind is pervading
In phenomenal magnitude.
The leafy lanes can teach you more
Or the desert beaten face of a rider,
Or flying in the air by a fire-bird.
You could equally find yourself at home,
Unless you carry the roundness of earth
In your vaulted head. They would not write
You in history nor sing a praise unto you.
The multitudes it is said in paradise
Would be the unknown and nameless people.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Narrating Few Events

On the day when to wedding
I ended with funeral
Death and life opposed
Extremes of sorrow
The young boys with white complexion
Extreme of celebration dancing on music
In black
Both wedding and sorrow
The beginning and the end
Juxtaposed emotions

The solitary reaper
Was cutting grass on the road side
From autumn
For heat
And to sell to satiate her poverty
With her sickle scratching the back
Of mother earth

The terrified passengers
Waiting in line
On the way to their workplace
Doubting each other
Seeing faces to know
Who was the angle of death

Sleeping long
For want of life
The strings of music frozen
Some unfulfilled desires
Of seeing the world
At least once before the curtain
Is drawn

Of holding the holy waters
On the wall
Eroded with age
To the steaming car of the gentleman
Cooling it down

Some half finished books
Some begun anew
Life is making me
Irrelevant with every passing moment
25/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Nature

With me are born the seeds of my destruction
The lofty nature with all its bounties
That I have subdued thou
And now in pity look at me for the final moment
In harmony though I have lived all through the ages
Fear have thou instilled for showing me thy beauty
Thy beauty hath though made me worship thee
Or the bounties you offered
Never have I escaped the element of fear
Here and in the hereafter
And of the judgment that is in store for me
When I look at thou
And like the garden that is unkempt
I see it growing around me
And one day the branches and the roots shall overtake me
But for my existence and I still adore thee
Is it that I have angered thee by causing a melt of the ice tips
Nay thou bear the stamp of my destruction
And never to be reborn again except in my soul if that be
So art thou to thyself
In harmony though I live and with much reproach
For not taking care of thee
What hast thou given me in the final count
That I have lived in worship and total submission
My countdown is written on thy slate
So art the multitudes of flowers
Nature I adore thee
Only for harmony
Where is your answer to the great question
Or thou art helpless too

Sadiqullah Khan

Never Friends

Painful,
Albeit lovers
Were we friends,
We were never friends.

Acquaintances
Of clichéd words,
Waiting
For the train, listening
To the whistle
To go our way,
We were never friends.

Fragrance
You left by my side,
We are
With the bullet's speed
Going opposite
On tracks,
Never to cross
We were never friends.

Freed
Each explore
Solitude of own,
A grin enough
To the dried rose,
To the bin goes
Perfumed silk-crushed,
We were never friends.

Closed
The windows
Morning sun,
And may
The spring breeze
Autumn's soliloquy
Butterfly's wing
Ladybird's caress, -tell

We were never friends.

We
Of each other's
Knowing
Escape,
And return
To ourselves
Borrowed moments,
Happy smiles –
We were never friends.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 26,2014.□

Waiting For The Train @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

New Home

Disillusioned
Disenchanted
Today when I saw
My new home
Of mortar and bricks
1/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Newscaster

When you asked me whom you like,
In the days of my youth
I had yet to have an ideal face
To imagine
An actress?
A newscaster, slipped from my tongue
When I met you
I met the newscaster
Hairs done like her
The whole appearance like the newscaster
A lot of time
Spent in the parlor
The newscaster
How she looks
Many times
You might have been angry
A hair cut like her
My lip color
And now the newscaster in front of
Me
I have been in love with you
You wanted to make me say
Yes
I said that
But to you

Sadiqullah Khan

No Intended Meanings

It is the way it is.
So fragmented the meanings
Have gone. So unemotive are
The words. They look like a heap
Of arranged bricks. Tall and vulgar.
They will also stand cannon balls.
Or a human tied to a guided missile.

The affect,
Is the sensorial space without any,
Meaning. It has no message.
Sense and the image would bring in,
On a higher ground of feeling;
Put to speech without using hackneyed,
Phraseology.

This is no silence either. Nothing spiritual.
It is sans competition. It is to yourself.
The other. It is affect. It is feeling.

Sadiullah Khan
Peshawar
December 3,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

No More

I am not opening the door
For the fear that you may not be there
In my wandering imagination
And the cold emptiness
The spaces made of things
Empty chairs and corners

Don not remove the veil
Of distance between us
You command me by the love
The unknown in you
The moment I fill the emptiness
You shall remain no more
24/10/208

Sadiqullah Khan

No More Ours

Deal me the way of silence,
From your jealous eye, protect,
A colonial's wish who enters with gospel
And had slaves bound in chains,
My parent's rusted sword or I might,
Be the Tribe, running from the man,
Who brought booze and disease and wrath.

I am the neo-colonial's adventure,
A bull's eye, for once the sage on the Indus,
Said, 'Ah! They saw the Indus and it is no more ours'.

No more ours are the airs, no more ours,
Is the faith. Twisted, corrupted and incorporated,
No more ours are the lands,
No more ours are the hills,
No more ours are the thoughts.

No more the freedoms, our generations prepare,
For more bloody battles, for more,
You are the mercenaries, you are the bought slaves,
You have your heads bowed,
To the dictated preacher, a servant retired,
Yours is fate to be unborn,
To be expandable, fodder of cannons.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 13,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

No Rules (New)

I obey no rules on the jacket branded as drunk punk was written the aggression which was irreverent many things we don't speak because there is a man or a woman whom we respect and they take benefit of that this is how all the holy men rule the world mothers blackmail their children and women tell lies to their husbands law is for the rich poor has no access to the law he cannot hire an expensive lawyer he will loose the case and a noose in his neck when the man in the prison gets rid of him why some people are revered and others are not who makes the rules there was hot weather I could not breath the van driver was wearing too many beads on his chest my ill mother was in severe pain the whole night the doctor had prohibited giving her pain killer and sedative saying both will kill her I escaped home in a broken car every thing was going down the drain the tea boy came and gave me a double bill for the month I have no hope I will not follow any rules I wish

4/5/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Nocturnal

'With their souls of patent leather
They come down the road.
Hunched and nocturnal
Where they breathe, they impose
Silence of dark rubber and fear
Of fine sand'
Federico Garcia Lorca

...and when they leave,
The air mourns their tired footsteps,
A lone wolf's howl or a dog's bark
In haunted abandoned destruction.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 22,2014.

Federico Garcia Lorca (1898 - 1936) was a Spanish poet, dramatist and theater director. @ Platwn

Sadiqullah Khan

Nostalgia

In my youth
And many a long nights
Discussions
And talk
About you
Your imaginations
In my head
Like wine rising
Like the drift
Of the cold breeze
Like pain unending

Every where
Your scent pervaded
Dark and sweet
A mystery around you
I could not conquer
I wondered only
And only on those
Whom had you allowed
The presence
Of your sweet company

The colors of your apparel
Red and green
Stature terrific
You always made my heart sing
In delight and enchantment
But I did not know
What you thought of me
A glance
A smile
And I would think
The world is mine

My love story
I told everyone
I lived in you
I knew what you do

Such restlessness
I drank rich
The wine of your beauty
The enchantment it gave me
I was lost in your surroundings

With nature
Identified
My past and present

But some unknown inhibition
I did not see you close
It was my enchantment
That had made you so beautiful
It was the beauty in me
That made you unsurpassable
For otherwise
Someone told me
You were not so beautiful
And later
Perception?
I never saw you again

Its better
Something remains unseen
Unexplored
For it destroys the beauty
But today
I want that state of drunkenness
That enchantment
And mystery
I am addicted to love
Can you bring back the circumstances
This time
I want to die for you

Sadiqullah Khan

Not Like You

My hands heal
My hands grow
I shall rise too
This murder will cause you
In your collective conscience
This blood is warm
I leave struggling on earth
This soil is my witness
Why you fear me
I do not want to give you threats
That is cowardly
I want you to be free
If you let me be free
I can be you
But I don't want to be so
I will linger on
I will with patience
I will give some more sacrifices
I will be
What I am
I will not murder you
I am not like you

Islamabad
9/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Not Yet

Not yet
Not so soon
I still
Wait for you
For the enchantment
To begin
In longer moments
I love to live
I know
It's not real
But who
Stops me to imagine

I have spent
All my life
Like that
The ashes of my youth
In the Ganges of your love
1/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Nothing That Matters

Void of the memory filled though
Unconscious discovers linkages past
Soul raptures for the future to fly
Is it darkness with absolute emptiness

Fable of the master* is that having no reason
Why then they danced around the cup empty
On knowledge it was found for the nothingness
Just the nothingness that gives the heart enchantments

Of remembrance much sweeter of love than appearance
Of future fantasy many a lives devoured for the Houri
Rivers of holy water and eternity hereafter
In nothingness then floats in space untreaded
Yet invention of kind that shall let loose
Thinking that pleases to the fantasy in dreams

The lover moved around the beloved
A bee would learn to suckle the nectar sweet
A nightingale that never left the rose in bloom
Ears had to the reed's depth of lament
Yet the presence was not unlike the rock of Sinai

What thirst O heart on thy tongue for long
A dropp of wine or else an ablution
Tarafa* for the love of his beloved in the end
The will was to make him drink to the fullest
Let the mother earth or holy fire or beast bird
To the presence sans a cup in hand how

I had of the passing moments in nothingness
Nay the ecstasy in remembrance for future
Anticipation was the nothing again foreseen
Thus longed for the beloved and the wine and verse sweet
Thus rebeck in the hands of that beauty smiling like moon
17/10/2009

*Master: Refers to a fable of Jalaluddin Rumi

*Tarafa Ibn Al Abd: A Poet who before execution asked for wine

Sadiqullah Khan

Nothing Worthwhile

Your endless citations, every leaf
A paper, pearls of wisdom 'treasures
In ruins', all in an evening's circle.

Heads on legs some, flying others with birds,
Frolicking with untamed antelopes. Some
Playing with wolves. Others thirsty in oceans.

□

There is no solace, no reason, and all belief,
With fear, suspend disbelief,
There is nothing worthwhile, existence is void.

-After reading my poem 'Go There' and seeing image of an Afghan refugee girl.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 10,2013.

Untitled by Willem de Kooning, Hirshhorn museum, Washington DC @
Wikipaintings

Sadiqullah Khan

Now Bury Her

Like everything from the past, and like
The frozen statues, made of stones, carved
Into rocks. Like the long graves of unknown persons;
Termed holy, in the middle of the roads. Like pyramids.
Mayas, Buddha's, Assyrians or Gandharians, and every other relic.

Louvre, let make another history, another goddess.
Mona Lisa, seated in the octagonal glass, and by a master's hands
Touched. She has a mischievous smile. A band around her head.
Some say, she is a he. The beauty lies in her asymmetry, □
The artist was a decorumist, figurative: imagine
What she would have been in the hands of Marcel Duchamp,
Salvadore Dali and Willem de Kooning. She might have landed
In an orgy, or a photographer of a genre of black and white
With a war background. She would have known
The ins and outs of life. Living in today's slum
A refugee camp, a brothel, or even a much sought celebrity.

Free all gods and goddesses; they are sick of your tantrums and worship:
O mankind.

-On Mona Lisa Portrait

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 5,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Now Tell Me My Gain

He brought alms;
My earthen pot had a Venus's image.
My grandmother to the stone mill of hand
Poured much and as much poured to her hens.
I, for my self pity, hung a rope on my door.
They would come for alms, and now they return.
My upper hand has become my lower hand.
Now tell me my gain.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 8,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Nowadays

Binding the book of love,
In need of more grace
Than I thought I have.

The tinsel gold hair
Of the pretty young girl
Holding strings of music.

My ego struggles to give
A textured claim
To have been born from
A genuine forgotten love.

A song of soul on lips,
There is manifestation
Of divine beauty.
Be it flower or her hair.

The cosmos is carried
By whatever you see
And you are that.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 25,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Nude Exuberance

That shall go to the dust
Ruin in hiding
A mystic's imagery
A step to the next high
On the poet's mind
Painter's pain
Abstract horse and fish
This force of your spirit
This is encaged in your body
Shall find freedom
Breaking away from the norms
This is for the visionary
That has to create
Some image
On the canvas of mind
If thou art not bare
From behind the veils
I shall imagine alone
Though the real
Is immensely beautiful
Like your nude exuberance

2/2/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

O Flowers

O flowers
Thy bloom on earth
Underneath I lay
What use art thee
That I cannot see
Nor smell thy scent

Islamabad
14/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

O Hate

O hate!
Thou art to me,
Like the bird for a song dead
A gazelle hunted for beauty
A spirit enchained for freedom.

What pity,
The secrete mirrors of love
In scrolls carry thy name.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 5,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

O History

They came, they saw, they conquered
They enslaved, they butchered, they looted
Every continent, every civilization,
History. They distorted.

A whole of the sub-continent smeared
With debauchery, they were also carrying
Gospel. They had their advocates.

Brave, brave, brave! My ancestors
Panthers or wolves, -except by deceit
A little way, but brave brave brave, -be honest
O history, tell the truth.

Saved from plantations, saved from a cruel
Civilization. In the name of enlightenment.
Ye, with your swords, and snatched guns
Let us not be called conquered, defeated.

I bow, I salute, ye did live by your terms of freedom
-I am a proud inheritor of a legacy.

-To the tribal elders, and warriors who fought relentlessly for their freedom and
were never colonized.

Dedication: John Gordon Lorimer

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 9,2013.

Grammar and Vocabulary of Waziri Pashto

John Gordon Lorimer
Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India,1902 - Pushto
language - 345 pages
@ Google Books

O Life

This broken day has all the worries
Gathered from the heavy texture of the night
This corner is lit dark
This corner has the warmth of a mother's lap.

The sun goes down to mark the steps
Another day is over
There is a small wrinkle
One more claw of the crow is added
Around the darkening circles of my eyes.

Lo! Some more springs amidst bright yellow
Orange and green flowers,
Some parrots with their green feathers
Making sweet noise
Before the long night I broke and broke.

The sunshine would wake me up
Some beauties tormented themselves
Intent upon bringing
The long awaited dreams while smiling in sleep
The butterflies chase each other in pairs.

I do not want to mourn the happenings of the day
Nor the night's dark veil
Nor your love
Nor the eloquence on your languid lips
Nor the many tomorrows that await the opening
Of my eyes
I mourn you O life!
For I see a day on this earth that you shall not be.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 16,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

O Life I

This broken day has all the worries
Gathered from the heavy texture of the night
This corner is lit dark
This corner has the warmth of a mother's lap.

The sun goes down to mark the steps
Another day is over
There is a small wrinkle
One more claw of the crow is added
around the darkening circles of my eyes.

Lo! Some more springs amidst bright yellow
orange and green flowers,
Some parrots with their green feathers
Making sweet noise
Before the long night I broke and broke.

The sunshine would wake me up
Some beauties tormented themselves
Intent upon bringing
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of my eyes
I mourn you O life!
For I see a day on this earth that you shall not be.

Islamabad
Sept 16,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

O Mirror

O mirror, on thine plaited edger,
Stuck the beauty's hair,
Like the fish drink moonlight,
In the ocean's cup, and grape from it's
Skin, in dark cellar, - a dancer's step.

See eye to eye, brow to brow.
O mirror, what you see, have heart to say,
Apples of bloom, a serpent's navel,
A love lost in its dune, a curve forged
Here and there, a forehead wide.

Calligraph, a terracotta verse,
Yet the beauty may read your heart,
A silent song on her lip,
A red kiss on your face, -mirror
And let the legend be to me, in secret letter.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2014.

Girl Before a Mirror by Pablo Picasso @ ...

Sadiqullah Khan

O Pilgrim

Every bit of stone, every treaded path,
O pilgrim, pour a libation to beauty!
Sweat is nectar, yet your gaze on peak.
She's dance, her silver jewels swing
A camel's ride, her feet dance the mare's
Step. O twist of the lioness' narrow waist
Or open dove eyes borrowed from gazelle.

-on Rakaposhi

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

O Pity!

Alas for my soul,
But I sell the heart for hideous alms.
O pity! Be witness,
The giving hand struck a bargain.
A place in heaven for himself,
A Prisoner's dress for myself.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 3,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

O Swift Night

On tiptoes, O swift night,
Hidden from the stars nigh
Upon western winds from the sight.

From the weary noon's tread,
On the black skinned steed,
To the sleep, of child sweet eyed.

Over cities and seas and hills,
Carry thy mantle of moon thrills.
Upon dark hair, streaked as shrills.

On lingering pain, in my breast.
To the fair one's eyes bestowest,
Dreams none other than the best.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 26,2013.

Women Circle Dancing:

Sadiqullah Khan

O Valentine

O valentine for thine time
The year turned so quick a clime
Red glows warm in lover's nests
Sweet art thine love harvests
Mine are many in thy blessing
All that's there are so pleasing
None other than is my valentine
Who to my lips bringeth this wine

Islamabad
13/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

O Virtue!

O virtue! Pluck thine evil;
Thus it betrays.
Speaketh then the Devil.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 24,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

O What's Your Name

"The best quality tea must have creases like the leathern boot of Tartar horsemen, curl like the dewlap of a mighty bullock, unfold like a mist rising out of a ravine, gleam like a lake touched by a zephyr, and be wet and soft like a fine earth swept newly by rain."

- Lu Yu 'The Sage of Tea'

From the middle of seated crowd,
He gazes at me, sideways
Saying nothing. He wears a camel-wool coat.
Drawned, he smiles and greets me.
He leaves, and comes back
Hands me over a gift, that reads,

"By appointment of her majesty Queen Elizabeth II
Tea and coffee merchants R. Twinning & Company limited London.
TWININGS, ORIGINAL English BREAKFAST,
Since 1706
PERFECT WITH A SLICE OF BUTTERY TOAST OR A FULL ENGLISH.
What's your favourite breakfast?
for many people it's bacon and eggs, with a slice or
two of buttery toast. Not as essential, though, as a
good cup of tea. This original blend is the perfect start
to the day. They say breakfast's the most important
meal. We say this tea's the most important drink.

As the Original English Breakfast it carries Stephen
Twinings' signature, still working at Twinings, just as
his ancestors did many years ago.

Our English Breakfast master blender searches
relentlessly for the best teas from Assam, Ceylon and
Kenya to give a perfectly balanced blend. We don't
stop at just one tea from each origin, as each specially
chosen tea garden adds a defining taste and quality to
the end blend.

Every cup you drink contains tea from 15 different tea
gardens. The master blender has a busy task, the large
number of tea gardens and seasonal fluctuations mean

for every batch they juggle the levels of each tea in the recipe to give a consistently first class cup of tea.

TWININGS

The journey from the tea garden to your cup...

When it comes to tea we're a little different from everybody else. The way we buy and blend is unique; we choose from more origins than anyone else and have a master blender dedicated to each of these locations. What they don't know about their tea gardens and where to find the best quality, isn't worth knowing. It is said that 7 is a lucky number, for us it's the number of times the master blenders tastes each batch to make sure that the quality from it's exotic origin reaches your cup.

We suggest...

Use one tea bag each and pour on boiling water. Leave the tea to brew for three to five minutes or until you think it's ready. then add a splash of milk.

Ethical Tea

Partnership

We care about the communities where our tea is grown and picked and this is why we are a founder member of Ethical Tea Partnership, which works to improve tea workers' welfare and the environment in which they live.

Twinings have also supported a range of projects since 2004, including improving health services and nutrition, providing access to clean water, better education and assisting children with disabilities. Together with our partners we have helped over half a million children in China and India. To find out more about our projects visit www...

Ingredients

100% black tea

Still blended and packed with pride in the UK

from imported ingredients ...

We'd love to answer anything you need to know about tea. You can ring the UK tealine... Monday to Friday, 8 till 6. Or you can visit our website..."

O What's your name,
My old dear friend
But while you gifted me this
You said 'from a proletariat'.
And the wrapper reads,
'Shams'
Home to a connoisseur.

I shall taste it tomorrow
I wish the rain continues
And blend my ideas of the evening with her.
Ideas!

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 21, 2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Oaken Door

Thirst for aesthetic beauty remains unquenched;
Though with abundance I tied a shore to the river:

Ghalib

Oaken door get back to the hinges
My potent art is white of the pages
- Is eating me up, is holding me prisoner.
Oaken door, like a book's cover severed,
From roots, from masts let lose, be on air
On a sea, on a boat whose oars sail through
The winds. Oaken door who did this to you?

I am negotiating your way, I am in a dialogue
The outer landscape and the inside
The crimson red, a green leaf with a palette
Autumnal colors, like a Persian carpet of Isfahan.
In sun, in shade, before a candle at night
By the window. It speaks. 'A Forgotten Song'
Was love at first sight, protected from evil eye
'The Songs of Other Times' –negotiating
It's arduous path. Oaken door, tell me
Who did this to you. Did not that the cocoon
Of myself is exposed, a thread I held over the years
Ah! The other end was already broken.
Holy Jesus Christ, I have no clue, on my little heads
On my titles, are these thorns, my poems
Their heads bent, nailed un-measured?
Or art they, Caesar's olive leaves branching □
On an Ovid's portrait of high renaissance.

Oaken door, you carry wings instead
Love in your heart, a poor man's soul, a tear
Unshed. Drunk by the saddest eye ever:
On your sultry, faded and worn out face, there is
A beauty that engages for ages yet remains obscure.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 22,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Obsession

I have not given up
Wanting you;
You are my intense obsession.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 17,2013.

Grand Obsession: Piano by Perri Knez playing Chopin.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ode To A Cuppa Coffee

The stir is the circle of fate
Chewed to remain forever awake
Meditation in mocha before its discovery
From soils in Africa the bean in Arabica
Purity of the romance in walls adored
Mud and water and beans in jute
Down the fingers for the texture

On the nose with eyes closed
Perception of divine yet the beauty
With both hands for the eyes see
Fumes like the hairs of love
Like dusk after the sunset
Eyes twilight
First sip in creamy froth not unlike

In slow heat brewing the cup
Hence from where it is said life began
To the other sip goes the consciousness
Unreason still in unself now
Unfold the variousness in cup small
What mystery when dark of the chocolate

With Havana leaf and glass of smoke
After the wine in third course
It kills with donuts from the hands
Old lady had been for long preserving
Bavarian apple with lemon for buds

Ode to wine and ode to olive
Ode to coffee in ware molded
Made from earth of the Persian soil
Perfected is it in Italia or Gaul
With wine dampened cooked in holy fire
The mystic declares his own rules

My love the many names and flavors
Still brown beans are the hazel of your eyes
This ode I write to the taste of blood

Dried though on luscious lips
From my heart the words I spell

By the last sip of the cup in hand
I have loved you from ages
Like my drunken eyes today
They asked me what tavern last night
What cup in whose hand and who was the love
1/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Ode To Autumn

The crimson leaves now turning colors
The bloom they have had of the joys of the spring
Cold breeze with the refreshing fragrance
Alongside flowers and fruits sweet

The moisture in the air changes
Bidding farewell to the tree life giving
The earth's richness transformed into its green
Falling one by one but before the final bow

The myriad of colors for the last sight
The fading green with the autumnal hues
The cracking leaves that fall on the ground
On the grass's surface and stuck in the weeds

The season of the grapes so life giving
Enthralled am I by the beauty of autumn
My heart pounds with the thought of celebration
Of the onset of autumn and the dry stems

When seen in the full moon and that flock
Of the birds migrating in the night
To warmer places in the beauty of the earth
A painting subtle for the eye to behold

Alone though I am tonight
When I ponder on the beauty of the seasons
A festivity galore deep in my heart
Surrounded though I am with none

In my imaginations I dream of the day
When the festival of grapes and the wines in the yards
The merry girls and the youth jump up and down
For the winters are around to knock on the door
12/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Ode To Hafez

The evening's cup to the brim holds Saki, □
The sunset on the tavern sets the night.
The streets of Shiraz had the rapture,
The soul from divine drinks inebriate.

'Wine Saki red wine, for pity's sake'

Song of love to the rose of Shiraz,
To the garden the nightingale in lament.
Shakhe-e-nebat with a stolen gaze,
Red lips is the other horizon in the cup.

'Song such as this hath need of no man's
Praise, beauty like this can be concealed
From none'

The divine is love and love the divine,
Self is self no other limits alienate.
The muse is love and the love is a song,
The word a fortune and the tongue is unknown.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 9,2013.

Hafez of Shiraz (1317-1390)

Sadiqullah Khan

Ode To The Young Man

The destinies repose upon thee foretold
The hard work and the toils thou keepst
Closely deep to thy bosom yet thy eyes
Shining like beams of bright light
With thy will a sweat coming down thy brow
And cheek chiseled sharp for your hand
Shall get its strength from the fulcrum on your face
Straightened back sculpted
For a march in the movement of history
The civilizations ultimate unit of force
Broken down and in search of lebensraum
Thine is the destiny holding the planet holy
In one arm pushed up the head
With loves deeper strength and into heavens
Thou discover the new earths
And the unknown mysteries of the universe
Or break down the particle
In annihilation thine is the destiny
Faster than the speed of light
Mounted the spirit of discovery
Or breaking down the vulgar nature
One with the holder of the truth
Life extendeth from one being to million years
Not in the unit here but by universal measure
Thou shall not falter for the temporary disappearance
In many other shapes thou shall live
Holding the ever burning light
Up on thine head

Sadiquallah Khan

Of An Unlived Life

The tendering unlived dreams,
Of a consumerist social interface.
Of many paradoxical covers like
A Russian doll, layer after layer.

Living in other places and times,
With parents that have passed away,
Years ago. A fantasy that never leaves you.
The dark haired girl with pungent thought.
Getting out of it, or living the closer to fancy.

Living in a house that has an address, a street where,
Long and tall cedar trees are hanging with their leaves.
A very warm corner with firewood, tea pot in tea cozy.
Of the many desires and stories in closed houses.

Riding a boat, wearing an expensive tailor's suit.
A satisfaction gained in a story of a man,
Sitting under a warm hat, and telling,
That how in great contentment he lives with,
His three daughters. A young man, with
His back towards a walking tract of mud,
In hilarious ecstasy lost in the dry branches,
Of trees, on the corner of the most busy road.

The lives unlived are the creation of our fantasies.
So much akin to operas and theatres,
We carry in our minds and hearts.
On the big screen of the unlived lives,
The lived lives are far apart.
Much below the perceived self.
And we live borrowed lives.
We escape certain lives.
We live in every life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 25,2013.

Of Breaking Idols

Much a chagrin on my potent pen,
You never had a country, and bordering
On blasphemy, I thought we share one.
Then I went on a stormy, bolty voyage,
Erasing, -how one could, when anger,
And hate is a taught ritual. Then I find,
You did not have that, and died 'citizenless'.
A worthwhile find. And your paintings speak,
The most dramatic episodes of breaking idols.

-To Maqbool Fida Husain (1915 - 2011) , Indian painter and film Director.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 23,2014.

Photo @ rediff news

Sadiqullah Khan

Of His Dead Wife

He flew over his chateau
He gazed into the cold silence
Of his palaces
He reclined
To the darkest corners
Of his mind
He wanted to earn some grace

He carries the portrait
Of his dead wife
He carries the plight of his people
He has yet
Much more to sell

The decades of slavery
Of abject poverty
Of human degradation
Shall but for how long be the fate
In this part of the earth

Islamabad
Aug 5,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Letter And Spirit

Thou hast in thy quite hours
That hath not been visited by demons
Idyllic rectitude hath thou pondered
On the word such beauty dancing
To the eyes like the tears gone cold
In the brim of eyes in winters
Hast thou then the sharp tongue
Speaking the sweetness of the letter
Thou hast seen the loud speeches
Judges naught or prophets aught
Hast thou seen the music on soft wind
Back to the flute like essence back
Vision of the rose and perfumes exotic
The bee carrying the honey sack
The spirit bore the beauty of letter
The letter took to the spirit word
Letter might to the sanity of judge
Spirit is what that holds the splendor
Ever growing spirit so to the letter slave
Death to the life aught left in the grave
17/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Melancholy Whores

Suffice the name and impart degrade
Of mice and men, on dead meat savor,
Paradise pimpius, limbless addicts
Between them and god, is the shrine.□
Octogenarian 'sheikh' opens Champagne
Of chocolate drops on white sheet.
Lovers are husbands, dreams are dear,
Skinny, diseased, and long inheritance,
If not caught in war, from a street stolen,
If misery, isolation and marginalization
The catch-words for human rights.
The last meal, is flesh on another bone,
The child is learning tomorrow's bloom.
From the window of palace and mosque,
Could one read, eyes masked in death.

-On reading *Memoirs of My Melancholy Whores* by Gabriel Garcia Marquez and
The Dancing Girls of Lahore by Louise Brown simultaneously.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 27,2014.

'Goya's Whores' based on Gabriel Garcia Marquez's book 'Memories of My
Melancholy Whores' by Roberto Garcia Marquez @ Roberto Garcia Marquez
Gallery

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Offerings

Dost thou understandeth not
Unleashed evil on thy doors

Thy senses in ropes
Knotted
Ancient deities
Personification of the evil
In nature and man
In woman
In beast
Some curse

A sacrifice on the scale
From bad to worse
Human blood
A virgin head
Some sweets
Feast to many
Signs understood
In fabrications

Be a host
Sometimes
Of offerings in alms
In charity
To widen the heart
Much space for every soul
Be the dust particle
In the sea of sand
9/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Praises

Of the high virtues in praises
With common denominations
Time shall be defeated lest
Songs are sung for the times
Carried in hearts and on tongues
In soliloquies with longing sometimes
Lullaby to the sleeping attuned
Lovers listen and sing
For you is all the praises
Thus art thou praised
The praises thou sing for the beloved

Islamabad
10/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Spiritual Bankruptcy

Fill your souls with spirit,
O void of human values.
Of a cultural maze,
Literate or illiterate.
You are a harbinger,
Of spiritual bankruptcy.
Of debauchery, lies and deceit.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 3, 2013.

Mullah Madness: By Lee Anne Stieglitz

In the face of beauty, we are silenced, because beauty expresses silence. Ian Roberts

This is high time that we reconsider our priorities. As a society and community we are spiritually bankrupt. We cannot determine our collective soul. Both the literate and illiterate are responsible for this. This society has become savage without human values and is at the mercy of barbarians and opportunistic forces.

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Various Trades

Trade in silk, we had thousand
And one nights.
Trade in tea,
We had the voyages,
Viceregal discoveries
Colonies
And birth of the New World.
Trade in humans
The dark era,
We had trade in oil
The octogenarian Kingdoms,
Trade in weapons,
Stockpiles and blood.
We trade in ideas
On the air,
Some semblance of an earth,
Rounded off.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 24,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Of Your Ugly Battles

General, no more recount, spill ugliness;
Bury the past, of your methods
Let the curse, one eyed dajjal, not return,
Let not the fear, haunt the hearts.

-The French General Paul Aussaresses (1918 -2013) , who admitted to
executions and torture
in Algerian independence war, five decades ago.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 7,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Oh You Pashtun Women

Grown among the rocks and melting snow your wild flowers yearn to give fragrance.

Untamed and fresh, you dream of settings in colorful bouquets.

You do not love your wildness; seldom care for your unclipped prettiness,

You look outside on the other side and grow reddish.

The hot house flowers of the West envy your wild beauty.

Malala Yousafzai, Allah loves your beautiful fragrance.

Malalai of Maiwand, you rise once more

And if the men don't go forward,

Women East and West will stop carrying men's shame

And fill the Swat valley with your fragrance.

Malalai Joya, Allah has picked your flower.

Untamed and fresh you dream of colorful bouquets.

The untamed women love you in your unclipped prettiness.

So America denied your Visa to visit their hot house flowers.

Oh you Pashtun women, fill the world with your fragrance.

Teacher Noorzia Khan,16, writes letters from the Kalasha alphabet on a blackboard during a lesson at the Kalasha Dur school and community centre in Brun village, located in Bumboret Kalash valley.

Nestled among the valleys of Pakistan's mountainous northwest, the Kalash are a tiny religious community that claim descent from Alexander the Great's army, and say they are under increasing pressure to convert to Islam.

The Kalash, who number about 3,500 in Pakistan's population of 180 million, are spread over three valleys along the border with Afghanistan and are known for their distinctive dress, vibrant religious festivals, and polytheism. @ rediffNews

Sadiqullah Khan

Old Days

I want to sing a song
For the sake of good old days
In the morning
When the shadows had not yet grown
Longer
In the other direction
And when some magic
Had to sit in the evening
The heavy evening
That contained the smell
Of woods
When the moon at its full
Showers its cool on the night
Damp but some images
The pervasive feminine
Mysterious
That has love from the time immemorial
And when you reminded me
Of those old days
Which I have forgotten
And that downcast side glance
Some more illusions
And deceptions
Like mirages
For the one
Suffering from eternal thirst
Of the path of love
In this desert unending

Sadiqullah Khan

On A Certain Day

On a certain day
There is nothing to do,
When there is rain at night
Drops fall from the roof-
The window is closed.

On a certain day
When a glass falls
Let it. And the water-tap
Is left open, let it.

On a certain day
Do not talk and listen
Walk as if and if not
By stick, slow like going
Down-slope. Only breath
And see, on a certain day.

Do not fear night,
It will bring wonders
Of conversation about
The fire-place, on tea.

On a certain time,
Only sleep
Remember, and stretch out.
Watch the snow on the hill
Go to the river bed
Of floating boat,
Count stars.

On a certain time
There is no need of doing
Anything.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 20,2014.

On Barbed Wires

Wearing my poems on your weathered face,
On a weary, withered, ruin –on the soiled
Bvlgari perfumed bottle of fragrance,
A pacco-robanne or Azzaro of twenty years.

Your books were from London, -a manuscript
From Accra, beseeched copies on newspaper
Prints, piled up –and where once you could
Read Le Monde, or Khaleej Times, a Guardian.

They sell oiled confectionary `extracted from
The intestines and claws of chicken', such is the use
Of the written paper. You can read a Tom Sawyer,
On a cup of hot tea, watching a banner, asking a fresh
Assault on reason. The lone book store is a visit to Harappa,
You would take your children, with a blind-man's stick,
Telling them the Arabian nights, just before
When your eyes had not been blinded.

And that I had watched Greta Garbo,
Thirty years ago, in black and white silent movie, while
Learning French, and that how I had stolen books from
The British Council, -when the council was apolitical.

I am wearing a poem on your face, O great city-
And I am telling them that the Great Buddha had given,
A sermon under the Bodhi tree, not far away,
And I am telling them to collect the words on barbed wires.

Sadiquallah Khan
Peshawar
February 2,2014.

Postcard of Mall 1910, Peshawar @ Friday Times

Sadiquallah Khan

On Eighth Of October

On the eighth of October and in the year 2005
And in the wee hours of the early morning
This is not the story of a dictatorship
A revolution that took over a civilian government
This is also not the independence day of people
Nor is it a day of victory over an enemy like us

Nothing is divine and nothing goes in explanation
The children died in nightmare thanks their eyes
Did not open to see when the earth turned upside
Concrete and heavy stones were driven into the valley
Mothers had their breakfast in hands so sudden
Lest a tear may roll down from eyes to the tongue

Who lost whom when the count was placed
Earth had shown the carnage it was explained
Two tectonics in Himalaya did not brace
Who will dig the mountain to see the face
Friends and relations some died in one place
Hundred thousand deaths for the angel of death
Who could be busier on such a long day

Healing hands were in the rush when it was known
Vultures flying over the demise much before
Some carried young girls as the booty of disaster
To their mothers they said when in the high seas
Smuggling in human what else the human nature
Could one day justice befall with heavy hand

What was the loot for those who were the custodians
When stolen were utensils from the home itself
The beautiful arm of the girl in her teens
For the gold and silver she wore up the wrist
Lacerated with impunity the butcher's knife now
From nature was befallen though the calamity
Integrity of those who commanded in the chain
Put to shame when forgotten were own death

No tears nor sorrows nor condolences

Is it possible when no life breathes in the self
Up to the sky and down looked to the earth
Shall the heaven strike again and shall we know not
Worse shall happen as the game ends in itself

What follows is the cry of humanity in unison
Places of worship not schools or hospitals
Houses and blankets and warm palms to wipe
Tears are the prayers that after the shocks shall
Are we not humans and seek solace in mass rituals
When no one shall hold our hands we raise for a help
9/10/2009

Dedicated to the victims of earthquake in Hazara and Kashmir on 8th oct 2005

Sadiqullah Khan

On Friendly Terms

We are on friendly terms
And you are soldiers, you want us
Mourn the martyrs.
You have a silken thread made from rags,
Stolen from empty destruction.
You have drums of celebration,
And have hired 'songsters from cemeteries'.
'Since we are friends and you are soldiers too'
So, what you have belong to us all.
You have made a train of walls
And airlifted stones.
Winded the trees, plucked the flowers
Way back.
Chewed the fruits, you are
A storm of locusts on green fields,
And now you are eating
On leaves, stems and thorns.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 31,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

On Gambling

To a frog that's never left his pond the ocean seems like a gamble.
Look what he is giving up: security, mastery of his world, recognition!
The ocean frog just shakes his head. "I can't really explain what it's
like where I live, but some day I will take you there." Rumi
The Essential Rumi by Coleman Barks

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 6,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

On My Blind Spot

There just
Purple flowers of climbers
My toddler play
Fresh air
Some intense déjà vu
Very briefly
I breathed I saw
On my blind spot
The white of the teeth
Tenderest smile
Sweetest afternoon
When the shadows were just down
Two hands
Besides my cradle
Wooden
Lullaby of the musical rhythm
Connecting me
To my mother
My nature
What hope was I
What happiness brought I
What am I
What shall be I
Seeing myself
On my blind spot
10/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

On Our Eyes

Fragrance weaves through like eyes,
Beholding the love's face
We have the spring's time come,
Rejoice the drum's beat.
Life hath many dark facets up arm
And we celebrate the rise of the morn.
Yellow mustard fields are froth of the wave
The earth-sea below the blue skies.
Give up on the walls of separation
Of a mind carry the goblets unison,
And we shall bade you adieu,
Dear autumn and winter, we
Shall have the apricot's flowers our shade
And infinity a destiny, we tell our heart,
Relish the moment, and if so,
So what if the love's brow rises to the rival.
When we have enough cause to sing
We shall knock the doors of mystery up.
Gowning smiles on faces
Our foreheads ashine the brilliance of sun,
And on our eyes sleeps the moon.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

On Seventh Line

I dream these days, decapitated limbs
My right hand, fleeced, am waiting
I am sick of death's perditions
History traveled through a Tartar's sword,
Desolate river beds, that once burned
The hoofs of horses, are much scantier.
Devoid, and waters have no fertile mineral.

My thoughts end in odd lines,
Lately I wished to rid myself of the complexity;
Vain and gaining more freedom of a bird's flight.
Humbled by the accumulated wealth
Of knowledge. I had been skating a thin layer
Of ice, on warm deep ponds and raucous glaciers
Burying peaks. This again ends on seventh line.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
April 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Anvil

What stands there on the anvil,
A carved door of flowers and geometry.
Axed into pieces of wood for hearth.
A butterfly's many colors of charm,
Does she catch it from petals?
Or has it manifested inside out.
"I have been knocking the door;
Not knowing that I am already inside"

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 31,2013.

Carved wooden door detail, Samarkand: By Arthur Chapman on Flickr.

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Blind Spot

On the blind spot, drinking tears
Measuring a loss spread over
In diminutive, reclusive lone life;
Is heart a kettle on fire, steaming
Is distance measurable in miles?

Many times, the sun rises, and the
Moon, completes its cycle to fullness.
Names of flowers, little birds,
Who hath given them, and why we
Do not remember them, call them so.

The sea had been leaping its waves
On the banks, and rivers flowing
Since time immemorial, souls lost.
The decades of life have been
On the blind spot, measuring a loss.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 21,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Bridge Stone

A while goes silent
Wounds deep and the Messiah
The evening had seen
Heavy pour of rain
The reverberation of pain
Moist cold wind to the heart
Like the cypress standing tall
And still
Absorb the air and all nourishment
From the generosity of your love
Neither happy nor sad
Floating on the wood plank
Of life
Smoothly sailing time
This direction is towards you
Indifference towards many things
Perfection is when nature
Neither laughs nor cries
On the bridge stone
In my loneliness
I see your presence
Even with my eyes closed

Islamabad
26/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Edge Of Night

Speak holy words, sanguine phrases,
The night runs like a wild hunter-dog,
The hare moon behind the star-line
Dance on the edge of night,
The earth tilts sideways, and the cloud
Slippery bed of jasmines, dark velvety
Shroud steals the stars. O fresh breeze!
Bring the solicitor's importunes to love,
My begging bowl a-fill the hard coins.
On the doorsill a knock is heard, who?
Am myself to myself or the beloved
And nonce the doors, and the locks
Nonce the stars, but the bigger presence,
And a dance on the edge of dark night.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 5,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Old Pond

I have seen
The old pond
Frog jumping in
And sound of water
4/1/2010

The Old Pond

Matsuo Basho

Following are several translations
of the 'Old Pond' poem, which may be
the most famous of all haiku:

Furuike ya
kawazu tobikomu
mizu no oto

- Basho

Literal Translation

Fu-ru (old) i-ke (pond) ya,
ka-wa-zu (frog) to-bi-ko-mu (jumping into)
mi-zu (water) no o-to (sound)

Translated by Fumiko Saisho

The old pond-
a frog jumps in,
sound of water.

Translated by Robert Hass

Old pond...
a frog jumps in
water's sound.

Translated by William J. Higginson

An old silent pond...
A frog jumps into the pond,
splash! Silence again.

Translated by Harry Behn

There is the old pond!
Lo, into it jumps a frog:
hark, water's music!

Translated by John Bryan

The silent old pond
a mirror of ancient calm,
a frog-leaps-in splash.

Translated by Dion O'Donnol

old pond
frog leaping
splash

Translated by Cid Corman

Antic pond-
frantic frog jumps in-
gigantic sound.

Translated by Bernard Lionel Einbond

MAFIA HIT MAN POET: NOTE FOUND PINNED TO LAPEL
OF DROWNED VICTIM'S DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT! ! !

'Dere wasa dis frogg
Gone jumpa offa da logg
Now he inna bogg.'

- Anonymous

Translated by George M. Young, Jr.

Old pond
leap - splash
a frog.

Translated by Lucien Stryck

The old pond,
A frog jumps in: .
Plop!

Translated by Allan Watts

The old pond, yes, and
A frog is jumping into
The water, and splash.

Translated by G.S. Fraser

Matsuo Basho

*Courtesy: for translations of the haiku of Matsuo Basho.

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Walls Of Air

I can still read them
written on the air,
some unfinished poems:
hanging on the walls
that swam in the river.

Islamabad
Aug 2,2010

For a house that swept away in floods.

Sadiqullah Khan

On The Wheel Chair

Like life the efforts
In a world
That has the limitation
In time and space
In the domain of the heart
Coming from the memory
Of a loved one

In sweet smile then changing
Into worries about future
The present on the wheel chair
In an abrupt smile when all hopes
Played in her eyes
For the God's incarnation
Into the steps that see only darkness
Flowers in your hands I see not
A bunch of papers and like aliens
Away from my life if your hands
Dry but bring me Jesus
With one touch raise me up
All pains of my life

Ah my heart thou take away
Display it on the screen
When out of those papers
Papers and words
And on the screen
Like life when I just read
My wish was but to say
And talk for hours
The emotions that flow like rivers
Like tears that never stop
In my restless sleep

I lived in you
A few lines or just two lines
A prayer to the greater God
In faces made of stones
When my voice was but silence

For a presentation with an organogram
Lies and papers and tables and data
As the time went by
Like prayer did I recite
In ritual but my heart did speak
Like "daily news" a soul reminded
Alas but I wish I could
Just come out of the jugglery of words
To say a few words on what I felt

A child but born dear to God
Tongue I did not place in your head
A happy smile you have on your face
Known have you the ways of forgiving
But to myself
"I wish I had said that"
(After a presentation on education for special children)
21/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

On This Day

Who has on these passage ways, brought
Funerals. Who has on this day allowed
From the beehive of golden bees,
Mournful streams and from the sunny
Afternoon's slumber, who has allowed
A long darkness on my path. For a while
Who is not celebrating; who is wearing
Masks of smiles. From the children's
Happy faces, bright eyes and red cheeks
Why is it that let the looming sorrow to come
To them not later than a few years?
Of a severe handicap of my understanding
A bequeathed generation of hapless souls
I know I have inherited a drought of intellect
Of closed eyes akin to ostrich's hide in sand
Or a dove on seeing a cat, a donkey seeing a wolf.
Who has painted the pale green fields purple
Is a human loss more, is slavery anything other.
On the mid-dividing road, why were the dreamers
Sleeping. I saw a hand hanging down the brick
For a final cut, a blow or the old man with aching -
Broken back bone. In deep thought. What story
Of grace he is going to tell to the loved ones.
What apology, excuse; what face to wear?
An eaten up spirit, a bowed head
To every passerby, a hand held
As if born with a deformity, for alms.

-On Eid Day

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 9,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

On Your Back

On your back comes the stealth
On your shoulders hangs the corpse,
The dead lay buried on my soil
An army of ghosts by my walls.
You speak to the mirror,
And thus claim to have won.
The flogging tongue, all muscle
In cheek, -does not matter,
On alms thus espouse
Empty jar on your head.
Once more to your neck
The child killed by a shrapnel,
The homeless flock to the barn
Trail of Tears, -hunger, disease, dishonor.

The Trail of Tears is a name given to the ethnic cleansing and forced relocation of Native American nations from southeastern parts of the United States following the Indian Removal Act of 1830. The removal included many members of the Cherokee, Muscogee (Creek) , Seminole, Chickasaw, and Choctaw nations, among others in the United States, from their homelands to Indian Territory in eastern sections of the present-day state of Oklahoma. The phrase originated from a description of the removal of the Choctaw Nation in 1831.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 26,2014.

Trail of Tears @ Patheos

Sadiqullah Khan

On Your Shoulders

On your shoulders, heavily burdened,
Hangs my arm, your cap has caught
The feather of my pride and you wear,
My new gown and you have in your neck,
My erstwhile beaded scarf, woven by my mother.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 31,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

On Your Way

Through the nature's blown inscriptions,
Below the countenance of sharp brittle cuts
As first of the soldier, and the picket -
Had a cold smell of lighted window, gauzed
'You need to cook in your boots' to not blister you.
Look, I am taking you through Khyber Pass,
The commander looked my way,
Only crossed on foot, by ones like Babur.

They had carved insignia, on every
Flat stone. Every sharp turn, every treacherous ravine.
Though you are divine anger, a liberator,
The virtue of having spilled your blood, -a homeland
Meaning more than a step into a booby trap.
You are what you seem. For me you are, whether
This side or that. You are a way, whatever flag in your hand,
You hold it to your chest, for it shall wrap you, on your way.

-On my training with a military detachment and passing Khyber Pass on foot with them in 1994.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 26,2014.

Khyber Badges Landi Kotal Pakistan, photo by Tony Cunnane @ Tony Cunnane
UK

Sadiqullah Khan

Once More

Once more my heart has taken wings
Once more has the lids been filled
Once more to the brim has the cup come
Once more the delights of sweet love
Once more on the pages of today
For tomorrow written word once more

Once more in the mirror of nature
Hence in my bosom some red of lips
Once more the wounds opened of the past
Once more I have heard story destitute
Once more I prayed to soul my helpless

Once more I heard lament longing
Once more I have been asked to twist fate
Write the tablet once more with no ink
Once more I cleared tears on a face
Owned once more all that was not mine

Once more I wished my hands of bounty
Once more I wished richness in poverty
23/12/2009

Sadiquallah Khan

One Day

I shall one day
In a series of events
Open the pages of my memory
To meet some people
People close to my heart
Visit the tombs of those
Who have left us here
I shall one day
Visit my beloved
And every beloved
I shall pay homage to that old woman
Who raised me as a child
After carrying me in her womb

I shall one day
Recollect all my memories
Of the past events
In a quite place
I shall sit
And one by one
I shall pick those moments
The scenes of the past
I shall also visit those places
Where still the perfumes
Of those colorful apparel
Haunt the air
I shall breathe deeply
I shall touch that tree
Where we would sit together
Under the moon and those flowers
I shall wipe my tears once again

One day I shall travel
Long long distance
In search of something unknown
Empty handed
Rich hearted
One day in eternal freedom
Like a macaw

I shall fly free
In different directions
Displaying my colors
With unconcern

And one day when my soul shall fly
To the heavens
I shall not come back
For the world by that time
Would have become so beautiful
And remember me
In your merry seasons
My love
I love you
8/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

One Evening

The stones were empty inside.
The surface looked like wood logs,
hollow, and the marble statues, a few years
old, and broken. The acropolis was like
a cemetery. The heart longed for, and far away.
Some loved ones had been remembered. This time
is like a courageous embrace of the trees without leaves.
Inside a lotus flower, some names imprinted. Beneath
the empty ponds, like barren wombs, desires had died,
with their fish bone skeletons. A deep dug door was closed,
hard with hinges. Sparrows and crows were looking for nests.
The forest without trees, and the air, was like the bouncy hips
of a walking girl. Like a mare with thick mane, dancing and running.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 11,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Onion -Poor Man's Apple

Have you seen it broken, by a big fist
Either on the top of a cot's leg.
Or smashed on a stone, sprinkling juice.
Eyes and nose run together
Peel it layer by layer and eat it with skimmed milk,
With 'naghan', 'doadai' and 'gadalai'.
Cut it down and serves as ready salad, in the 'Subway'
Place it alongside black olives,
And enjoy it as if having eaten with native dough.
On travel, smell it for sickness,
In the 'Burger King', invite friend for a luncheon,
Instead of potato, onion rings, -feel happy
A dietitian's recipe. Fry it in rich oil, by fire,
Add to the 'curry', and smell like one.
'You eat it and the neighbor too'
Some say eat its seed a few grains
Cure heart and diabetes, and after warming it
Place it on cracked skin, and it is softened.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 19,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Only Beasts (Rephrased)

I only hear the beasts now,
The orchestra of my beauty
Fades into silence. Only beasts!
Like the dancing steps on wood roof.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 13,2014.

Eugena Washington for Michael Schmidt Photography@ Where are the models of
ANTM now?

Sadiqullah Khan

Only Beats

I only hear the beats now,
The orchestra of your beauty
Fades into silence. Only beats!
Like the dancing steps on wood floor.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 12,2014.

Photography by Michael Schmidt @ Spell

Sadiqullah Khan

Only Once

Life goes clattered like a first rate fiction,
Nor the stars blink fortunes, nor winds validations
The greens are usual and rain is less acid-born,
Neither flowers on wet apricots have outlook
Nor the snow clad hills waiting worn steps.
But unless the form of limbal granite smoothness,
An eloquent eye or lips frozen in the detail,
Statuesque revelations, a bestial desire to love.
We longed the travel's float upon the asphalt
Of running earth beneath our feet made black,
Onto every house opens the hose of peeps
That what life constitutes in the vacuity of languid
Bulbs lit, descending down the steeps or spread
Like a carpet, although we talked to each other,
In every other was seated the cheeks of her smile.
Thus having done the essentials of living,
Having slept, meditated and further thought,
The worthless arguments abandoned like old walls
Who have seen more than me and you, and have stood,
As keeper of the times, and have wept lamentations
Of the trodders, the mothers who have given
Them wishes for some better tomorrows.
Whether you climb the hills or otherwise,
Or fly the air, sit on the thorn of Solomon,
And all the demons be your loyal servants
And speak the tongue of birds or arbitrate,
Between them, O lion, the king of jungle,
Where is your grave, do the beasts visit
Tombs and have a holiness about them.
The heart shaped face of the hostess of air,
Had a twiggy tail and bifurcated hips plastered
Into an apple shape and lips were wall papers,
Of bunches of flowers done in red and skin-white.
Living in imagination is the happiest course deciphering
And wishing to drown in river than being buried, behind
The heavy boulders of stones and mud after yourself
For the wrath of fierce angels of hell, because you
Befriended devil while on earth, but know you will
Never return and know that living is only once.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
March 26,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Only People Xxxviii

The idea is the saddle bag, as long as
It rides you, keep your head turning
Full of salt, as you climb uphill
The zigzag line is like Zig Zigar's motivation.

It is the whistle of the shepherd to the flock,
A bangles' tinkling for your waking hour,
Instilled, conditioned, elsewhere, over there.

The difference between the stateless societies
Of communist utopia and the church,
Capitalism inclusive
Is that the one's here and for the other you have to die.

O ignorant of the world unite -
Such fools on earth you are.

Burn the books, pull down those portraits
Of the old. Declare war on the past.
State without democracy is a grand misnomer,
So is eternal peace, happiness -some contra
Thought. There are no nations. Only people.

-On International Day of Democracy, September 15,2014. This year's theme -
Engaging Young People on Democracy - highlights the challenges and
opportunities of young people engaging in democratic processes.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 15,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Only Tonight

Come my love
Its cold outside
The room is warm
Throw yourself
On that sofa
Get the cushion
Remove you shoes
Wear this dress
The lounge dress
Drink this mug
Of hot coffee
Shutdown
Your cell phone
Throw it
In the dustbin
Stretch yourself
You are too tired
Exhausted
And near the fireplace
Let's talk
Of beauty alone
Only for tonight
No more pains
No more lamentations
No more anguish
Only tonight

Sadiqullah Khan

Only You Had Seen

Little drops of rain early this morning
The night's breeze was so telling the story
Spring has been waiting behind peaks of the hills
Clouds like silhouettes descended down low
Only you had seen the beauty so bestowed
One day when yellow flowers with perfumes
Your way was to heaven with sweet songs
And life had to see many pleasures and pains
Memories were fast galloping for air
As I lived from my infancy through life
Such springs have never brought haunting
Old days so long gone that I remember
None is there they have all gone away
Leaving us the gardens which they made
Aye few bitter sips of wine as the time leave
As darkness embrace the bright of the light
Only you had seen the comings of the springs
Farewell to autumn for the next season arrives

28/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Orientalism I (The Aftermath)

Descent from the ancient times
Pharaonic doctrines and kingdoms
Orient had variants be it continent
Some part of earth or where the sun set
Or the moon would rise enchanting
Buddha and Vedas
The Christ
Son of God

Greek reason wrestled with the myth
Roman statesmanship converted
Dark ages followed
Orient held the torch lit
From Greeks and handed it back
To the west
Renaissance from Italy
Of the many sparks
The Orientalists forgot the east

The Chinese had invented the missile
They abandoned
They thought
It was against the human spirit

The Orientalists invented the bomb
They used it
In the name of a value
Of democracy and freedom

Pre Newtonian or post Newtonian
Collation of data an inferior responsibility
It denoted mischief and lack of trust
In mankind and nature
So was the thought in the east
3/11/2009

Sadiquallah Khan

Orientalism Ii (Dialogue Ensues)

You have grown in certain techniques
I lagged because I did not consider them worthy
You scored
You branded
You added
Morality
And value judgment
On conduct
Ways and means of living

And robbed the continents
Dug treasures and sold them
In the name of spice trade

You brought certain knowledge
Of post Newtonian era
To which I too was a contributor

Then you handed over the banner
After much malice
To people of the new world

I am standing in front
Of nature and jungles and lands
Devoured by you

I discover my own eloquence
And language
And culture
And civilization
Much richer past
Much promising future
I am learning from you
How to make a nuclear bomb
3/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Oudh Scent

The moss makes scent
The bark of tree is infected
Love produces the scent
The wood is cut to extract.

A rare shine in your eyes.
In sumptuous bouquets,
Wood leather and roses.

This indulgence
Is as infectious
As love itself.

Though
I have not discovered
Any path leading towards you.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 25,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Out Of Chaos Xv

Out of chaos, bring me change,
The pain of staying the same,
Is more, the status of quo, beyond acceptance.

The expansive mind, you hath?
When reduced in cage, a bird flown,
Did it come back to the cage?

O harbingers of reason, tell me,
All movement is not growth, neither forward.
Hold the beacon, the dark alleys ahead,
The path is arduous, if survival is the game.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 31,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Out Of Love

I often wondered,
The eternity's cruel hands,
Would just leave in memory.
Through the eyes like water spring,
Reflect with tenderness,
Words you would blow with soft
Murmur, as a soothsayer.

We drank from your generosity;
The times that we were blinded
Out of love. We saw that you made
Bouquet of the finest colors.

They are still there. They are eternal.
Like your soul. Like we all wish to be.
Of some abandoned relics,
We collected something of contagious
Beauty. We longed for a smile from you.

We still find that in the lanes,
Of memory, like roses in old books.
We will remember you.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 30,2012.

For Sandra Fowler (1937-2012) , a poet of great imagination and beauty. She had generously commented on a couple of poems written by me and my friends.

Sadiqullah Khan

Overwhelming

Nay, it's not nature, nor a meditation technique,
Nor a painting, word or a home-made picture,
It is the corporate, getting sneakier and sneakier,
With a team of dedicated IT professionals,
Making colorful cards and surprising you –
The bikini-girl is out, a plethora of information,
Chameleon effect, gazing eyes, hugging posture
With a masked smile and business suit and,
A samurai-clip or an Arab whose gun went on fire,
While dancing the Bedouin. A yogi dying of hunger.
The ordinary lot, the individual, you and me,
Is restricted to squeeze into the inner world,
Or escape the sea of names, if Providence delivers.

-On the multinational corporations in social media.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Owl's Eyes

Steps are written on stones
Written asunder
Putrefied, fat dropping
A walker's wish.

Silence overwhelmed
Wrapped under:

Am I audible
On the grasses' path
I am in no hurry
Bringing,
Joining dots of owl's eyes.

On a sea of mud
House wives' dreamt
Awake, rising
To a promising life, a sub-urban
Habitation.

Starless, moonless
The afternoon's grey
Is the night's color.

A whole bunch of a sharp weed
Pulled, from prayer mat, to pick
A tooth. A recline on a rolled over
Woolen bistro rug.

Under every stone
Hidden, there is
Killed time.

I will bring you an hour glass
Of colored sand,
The only living moment.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad

October 30,2013.

Owl perched at a tree branch at night, by Wing-Chi Poon @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

Paintings

For a long time
I had not seen
Your paintings
An argument
Abstract
Or impressionist
How to define you
But your portraits
Close to my chest
My only possession
A remembrance
Time gone bye
But today
I want to delete
Remove and destroy
Determined
Searched
In a hurry
Memories are enough
And the abstract
In the philosophy
Only abstract
The argument goes
Abstract is but
Higher consciousness
Look
We like god
As abstract
Tour portraits
And my philosophy of abstract
In delusion again
Went through the paintings
Searched deep meanings
In each shape
Am I pantheist
Yea I am
But the abstract
Is more appealing
It has no boundaries

Of time and space
It's for me
And every one
I carry it in my heart
A deep longing
Some deep meaning
I searched in the paintings
My beloved
A fire you have kindled
In the heart
A pantheist again
The conflict goes on
But all is the name
Of one great being
The self or unself
The story of love
Every body tells
In a different way
Humanity's divisions
Are but frivolous exercises
Search a Shams
Or follow the master
Open thy secrets
O goddess of nature
The universal soul

Sadiqullah Khan

Paraded Hate

Flaunt the paraded hate, actors
There's no catharsis, the play
As devoid, an anti-climax -
Fathers and sons, embrace
Brothers and sisters whisper.
Your little heels, do you think, are
Shaking earth? Except that you look
Miserable chested turbaned pawns.

Gilgit
November 3, 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Pass It On

Executioner, pass it on,
Judge, you had it on,
Do not spill it
Blood pass it on,
Stone, -on my head,
Bloodless death.

Excellency?
Pass it on.

Your hands cannot,
Pass it on quickly,
Wretched fellows,
Pass it on, Overcome;
Oedipo-electra complex.

You drag mothers
O violent sons.
Behind the horses' hoofs.

Pass it on,
O prayer sayer,
Win yourself, a place
In paradise,

Or your severed Nose,
Fifty thousand times,
Slaves of the slaves
Debauched, cursed creatures.

Pull the noose,
O ye, shame on the earth,
An ugly blot on
Man's face.

But pass it on,
You,
The fertile minds
Of a perverse civic culture.

Just pass it on...

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

May 29,2014.

Image: Violence against women @ All Things Pakistan

Sadiqullah Khan

Passions I

Of the passions did I speak
From books old or music
In syntheses
Moses and Christ and the others
My masters in the tavern
With "Paris" did I cross
The sword as in Romeo and Juliet
Shakespeare might have read
Or heard the story from the city of love

Standing are you on the balcony in Verona
"The mole on the cheek of my love"
So went I in passions when I asked
The friends to hear me in the city dear

Known am I in the world of love
My self you have become as for me
My identity are you for my love
Like my address on the wall of my home
In the tavern when I sip the cup
I see the reflection of the eyes drunk
In passion I see for reason is not mine

When your sweet words descend on me
From up above the balcony in my search
You told not to speak of the philosophies
Of love and be the initiate

When my cheek speaketh the love you seek
Lost are why you in the world
Did not I tell you are drunk with the wine
Nature is me and the universe I hold
Of earth and mars and canyons great
You speaketh for me they quote to listen
The seduction of my eyes they shall never forget
My head in your lap but they look at my eyes

Like an unsheathed sword am I
Tread softly for the path is dear

22/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Path Of Love

In reprisals after the gathering
In long days and painful nights
In heated talk and a fight for a cause
Lost long ago when the youth in idealism
Searched the souls of the things living
But dead like centuries before
In fiery debates when the mock living
To reinvent things which no one holds dear

Why am I doing and when my ideas
After removing the dust of decades
Still I held dear and talk one last time
The spark of the years gone by in waste
In my ultimate discovery I entered in a world
When all the ideals have given way
To certain symbols of achievements
In hard reality and without the fluidity
The self breaking into small pieces
The smallness of the men in display
I discovered that I need to change

In the circumstances given as the tune
Of the years yester no one listens
I loved the way when in the rituals
And being mended by the men of some stature
Good were they when I at last discovered
Great molding into myself for I came
In the knowledge that there are men better than me
My way could hardly find any room
But after the refinement and still in the bosom
Fear of God I knew and in humbleness
I am free at last out of the ordeals

Thou live in mundane and mundane thy love
One more beginning for yet to begin
Far away are thou from the path
The path of love thou have yet to search
25/12/2008

Patriarch's Sanctuary

The spirits shall melt away,
From the sanctuary of the patriarch;
"Little girls and adult women"
The genie derelict, and who were
Following, hidden in his nostrils.
The grotesque shadows would frighten;
One of them, like a lame antelope, before
A hungry lion. My son wants a well fed animal.
The patriarch had said. A certain day, they wear,
Big yellow turbans and oil their faces white.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 8,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peace

I want peace
Peace in my personal space
At least
Then spreading like perfume
All encompassing
Peace in my head
In my heart
In my demeanor
In my talk
In my eyes
On my tongue
In my hands
My feet
Refuse
To take me
Anywhere
Where there is no peace
My hands refuse to carry
That gun
I want peace in my feelings
I like the great word
Speak of peace
All prevailing
In nature
And like butterflies
Like bees
For the nectar sweet
Like in a garden
And then spread it
All over me and you
Like honey
In my songs
In my lyrics
And at the time
Of my return
Cloth me in white
The color of peace
30/11/2008

Peoples' Various Trades

O genius of man, peoples' various trades
Who would slaughter heifers and lambs
Of woolly tops and ears reaching their feet,
Whose arm was the knife's blade peeling hide.

They, like their other trades for sale,
Notable being the mercenary horse -
They now butcher lambs of libation to divinity
On shining marble and chipset floors for a penny.

White bearded men, with due respect, ☐
They know how to do their trade
You know how yours, treacherous -
You have an office in Muscat dealing in big arms.

And the thirsty stones drink their blood, as
You are eyeing Manhattan and an account in Switzerland
And a perspective far away, than your lame shoulders
Of a Swaziland, playing solo polo with your mentors.

-To the Internally Displaced Persons of North Waziristan, on Eid Day.

Peshawar
October 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Perfection

Many imperfections make one
Perfection's soul declareth in guise
In totality doth not the elements
Bringeth absoluteness from parts
Holdeth not just one mortal
Key to the mystery in living knoweth
Of love's innumerable facets
In worship thrift to spend time
Fraction of secrets that all life
Nay the doubt unto the holder
Torch in the dark who with eyes
Nothing is found if a way out
12/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Phallus

It hangs aimlessly to be pushed to
From flesh it learned, more in space
It is now spiritless and consumed.
From its core length that hardly gets
Out of fist and is squeezed to death.
All the fantasy and unspoken lust
Drips from its tips and is tamed to wait
For another day or the whole body lives
In the fantasies of past and would have beens.
Alas now the poor phallus made god by some
Alas it aches with pain to be left alone
Alas it is loosing its erectile strength
Alas it no more induces the sleep
Alas it wants its ducts open for urine.

Islamabad
Aug12,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Play On The Music

Play on the music
Drop by drop

The strings divine
The nature at its eloquence
From heavens to earth
Stretch the string
Play on the music
Drop by drop
Beethoven's symphony
Chopin's piano
Santana's guitar
Or the cuckoos song
Play on the music
Drop by drop
In the heat of the night
In cold surroundings
The story of my love
My illusions great
I construct heavens
Play on the music
Drop by drop
For the moments rare
It's only for those
The discerning here
The enchanted being
Play on the music
Drop by drop

Don't leave me alone
O soul you fly
The body shivers
With the thought
Of death and destruction
O soul we were friends
Thou fly to eternity
Play on the music
Drop by drop
Your place is heaven

I want to be heard
A slave to a master
So ungrateful
Your beauty in this world
I hath been
You decorated me
With ornaments rare
Play on the music
Drop by drop

For this is your fate
O carrier of soul

The life's going by
Take your share
O body of the soul
Freedom anew
In the world here
Play on the music
Drop by drop

For I am the real
The being and the nothing
The beloved and the rival
The saki and the wine
Play on the music
Drop by drop
In the deep longing
Of the night long
The strings so stretched
From the heavens to earth
Sing songs of love, O beloved mine
Reveal thy face, in my imaginations wild
Torn is my being, between real and unreal
Play on the music
Drop by drop

In the middle of the night
The rain drops falling
From the clouds high
Is telling me this story
Khayyam's disciple

Sings a song
Play on the music
Drop by drop

Sadiqullah Khan

Playing Games

The three girls
Bounce from the novelette
Strikingly on the mind
Playing games on the paper

Islamabad
28/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Please Don't Fall (A Chant)

Ripped, ripped, ripped
Bled, bled, bled
Sad, sad, sad
Horror, horror, horror
Terror, terror, terror
Terror, terror, terror
Bombed, bombed, bombed
Sad, sad, sad
Ripped, ripped, ripped
Bombed, bombed, bombed
Terror, terror, terror
Bled, bled, bled
Blast, blast, blast
Who, who, who
Mother, mother, mother
Sweet mother - what, what, what
Why, why, why
Cold, cold, cold
Hold, hold, hold
Love, love, love
Save, save, save
Preach, preach, preach
Peace, peace, peace
Humanity, humanity, humanity
Please don't fail,
Please don't fall.

Sadiqullah Khan

Pleasure

Pleasure

Thou torment me

But thou torment me more

When thou art

In my lap

Sadiqullah Khan

Pledge Of Love

Under a heavy stone
Hand stuck for the pledge of love
Living with the sweat on my forehead
What a difficulty my heart thou art in
The freshness of the spring and the lament sweet
The melody of love in the city of love
In the distant garden that thou seest as paradise
The pledge of love with hand in hand

In sweetness thou give in
The "Kohkan's*" pledge
For the stream of honey and milk
Aware not of the doubts as the old lady
Or the "Majnun*" with no pldge but all love
Breaks his head the former when in toils
Labour and skill and youth flamboyant
Mixes his blood with honey and milk
The tool he has brings the angel of death

The later with idea and in love with the idea
The idea of the beauty with no skill but the desert
The eyes of "Laila" doth speak at the nights
In separation and torn between the body and the soul
Breaks the mundane for the love he sees inside
Beauty is to him but the glory of love

The pledge of love though I make
Like "Majnun' in the desert and unlike "Farhad"
Freedom shall I gain the moment I pledge
Freedom that I be unto myself
Pledge me not into captivity my love
Freedom I cherish and Majnun am I

*Farhad who built stream of honey and milk for his beloved Shirin

*Majnun who was a free wandering man and was in love with Laila

2/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Plunge

The pogroms leads nowhere else,
Prolonging an era of dark
To close the door to edu-
You open door to a prison.
A century later, we meet again,
In the adobed boards,
Settling scores of envy's eye.
Sensibilities need generations
Learning with minds open like ocean.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 21,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Possessed

Possessed with the idea of love
Romance and ritual hard to discern
Faith is belief in the unseen
Seen is all held mirror to inner eye
Sky above and earth below
No love is pure than the destiny
Not one love but many
Like bee to each flower
Freedom from gallows is naught
Freedom of mind is freedom sweet
All the four freedoms are freedoms more
Freedom to think and imagine too
Freedom of all is freedom of self

23/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Possessed I

What else, my all wits go wild,
Possessed by beauty, on lovelorn walk
And the tresses' soft fall, of the dark hair,
The profound presence on the way
But whence the trick lies on your face,
In your eyes, O the sculptor's weathered hand,
Or I behold the immensity below the midnight
Pearl-white glaze, shining through the stars.
You held me before in your glance,
And by the locks like chains you bind me forever
And forever I remain a freedom's prisoner.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 25 2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Possession's Dilemma

The cage's golden door,
Is hit by a stone-storm.
Is it evil eye?

Or the soul wants freedom.
By breaking the walls.

Untie me from the possession's
Dilemma, to be or not to be.

A masterpiece is known
By the author, a work of art,
By the artist. Not by the frame.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 30,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Postscript

Pol Pot drank blood in skulls, pyramided
For posterity. Ancient warriors collected heaps,
The vultures still loom large on the corpses
Battlefields are never so vast, wars in streets.
The historic vengeance never as prolonged,
History not so cruel, vindictive self-immolation
Never as deep as the strategy of depth,
Of an unlikely bloodshed, to take refuge there-
In. Braggartism as vehement, venom as lethal.
Mothers cried never so long, youth suffered
Culture and civilization in ash and water mixed.
Felony an envy, and cities never burned,
Never the shadows left behind idolized in stone.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 19,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Pour In Sweet Converse

Pour in sweet converse, from your lips, love!
In the times of storms, in thunderbolts,
The yawning earth's agape, humans adore.
When hath but faded the wise discourse
On earthy funerals, did's't not they avow,
To live by what others have their lives laid.

Pour in sweet converse, from your lips, love!
Doth the colors fade, doth not old times,
To death, and the new, hath pangs of birth
And isn't the boundaries of survival
And perishment intertwine, is not the other,
Wane into the next, giveth breathe, and
Doth solitude, not a prelude to merriment?

Pour in sweet converse, from your lips, love!
Our lives are the little acts, by the eve,
And by the morn, rosy fingers of lively sun.
Whence all is over, the few songs, from
And to the heart, shall matter, the few
Happy instances. Do not be mournful,
We all know what a legate is solitary love.

Sadiquallah Khan
Peshawar
June 8,2014.

Veronica Smirnoff, Crossing,2013, egg tempera on wood,40x60 cm. Courtesy
Galleria Riccardo Crespi and the artist @ Beyond the shore. Veronica Smirnoff

Sadiquallah Khan

Pouring Hither

I neither want to see, nor write,
Either visit or talk.
Meet eyes, open door,
Close a window.
Neither doing this, nor that.
Either comment or like,
Listen either.
Either stand in the door,
Gaze out of veranda.
Hold a glass of water either,
Then place it back.
I either think or do not think,
Neither I imagine.
Touch either, feel either.
This all is either
Or this is neither.
I was looking at the rain drops,
Pouring hither.

Sadiqullah Khan

Poverty

"Poverty, thou art the bitterest vice"

Thou sit cross legged, on the doors,
Thine leaden eyes, long teeth,
Vampire like. An admonition of evil.
On a wintry night, cold, without mercy:
Thou travel in the bones, in blood.
Thou let forget, prayers, and a happy
Demeanor. A sharp blade, of ill fortune.
Let, beg, destroy, be humble and on knees,
Nothing on thine brow shall melt.
A visceral pain, bleeding, an age spent
Waste. It is one, above, or below in the earth's
Womb. The one is misery, the other peace.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 8,2013.

Kitchen sink, Santa Cruz:

Sadiqullah Khan

Power Statement

In black

She is dressed

For a power statement

For the evening

Twice I saw

She was wiping

Her tears

In the stairs

30/11/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Prelude To 'poetics' Of Aristotle

The apocalyptic maestro's dialogue
Whatever he said, whether wrote or not
Of politics and philosophy
History's scribbled pages, lost, found and lost
Again. Reason's unblemished castle
The armies select, carrying banners of divinity
Feared not the death, nor a defeat but O ye!
May some one from a pouch, from a hidden hearth
Spell your name, or your master's or the master's master.

Macedonian, an Athenian, a Greek symbol
When the rest of the world painted their faces blue
Or were clinging to the trees, apelike, he was writing
And teaching philosophy. An ultimate touchstone
An ultimate reason, Pupil of the great Plato
Surpassed, toned him down –the radical transformer
Let there be a room for the common sense
Let emotion prevail; let intuition be not inimical to sense.

We undertake by a grace, human
An account into Poetics, of whatever might be understood
By a feeble mind, frail heart, unaccustomed
With wit, a study to what we call poetry
As embellished by him, as it came down to us, fragmented
For with all probabilities, he never wanted the work
To be published, handed down by himself, or by a pupil
One of the four hundred treatises written by him.

Thus we conclude, having written the above
That all word that uttered his mouth, which came on his tongue
Despite the written, was creativity, unique, unparalleled
A science, deductive, in logic and to the posterity
For all times to come, empirical, for generations.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 10,2013.

Prologued (An Oration) Xliv

Just prologued, the acts never come to an end
The mighty sea, no matter how deep, has measure
Of shore. Expand, expand, and the boundaries remain.
O endless journey, no one knows, whence and thence:
The sun peeps first and then rises on men, the moon
Is naught and taketh time to get full. Only those -

'Who hath thus believed, didst goodness, and righteous
And observe patience', the rest are in utter loss. Verily
There is great reward for them and the cruel punished.
All great struggles, give birth to the next, every close
Is a new beginning. There shall always be, and have been
The oppressors and the oppressed. The eternal war is on.
Success is the pedestal of a higher moral edge, or fight for,
The cause of the rightness, equality and rights of humans.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Promises

Never take to proof the false promises of the beloved
The lies she swears upon shall loose its beauty
The illusion of love I carry in my head
Beyond reality O heart don't take me away
In soft fantasy of the night and your arms
Then I woke up like a child did I cry
The emptiness of the room where only your aroma
And perfumes of the bath from your steaming body
The promises of the last night don't take to your heart
Alas but if I had taken her necklace in my palm
Not for me but for the necklace may
She returns to me to fulfill her promise
4/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Protocols Of The Elders Of Zion

Although the purportation is absurd
The malwarion platitude is breaking the kernel
To through the hardware in dustbin, if
The globe happens to be one.
Taught by Nazis, and fanning the perversions
Of the Fuehrer, published five hundred thousand copies,
By Henry Ford. The protocols are in first person plural.
They and we. Extradimensional entities.
Values, history, class, language,
And the power of printed word to do Holocaust,
To genocide unto those who either do not know
Or embittered by poverty, ignorance and,
On the marginal existence of a decadent living
To be reinvented five generations later,
When worshipping stones has been abandoned,
And wearing turbans becomes a chimera
Or the language is sought in the shapes of birds and reptiles,
And cats breed their kittens in the ruins,
She-wolves' cubs feed on hundred nipples on the breast line
And crow eat bones, flowers smell like putrid flesh
From the dissecting halls of the medical schools.
The day becomes a night, night a day
And decency is sought in fifty shades of grey,
And wearing a uniform of this and that cut,
Finds its place in the protocols of elders of a remote tribe.

-The Protocols of the Elders of Zion or The Protocols of the Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion is an antisemitic hoax purporting to describe a Jewish plan for global domination. It was first published in Russia in 1903, translated into multiple languages, and disseminated internationally in the early part of the 20th century. Henry Ford funded printing of 500,000 copies that were distributed throughout the US in the 1920s. Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Pure Maths

AK 47 = 18 K

From the hollow pestilence of absences
Every small piece of stone was splintered.
The ancient library of Alexandria was burned
The papyrus scrolls (including Sappho's poems) ,
Were used to warm the water in baths, for a century.
The museum of Kabul, (When I last saw it, from a distance) ,
Chicken poxed and mutilated, by bullets and shells,
The artifacts were stolen, and some gifted, and still house,
A perpetrator's residence, who would need a reassurance,
That their worth was more than in eighteen Karat gold,
(Since he wanted gold, for fear of inflation) .

We used AKs, as fire logs, -they burned so well,
And were cheaper than the precious Oakwood
Favored for hearths, and needed to be axed.
Chinese, Egyptian, with their nozzles cut like a nib,
Russians with two flags, one flag, the folding ones,
So easy to carry. A bullet would cost twelve anna,
(A rupee=16 anna =100/1 US\$) . We mastered to dis-assemble
Re-assemble. What a machine! ...(That trajectory piston
Would greatly amaze me, made as if of pure white silver) .

In the bazaar of the arsenal, (as opposed to the bazaar of booksellers) ,
A used NATO soldier's green jacket, -was a statement. I bought
One too, with a certain name sewn on the chest. Military shoes.
Back sacks, caps, and the magazines for Aks were complementary.
They are still sold in abundance, this time stolen from Marines.
It brought M16s with fiberglass butts, laser binoculars, and Berettas,
The market forces are at work, we live in a market driven economy.

It is pure maths, if the artist from China, Zhang Dali, in his absences, and
Inscribed art, highlighted contemporary 'cultural conflicts'.
In this conflict, Einstein would put the best of his imagination, if he so wills,
And give us a relationship, mathematically to tell us, which one is true.
 $E=mc^2$ or $AK47 = 18k$

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad
March 7,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Pure Sense

With the senses pure thus blasted
Six in number for the five
Nothing embellishes to fly
The cellar had the darkness
Extreme in shrills

So broke the outward on disc
Sensors less to senses respond
The sixth had given up
Comprehension like laser
The beam is red in reflection
To read the smallest dots for eyes

Exposition with ultimate
Feel through senses
Touch or smell
Vision and listen to taste
With sheer imagination
Nothing remains of the sense
When the sense is pure you
8/10/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Pushkin Café

Spectacular poet, breezed romance,
Had we not drowned in your dreamy soul
We could have been writing tête-à-tête
A prose breaking apart, a leaf of pulp,
Or didst Tolstoy lead us to war, imagined
Or his Anna breaking her neck by train's wheel.
'If I have to come back, I will read war and peace',
And the Pushkin of your fables inked
Now sits frozen as a statue, his words flow
In the marbled channels of the mind's tress –
Live and your beauty let the world savor
Or the tongue of suffering, longing's tall call.
Gentle Russia, Alexander Blok is your soul,
Or the voluptuous abandon of Pushkin's verse.
There is cold autumn wind blowing outside
With it comes your name fragrant as leaf,
Cups of tea in the café, epitaphed to you
And dreamt it while 'you' sitting on the table.

-To the great Russian poet Alexander Pushkin.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 4,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Put In The Word

Put in the word, that whence ye read,
In cozier company by the candle, or lonely retreat,
Thus shed not a tear, such is life lived
That an era is gone, like in ruins we look.
For the heart is set in memory, in the bygone
Sweet pleasure it derives while toucheth the walls.
Put for the ink, therefore honey not gall,
O sweet heart, and hence our stories in gales
Or dust-weighted winds, overlooked by stars.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 3,2014.

Nostalgic series by Tom Brown @ Tom Brown Fine ART

Sadiqullah Khan

Qashqai Woman

Woman O Woman tell me where from,
The braided wool in the silken thread,
Loomed in colors, indigo pomegranate
And whence it shone on the earth's plane.

That I threaded the past now and then,
The takye behind, and count as many
Stars you weave, on your little fingers,
Luxury detonates, O my poverty exult.

To ride the way of green garden, or towards,
The milky way. See through your eyes,
The tiny flowers are the color of your irises,
And the eye brow rides the sunset's cloud.

Thus she steeds like the tamed mare,
Broken herself, down she walks to fetch,
The life's water, her hair done in scarf,
And what luck disposes her wide forehead.

-To a young Qashqai Woman.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 19,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Queen Elizabeth II

On the toast of the monarch
Was the test of the day
On the tradition of millennia
Was the shift to the people
Of the rise of the parliament
Lords have given them a way
Of the sense of justice
Commons ultimate hold strings
Of the mother of institutions
Relics old sigh cold
Of the warmth of the royalty
The Queen happily celebrated
Her eighty fourth birth day

Islamabad
23/4/2010

On the eighty fourth birthday of Queen Elizabeth II
On 22/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Questions

Dont ask me questions
Of the immensity of your beauty
For i am like
The one
Who while passing nearby
May look at you
For a glance of yours
But never ask questions
For the dropp as you are
In the vastness of the ocean
You may stirr
Like a heart tormented
In the beloved's separation
And the ocean
When it fizzles out
In the air
To become a raindropp again
So are we,
But never ask questions
For the lover knoweth not
Answers to the questions

Sadiqullah Khan

Quite The Indus Flows

Quite the Indus flows
At Attock
From the Himalayan peaks
The crystal snowy waters
Kashmir melts in here
Joined by the Kabul
The murky waters
From the pride
Of the Hindukush
And quite the Indus flows

Many a dynasties
Alexander the great
And before him
The Aryans and Vedas
The sagas of histories
And quite the Indus flows

Many armies
On the bank of Indus
And the caravans
Migrations
Many a mothers must have been worried
For the crossing
And quite the Indus flows

Many looked upon it for protection
The empire and the India
Many might have thought
"Lets cross the river and get into the cool of the trees"
Many a generals
And soldiers alike
And quite the Indus flows

They have seen the Indus
The poet on the bank
Lamented
And so came the aliens
Of forward theory

And the backward theory
But natural is Indus
And quite the Indus flows

In the darkness of the night
The bridges
The city
Many lights
And another bridge
The bank of Indus
My beloved and me
And quite the Indus flows

From the vastness of the bed
Of this mighty river
All is but the story of me and you
Neither of armies nor invaders
Nor the defenders
The creations beauty
To last forever
To tell us the stories
Of all that is said
And all that is unsaid
And quite the Indus flows

Rejoice my heart
For some one like you
May also hear
After centuries are past
For you have not made
A monument magnificent
On the bank of Indus
You have only whispered
To the mighty Indus
The story of your love
And quite the Indus flows

Sadiquallah Khan

Raga Of Fall

In no hurry
The storms are past
From all over the universe
What if I did not
Understand the meaning
So deep and make
Hell out of heaven
In heaven with hours
Will I fall in love
In my first glance
What for the lovers
In perpetual pain
Addicted to love
Ah, so easy are they
In abundance

You grieve not my love
I bade farewell to the houries
Come hand in hand
Who was my love
In earth and in hell
Of pleasure I seek not
Of love I am mad

When your door
I knock in heaven
From the balcony I want
That red linen hanging
The key to open
With smiles of youth
Of age I detest
But love you are
When we grow in age
Be in my arms
Sing for me
The raga of fall
From earth to heaven
29/12/2008

Rain

The clouds came over Margalla hills
All the night it was raining
The sweet bird came with its song
To wake me up-will this not end my sadness?

Islamabad
Aug 6,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Rain In December

Clouds in the sky
In the evening
Look upwards
For the rain is coming
Cold chill
My ancestor
Must have felt it
These are hills
Night begins
Slow drops
Like tears
On red hot face
A rage inside
On some loss
What have you lost?
I ask nature
Some loved ones
Out in the dark
And cold
But you are still my romance
You are not angry
You nature in the dark
The rain is fast now
Twinkling
Like child's play
Water running down the street
A little breeze
Come rain come
The smoldering heat
In my chest
Like a pine trees longing
For the rain
How many times
There had been raining
And in the night
On the rooftop of my room
Knocking slowly
My beloved has arrived
Wants to see

My heart
Her abode
Eavesdropping
My love
You are still here
While I m flying with nature
You see me in your dreams
I appear in nature
And in rains too
Your thirst
I know
Some trees
And a street
Trees without leaves
Dry
But beautiful
Waiting
For the spring
Mist and midnight walk
Wet clothes
In the December night
My restless soul
And your memories

Sadiqullah Khan

Rain O Rain

Clouds, torrents and mist
Rain O rain, upon my heart's torment;
Cleanse with your gentle sweet drops
Wash in your brief moments I sip,
My blackened hands from the life's dust.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 27,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Rap I She

She was born in a family of six
She was the fourth one
She looked tall while in the cradle, was raised like angel
She started going to school
And I don't know what school she went
Full of hopes and playing with her dolls, her parents of good nature
And one day she heard there was another woman in her home
Her father had married another time, her mother went mad
Her father celebrated the nuptial night
She could feel, after a long time, I saw her again
She had to pay her school fee
In the hope she becomes a doctor
After long efforts, she could not make it that way
And one day she came with her brother
Lost looks and gazing into space
Looking at other children that how they were enjoying
Their youthful lives
She accompanied by her brother, who looked more, a village boy
The brother younger who had no sense of direction
Was out of tune
It reminded me les miserables of the Victor Hugo
I could not imagine, disasters happen so near to the dears
I felt devastated with the thought that the same could happen to me also
What lies in her future, we leave it to her luck but what's written on her face
The gentleness of her soul and her brother's eyes
The two young angels, I pray to succeed in life
11/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Rap II Thunders

There was a beautiful valley, the Buddha had chosen that for preaching
And stupas, the valley had cedar trees, of dark green, people lived soul to soul
There was a small city in it, beautiful girls would live enchanting, the lark would
sing
songs of lamentations, there was happiness prevailing in the populace
People visited for refreshment, the mighty river in the centre of the valley
Away from the great game, the mighty dollar, some preachers established their
bases,
And one day a convoy of trucks carrying troops with large huge guns
Invaded the valley, the statue of the Buddha seeing it all was but silent, the
houses raided, in search of terrorists, the airplanes roared in the sky, pounded
villages, the people left the houses dear, in search of refuge, in a nearby school
for girls, some terrorists threw hand grenades, and many were killed, the tomb
of the saint nearby, the sanctuary of solace, now deserted, the cedar trees lost
their green, the beautiful eyes of the pretty girls now see through tears, the loss
of the beloved homes of theirs, the hopes now pinned on some military general,
in his metal shoes, gun on the back, beggars have become the residents of the
valley, the mighty dollar in the great game, a legacy of the past, of the cold war,
the valley now is a scene of hell

11/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Rap Iii War On Terror

Years ago, we fought a war, a war of religion, against the infidels, people who
slept, with sisters and daughters, people who had no sense of morality, in our
rationalization, we created fiction, of science and religion, mixed them together,
the three great religions against one religion, we named it cold war, but for us it
remained warm, warm as hell, and then the Frankenstein monsters, invaded our
land to take refuge, thought of creating an empire big, by destroying others, now
after two decades, again in war, and who knows till when,
An old woman waiting for the husband, to come back, is given the news of her
dead son, she comes to know, that her young son had gone to earn, bread for
the family, but here he is, back in a sack, for he had turned into a suicide
bomber,
The politician in the corridor one day said, the price of the food, in the street,
shall go down, in three days, the prices of power up by half,
The school going children, now worried, for they receive threats of being bombed
to death, for learning languages, girls in the high school have stopped, going to
the school, for their schools have been burnt,
Escalation in war, hunt to go on, across the border, in every border, the rhetoric
of the sole superpower,
That man sitting under the tree thinks, it is all divine but what do you say?
11/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Rapture And Abandon

I will gather myself, from dust.
From elements,
Fire and water.
I would then breathe my last.
I had always seen like,
The red of the sunset.
Disappear.
I would, like the moon and stars,
And like spring, like rain.
And like cloud, like butterfly,
And like rainbow and like flowers too.
You had left some foot prints,
Some flowers that had adored,
My lonely abode.
You had then taken away
Your memories.
You had then left me in absolute
Rapture and abandon.
You had then told me,
What a mirage is like in thirst.
And like what pain is in love
What heaven in separation, and like,
What loss and what gain is in life.

Sadiqullah Khan

Read Me My Love

Read me my love
If you want to see
Your sketch

While writing
It was your image
Like the wine
Of the last night
Still singing
In my head
In the morning

Read me my love
For today
In my hurried movements
I posted the letter
To someone else
Thinking it was you

Read me my love
For I commented on "life"
Today
When I felt
That under the tree of life
Not only birds
But me and you
Will one day
Sit and sing

Read me my love
For I am like the book
Of thousand and one nights
And each night
The story speaks
Love of ages
22/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Reasons Of My Unreason

Of the names we spake with passion and love
Yet the souls did not divide us in names different
Like birds we sing some songs of love
Rich have I become with the treasure of your love
Like a pirate when I robbed the beauty on your face
With kisses like wine the goblets of your love
Unending and like holy waters like the breeze of the night
In slow waves passing by me like the dervish enchanted
In constant whirls in search of love
Like a diamond in the depths of my heart
Your memories when I look unto myself
The God's incarnation I have seen on earth
Come lovers, come lovers a miracle descended
Of religion and philosophy the advice of the friends
Unreason have I adapted as my religion
In reason I failed to explain to myself
O ye blame me not for when I talk in the air
To myself and embrace thee in thy absence
Chains he needs declared the master
Rising is he to become master of the masters
O sage of the day in your talk wise
Tell me the reasons of my unreason
Except that once I have seen that beauty
28/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Reasons To Myself

There came
An insidious feeling
Like visiting the abandoned house
The winds for sounds of echoes
In the hollowness of eaten up life
There again by the stream
That has not been revisited
By any water
And the ducts
Have lost all the habitat of fish
Then moved up and down
Like breathe inside a living body
And without caging it in
It comes and goes
With the stopless beat of heart
Have you ever seen
The sun going down
In utter despair for what it has seen
During the day
In the cold afternoons
Need it be that I enter
And become so much a part of you
That beauty in any form loved and betrayed
I look for reasons to my self

Islamabad
20/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Rebab

Born from dry wood
And timbre
With leather hide and strings
An accompaniment
Of the songs of love
And grief and happiness
The old and the youth
The play of fantasy

Like Rumi's reed
Picked from the wood
That has seen
Years of seasons
In wilderness

The consolation of poor
The joy of rich
Music with tunes
A song of love
For love has no words
The magical instrument
Melody sweet

The voice of heart
In the village
The man broken
By the days work

Where is the rebel
The rebel in the music
The electrification
Asks the beloved

Centuries of slumber
Symbol of change
The beloved
Tired
Of praises

The world has changed
Changed into paces
Difficult to follow
Though
The instruments of strings
Have been its offsprings

The player
The beloved
New tones

Play it loud
The world is changing

Sadiqullah Khan

Rebab I

Born from dry wood
And timbre
With leather hide and strings
An accompaniment
Of the songs of love
And grief and happiness
The old and the youth
The play of fantasy

Like Rumi's reed
Picked from the wood
That has seen
Years of seasons
In wilderness

The consolation of poor
The joy of rich
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Have been its offsprings

The player
The beloved
New tones

Play it loud
The world is changing

Sadiqullah Khan

From: The Voices

Rebab I @ Afghanistan Darah

Sadiqullah Khan

Rebirth

Longest struggles in life
Nights spent in agony
Separation and a beloved in sweet dreams
Delayed gratification
Was the lesson learnt
Putting behind the immediate gain
The gain though was intangible
But in the affairs of the things
The gratification went sour
For something to be regained in the form of tangible
Others claim on my life
Altruism put to an extreme stretch
A gradual rethinking
In time span that is too late
A reward unseen was the goal
Or I may get one
Dreams turning nightmares
Life unfolding like a drill
From morning till evening
And the repent of the night
A rebirth I want
From the years that I lost
The values dear
Turning into enemies of the yore
Break it free
Though the time is short
For a rebirth
A life new to begin
And again
The time is not my own
I will live for others
But honor I want
As my last possession
And a new rebirth

Sadiqullah Khan

Reflections In Illusions

Speak truth in the dark
Studded like stars
The veils in folds
Seven thousand in number
The penetration needed
The gaze of highest intensity
Beyond time and space

How would have the splash
And the music of water
The splendid water lily
Had the scents of jasmine
From the back of antelope
When the last breath
Before the explosion
Of the mounted masculine
That creates

The music was celestial
At the ascent
That might have had
Notes we discover
A string of rebeck
Or the hollowness of reed
Hearkened

One such note
Half breathe
Your body turned fluid
In ethereal evaporation
The dark feminine cloud
The dark womb of earth
Into smoke in waters
By beast birds in space
Like aroma of wild flowers

The intensity of love
Was the song
That leaning neck

On the shoulder of beloved
There are reflections in illusions
For the eyes to behold
Of the unseen

Sadiqullah Khan

Refugee Girl

The poetry
That speaks of you
Like gazelle
Eloquent eyes
Thin legs
Long neck

Away from the herd
A girl
But so wild
How I get it
Days and nights
Untamed gazelle

My love for you
The harassed looks
Looking for refuge
No trust in me

A high jump
One day
An injury in the back
Broke her neck

The beloved
Painful eyes
Slowly and gradually
She belongs
To the ages

We mourned her

She lies
In peace
In the compound
Of her
Refugee camp

Regain

Do not lose the old mama's bread,
Learn and keep tips, collect old guns,
Utensils of tea, 'Igharai' and 'bokharai'.
In reversion, when you have been
Taking green tea in fine China,
Horns of the bull thrown away -
' , and 'Malida', Naghan in Matarai,
'Kashkai, ya 'Lamscai', de scang bolasht,
Chai josh, katawa, de goley 'Tabacch',
Kamarband, speen metiay chorha,
De mashkanrye reemol, Srey scaplai,
Do not lose, the old, bring them up,
While you sit in a tea-house,
In 'The Corner', or waiting in Café.

Gilgit

November 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Regal Grace

Love, you are nothing else,
But you are the worn grace of a lover.
They ask the gain and I number,
Who else could ever count the blessings -
Of the hidden divine hand.

Love's a scaffold,
The way is the dignity and step
A royal gait, and the head like it carries
Goblet filled to the brim,

If it ain't do that
It ain't love indeed,

Beneath the calm surface of the sea
There are seven other universe
There are a hundred thousand volcanoes.

The sun is a mass of gaseous fires,
It appears, every morning
With rosy fingers, not earlier nor later.

The thin membrane of eye
Holds back a river,
And the night's dark veil
Millions of stars, blinking in usual constellation.

This is known
The elements descend to elements
To resurrect is the larger living, beyond death
Nothing itself is a void into nothing,

Love is the crown on the head
Both the beggar and the king wears;
Some see it and to others it is hidden
The last wish, the last written word,

Give me regal grace,
Unseen, O divine providence!

Through the garb of love and devotion,
And through my smallness,
Through my immense limitations
I ask thee forgiveness
And acceptance into your Divine Grace.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 25,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Remembered In Passing

Braved the truth
In the ancient civilization
Hardened into steel
Mortar and bricks
The Gulags or A day in the life of Denisovich
The First Circle
Massive chronicles of life
In the tradition of the ancestors grand
Broken though looked but the massive stature
Made of steel again
Studded with the softness of truth
Spoken time and again
In the mortal beings
Whom once the conscience has chosen
To take refuge in
Many a blows and tortures
The pain do speak but the reality
In connection with the past
Stretching like a bridge
A prophetic elegance
Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Remembered in passing

Sadiqullah Khan

Rescue

I tried to rescue you
Since I was in the whirls of deep water
Still in many respects you were right
For the nature's injustices
I own as mine

Sadiqullah Khan

Resistance Movement

There was no resistance movement
There was void and a huge empty space
There were few trees and the sun was very bright
There was no one to resist against

The had left every wall and every street leading
Except to the worship place where some tired persons
Since years washing their faces and feet
Feeling protected from whatever harshness they could feel

There were no shadows for the poor
There was no one who could pick a straw from earth
A balloon filled with air to fly to unseen heights
There was that little child hiding his head from the heat
And the little girl picking dust on the way

There was no one to fight with
There were many huge walls and black metallic roads
There was no one to stop them
There was everything to crush them

Enough had been done
Their souls had left them and their spirits
Looking for the evening meal
Their silent integrity was still holding them back

Their eyes were speaking of sleepless nights
They were feeling that their bones have been smashed
They were tired of listening to silence
There was no resistance movement
There was no one to fight against

Some abstract law of nature
Protected them
Something made on earth

Islamabad
31/5/2010

Restraint

When the Bard speaketh, all ears and eyes
Pitiless world, thou, I, you, me and he ...
Boundless is the heaven's expose
Beyond the walls of ego and restraint.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 12,2013.

without restraint by SuzyTheButcher @ Deviantart

Sadiqullah Khan

Rhymed

Innocence Rhymed
Blood Rhymed
War in holy text
Rhymed
Nursery Rhymes
Musical Rhymes
Alphabet Rhymes
Sermon Rhymed
Anger Rhymed
Hate Rhymed
Who, Why and How?
Hypocrisy Rhymed
Deceit Rhymed
Innocence Rhymed
Blood Rhymed
War Rhymed
Who, Why and How?

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 4,2013.

- A US Textbook Project taught Afghan children terror. @ News+Rescue

The Plight of the Pathans - Hussein Fatemi
Afghan Children are playing in Nadery Hill @ EMAHO magazine

Sadiqullah Khan

Rid Ye Of The Thought

Noble, jealous, thus the thought
Envy, -embers of fire down the throat-,
Think of yourself, and so you are a reflection,
Your portrait of your face on another.
To your good nature, - simpleton
Human creation is a camp of bonfire,
On a moral thread, woven in a mind's trap.
Rid ye of the thought friend,
Others timbre are not so vulnerable.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 8,2014.

Image @ Feeling - Anna's journey to life

Sadiqullah Khan

Right Or Wrong

In self proclaimed righteousness
I have made divisions
In the world of nature
Things which are beautiful
I have owned as my own
And things which I think
Are ugly
I have placed
On the other side
Who shall decide what things are good
And what bad
And some poor animals
Animals like wolves, foxes and jackals
And mosquitoes
Don't they have compassion
Will not someone teach them good behavior
Where is that harmony in nature then
When I have already declared
Good and bad
When they know not
Did not Cleopatra used
Cobra's venom
As a remedy for her sickness
Of love
Protect the poor animals
Stop hounding the lions
Let them have their long sleeps
In those shadows
Let the fish breath
Some fresh air in the deep sea
Let's get silent
For a minute
For the poor donkey
Let's open the cages
Of those sweet birds
Let's be animals
Let's live together with them
And sometimes think with them
Let's keep away the camera on one side

And the safari cruise
May bring some good news
Without being photographed with giraffe
Or that poor lion cub
Let's not wear their skins
And eat their flesh
They are
Our oldest friends

Sadiqullah Khan

Ritual And Routine

'There is solace in ritual and routine'
h. m. naqvi, Home Boy

Unless, hell breaks and its flames
Leap unto here, and unless
Heavens laugh at us.

Unless the walls of temple fall,
The marble bust
Is shattered into space.

Unless the golden key is lost
The veil goes in shreds
Beauty comes out bare.

Unless the lies exposed,
The chains of mental servitude
Melt on the tongues.

Unless the dead
Is bidden farewell
And the living claim their life.

Unless the columns
Float in ocean,
Bridges burned.

Unless all the wisdom
Rewritten again
Polemics in fire burn.

Unless the boundaries wither
Feigned and real
And humanity reels in true spirit.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 16,2014.

Rituals by Dr B K Guha @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

River In My Mouth

There is a river in my mouth
full of dragons. Bellicose, dirty and filthy.
There is reverberation, of sounding
corrosive metal rings, smashing skulls
of the young girls. There is utopia,
from the court culture, selling little
girls, as concubines. The holy text allows.
'We will marry them out or sell them
in the market'. Or their limbs
scattered in the bush. There is a victim.
They pick their teeth with big thorn-like
sticks. And belch a putrid cadaveric
stench. The others are hanging to the
trees. Their buffalo skins hidden
behind bunch of leaves.
The mothers have stopped crying,
Their tears stream to the river in my mouth.

-On the abduction of school girls,276 in number by militant group Boko Haram in Nigeria.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 13,2014.

Image @ CA-News

Sadiqullah Khan

Robes Royale

The tapping like percussion
By the goldsmith's shop
The steps moved back
To and forth
The Robes Royale
Then in hands
Now under the feet.
Dervishes too
Followed the suit
The earth got tilted
The sun went down
Till all the gold was made
Into the beloved's statue.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 28,20013.

"Today, like every other day, we wake up empty and frightened, ' ...'Don't open the door to the study and begin reading, ' ...Instead, 'Take down a musical instrument. Let the beauty we love be what we do." Rumi @ Pulse

Sadiqullah Khan

Rock The City

Rock the city that sleeps on Ravi
Rock the city that has absorbed the shocks
Rock the city and let not it shed a tear
Vampires' nails clutch the hearts out
Evil spirits you have created more
Paraded dead under the shower of roses
Fight the evil inside and for the curse
To the shrine of saint repent the sins past

Rock the city for your visions
Like to the infinite you want landscapes
They have blasted the martyrs' homes
Serially you have silenced any grief
The children of the dark have become
Frankenstein you believe is under the sooth
Rock the city for your mock wars
Rock the city for your evil designs

Islamabad
13/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Rogue Nucleations

'a barefoot person does not fear those who wear shoes',
President Xi Jinping sharing Chinese wisdom with President Obama,

But rogue nucleations barefoot and pocketed in rags
But pinned up by teeth' bite and hurled at
But a galvanized wretchedness on eternal prison terms
But the prison yard park where old trees root
But fertilize on anger and lack of awaring scruples
But the tactical tactile dropping of little bombs
But the lurking fears of humans
But in a radius of hundreds of miles all vegetations spoiled
But the animals and plants curse the mankind
But better than droughts one century old
But the proxy wars of attrition and terror attacks
But when the scholars speak in seminars
But the North Korea is a bench mark of today readily available
But the famines of Africa are a reminder that others are rich
But the Middle East is warring and the rest enjoying peace
But in South Asia there is revival of historic riots with guns
But the peace is guaranteed when everyone is given a piece of bomb

Sadiqullah Khan
January 16,2016.
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

Romancing Melancholy

The sultry evening
I gave myself up to the dark
I sailed down the street
To hide in The Corner
That was orange
I was with my spirits alone
Blended auburn curtains
Double sheathed
I flew towards the golden lights

This time I had given my self
My heart to enjoy the sense of loss
I found myself in The Groove

I drank to the depth of my grief
Romancing melancholy

Talk to me the sweetest language
Of the southern desert

My love was like the camel dance
In Balladi
This music and color
This light from my window
This sad perfection indeed
This mellow night

Islamabad
12/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Romancing Stone

The shine like a mirage distant
In actuality is nothing but dust of centuries
The pilgrim in belief that the stone has come from heaven
Up from the skies and from nowhere
No earthly birth is attached to it
In memory's distant corner
Its first discovery and knowledge
Of being possessed with objects
Carved or beauties curved into shapes
In similarity to the mind's great fantasies
In worship and in the sculptor's masonry
In touch it creates riot in the imagination
Akin to the circling pilgrims
Or bowing down touching the mother earth
In child's play and the clay in different forms
In an attempt to harden it into a stone
Animals six legged or statues with multiple hands
Candle lit on oil and placed near the dead
The bread's sweat aroma on its flat above the fire
Or the pot left as symbol from the civilization lost
The dust and the depth of lines it talks of symbols
To the necklace and the arrows or cannon balls to the angry
Stones in architecture or the goddess of beauty
A wish to the lover or hope of the beloved

A small piece in my pocket softened by many touches
The memories of the beloved written on its face
No match has it got for the poor man's love it carries
The phallus in different shapes or creations ultimate source
Love from the primal exit in shapes taking divinity
No diamond no ruby no precious metal
Stone in the dust and dust upon the dust
Mankind's imagination have thou inspired
The mammoths of pharaohs the Mayas and the Orient
The wall wailing or the God's dwelling house
Erections of the devil despised by the stone
Stone unto stone and the stone is so worshiped
Mankind's love have thou animated
The secrete is that thou art so abundant

The multitudes and the generations
In veneration deep
Stone
Thou art the poor man's love

Sadiqullah Khan

Roots In The Woods

When I was your dream
In piercing sun rays that had
Eaten up shadows
Folding back on the surface of earth
That looked like a silver plate
Reflecting so to the depth of skies
Infinity had given color blue
The lazy clouds in bright white
Nests of birds on some trees
The first ray of spring had touched
Hidden heart of the bud of flower
The thin legs like they break
Antelope's dismay naught eyes wide
The cave was a visit to mystery
Spooky dark by the smoke
Some saint might of longing
Sick of the world in isolation
Fancy was the rite of love
When the dead lived up the hill
To recreate life resurrect
I drink from your lips the elixir
I grow like roots in the woods

16/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Sappho The Poetess

Sappho the Poetess

Are you thrice removed from reality?

To him you happened to be the tenth muse

The nine being exhausted. A mimicry

As art and banished from the Republic.

Homer's art is lies, what is yours?

Ai'nt not the poets bring down from

Heavens, life's tender imagined impulses

Ai'nt not they 'besides themselves'

The universe is an idea, and you make

A reflection, an imitation. Then what is that

Which can't be reflected, an inspiration.

An action confined to 'single circuit of the sun'

Complete, as far as possible, and something near that.

"A tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious

And, also having magnitude, complete in itself; in language

Embellished with each kind of ornament, each kind

Brought in separately in parts of the work, in dramatic,

Not in narrative form; with incidents arousing pity

And fear, wherewith to accomplish it's catharsis

Of such emotion" –Poetics of Aristotle

Sappho the Poetess

Are you thrice removed from reality?

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

September 12,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sparrowits I

They are four in number, the one
Who had attempted to fly, was found hiding in the shoe,
I gently picked him up and put him in his nest.
The mother sparrow, had been spending nights, sitting
On the door of nest, guarding, may be from a cat, whose meow
The sparrows would hear, and scream a little, to be hushed into silence
Her chest up, white in shade, looking keenly, observing any movement
Though, fan the fate, with its sharp blades moved
Her wings would save her from flying very close, past it.
She defied, all fears, optimism, that fears entrap us,
Fears imaginary and self created, without any faith.
Early in the morning, the sparrows wake up, making noise,
The mother sparrow, without doing her breakfast, would go to look,
For something to eat, a bun, an egg, omelets, or fried, in her beak
Denying herself, a meal, she would bring something caught from the nearby
Jungle, and then put it in the mouths of the sparrows.
They would fight, she divide the bun, an insect, an ant, like trout or salmon
Amongst them. The day's activity is flying, searching food and feeding children.
The mother sparrow fed the sparrows alone. I wondered where the papa
sparrow was.
He probably was enjoying, living in leaves, on some tree branches.
For the last two days, the mama sparrow did not come at night,
I saw her once before evening for the dinner, and feeding sparrows.
Today in the morning I saw, both mama sparrow and papa sparrow, sitting on
the window aisle.
Papa sparrow was a smart guy, having something in the beak, for the sparrows.
Now they both had been visiting their nest. May be papa sparrow had gone
somewhere
And was now back. They were flying together, coming and going at the same
time.
They both have completed their mission, raising a happy family. They are not
two, but six in number.
They now enjoy themselves, beating all fears, especially fan the fate,
Nothing happened, they had a will and wits to survive, and live.
They might be planning another family.
In the early morning I hear them both chatter and sing songs of happiness.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sar Sar-Tor (Bare-Headed) L

Sar sar-tor arrives the Majnun,
On Layla's heart, burned blood red.
You mocked them all,
You, who are cloud and rain
Dust and rock, music and musician
Far and close, stem and rose
You the forward wind -
Who bespoke the time's limit
The historian's ink to scribe.
Yet it shall expose its beauty
The little buds have eyes on garden.
Unless you are gone formless,
Your form shall never appear.
Unless drowned, you do not learn
To swim. Unless you break the walls
You will never erect new.
The vain pride, if not buried
Shall loom large over your head.
The past, unless you declare war
Upon. The future is not yours.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Save Me

In fear, the brain starves the heart of its bravest

My candles eaten up, by dark storms,
In my nights, wolves howl, jackals roam.
Hollow solitary coughs, haunting cries, the days
Handing over life to the nights; talking shadows
Crumbling walls. The arbiters wear animal ears.

"I think about the dreamers we have killed" MsOwuor
You The Professor, -did you teach me geography?
Or you threw me to find my way, through
The only tunnel. And you gave me AK-47 for a torch.
You the professor, flank the world-cup bearer,

And my only hope, my alma-mater, and the youth
By trickery, for a ransom, -you use your brain
Over Brawn. Professor. A theologian, in an uneasy
Dialogue is leading me through peace, Professor.
Professor, you taught me that when I was born,

The world was in rampant ignorance, and you
Kept me blindfolded, -are not you?
The one that I should seek The Great Soul's
Respite from, to save me from you, ..The Rabid.
Save me O God! From the Blind, Deaf and Dump.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 6,2014.

Graffiti art and negative space destruction art in Beijing, by Zhang Dali @
Regional Economics Action Links North East Ohio

Dali's flat, painted exploration in presence led him to three dimensional
interpretation of absence, through carefully execution of his trademark form as
cut-outs in walls, framing 'progress' through the context of related destruction -
the walls Dali was destroying were already destroyed by society - which led to a
deeper discussion within his community through viewing negative space within

destruction, highlighting contemporary cultural conflicts and voids in China. In the end, Dali's 'graffiti' was meant to be a temporary statement, which the artist photographed for the longer conversation we continue here today.

Sadiqullah Khan

Save Us

Save us
God O great God
If you don't willed,
Who willed -God.

Pray for us God
Who willed,
God O great God
If you don't willed.

Save us
God O great God
If you don't willed,
Who willed -God.

Pray for us God
God O great God.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 20,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Savoring Breakfast

Like a bouquet of flowers
Fresh in the morning
With my breakfast
On my white table
With fresh juice of orange
A savoring cheese
With French bread
And hot coffee
I read your poem
Like music
Like Beethoven
Like raga of Tansen
Like Eminem in rap
Like angels in my ears
Like topaz and rubies
Like wine on rock
Like the innocence
Of that little girl
Like I have seen you
Like the red of your cheeks
Like the hands of my mother
On my head
Like water flowing
Like the fresh morning breeze
And like a message from heaven
In my hands
To begin my day
To read it again
And yet one more day
Dedicated to
My loved ones
3/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Say It Simple

Say it simple
In few words
In some gesture
Why every one
Left me alone
Thought of the day
I shall see
But what I can do
It is their heart

The longest reality
The highest peak
In all memory
Before the night
And after the day
Is just nothing
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Scanned

Scanned through the gates, bags searched,
Fingers on triggers the guards stand
Barricaded ways. Define a prison,
The teacher asks, visit a primary school,
The innocent reply. Underseige...
Of eyes, wires, cameras and guns -
We impart an education and training,
They shall earn a name, of a generation,
A generation who came from gallows indeed
Faithless, fearful, insecure, de-capitated
Privileged, wingless, mindless and insensitive.

-On reopening the schools after December 16,2014 carnage in Peshawar.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

School Blasted

With a blast opened the day
Like angel of death with sullen face
Sunken eyes and breathing fire
Of the sweet child's dreams
In the breakfast the mother divine
With singular bright face
Death descended upon the school
His sanctuary of hope
His play ground now filled
With balls of flesh
The color of blood now given him
For the drawing of the red horse
Crying in the corner for the book
Burning into ashes he asks
What reply to the mother and the teacher
For the homework to complete by tomorrow

The teacher recollecting
His head in his arm bleeding to death
Into the flower pots that once were fed
With water clean and now streams
Of blood shall nurture the garden
A blast that the child has never heard
When he leans on the window
To see his blackened face
The angel of death descends in terror
No more no more shall he again
Hold the book that has burnt pages
Of fallen bricks like a hailstorm
Of flesh and stones from the heaven
With one eye the terror reigns

A man on a horse back like soldier Roman
With stick in hand for the vengeance of nature
Yet not finished when the innocence smashed
Behind the broken window hidden in tears
Take him to the camp comes the order
Help he needs and drugs for injuries
Into the camp and the womb of crime

He holds a gun for the mother lost
Freed from nears and dears and loved
Gun in hand he fights the war
He will die one day but what destruction
What ails us O Lord, for once listen
A dove of peace and stop playing
What muses you Lord let us know
The mother of the child prays in open
Before to the grave she grieves her son

Many and many like her died
In hope that one day spring shall come
To the valley of beauty and springs of love
Shams e Tabrez teach us some
Consolations in times when Rumi the great
Lies encircled by dervishes enchanting
A divine hand invisible shall rescue
Who else has answer to the riddle
The great game is unfolding
With terror this time as the next episode
31/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Scrolls

Versification fortified.
Behind the stone walls
of words.
Emotions are enchained
in eloquence,
Letters are holy to recite,
Soul in fetters.
Scrolls are divine.

May 9,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Secret Communion

The messenger has brought the news
Love in the heart has aches of longing
Firefly of the night for the nightingale
In the day for the song in sweet tongue
Love is to all the rays of the shine
Reflection on the mirror when in the eyes
On her palm from strangers is so hidden

Open is the door on the front in the yard
For the secrete love shared watching mist
Damsel though you call her of white cheek
Comfort in your zones has she bestowed
State of nature is where she too belongs
Her sign is the flower yellow plucked
On your way that reveals true her love
7/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Seduction

God's universe
In
My tavern
Like a cup
Of wine
Fly as high
Into heavens
And seven skies
Into the firmaments of earth
The beauty that I see
In my cup
With a glance of the beloved
Seductive
Life giving
Enticing
And the divinity
Reveal the gorgeousness
Of thy beauty
Like rain
On the barrenness
Of the desert vast
O beloved
I am rising
To contain the universe
In my cup
And lo
Take the cup too
I am in the memory
Of the seduction
Of those eyes

Sadiqullah Khan

Seduction I

'Approach romance's violent side by mixing a cruel streak into your tender attentions, particularly in the later stages of seduction, when the target is in your clutches.' Ryan Moore, Seduction

Shared secret, guilty crime,
Her lips kissed, her contours adored,
A voyeur's spread; break the taboos in love,
To the 'eleven minuteer', spiced seductions –
Mazed occults, dark long hollow corners
Play on the insecurities of lasting fears –
That she rolls her head with her sharp knife.
Bleeding lips, your red streaked white shirt,
Thus heavens reside in around here,
Alas! I see, mass of flesh walking the street.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Seeing Eyes

If I be the insane, leading children,
In the street, a Majnun, whom they pelt!
There is a secret communion, mad-men
Make, only children understand, or the birds'
Tongue, who speak, or the elegance of the night sky.
Cloaked hermit, in your wild hair is hidden,
Eternity's choked airs, stormed into existence.
If I be the sheikh, who played with children,
The one riding a wood horse, or seated on the back,
Of the circus-donkey. If the robed sire-
Had not sighted, and if the ego was not a mountain,
Heavier as gold, and vain like a peacock feather.
If the longing had been to and fro,
And form had the form of nothingness,
Dissolved into the child's play, making sand-homes.
My kingdom has no enemies, no boundaries,
A disappearance is flight on the star,
And I bring back the moon, lift up the sun.
I knew many stories, and no one ask,
For the back kick of my wood horse and my army
Of children, coterie of angles and seeing eyes.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Seeing Is Believing

This is art
I am seeing it
And feeling it
The extreme of absurdity
Fancy and fetish
Cruelty
Dogs are fed with human flesh
Blood is washed in to the soil
For the rehearsal
Some one might sleep in coffin
Sold on the road
And be carried
Seeing is believing
Who ever sees
And reports
Is making art

Islamabad
8/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Seeing You After A Long Time

Oh dear lament
After a long time
The years passed by
And the past events
That very day
A determination
Still fighting
Every body's struggle
The same stamina
But my memories
Dear lament
The messenger
The beloved
What you told me
And today again
I wanted to listen something
Nothing again
But for the beloved
Imagination
I was remembered
And my relevance
For the fear that one day
I will never know
And what mattered
In those memories
And that sometimes
Those eyes
In that lost gaze
Thought of the moments spent together
Though
I have lost my contact with reality
But still
I think it would make sense

Sadiqullah Khan

Seek Happiness

Is not your happiness a fortune
In its pursuit you had worn out
Endless days and nights
Is not it like all other possessions
Guarded and acquired
Inherited by the lucky
Seek happiness as ye seek love

Islamabad
8/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Self Control

Once again the desires
From deep down the heart
As extension of the body
In dripping juices from the tip
Held down by the self control
The chains that the reason
Has put on to hold
Tied and wounded

Once again the flesh
Aching in expectancy
The unfulfilled dreams
Never shall it see
The days of the happy union
To break apart and come out naked
The covers of sublimations are too heavy

Dormant has gone the desire's corner
The body now reacts but is quietus
Again the pain of yearning
Has become nothing
But a series of lamentations

Sadiqullah Khan

Self Portrait

In decades
I could not make
A self portrait
In front of the mirror
In her eyes
In my heart
My shadow
But once
In the impressions
A mother might be
By now
Pretty and cute
When she said
There are men
Like me
In the world
My self portrait
Still in the making
And hanging
In a broken frame
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Self Portrait I

In the style, your eyes could still harbor,
Immense dreams, floating desires;
Weathered, singularly taken care of,
Your dead years are alive, your merriment.

O sadness, be at bay, we have enough years,
With each other. O earth, I shall ask thee,
Gems you have devoured, bones gone mud.

Let the smiles on your face not fade,
For life is a bitch, and take her that way,
Or drink it in the cup's bitter sip.

-On seeing my photograph

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 7, 2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sense Of Humor

Much of the work is done
Doing nothing
Much awaited decisions have been taken
With no ramification
Something from the past has been recalled
With no use
Rain came down
Pouring
And the sun did rise
Some people said their prayers
Others left the job
Some earned pretty good names
For themselves
A motherly figure listened
For hours
A pretty girl tried to be polite
Every one is human
The movie was showing some intense
Relationship
The breakfast was warmer than the usual
The diary with a leather cover
To get organized
Was gifted to me
I wished I could find my lost documents
Which included my degrees
The man who was driving that car
I decided not to buy one like that
With some passion I talked about certain things
Which were no relevance for others
I was eating butter on hot bread
For my dinner
When I was called on phone
I threw that into dustbin
The bread was wrapped in the news paper
A cat was waiting
Later I thought I could get it back
After all I see many young girls
And boys
Called scavengers

Looking for their foods
In the garbage
I bought two cokes
One for the guest and the other for myself
There is a box of soft tissue papers
On my table
I will not use paper to clean my hands now
Certainly for some time
Wareesha had put a neck tie
To a toy dog
Which she was pulling on earth
Like fate pulls us all
But fate does not have as good a sense of humor

Islamabad
24/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Sensibility

If I made you speak
My heart's dear lament,
If you made me know
My sweat's worth,
My rocking bed of tumult,
Deficient bones.

And skin cracked into hide,
My corner of lips
Bleed, instead not suck,
Taste of salt,
The river's noise,
Is not music.
My pan a beggar's bowl
To the mighty water,
My gain a grain of gold.
My dreams washed down
The floods.

But please, O empathy!
Return my `card`,
You took away with you
That I sit on the doors of apathy,
On disheveled insensitivity
On the border of your cruelty,
On the taste of your sensibility
On your stolidity, O ethereal poet.

-To the gold panner girl of Nagar, from whom I took her expired income support card and never returned.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 4,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sequels

My pearls
When you weave
With your rubies
And emeralds
Diamonds and topaz
Leave for me
Some lapis lazuli

Nay the tears
That flow on your cheek
Once broken
From the heart
In the ocean of eyes
Tears are pearls
Diamonds and stone
Precious and rare

Break me not
For the tears you shed
My love I know
In the existence dear
Tears are friends
My memories tomorrow
Tears today
Tears of separation
We weave in sequels
25/10/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Serendipity

Something ended happily.
Some beginning was strange
this was all serendipity.
It was all hope
is life prime?
Or is what we do?
On a very cold evening
we celebrated.
Someone's birthday,
with homemade cake and pizza.
Some small luggage
a camel could carry with ease.
The next discovery is nothing less,
Than I need to lodge in.
Such hard times come not always,
such imaginations rarely take wings.
I could feel your hands slip from me,
like melting walls of houses
staring at each other,
and towards the empty street.
I need to water some more plants.
I need to catch the sunshine again.
I need to defeat the time
At least for the time being,
There are some more moments,
that I want to live.

Islamabad
Nov 26,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Set Me Free

The monastery in hood
In tunnel the vision sees dark
To seek spiritual bliss
The air has the chants
Rituals of flexion for freedom of mind
That makes you fly aspace
The devil lies deep
Virgin nun with priest
Dark desires are fathered
Without name
Young boys play poker
No green fields for the game
Continue the tandem
Of abject ignorance
From the pull of the pulpit sucked
Back to disintegrate
The last prison of redemption
Was the mummer of suppressed emotion
To live the only life
Hit the head hard to the wall of wailing
Of stones kissed in millennia
Speak is it it
Or is it not
Then set me free
4/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Shadows From The Past

Shadows from the past
Long and frightening shadows
Unlike memories
Memories of beauty and spring
But shadows from the past
Like painful drill
For how long
I shall call them memories
When they have not strengthened me
When every moment of those shadows
Make me sick
For memories are made of today's events
And today's events are not memorable

Shadows from the past
Where I place them
And a faint glimpse of your beauty
That overshadows the shadows
And give me some hope for living
Deep in the subconscious
I inherited those images
Frightening shadows
And I am transmitting those
To my generation next
For I want that they should also know
The demons and the shadows

Yes I know
We should talk of beauty
And beauty alone
Of the spring
And the nightingale
Of sunny afternoons
But when will the dawn of that immensity
Reveal itself on this canvas
When people will be free to choose
Their destinies
And when
There will be happiness all around

Let's make memories
For our tomorrows
Let's search
And rise for that beauty
Within ourselves
That light in our bosoms
That will enlighten
Every dark corner
In our hearts
And minds
For every one
Is a chosen one

Sadiqullah Khan

Shakespeare Overheard

I had overheard thou
Then I read thou
Thou had great understanding
Of human nature
Thou art
A human heritage
The stories thou created
Thou have stolen from
The imagination
Of the people common
So thou had played
God
Created people
Made them talk
Decided their fate
For thou knowest
Like god
What comes next
With language divine
Grandeur and beauty
The master of imagination
Healer of the hearts
Thou art Shakespeare
In my nights company
I fly to thy globe
In the company of fine
Youth and jubilant
The tragedies, the plays
The histories and poem too
Thou art the creator
A bond with my friends
We act thy plays
A joy forever
A job accomplished
Thou art there
"Smiling at us and saying nothing"

Sadiqullah Khan

She Looks To Me

She looks to me
With the longing of a child
In a wondrous gaze
Fluttering black eyes
The chains that you want
To break are the chains
That I wear from the eternity
Hidden are though they from the eyes
Of those who see but are blind
Tongues I have placed in every lock
Of the chain and the music
The chains when they cross each other
Like a curve and lock of the beloved's hair
Stories of the yore and like soothsayers
The destiny that I have when those lips
Reveal to me the mysteries of universe
Torn am I for the triangle I see
But love am I for you look into my eyes
Pour I the red from the heart on the page
The longer I ponder the longer gets my line
From distance you see a mountain of love
Diamonds are hidden as deep desires
Like an incarnation of the god of love
Love you cherish and you think it shall cease
Like one my heart throbs with yours
In distance far but look at the stars
You will see us chasing and hide and seek
1/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Shirin

Like Shirin
Ask the lover
To prove
Love
Shirin
Stone
Doubts
In heart
The Farhad
The toils of rock
And stream of milk
And honey
Why?
The tool
The toils
The doubts
The old lady
Whispering in ears
Shirin the princess
Love
Materialistic
Or definition of life
Streams of milk and honey
The tool of Farhad
What's love for you
The toils of Farhad?
And the blood of Farhad?
And then your blood too?
Shirin...
And so the story goes...

Sadiqullah Khan

Shore And Wave

Holy recitations
Of love
And longing
In an orgasmic wave
As you slip
By the moisture
Of my sweat
Your nails like scalpels
Cutting
Making tattoos
On my chest
On the back of your body
My soul melts
The convulsive spirit
We recreate
Ourselves
As new beings
We are both
God and goddess
Shore and wave
This very moment

2/2/2010

Islamabad

In Continuity of the poem "Holding You Firm"

Sadiqullah Khan

Show Yourself

While you shut your door on me
While I am waiting
For the length of time
While my years are the years
Counted in heavens
Or the Day of Judgment
Is the Day of Judgment
So painful?
But the joy of your presence
And my eyes fixed on that door
My beloved
I have spent my lifetime
In imagination
I lost my youth
In anticipation
And seeing you
But
Once
While you are all smiles
In the spring of your beauty
Show yourself
In that bloom
Of showering flowers
Only once my love
Only once

Sadiqullah Khan

Silence

The noise we cannot hear is called silence.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

January 5, 1013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Silent Conversation

Move on, with the silent conversation,
The unheard sound is music, speech a poem.
The serpent revolves in the curvaceous curve.
As the lock of hair weaves through my heart.

The unseen rain is on the drought struck desert;
Vision to the blind is the beauty's red cheek.
A touch by the tip of finger would unravel,
Secrets are manifest on the pink of lips.

The heart possesses riches of the dungeon,
You are or you are not, speak or be silent.
The look that slips down like a drunken gaze.
A fable is a fable and a love's story is born.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 18,2013.

Bolivar Heights: By Nicholas Delaney

Sadiqullah Khan

Silk Route Delicacies

'Khun' means cluster, and I remember,
'Khuns', named to the great grandes. (now in disuse) ,
This may have been 'Khan', we retain,
The Mongols left it, we mirrored it, a challenge
To the 'Khan'. They both come through Silk Route.

'Kashagha', from Kashghar, finery on eating,
Wool spun local, but 'deerhon', all Uzbek,
'Kashkai', and 'Paloz', all derivatives, through Silk Route.
'Kashkari' may be an additive, in cold weather
Not to mention, 'washalye au de banai ghorhi'.

'Csapeinrhain', headdress for women, (like Kalash) ,
Now in disuse, and 'bandeena' or 'bandanas', linen
Chinese or Japanese. Shanghai silk for the arms, silk thread,
For embroidery, colored or uncolored, vegetable or not.

So way back, when various Khuns, parted their own way,
From the cradle of civilization, the Central Asia,
We brought the memories of a living, still displaying,
And beyond doubt, the delicacies of the ancient route,
Or bringing 'Karez' technology from Kashghar
Through the route. It might have passed us far,
But 'Humber' bicycles, the charlatans brought from Kabul.

-Impact of Silk Route on the culture of Waziristan.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 1,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 1 Positive Energy

The goddess of white silver
On long slabs of stones
Reflection of light
From the river
Richness of green and grey
With earthen sensuality

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 10 Illumination

The Buddha
Illuminated
Or she has the illuminations
Of Buddha starving
Nirvana
Brings her eyes
And lips
Farewell the sage
Of the beauty of the world
Jesus crumbled
To the sensuality
Of senses
The fall of those majestic
Hips
On knees
To the phallic god
Illumination has different kinds
She knows
To breathe
The free spirit

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 2 Crumbling Architecture

Layers and layers
Silk slipping
From legs
Cold dampness
Smell of sunlight
Of the afternoon
In the cold corner

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 3 Lines On Earth

Make and remake
Heart lines
On the soft sands
On earth
In the spaces of heart

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 4 Nudity Of Bare Walls

So discovered belated
Peeling of blue plaster
To reveal
What more has been seen
By the bare skin
In nudity

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 5 Contemplation

Thus that contemplation

Led

To the discovery

Of the inner freedom

Of the nude body

Covered in screens

1/2/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 6 Of Virginity

From the large eye
The sun through rays
Peeped
The dark spaces
Of aromatic odor
Of virginity

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 7 True Freedom

Stylized

Draped and dressed

Half nude

Bereft of true freedom

1/2/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 8 Eating Mud

Reflection in black and white
Across the wall
In the crevices
Lips
Real to eat mud
On the bull's neck
A promise remembered
Of the softness
Of her breasts

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Silver Series 9 In Holes

Legs on the bare wall
Dreaming hard long
Butterflies leaving
The lips
Flowers growing in hairs
Fingers stuck
In holes

1/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Simoom Winds

I made it a habit on my journey never, so far as possible, to cover a second time any road that I had once travelled. Ibn Batuta

You are the wind passing by,
Master of age, and when you sleep,
You dream the exotica. You take me,
From where the emotions of fragrant
Veils lift the corners, and at night
Instead to sup, they tend aromas.
Or your name is seller's and buyer's
Mall of today's plastered bazaars.

But you warn, Simoom winds will make,
You perish, or you meet hospitable
Ruins and the princes who after warfare
Take you to hospices, and the abodes,
Of men of extreme piety guarding cities
Or people of agreeable sweetness,
Or women weeping after the departing guests.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 5,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Simplicity

Hidden in the heart
The treasure of the poor
The longing of the rich
In the glitters of the diamonds
Love of the stone
Goes deep to the core
In expression exquisite
From the mansions to the earth
The young girl on the soil
Many patches on the clothes
The one who understands

Captive is the king
Of the throne and the crown
In prison is the queen
Qouth Queen Elizabeth I
Uneasy is the head
Wears that the crown
Said Shakespeare wise

In the realm of longing
In the city of love
No mansion for the rich
No glitters for the glamour
No one owns any thing
The belongings are but self
Freed from the greed
The soul is but rich
The body is in poverty
The human in the self

Loosen yourself
You have entered
The city of love
25/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Since Long

The messenger had the word
My heart leapt to hear
Slow swiftness had the moment
My eyes spoke without saying
For me or whom the delusions
You fly your wings to the north
I in the east wait for the return
You have not known it more
Written what was by the angel hand
Like the stone in the midst of a stream
Dry as it flows on the sides
Still a wave that goes to the top
I spread my hands for the winds
I catch the aroma of your hair
Was not the candle in day light
On your sweating forehead a sign
You confessed to the wall much many times
Your love alas you had turned your face
The regality of my presence you adored
I played with the lock of your hair
Like the nightingale caught in the love of rose
Caged is my heart with out any cage
Once in the spring on the strings of my heart
Play the tune of love forgotten since long

Islamabad
16/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Since Then

Since then to the scaffold high
We went nowhere, but on the fragrant path,
We found none other, nor did we dare!
No other love worthy of our blood and sweat.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 17,2014.

'Celebration' by Amal Mulhem, Syrian artist @ Médico Asesino Serial

Sadiqullah Khan

Since We Love You

They said since we love you
Thus the richness that are
From your treasures grant us
The hidden hand into the sack of sugar
Into the grains and the dungeons

The King had him scaled with gold
Your hand having nothing visible
Visible only to those who know
From lovers no one asked things
Shreds of clothes and from beggars

Beg thou so all is yours
The generous heart of hearts has today
Bestowed riches of earth and skies
With nothing that in thy hands so
With every thing up to the skies so

Islamabad
17/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Singularly Comprehensive

Singularly comprehensive
She had not slept for four nights
Beauty had lost the power
To take on

She wanted
Stripped of laurels
Memories
What the persona wears
Of lovers

Beauty is not the moon
To dance with

Relatively handcuffed
Hers was not the dream
To come true overlooking the hazy
Lights of the city

She was carrying her veil
To get back to shackles of modesty
She earns an honest living for herself

She thinks
Every decorated man
And every woman of vanity
Is responsible
And her fate too

Islamabad
1/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Slow And Slow

What love hast thou inspired
In loud laments I sing
The goddess of night
With the tinkle of music
Slow and slow
The book of love
The visions slow
For yet another night
In the nest of love
Like Heer* adamant
For eternal breathe
In the open skies

Hidden is not
Once you wear
The cloak of love
Like a monk
To the monastery
Step in slow

The beloved in dance
For the body bends
In the distant wilderness
Love celebrates
Sans rituals
When the costume slips
Down the mounds
The silk of her love
The zephyr in the night
Under the moon
Lit the fire of love
With vintage wine
And her bending body

(*Heer was the legendry beloved of Ranjha, a love story)
16/1/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Slow Poison

In the beginning
I had my own stories
Stories of love
And my own songs
Some thing happened
Some people
Strange people
And angry people
I forgot my songs
Love vanishing
Where are
I am now
Where is my beauty
Happiness I long for
And
A design
Some people stole every thing
Others robbed me
In day light
Some new language
And stories
Those are not my stories
Whose design
In the great game of the things
Whose designs
Freedom for whom
I want my songs back
Leave me to my fantasies
I am a traveler of the dark
No hope
All despair
But I know
Let the world see my beauty once
Stop your slow poison
In my fits of madness
I see heaven

Sadiqullah Khan

Slow Whisper

In your hairs
My face hidden
Every part of your beauty
Every bit of your soul
Every sense has the power
Now resting in peace
Counting stars
The creation is engulfed
The creators are created
By the act
Divine sleep then follows
Your hands on my eyes
Make me say
In slow whisper
Some more dreams

2/2/2010
Islamabad

For Anjali Sinha's poem "God and Goddess";
In continuity of the poem "Shore and Wave"

Sadiqullah Khan

Slumber

A hundred year's slumber and my quill,
Like glow-worm flew, ink-pot sailed,
Escaping perpetrated avalanches, as if.
After long awake nights the sun shone,
Like friends who return to time and space
Away who slept there, a century or so.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 2,2015

Sadiqullah Khan

Snake Charmer

Leave the self alone
The perfumes of your costumes
That still is in the air
The path we treaded together
In the nights damp darkness
The milky way that be
On earth did it appear
On my hand when you flew
Like a butterfly from that balcony
For gotten I have the world
It only exist in your bosom
My love away from my tavern
You have taken me into garden
For a kiss under the star of morning
For the story of my being
Was but story of my love

In the prologue you announced
But brief how it could be
I shall repeat it again and again
Only for this moment of great ecstasy
For while I leave reason and unreason
For the sage to decipher
My tavern is empty for the master is calling
My goblet is full and in wonders he looks
Saki has removed the veil from her face
Her spell she thinks who has stolen from her

Keep the place in tavern O lovers
He shall come back when he is bitten
A charmer to a snake is he who loves
The poison she carries is deadly indeed
The doors of the tavern my love for you
Are open in the night and the evenings we cherish
Love unto love is like dust unto dust
Of lofty peaks and melting glaciers
My imagery is the lips of my love
Drunk am I from the charm of your love
Wine to me is your kiss divine

Alas Saki keep my place
A charmer to a snake am I indeed
16/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

So Fragile

Piercing beneath the tides of lines,
Such walls as words would make.
Hidden emotions are so heavy,
As to need the breath to a feather,
In the wind it flies upon blue sky.
So tangled are the hearts to the threads,
So fragile is the story of love.

Sadiqullah Khan

So Intense

Half asleep besides you I lay
My ending recompense I sway,
I hold the cup to no one but myself,
On your autumn I may, on your winter
I stay, O spring, be the summer's prologue.
A long await, and we shall play,
The reed long ago separated, O my song
My flute, O stringed heart, in dreams sing.
If I could only, and only if I could
Borrow your grace, an honor taketh me along
To the damp morning's rise,
To the dryness of dusk. Afternoon
Your delights could be no more in extense
Nor your tranquility a bliss so intense.

Sadiqullah Khan
Sost
December 7,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

So Near So Distant

The day I loved thee
The day I have forgone my will
To the whole world I turned my back
My face towards thee
I am all praise for thy beauty
Like a devout wanderer in search of self
In ultimate destiny finds the goddess
The goddess of love
And the last sighs for a kiss divine
Put the hemlock of thy love aside
Killer art thou for in search of myself
Drunk am I from the bounties of thy love
Hold me dear for I am the reflection
In the mirror of thy beauty
Deep in my heart a desire springeth
Like falcon I have wings to fly into distance
In thy remembrance in my dreams my love
When I woke tears flowing down my eyes
One moment of bliss I wish
For the holy waters of thy presence
I shall drink like wine
For thousands years my yearnings
Thou respondeth yet thou art
So near and so distant
11/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Social Conscience

Raises then it falls
In social contractual limits.
Bequeathed. Borrowed by living.
Flying wingless,
In pieces collected.
Stands on its own frail skeleton.
Bespeaks if balloted.
Stolen like precious,
By word of mouth.
Fears.
All morality,
Claims the divine or who,
Possesses hold on affairs.
Who wields.
The installations as art,
Walls turn into pages.
Squares red.
It is hidden.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 22,2012

Untitled by Herzog & de Meuron and Ai Weiwei,2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Social Exclusions

I held you back
Like the China wall
For the fear
Of my own demolition

Islamabad
23/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Solitary Love

The God in you
So manifest
Soul is soul
The mystic in me
To ponder the white
Black in detail
Adored with milk
Rosewater and bath
Turkish from Vedas
Ancient and now

In ecstasy you want
See through tips
Like glaciers cold
My searching hand
In the silk of your thighs
What meets the eyes
Odor feminine

In taste who says
Honey or nectar
Feel the strength
For your inviting lips
Sublime why
Illusion itself

Don't take me to the end
Stars you see
In daylight
That beauty as it lay spread
Deserts small and oceans drops
Universe in your eyes
When God I play
And with hands I remake
You again
24/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Some Destitute Living

Wov to the man's heart, who has seen,
Destitute living and yet those faces were glowing like lanterns.
So the damp weather was like the nearby canal watering sugarcane fields
The ants with wings were burning like moths on candle.
Nothing would explain the whole scene whiter dark or loud
This silence was so disturbing when the bride appeared as if older
By fifteen years and dressed in black having rugged hands of shiny green
Those slender hands were anticipating some harder work to do,

A little girl was rubbing herself to many mothers sitting there,
What warmth of father's lap would mean.
Years have been on the way out to some destination
And heavy mud might have eaten up the bones and flesh and skin.
What love is to everyone and would tears bring him one day,
Ah! Learn to live the loneliness of life
And would everyone love and see the depth of that soul.

The two women would tear each other apart.
And would a man be so destitute to avoid eating dinner at home.
The silence was rather killing everyone as the mother figure had left,
Such a strong ghost of femininity and controlling men's affairs.
The holy and the weak would come to pay homage,
No matter, what direction the holy woman was sitting.
Every woman and man was holy though, but when dinner was served,
The moths ran away for shelter and that whole place needed to be washed
And cleaned instantly. The man was distributing meat of the lamb and no one
could,
Take his eyes away from the fingers that as if distributed luck or good fortune.

We did not hear the bride's cries and secrete sobbing and so was it arranged,
Without surprise and some spontaneous gesture.
Everyone danced. The walls were cold as leaves and the night was so shiny
With stars. The leaves greener than usual and the room that was made of
Hard stone was so normal, as if nothing was happening.

And nothing actually happened when everyone went home to gather
In the morning and take the bride away.

The gaping hole in the earth was so hollow,

So hollow as if hell was here and I wished the spirits would run away,
What remorse that I would search every bit of myself here and when,
Alas those men should not call me mad by any sense as I wanted to hit,
My head against a brick wall.

What nostalgia!

They had been eating mud with rice and bones of mother cow.
Two in number and a dozen lambs would not be suffice,
To bring luck to the family that feared famine like the Egypt of Joseph.

Not thorns and broken skin on my heals in my dream,
And still I see a happy omen.
Someone rub my soles and wash my feet with holy water,
As these walls sans life would crumble on me.
And again there is such a silence in the street, where I am busy finding
Roots and cultivating myself into stems and leaves.

The marriage was over with an indescribable phenomenon,
Everyone was happy and yet every soul did not know,
A bearded man told us in the end that the holy book was presented
To the bride. The ladies that looked so pretty last night looked so ugly
In the day. But they were still graceful.

We bought some vinegar on the way back and did not know whether vinegar
Is acid or base. Though my son said vinegar is base. I thought someday people
Will extract wine from the grapes here.
We also bought some cigars that women smoke in dance clubs abroad.
We also drank some water.
We were then going home.

The poem is published in Aquillrelle antholgy

Sadiquallah Khan

Some Facets Of Beauty

What desolation enralls you;
These empty meadows and
Hollowed streams of sweet water;
Cool as life.

The distant haze shall bring remembrance;
As the moon that shines in the night.
The east wind brought the love's sign,
Aromas of amber and frankincense.

Ah! I caught the glimpse of the glance,
Such is a doorway to heaven;
Such moments as the color of apparel,
As music, and as rain, and as desert, and
As the warmest embrace.

The fire of the presence would leap;
Before your eyes, before the sense could
Comprehend. Before and as the breath
Assimilates the countless appearances;
And some facets of beauty.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 30,2012

Desert Woman, Dubai. Photography by Charles Harris (1908-1998) .

Sadiqullah Khan

Some Flowers

A transformation
In the cycle of life
To a more humane
My blood rushes
To keep my lances
Only in closets
Made of glass
And without
Any pride
Some one bring
Some flowers instead
I am tired
Of carrying a gun
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Some Glimpses

Some glimpses across the street
I so love to be around
Beside the lamp post
This corner looks so amazing
I had not really discovered that place
Have you seen many places
The real joy is when you live
With the inhabitants
Hollow walls and empty spaces
Corners which are not breathing life
The noise of the playing children
O sweet morning bird
Where from you have learned this song
I could have taken more glimpses
Of myself near the window
Watching the sun light

Islamabad
28/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Some Happening

Of the blue moon, crescent like,
An arrow head, hanging over me.
The landscaped night was once,
A waterfall of desire on a clenched soul.
The sun rays were cutting through,
The stones; this time, none is master,
None a disciple either, none in love.
The black clad women, a wish though,
None to judge, and nothing of fortune.
The coming was not unlike going.
No other thought either to think.
Nothing has gone ripened like fruit.
The dry faces, and wet eyes,
All look askance for some happening.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 13,2013.

Making the Invisible Visible: artist not known

Sadiqullah Khan

Some Other Symbols

Sense the freedom that is shared,
Forgotten songs touch strings.
From reed separated long
The flute sings the lament,
Going back or forth is one.
Serenity of soul and the rebel spirit,
Make a sin or redeem is one.
Nature one all else but one.

This emptiness shall bring,
The path of pebbles and lush green.
Some other symbols than your beauty,
No moon no stars and no sun.

May 7,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Some Shapes Of Octagon-I

I had been looking, in the steamiest of the corners,
The multicolored glass windows. Some shapes of octagon.
In mud walls. Pulling a ram into the dusty street. There were three,
Youths. That was the shanzelize of the village. Their knees were
Rubbing against the mud; and like a camel would sit, before it gets up.
A white dog was following us. A hallow of a shadow wanting to hide,
From the moon that was just on tenth of the month. The wall was standing.
In the air. The shop, lit by a lantern was selling candies. This was neither good,
Nor bad. It was three thousand years ago. And it is now. They were grown.
Learned. Contented. With honest smiles. It is said, 'They do not possess evil eye'
The earth and the skies have always been generous. This youthful innocence,
Buddha said,
Had been his vision of nibhana. He had a vision of himself in a lap under a tree.
The shape of the octagon is setting into some illusions. Moving like a celestial
alien object.
On a magician's finger. When visited by a lotus, can you guess what it would
add?
It was moving and revolving. There are more dreams to come.

On a visit to village Korai, Dera Ismail Khan; late in the evening.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 3,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Something

I wanted to become many
I have become none
I pity myself
I have become all
I am nothing
I have become something

3/2/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

Something To Ask

Brutal sun, something to ask
Water, cold, warm and iced,
Yogurt from the pan is sold.

Her thin lips, noble and grand,
Eloquently parts, asking needs,
As big a care, as the, mountain-
House, whose doors jarred, and
Her eyes, delicately cast down.

If, the mannerism can neither be
Bought, nor acquired, dignity cast
Her lean post, as the day's return.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 24,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sometimes

From my externals receded
When life I faced
Who else but me for your love
When I take my things back
Songs of love
Lyrics of affection
Some memories
A few moments
They say I did not know
On the wrong path was I
When my destiny was you

In my waiting
For the times of the spring
Never was it my fortune
A different direction
From the one my love
On the edge I lived
In the hope of the day
Precious years I lost
Never did it come
And never will it be

Just myself
And wandering thoughts
Did you deserve that?
Did you deserve my love?
I ask myself sometimes
1/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Song I

Wilt not thou write for me
For me to sing
In my little frock
In chorus with my friends
On that stage
With balloons and all the colors
Shining on the wall
Some candles
Wilt not thou write for me
People call you a poet
Are not you tired
Of talking things so irrelevant
I want to sing your song
On that piano too
Wilt not thou write for me
A song so sweet
Like the sweet song of the lark
Where will you find
The angel faces you dream of
I know you love my innocence
Wilt not thou write for me
You poet with no purpose
Be a part of my life
I have life so beautiful for you
I will make your home gushing with life
Leave your world of misery and solitude
Come hither
And see me dance for you
And see me sing for you

Sadiqullah Khan

Song Of Despair

Like the colors of your cheek in prism
The dew of my love on the colors
Before the Time rings the bell
Is this Time flowing like river
In flow but the rainbow of colors
I steal from your cheek in wonder
Call the people with loud voices
Is it that I show them my love
Nay in secrete shall I burn to ashes
I shall rise like amber in glow

Time is my rival and leaves me not
What of love and longing and from the dark
Hairs of beloved to the color of the cheek
In sensuous love know ye Time
I cherish my love in her manifestation
Glory be to the sculptor for the creation
Is nothing but His reflection

You think with wine I am drunk like Hafiz
Into those eyes I have drowned in love
Behold the scene when my love shall sing
The laments of existence and of the age cruel
Like lark thou sing with melodies of nature
What ails thy heart my love in the end
Let me finish this song eternal to begin anew

Yet another fine evening when the roses in bloom
A goblet of wine, butterflies in friends facing the sun
Setting behind the horizon welcoming the moon
Long nights of separation shall then follow
O heart dear what have thou stored
For devastation so long when shall moments
Turn into centuries but the aroma of her passion
Shall never leave you for a song of despair
3/1/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Sorcery

The great canyons on earth
The no man's land on Mars
The universe traversed to and fro
The Siberian chills or waters of Good Hope
From horn of Africa to the deserts
Never seen or felt

The ice caps on the edges
The core of the earth to the stratosphere
The vastness of the universe
To the world of aliens
With flying unseen objects
Of the history and the spirits of the yore
In wedding grand as if ordained by God

The great story of love
Of the Majnun and Laila
Drawn into the squabble to prove
The love that is not love unto it
Pretending thirst when not thirsty

Like in the court of Pharaoh
The magician played
The courtiers named many
With their salutations and in support
In line and in the third row
The craft from the witches
Or the objects known
Perfected like the nations lost
Like Pompei of the past

On the chess board in black magic
In no man's land the God is identified
As yourself or the angel
With banners high and mask of the youth
For the score board to display
The show is planned

Like Moses in the garment

With chest torn and weaved
By hands that feed the infants
The wool from the neck of the first season
Of the lamb
And cotton picked by the fingers
With love who sing in the delta
When he threw his stalk
The serpents of the magician
Move with the curves for the sorcery goes
To the Black Hole with its magic

The passion from the Peter Gabriel's
With vocals from the east
The Last Temptations or the touch of the Nile
In a nanosecond the passion was one with the self
The water still flowing and bolt still hanging

When in the depth of night
For a kiss in my tavern
Wine old and many mysteries of love
From self to self
My passion flows

Unending is this state of bliss
The world is me for the universe is small
Only when you hold my goblet

A mole on the cheek of my love
Your Mars and Earths and Canyons Great

("Passion" was the music composed by Peter Gabriel for the movie "The Last Temptation Of Christ" with vocals by Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan from Pakistan)
21/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Sowing Potatoes

Staple for winters
Sweet, from the earth's soft top,
From the roots, deciduous,
Probably, botanic.
Covered in basins of earth -
Ah! Earth, such sustenance
When the sun turns its eyes away
When the moon hides in clouds.
You ain't the solitary reaper
You ain't the picker of spring's flowers.
It feeds, it tastes like something
Hot, fabulous, juicy and curried
By spices, oiled as fries.
If we could be children
And a baked potato with skin in embers
Smoked black, cooled by blowing
And rubbed in hands.
Family sows it, and digs it,
Savors it, with tumoro tea and wheat bread.

Sadiqullah Khan
Sost
December 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Spade To A Spade

He had tied a spade to a spade
With the angle of a cubist
It did not have any color
Yesterday he had been breaking earth
Of his abode where he slept the night
Today though with heavy heart to have lost
He still hoped that even at the cost of his limbs
That shall squeeze to fix into the calligraphy the priest
Told would take him to paradise if folded that way
And the wounded arm under his cold cheek
His son had kissed him good bye
And in front he was looking to the standard charted bank
The sun went down with out the poet's recount
Of his inner events
And the holy places where lived spirits
Some resembling humans in form sitting on the wall
What shall he eat as he has skipped the lunch
And the breakfast too against the advice of dietician
He mustered all strength to call his wife
With the strength of his soul he told them that he was
Dinning with friends and forced a laugh
Yet tomorrow is there may his body
Flexes and the man with glasses who stinks
Hire him to clean the front of his door
Today's sun had just left on his silver beard
Some gold of suffering
He would make a perfect subject of the artist
And would not be acknowledged that the portrait
Made for the amusement of others
Is his
And
When shall his sufferings end

Islamabad
10/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Speak Of Happiness

Speak of happiness
Of death we heard
Much of sorrows
Tonight in soft
Satin and silk
A candle low
See the moth
In dance of love
We know we perish
Let us celebrate
The passing moment
Let the moth burn
In the heat of your love
7/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Speechless

Yet thou art speechless seeing what,
Yet thou from the industrious past
Spanning thirty years less only one,
Narrative of thousand and one nights,
Be it sea, land and your fans to imagine
On the coasts, happy lands, sad encounters
Magnificent courts, princes and kings,
'By order of Sultan and Khatus',
Escapades, seeing 'joyous heart' Dilshad
And the company of saints, to chagrin,
The ferocious but cultivated King,
Carry train of slaves, white and black,
Number in hundreds, slave girls as gift,
In embassy to the emperor of China
Or as if knowing the nightingale of east,
The Marhata girls of Daulat Abad
Exceedingly beautiful, particularly
In their noses and eye brows, who would,
Sit on swings to sing songs, or on Thursday,
In the central pavilion before their teacher.
Of ships, and merchandise and the princes
In the South of India, living like brethren.

-The nightingale of East refers to the great Indian singer
Lata Mangeshkar

-On reading a section of H.A.R Gibb, Travels of Ibn Battuta

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 8,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Speechography

Phonetics, from deep down the throat,
Twisted epiglottis, like a water fall
Obstructed by a sharp stone's tip.
The more the glottis twists, the more
The power of speechography. Like a tyrant's cry,
When he intends to kill children in the streets;
Seeing their fate on the back of the hand.
When a language is being suffocated,
And when dead shall dance in paradise
And the mankind believes in the truth
Of Dead Sea scrolls, discovered by shepherds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 27,2014.

Captured speech writing back by Raymond Boisjoly @ Hidden Room

Sadiqullah Khan

Spill From The Cup

You had the spill from the cup,
Page was ash and words aflame.
Inebriation, mystic chant and drum.
Friends and foes, be the cup bearers,
Pulpits would need firmament's strength.

Red was color of the rose and tulip's
Heart red. Nothing other but wine red.
The enchanted self like zephyr returned.
Love's mysterious fables unwound,
The solitary lover like wick burned.

What magic, the tongue would speak.
The calligrapher's hand would it mold.
The sculpted damsel, was a memory,
To the wall, wide eyed beauty hung.
When all was ablaze, love he sung.

To an unknown poet of Pashto language.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 7,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Spills

How hard for the poor turtle
Carry the shield neither bone
Nor metal
Hiding the eggs in the nest
Made of sand
The little ninja turtles run fast
Into the waves
Would not she love to yawn
In one sunny afternoon
And keep the shell
Away
And walk with light steps
The evolution
Has become much more slower
She discovers spills made by humans
She needs a bath under a shower
Of copious rain
Or hide herself in the shell again

Islamabad
2/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Split Asunder

Split asunder O nocturne you are a longer drag
Till dawn is the gaze, till waiting, eyes gone blind.
O send me the sweatened sweetness, O breath in
To the zephyr. Till sighs gone, the close of the lamp's
Tongue licks the mirror of time, O pour in on my palm,
The last of the shot, that I ebb the ages from the brim.

You are the broken reed; you are lost in love,
But remember, once the times are not yours,
Before youth is spent on the twilight's edge, and before,
You are no more sung, and you are no more a heart's throb -
Besides myself, implore me not, I trade Masnavi for Khayyam.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sprezzatura Eleganza

Wear the sunset, my erstwhile cap,
Worn it wrong though, the foe in front,
Sprezzatura Eleganza, -a light shines,
Within, from without is the reflection.
Sitting the barren mountain peak,
And below sleeps the dragon-glacier.
Once upon a time, once upon a time,
Rings in my ear, last year is last century.
Waving Cartesians, birds fly beneath,
In winters they fire coal, in summers breeze.

-Cartesianism is the name given to the philosophical doctrine (or school) of René Descartes. Descartes is often regarded as the first thinker to emphasize the use of reason to develop the natural sciences. For him the philosophy was a thinking system that embodied all knowledge.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 7,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Spring Breeze

Spring breeze, spring breeze,
Awaken from the slumber, timorous
With thy gentle kiss, upon the buds, unfreeze.

Be the melody of leaves, branches and trees,
A sky-lark's woe, a bright-star's caress
The thicket of tresses, humming of bees.

A lyre to my heart, a life to seize;
The green of the earth, harmony amorous,
A winter's adieu, summer's unleash.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 7, 2013.

Spring Breeze: by Yon Shou Ping

Sadiqullah Khan

Sprinkle Your Love

The glazing sunshine
Afternoon
Under that tree
Tree with dry leaves
Visible roots
Dry earth
Give me water
To drink
And sprinkle your love
On the bareness of my heart
The sky and some patches of white clouds
I stretch
Hold my hands
The hands dry like the branches of that tree
Hold my hands
For these hands
May grow some leaves
And fruits
Like the hope
I have
From the tree
My love
Do not despair
There is blood
Still running in my veins

Sadiqullah Khan

Starvation

Starvation leads you to believe
Every brown matter is a morsel,
The Freudian fixations –
Every shadow looks a damsel.

The basic distinction of gender
Non-exist, and flaunt –
Refer to beauty, would turn the head,
Ego-testic, they make many faces.

They had been hiding in veils,
Who wore long beards and beads.
Three is less, with four content,
Their history is seventy or more.

They had been dancing all the night,
Like flagellums whirling, fantasizing,
But it was not her hand, rather
By winds the stems, up and down.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 28,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

State Of Nature

Long time
We lived in state of nature
In the jungle
It was all water
And the life began
We still drink water
Some fish
Dinosaurs
But state of nature
We got separated
That longing for the union continues
The nature fierce
You made me conscious of my being
Sudden awakening
The phenomenon of being
Then we started loving each other
To procreate
Something happened
The pain of existence
And the consciousness
You are to blame
You are seductress
Separation again
Why?
Let's live together
Once again
With some sublime stories

Sadiqullah Khan

Statue

The statue
Bent onwards
A rite of fertility
Many hopes
Of changing position
Open like universe
The mother earth
So small her wish
Was but she silent
From her birth

The "boteh"* motif
On all her body
Curved is she
To take it whole
To her hearts content
But what then
The symphony of life
Will continue?

In sublime is born
With music enchanting
With love she raised
In the statues worshipped

You fill my sentences
Longer and longer
As I write
The 'boteh' on your body
Like a prince
Who sucks the blood
From his wounded palm
After a defeat
(*Flower motif)
24/10/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Steal Me From The Earth

Come
One night
And be my guest
You have forgotten me
For so long

See my abode
Your hands
Be like roots
In damp cold earth
Deep down
And knock

Then steal me
From the deep earth
I have grown now
See me
Like flowers
Lilies and roses
Wrapped in green
Into the sunshine
All the little children
Play besides me
Their little games
And angels are my friends
I want to see my toys
Come
One night
And
Steal me from the earth

Sadiqullah Khan

Step By Step

Step by step
Onto the guillotines
Carry me my dreams
Yet I am devoured
Yet I lived by you
On the last moment
Be my dream again
O ye eternity I am amazed
In the last scenes of beauty
Hold my arm close to your heart
I shall never forget the warmth
Of that evening one day
When I kissed you to eternity
26/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Still

"I am rather intimidated by your genius! "

Porshyee Burton

I sometimes want to hit the walls,
Head on, and some refrain –still
Stops me doing that. I,
On the altar of time, am
Nailed. Intimidated, broken down
Gathering myself from the pieces
I find on myself, 'a hundred times
You break in my arms.'
The beginning, like something
That preceded, I opened my eyes
In the middle of a tragic story.
The end shall be natural to it,
As natural as it had been for ages.
Go! Get the cup, drink to heart's delight:
I read my palm, the line of life
Like love's hair, entangled, lock'ed.
Not a fairy's tale, neither a song. Neither
The love blossomed, nor the lyre tuned.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
October 2,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Still Alive

For my grieving heart, in awe struck,
The bit of sin, though uncommittal
To him my colors of grace, an ancient
Threaded coat in silk, a Wakhi ensemble –

And her feeling the inside, exhaling breathe,
A sigh would need smoke and vapor,
For the rain was insistent and night dark.

For her the trespass, but the aging soul,
Beholding a sight, -could ownership and concern,
From other end of the globe, and we live,
In a togetherness, and would my gratitude,
Ever wane, or I forget, a sharing more humane?

Or a dear friend, who says, 'your heart still alive',
But I ask forgiveness, for done cannot be undone,
And the moment's aromatic presence, alas!
For the senses to be in asana, how it could be?

-On my smoking a cigarette

Courtesy: My friends

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 17,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Stones Have Eyes

Stone have eyes, cold as ice
In the eyes, coal is black rock
Burning the hell out of metal
Water is steaming, hissing
A languid whisper, long.
Denominated, diminutive
Trees have caught the color
Of earth, and snow is blinking,
Shining the peaks, there was,
Harsh wind akin to a storm,
Waters in lakes wishing cover,
And left alone, hibernate
Aquatic life, like trout fish
Digging deeper and deeper,
Waiting to lay eggs, hoping
A wispier spring, in green fauna.
An obscure life, expecting none,
Nameless, ageless, warm.
Autumn never sounded forlorn
Life never seemed, worthless,
I could have sitten in the van
Bound for Chapursan, twisting
Muddy track, to a desolation,
Equally hell and paradise.

Sadiqulah Khan
Sost
December 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Stones Vegetate

The water drinks flames and flames the air,
Earth is the sky, my foot is on the attic
Sky is vault below, and moon chases the sun
Stones vegetate, vapors have become dew.
There is no divide of day and night,
And where the demons dwell, is paradise,
Little flowers of violet, white and crimson,
Yellow, red and green. The rose hid her face.

Beauty has over taken the sculptor's house
Her hair encircle the lone mole on her chin,
Freedom is run, and run through the meadows
You could touch the cloud, slide down the steppes.
The musician in silence, and the few birds,
A thousand butterflies or the watchful marmot,
In leafy infestations, streams running to Sheosar.

-On a visit to Sheosar Lake, Deosai.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Storyteller

Storyteller bring words
Drenched heavier, tender.
From sweet lips of nature,
Like lute, a pastor plays.
Relieve me so that
I loosen the grip
Of troubles on me.
I savor your agreeable presence:
I am weary of my this life,
Like the painter, who after
Coloring the gold tresses;
Takes his life. I pity
Myself more than him.
My unsatisfied longing
Be alleviated by your importune.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 18,2014.

The Mountain Path by J.R.R. Tolkien (1892-1973) renowned author of THE HOBBIT, THE LORD OF THE RINGS and THE SILMARILLION, was an artist in pictures as well as in words. @ brainpickings

Sadiqullah Khan

Stranger In Babylon - Iv

He throws a coin of whatever value
And says these words 'The Goddess of Mylitta
Prosper thee'. The coin once thrown is sacred.
In the lap of the girl, in Aphrodite temple
Seated there for the first and only encounter
To consort and rejects no one.
Many of the wealthier, too proud to mix with strangers,
Followed by attendants, drive in covered carriages
To the precinct, and others wear, wreaths of strings
Above their head. There is always a great crowd.
The tall and pretty get it sooner, and other
May wait for four years. And wedding is a bidding,
To the highest goes, and of course the wealthiest,
The lame of limbs, or the uglier sort, to the poor -
Who like everywhere else, and today are not comely.
Euphrates flows through its middle, walled with moat,
Burnt brick fence the river and houses made
Three or four stories high. The boats which come down
Are leather and circular and taken back folded
By donkeys, after their hulls of willow have been sold.
Of the customs they wear linen tunic reaching the feet,
In three piece, turbans, carry sticks with curved heads
Ornamented into apple, rose or eagle.
Anoint themselves with perfumes and bury their dead
In honey with lamentations like those of Egyptians.
When a man is ill, they lay him in the public square
And the passers-by come up to him and tells as he knows.
Before Cyrus and of the Assyrian Kings, there were queens.
Princess Nitocris, who made water channels and walls,
By a remarkable deception, she her tomb built
On one of the gateways above heads and this inscription
Cut upon it. 'If there be one among my successors
On the throne of Babylon, who is in want of treasure,
Let him open my tomb, and take as much as he chooses -
Not, unless he be truly in want, for it will not be for his good'
Darius opened the tomb, for he wanted to use the passage way,
Of a massive structure and moreover a dead body lay
Over his head, while passing through. Accordingly,
He opened the tomb, and instead of money, found only

The dead body and a writing which said. -

'Had thou not been insatiate of pelf, and careless how thou gottest it,
Thou wouldst not have broken open the sepulture of the dead.'

-Adapted from Herodotus (484 - 425 BC) , Histories, Book I.

Babylon was one of the glories of the ancient world, its walls and mythic hanging gardens listed among the Seven Wonders.

Founded about 4,000 years ago, the ancient city was the capital of 10 dynasties in Mesopotamia, considered one of the earliest cradles of civilization and the birthplace of writing and literature.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

July 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Stranger Of Athens

From Solon the Athenian, askedth Croesus of Lydia
for his love of knowledge, and distant travels.
Who happens the happiest? Having shown him
treasures of Kingdom, for three and four days.
Tellus of Athens, as he lived, happy with sons
their sons, in comfort and surpassing in gallantry,
his life laid, on the side of countrymen, honored.
Next askedth the King, who bethought, he may find
a second place. Solon's reply was, 'The two sons,
who took their mother to the temple, of strong
bodies, who there died and were praised.
The King dismayed. 'What, stranger of Athens,
is my happiness, then, so utterly set at naught
by thee, that thou dost not put on a level
with private men? ' O Croesus, replieth the other,
'A long life gives one to witness much, and
experience much oneself, that one would
not choose'. 'Seventy year life, contain twenty
six thousand two hundred and fifty days,
"Hence man is wholly accident". 'He who
possesses great store of riches, is no nearer
happiness than he who has, what suffices
for his daily needs. Unless that luck attend
upon him, till the end of his life. Many of the
wealthiest are unfavoured by fortune, and many
whose means were moderate have had excellent
luck. But for two things the wealthy excel,
To better able to content desires, and bear up
against sudden calamity. The other has less
ability to withstand these evil.(from which his
good luck keeps him clear) . But he enjoys,
the blessings of whole limbs, a stranger to disease,
free from misfortune. Happy in his children,
and comely to look upon.
In addition to all this, if he ends his life well,
he is of a truth the man of happiness.
Call him, until he die, not happy but fortunate.
Scarcely indeed, can any man unite all these
advantages. He who united the great number

of these and retaining them to the day of his death
then dies peaceably, that man alone, sire,
is, in my judgment entitled to bear the name of happy.'
It behoves us to mark well the end:
for oftentimes, God, gives men a gleam of happiness,
and then plunges them into ruins.

-Adapted from Herodotus (485 - 425 BC) , book II, Histories.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 23,2014.

Croesus Receiving Tribute from a Lydian Peasant,1629 by Claude Vignon (1593-1670) @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

Strangers

I could not be
A part of the dawn
That descended
For yet another spring
In hopes with memories
Away away for the slice
Of life of one I see not
A life created in coziness
Of your presence

Standing was I there
To celebrate life
How many birthdays
In the backdrop of killer time
Yet the perfumes of your hair
In the shine of your costume
I see your laughter
Close to the heart
Is that one gift
From the lover

The symbol of my love
You carry on your forehead
Who says in heavens
Strangers shall not
Know each other
(On the birthday of Anjali Sinha)
1/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Successful People

A peculiar class of people
wear such smiles,
whether you call them commons,
petty bourgeoisie, or simple ordinary.
They sometimes make you happy
but most of the times they annoy you
with their superficiality
and complete lack of understanding.
They have secret keys
ordinariness brings them
with rucksacks of mediocrity,
escaping a disagreeable situation
with smallest possible
expenditure of intelligence,
and have immense stores of love.
They are successful people of the age.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sudden Death

"La- Mort Subite"
Fiery Thai noodles
Egg noodles fried in hot Thai lemon chili sauce
Tapped with medley of veggies
Shrimp or chicken
Not for the faint hearted
Check your
Chili meter

PS: Recipe "Sudden Death" on the menu of "The Greasy Spoon" Islamabad

Islamabad
24/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Sugar Cubes

Parrot seeks sugar cubes
The master spoke honey and wine,
Could you put in hemlock the poison -
A mouth lush with song and line
A robe given the fervor of longing.
Be generous and graceful,
Confess, when you are not-
He said. The two things I learned,
Converse and write, speak and listen,
Never lose grandeur, nor elegance.
A slow step is worth a thousand leaps,
If not in haste and in ponder taken.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 24,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sunshine

Early morning rays
The days and nights of despair
Are over
Chilly evenings and some people
Surrounding the fires
Smoky fires
And now there is sunshine
Last nights snow fall
Had made the ground shiny white
Snow on the hills and rooftops
On the trees and leaves
Freshness in the air
Sunshine is so much
Necessary to life
And my wet clothes
I want to make them dry
Last nights thinking
Just washed away
And I took bath with warm water
After days
For some time
I have not talked of flowers
And birds
And also of beauty
The gleaming life
Shiny cheeks and pearl teeth
Of some good food
My aesthetics
I want them to be
Into the sunshine too
Again and again

Sadiqullah Khan

Swallow The Bait

He preaches, a service on lips, tongue's no bones,
Quick from the door of a brothel house,
Fanged snake like, venomous, spread on all alike,
Habit never breaks, a take on mores, inappropriate.
He thus taketh away, an edge, by sharp measure,
Or they for the girl, of a highest achieve -
Simple satire, why her face was not burned in acid.
Beggars of centuries, diminutive in culture
Rise above, nor history, learn from infame of predecessor.
Swallow the bait, or develop, satire's swift blade,
Honor and dignity, repository to whom?
'I don't want to get into the gutter
With this guy', Said General Eisenhower to McCarthy.
When all's gone to the gutters, how you stand,
Whilst a drop of impurity, white dresses importune.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 14, 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Sweet Dinner

Like a lost cemetery
Or flown in the air
In rivers holy
My body in ashes

On my epitaph
A celebration to life
For a few years
For all the times
But in my heart
In my soul

Your love eternity
In my bosom
The song of the bird
Sweet melody of nature

In civilization I grow
In cultures defined
A smile in your eyes
The bent of your head
My Arms slip
Guards thrown away

Take me into the cool
Of the passion of your love
The spontaneity of laughter
Of the lasses and lads

The color on the forehead
Reminiscent of life
Between dark hairs
When your hands touch
On my fingers my love

Forget the rest
For a few moments
My love when you turn
To tell me what will happen

In times to come
I know you know
But pasta is ready
For a sweet dinner
15/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Sweet Indulgence

Of the tides higher going in emotion
On the day break with tweeting sounds
Rays of light through drapes in windows
Night's redemption in penance sweet
Unmoved the body in wet indulgence
Yet the sire with pain moaned
Dreams of the yore for the youth
In youth is soul so whilst the body withers
Flower's aroma after the petals in hand
Enhances the taste of the nectar honed

Sadiqullah Khan

Sweet Like Honey

How sweet are you
I have no words
I cannot talk even
I kiss you
A hundred times
And then
I eat you
Eat you like honey
Put my lips on you
And then my tongue touches you
And in a mock eating exercise
I eat you
I love you so much
But when I have learned talking
I would not be so expressive
And when I have grown
You would never know
That how much I love you
The more I grow
And the more I learn
The more I conceal
And the more I forget

Sadiqullah Khan

Sweetest Pains

Thou hast given me the sweetest pains
Pains of being with you in deep union
Pains of separation and the talk
Like ragas Indian, played by the sage
In search of the beloved inside
Pains of existence and the songs I sang
Like Solomon's the great
Song of Songs
In your praise
The angels to the prophets
That brought the holly word
The Khayyam's cup of wine
Or the pangs of lover lost
Wandering in the desert
The pains that thou hast cast on me
Are but the manifestations of my being
The definition of myself
The yearning for the discovery
Of the self
And in relation to you
When in the last moment
In convulsive fits
I discover thou
And by that time
You would have lost any meaning for me
But still the sweetest pains that thou hast given me
Are the memories of my being

Sadiqullah Khan

Tatara Park

On the tips of rose leaves, are shining
Water drops reluctant to fall,
On the pond are falling drops of rain
I see lush landscape of wet grass.

Islamabad
Aug 10,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Taxi

I came to know that she was called taxi
A girl
Born to no one
Every fat woman she introduced as her mother
And no one knew who her mother was
And who her father was
But she said
From a village
With some difficult name
From a far off area
In her early youth
Harbored the wish
For education
And a family
Simple clothes
Sharp looks
Intelligent
But she was a poor girl
With her first fat mother
Who was a politician
But in search of a living
Here and there in the streets
She learned and got some education
Some men
And some men of virtue too
She studied literature
After twenty years
Dressed in black
And black glasses
Long nails and a pink bag
Her face gone old too
Her skin has now wrinkles
With blue contact lenses
Always she tried that the people see the blue eyes
From above those dark glasses
No one has seen her face
What's wrong with that
Not in youth and not now
She is hiding her face

As if she has done
Some eternal wrong
Why was that so
No one knows
Who her love is
And what was that red pink bag
Did she know what that meant?
In a constant flux
And the cheap air in the streets
The whistles from the van drivers
May be she becomes a public figure
Making her way up the ladder
And fighting
When those hounds
Are always after her
A lady that needs no more
The help of Jesus
Or any saint
So many are crushed in this world
And in this society
Who want to be heard
And those who speak
Are given the names like taxi
Who is the saint and who the door keeper
Where are a Jesus and all the prophets
The nobility and the preachers
Some one ask what is
In the heart of that poor lady,
I know there must be
A sea of tears
In those eyes...

Sadiqullah Khan

Temple Of Love

In sad recourse when I looked back
In the valley of waters for the red sniper
In colors maroon and aqua marine
Discoveries of the years so forgotten
The miniatures that I saw were yours
Whose image blend and from where the line
Colors you get and passion from whom
What ails your beauty for laments like lark
From the happy moments and chaos in head
With yellow round sweets melting in the heart

Of the time you complain alas you not
Know the cruel imposter for the mankind
Once it touches the dawn of youth
Like a feather in the air it then is nowhere
Bring back the beauty of the past dear heart
Not happy were thou but still my love
In exuberance danced the dance of Venus
Rekha on earth and a mother by heart

Long ago in the temple of love
Once upon a time I met a beauty of age
With the mixing of the colors on the horse
Wild of imagination when intoxication
Of the vintage wine my eyes galore
In black in red and she sang songs of love
In tenderness deep with kisses and love bites
Of the eyes of others and the moral's looks

In secrete she sat one day of the eve
In the sunset when soft air was bringing
Intoxication in waves and the flowers
Yellow in color and bent down on her feet
Why the sweetness of your love gone low
Why the beauty of your cheek so mellow
In soft undertones she spoke in my ears

Who was in love and the paintings you make
On the path down the meadow for you cannot live

Here with me as time on the temple is banging
For whom you know these bells toll
They toll for none but they toll for thee

I left the temple of love that night
Yet in my dreams she lives forever
12/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Ten

So sweet
All sugar
And honey
And chocolate
And cappuccino
In the morning hangover
Is your poem
That I want
To give you
10

Sadiqullah Khan

Terrible Beauty

The tree roots at Auschwitz
Two, a flower-
Boomed, so-
on to die of hemlock.
Aesthecising death camps
To a receptive 'you'
In a bottle, either pick or leave.
'a desperate dialogue'
A sort of homecoming.

Sparser
Idiosyncratic broken
Narrowing counterpoint Engfuhrung
Negation, un split yes and no. Fudge.
Thinner less knowable finer
Innermost recesses
Set free
Paradoxically absurd, anomalous amongst
The moderns
Highly un - imitable
Attention is the natural prayer of the soul
Understand
Explicit is ugly.

Round and round
I break and break
Ashen hair, golden hair
Mother is waiting for the cloud to rain on the well.
Yellowish garden eyes rolling in front
Keep the essence
Terrifying words on a breath rhythm
Roll in the line
For the hammered syllabi with hammer –

Death held him
When all fell away from him

'Think of it'
The axes in the barbed wires.

They were singing.

She sent bread to her husband
To heal him. Hanging.
A leaf without tree
Fugue of Death...

-To Paul Celan (1920-1970) , poet and translator, Romania.

Bremen Prize speech by Paul Celan:

"Only one thing remained reachable, close and secure amid all losses: language. Yes, language. In spite of everything, it remained secure against loss. But it had to go through its own lack of answers, through terrifying silence, through the thousand darkneses of murderous speech. It went through. It gave me no words for what was happening, but went through it. Went through and could resurface, 'enriched' by it all."

Sadiqullah Khan

Terror

The evening after a long journey
Damp and old like the long dark scarf
With aroma of dust when it falls on the city
The walls though falling but had history
Of long years spent on this earth
The womb of earth that has given birth
To many loves and up in the sky on that darkness
Are written the lost scriptures of love
In those dark streets the lovers meeting glances
The aroma of earth has the smell of water
On the sky in the north smoke was emitting
Life it exuded with deep soft curls
Like the dancing girl in unconscious gaze
Following the curves of her hands

Terror broke in the evening's mist
With dark draconian image
The softness of that black scarf
And years of love with stories
When thorns were thrown on the gathering
To escape was the sound heard
The smoke of life was replaced
With ashes when cold water
Flowed like cold blood into fireplace
A once paradise and when I wished
To be one with nature that evening
In slow fearful movements
And when my legs refused to move

That evening when I looked back
I saw a chain of tears in the eyes of that girl
8/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

That Boat-Bridge On Indus

Aged Indus on thine fettered shore
Down the planes the serpent roves,
Whilst the gods up-live, yours is
From the sand-bed, a blind dolphin.

The boat-bridge, like a steed's back
Saddled for ride, or a swinging cradle;
On the sheepskin blown afloat
The milkmen to the city vie the bank.

Every wave is filled with rubies
Water perfumed with musk,
From the river waft airs of ambergris
Thus spake Shah Latif of Bhit.

What else is Indian, from your name,
Continent, ocean, an Indies, -misnomers
Christopher Columbus, mistook
For the world he new discovered.

Herodotus fond, the Macedonian down,
Alexander Burnes, upstream
To the black-eyed damsels,
Or a Ranjit Singh his armies raised.

Vedas begin on your edge,
Sohnidrowned by the treacherous wave:
While fed the hungry, fertile lands
Water and wealth, go hand in hand.

While on your dried stream,
I behold your past, a love, though
Ancient gone, and by the sunset in desert
Once, it is said, you had flown henceforth.

Empires mighty, fabled loves,
On a withered time, I yet not mourn,
But as you surge, like my veins carry blood
Through my whole, - but alas! That boat-bridge

Could you once, tie for me, my last wish on thee?

-Remembering the Boat-Bridge on river Indus at Dera Ismail Khan.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

March 29,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

That Ever

That ever it shall go to dust, flowers to straw
In the freezing cold water, in laked valleys
Ours are the dreams, one day to walk away,
Shed our autumnal barks, wear silken cost-
Beauty sells, when it isn't, it is beauty indeed.

Happenings there, on our richness shall come
No one's got rights to spring, nor caged winds.
A day that when the chandeliers are lit in gold
Silver evenings, trapped in topaz, in rubies hold.
Then verse, like a goblet from lip to lip, swim
Flying kiss, on her face, attire perfumed in mist.

Gilgit
November 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

That Girl Yonder

On my side
She was talking to a friend
Covered from the rain
Moved to the left
And now forgotten
I came into your domain
A few times
For something to learn
And also to see
The youth and jubilation
The future promising
The rain and an old barrack
Transformed for a job worthy
The youth around
No place to hide
Lo! The snow
And the weather cold
No mess of the army but freedom around
That girl yonder
Comes again
The spirit inside
Wants to be found
I am not beauty unsurpassable
A damsel luscious
But a girl simple
Like so many around
But one day
The barracks receding
We will replace
With stories new
With soft talk
We the pioneers
In the land so bounteous
A couple standing
Whispers of love
Some stylish girls
Moving around
Lovers waiting
Hearts on sleeves

That girl yonder
Understood who is there
Moved again
To see again
The snow falls
Chips raining
Chips in the air
Chips golden, chips silver
For chip is the future
Chip on chip and the digits symbols
Beauty defined
In the color of the chips
The signal and the bytes
The papers and the search
That girl yonder
Watching it all
Chip on the ground
Chip in the air
The weather cold
Chip now melting
And connecting people
That girl yonder
Amazed at the sight
Will I see her again in life?
And that girl yonder
Will she understand my message?
The message of love
But love defined
The love of the chip and the technology
The future defined, and roles assigned
Little knowledge I have of the subject
But that girl yonder
In the compound
See it all
(On transforming a military barrack into a university)

Sadiqullah Khan

That I Meet My Fate Xxxi

That the bright light come my way
Colder than ice, warmer than flame
That I carry in my fist, open on your face
That I meet my fate, the bear out there.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

That Porcelain Body

I am amazed to imagine
Your body
The line and the curve
The mercury of your beauty
And the porcelain body
The ultimate finish
Luminescent
Like houries
Alas! God what have you created
The creatures other worldly
The fairies and the queens
Of immense beauty
Are there any distractions
Bigger
On this earth
And they shall leave us
Not alone in the heaven?
Only you know better
Who survives on imaginations only
And imaginations of those beauteous faces
And the porcelain body
And lost in that sensuality
Of purity
The silk of those hairs
The side glance
Dimple in the cheeks
The swan neck
And those necklines
Like the finest artwork
Those hands
A masterpiece
Of sculpture
And those gazelle eyes
Alas!
The sand dunes
The desert Arabian
From down below
The narrow shoulders
The curve of the back

Ending with the roundness
Like the closing band
Of a symphony
And the legs tapering down
And where the legs meet
Only you understand the secrets of earth
And heavens
O universal soul
And my fading youth
That porcelain body
It already is a soul
And it needs no further finish
Inner and outer
For the outer alone
Is beauty perfect
That porcelain body
Let's end this talk
The talk unending
But
That porcelain body

Sadiqullah Khan

That Smile

The glossiness in the night's misty dream
The growing feeling of separation
When the emotions play behind the open book
Of the face and arising from the cellos in the mind
In hearts tidal waves like tsunamis
Breaking away all structures
In natures furies
In the days events or the nights long hours
The whole human figure converting into energy
Roaring and the hidden emotion of tears
When shalt then it will break open
From the confines of the boundaries of consistence
Not in subtle sublimities
But like storms and waves a thousand feet high
And carry me into the distances from east to west
Or into a universal fold
Lost like atoms and be sucked by the black holes
Only that I carry your signs of love
The tenderest of the smiles
While playing on your lips
And a tear down your cheek
The time is like living another thousand years
In a moment
That smile of yours leaves me devastated

Sadiqullah Khan

That Will Be Yesterday Xvii

There are shades of midnight,
Mid-night, yes midnight and the twilight.
Shades in the wee seconds
There is 'consolidatio opprobrious' -□

You added a demo- before a -cracy,
Anyone will add any prefix
As suits by the muscle
As suits by a long line of inheritance,
As is established.

A whole wall is built,
Terror charge
Treason charge
Wits have given in and the struggle is long.

Watch your son of twenty four,
And a mother bidding farewell.

That will be yesterday
I turned a page heavy with words
To an empty mirror like plane
Where I could not recognize your face.

Only behind the high walls,
Life is learnt. When you will walk out,
To a tranquil afternoon
Of decades of breaking quarries
Of sliced stones, hard brittle and chipping.

There will come a tomorrow
But today, that will be yesterday.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 2,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

That Woman

That woman
Sitting on the ground
She is young but looks older
A hundred times
With bare feet
Her sheep
Her treasures
Around her
The stones which are frozen
The sheep have developed long furs
Nature's compensation
Their legs gone very thin
The source of milk
Think of milk in that village
Where some demons visit at night
And some spirits of the dead too
The woman who has grown in valor
Her man she has seen once
Who has gone to the seas
She only overhears about him
She speaketh not, for the honor of the man
And the honor of other men
Parasites and mud eaters
She grows into the earth
Roots and some branches
A bird, some other birds too
The whole day is spent
But she can grow flowers like almond trees
Without leaves
Some birds can visit her
And a nest
She had been dreaming of
Dust is salt
She mixes it up with water and sometimes milk
She does not know the taste of milk
Some onions
From the roots she has grown
And a sheepskin dried
With salt and then pushed to the roof

Her possession for water is precious
Her husband has married three other women
The local priest who has gone political
A parasite dies
She is to mourn
Feasts and mourning
She gets food in the feasts
In return for wild mourning
Her husband
Now turned a preacher
And the parasites, turned devils
The woman raising a number of children
Like a fox in her cave
The roots grown longer and far
In the dryness of land where there are stones and rocks
There is also war
In that dusty land and rocks
With no water
Some other people
Who pretend to know politics
And reforms
Vie for power
Over the woman
And her land and long grown roots
A flower she has grown and a flower without leaves
Her old friend, that dusty bird
The preacher and the politician
And the one who says he knows and has been to some places
A cold wind and that one flower wither
A jackal howling nearby
The preacher with perfume that makes you
Vomit
Some lies and the plight of the flowers
Near fruition
This land is in the possession of some small people
Who have named road crossings after their names
Eaters of the flesh of jackals and foxes and sheep
Another girl is born
To turn into a woman

Sadiqullah Khan

The Act

It had the entire semblance
Of abundant dreams
It had all the pains
Of doing it
It was like wild fire
It was like cold water
It desperately avoided
To end in nothingness
To death
The life exhausted itself
To suck the seeds
Its consummate energy with pleasure
Was ultimate

Sadiqullah Khan

The Agency

The Colonel called me on telephone,
On knowing that my birth-place is the dreaded
Agency of Waziristan, blurted, 'do you know me'
No sir, 'I am the most loved person in your Agency'
And the people have named a road crossing,
Where meets north and west, at my name.
'Colonel Habib Chowk', could pity be more awesome?
Whether it is or not, on a dusty, muddy track
Once I walked down and found a voracious Howitzer,
Blasting the anti-horizon, whistling the echoes.

There were sunny days, when I would travel,
And my first entrance to a hospital, to serve.
Walled, washed with white lime and doors done in grey,
A house whose resident doctor had committed suicide,
I asked who was the night-watch man. The elder
Known for his extraordinary wit and humility said,
'Son, don't worry, I am your boss'.
The real boss up there in the Camp would
Sit on a chair whose canes had been hanging down
And he would use a pillow to keep his butt fixed in it.

A pretty little girl came limping, she had been given,
A wrong injection by the compounder turned priest
Who cared more about his would be exploits
In heavens than alleviating the sufferings here,
Which his job was. And the many others to whom
I gave fake half doses of medicine, would receive me
With broad smiles, and invited me for lunch.

After a number of years, I met the compounder again,
Aged, wearing a starched black turban,
Collyrium in eyes and his beard dyed stark black.
He is in the company of lady priests, he told me,
And is on the way back from completion
Of his stipulated time in serving and giving sermons.
A revisit may or may not be possible but I marvel in memory.

-On my first posting as Doctor in Civil Hospital Spin, South Waziristan in 1991.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 22,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Alchemists

"They say this town is full of cozenage:
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin."

William Shakespeare

Chemists are Al-chemists of philosophers' stones
Political scientists practice political myths,
Articles of constitution are fables.
Physicians are quacks, the libraries contain:
Nothing of sort, they and et al -
In the museum hangs stuffed skins of horses,
Wooden sepultures, nosy statues.
Soldiers are warriors, on camel-backs
Swaying swords, and offices are as if,
An excuse to ward off the days' weary troubles.
A barrister had his bow-dinner under a tree
This is what he says, and courts are fish-markets.
Schools are naught, and the vigilantes spray
Acid on girls, and destroy dormitories.
Minds are enslaved, and the preparations are
A doomsday, and after death respite,
Priests wear, silk cloaks and spit fear
Ruin is total, refugees return to the wretched valleys.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 2,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Apricot Seed

Beyond sweetness there is kernel,
Hard and brittle, bitter and sour-
Where lays the essence of birth.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 12,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Audience

Today I am facing an audience
An audience that is going to judge me
Today I am facing an audience
For so many thoughts and deeds
Of the humanity
The audience is asking me
The audience of small children

And I have nothing to say
For in my world
And in my history
I find no story to tell them
I have no lessons for them
And I have torn into pieces
My quotes and address

I faced them with my blank looks
And with nothing to say
I stepped down
And joined them in their play
I asked them to tell me their stories
Fairy tales and rhymes

The spontaneous laughter
The giggles and the jokes
I joined their world
Which was not yet corrupted
By ideas
And by deeds
Unexplainable deeds
And misdeeds
Of the humanity

I wanted to wash
All those years
From my face
To be a child again
And I wished that they allow me
To join them

And I wished that they did not see
The beast in me

And that
I wished
That I play with them

The children
Were so happy
In seeing
That one of their lost
Kin
And one who was like them
Is back again
At least for a while

Sadiqullah Khan

The Bad Girl

The bad girl of Mario Vargas
Stepping lines from the morning news-papers,
From whose page an art picture had been erased
Granite shelves of black and blue
John Grisham and houses built under a bridge,
'I hate commas ending lines in a poem'
Me too, and Franklin D. Lewis is good at it
In his 'Rumi: swallowing the sun'
A Rumi anthology. R. A. Nicholson at least
Attempts to explain the phenomenal 'God love'.

Gloria Jeans of F-eleven is a hookers' place
Without supposition. A woman with a goat face
And husky voice got up, to leave empty bottles
Of Nestle, advising the other to give it to the poor.

The sighting of a tightly worn stretchable jeans
Would yield a fungal smell from the loins
Of another woman holding a sheepskin bag
And Chinese hangings to it. She easily walked
On my toes, and might have left a curvaceous sketch.

I bought the Animal Farm of (forgetting the author)
Which might make me an outdated stuff
Wearing my sleep-suit and carrying 'the while of time'.
'If she offers me to go to bed with her, I will refuse'
I thought, and the while I talked to myself,
Eating tuna sandwich. I remembered Casper the cat,
Who was fond of tuna meal, mixed with sea-vegetable.

Vargas Llosa and Garcia Marquez had a fist-fight once,
Because Vargas thought that Garcia was seducing his wife
Or vice versa. The Latin American literature smells of garbage,
As our would be literature in twenty second century
Of buffalo dung. The hero hides in bins and live in brothels.

I was being chased by a man, whose sputum if tested,
Would reveal pieces of lungs coughing out
Because I was holding three books in my hand,

And was curiously looking at the lone star
In the upcoming spaces of the rising semi-urbanity
Mushrooming the growth and efforts of the pretentious
Rich to differentiate from all others in habits and talk.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

March 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Beautiful One

Nefertiti

"The beautiful one has arrived"

In the year 1346 BC.

In the royal city of Amarna, Egypt.

Lady to the Pharaoh Akhenaten.

O time of times,

O beauty of all times,

Of peace and a living sensibility.

Of blue hairs and ribbon of silk,

Half way up.

The arched neck and eye brows,

Chiseled cheeks and mysterious smile.

The fine lines around lips.

A bygone elegance garlanded.

O time of times,

O beauty of all times,

Of peace and a living sensibility.

On completion of one hundred years of discovery of the bust of
Queen Nefertiti, by Ludwig Borchardt.

Neferneferuaten Nefertiti

Nfr nfrw itn Nfr.t

Beauty of Aten, the Beautiful one has come

Great Royal Wife of Pharaoh Akhenaten

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

January 26,2013.

□□□□□

□□□

□

Sadiqullah Khan

The Beginning

I did not know you,
And one day
You bent your head
A bunch of black hairs fell on your face
That was the beginning
Then I learnt
There are some people
Already mad
Because of you

Sadiqullah Khan

The Beginning Continues

I am appalled
By your beauty
I search mystery
In your steps
I see you from a far
You look bigger than you are
My comprehension fails
To make a sketch of you
Every time you appear
In different state
I m still watching
You are unconcerned
My inner turmoil
The beginning is not over
You appear to me in many faces
Once the conversation has begun,
Then I shall understand you

Sadiqullah Khan

The Beginning Is The End

It so happened
That the end has started
From the beginning

Sadiqullah Khan

The Beloved Xxxvi

History chronicles that he had
The most eloquent eyes,
The beloved Dara- Shikoh.

When brought in and after a violent struggle,
He drank his last. The painter, poet
Lover. Mansur al-Hallaj came reciting
That 'I am love'.

There is no other creed for the lovers,
No other legacy -
That ye take the head,
That either the love has the last win.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 15,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Beloved's Depart

The city breathed an evening for the beloved's depart,
The dust, by the Maghreb, to the soul mourned
The Path ended, hands raised in prayers,
Years and years of love, -a relationship, like dew's spread.
My father's best friend, friend of the friends and of Friend.
The great master – Rumi, lead the funeral, of the gold-smith,
Urs, - a celebration indeed, when friend meets the Friend.
Little memories of some small talk,
Serene like moon, the face was bright like star.

-On the sad demise of Professor Ahmad Gul, graduate from Islamia College
Peshawar, in 1950s; a preacher and wanderer in Allah's Path.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 14,2014.

Islamia College sunset view @ Pukhtoogle

Sadiqullah Khan

The Best Music

From my days of Bach, music incantos,
The Stravinsky I never heard,
Beethoven's ninth symphony,
His head blasted on the album cover.
(He was deaf by the time) . Fur Elise,
Mozart showing on Time,
And Tchaikovsky's sleeping beauty.
Frank Sinatra and Sinead O Connor.
The divine Pandit Hari Prasad Chaurasia,
Lyrical Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan
Arabic desert wanderings and Persian tongue
Turkish hammering and marching step
Carlos Santana on Spanish strings.
Lessons in raga of the rebeck, tuning,
Made by the son of Samandar Khan, the mestros.
From the King, descended the beats,
To the Schiller's textured drums.
Eminem the angry, feting fifty scent.
Gazals, and the nightingale Lata,
Stone-stepped, hill's dance, Mukarai,
And Takar singing the melody of wines.
A piano, left unattended,
Some chords on guitar, and diminishing ear-power,
Silence and singing of birds is the best music.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 17,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Bicycle Wheel's Sound

In the languor of twilight
On the soft ground so close
The boughs were holding on
To the leaves with lament
What smiles could nature have
Falling they were leaving signs
Wait till another spring
Flowers were here
Now seedlings gone dormant
Sunshine hath hopes distant
The coziness of earth doth provide
On the fireplace talk of bygones
The butterfly kissed me
With her wings
The silhouette that rode
The bicycle on the lonesome
Way from work and to where
As birds had slept in their nests
Nor was it a lullaby
Nor did it give slumber
The cycle of life
Revolve revolve
As time is thine wood of fire
17/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Black Crow

Waned with heat the feather of hope
Luster of the night's long sleep
In the nest for the breakfast
Featherless bade her farewell
Drop of water too deep
In the bottom of pitcher to come up
Intelligent with one foot
To pebbles for the table of water
Had forgotten the flights high
Domesticated to hide in corner
Spirits of the days to come
Bygone not in remembrance
Away from the flock in team
Individual her way in the world
Born were she to be the falcon
She shies away from the thought
Let her be a crow to feed
For the day to wear the feather of hope
30/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Blackout Xvi

You think the shadows to go
In the blackout, the ghosts of murders
Of those who were going left and right,
Of those who were drowned in tears
Shed from dried stream of eyes.
Those slain in the dark,
Dark, dark, dark, stumbling in the dark,
Is there no place in the dark where
Those who are drunk with freedom might go,
Is there no more light in the world.
Those who were singing, their songs
To the air. You think the blackout
Would hide your sins, and in the pervasive,
Night your knights would conquer emptied graves.
They have shaken the walls,
They will not be in perpetual slavery,
To your offsprings for three hundred years.
They have risen, they are aware,
In the blackout, what have you done?
The morning's not far away,
You whose defeat is imminent.
We who are born to win, who are born to win,
Born to win, we the people, we the people.
We who have won against tyrants, against
Abject cruelty, deceit and your chain of lies.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 1,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Blind Poet

Your blind interlocutions, how often
I wondered what if, having not seen you!
For like a horse's eye-cup, straightened
Or an enemy of the empire like a brother
Blinded and sent to the sanct land, who would
After the punishment afflicted proclaim,
"Now between me and you only exist the holy book".

I could have seen with my blinded eye,
Out of the contextual debris, framing my focus
As if my pupil dilated from the intoxicant, -inebriated.
I watched the moon descend on the roof, and dew rain
From below, on a path resplendent like a chess-board
Of life. Although I did not defeat extinction into vapor,
Or poured out the ocean into space, nor did I,
Drink river of your beauty, a blissful down-pour
From the upturned chin, from the edge of your lip.

I could have breathed eternity from the warmth,
From the aroma betwixt the blooming bosoms, a sad
Inhalation like from the damp earth filled with wild mushrooms,
Like spice sprinkled and the color of saffron, adoring the bunch
Of hair, half done into the air, half flown for the butterfly's
Residue's of yellow color, and speaking eyes, and like
Cypress shifts with lengths, your neck, tapering on a Greek
Sculpture's shoulders, de-handed, the satin slipping down
The curve, exposing, alas, a wild dream, not oft seen.
With open eyes, not even dreamed, in the blind poet's imagination.

I rub the palms, at the end of a ritual dance,
Is it something that my paranoia ended, with the sooth
On the beads you wear, around the ankle, or a wrist
Readily adroit, asking a razor cut, a kiss from my sanguine
Vision, though darkened, but gone from my eye, like a thirty
Year's nova's death, reaching us now, and the remaining
Stream of light traveling from the outer space,
On a lens that is fixed in the heart, in the inner cosmos
Where your star resides, where, your sun alone rises to the
Morning bliss, and sets, to the melancholy of the evening

Covering the long distance between here and there,
Between the first ray of the sun, and the night which sets,
And the fresh breeze of air, I drank upon, last night
In your immense memory, -so the ordinary one-
You are the trivialest object of a long and short affinity.

Such is magnitude of longing that I, the poet of hazy ideas,
Stands a longing prostration of a void ownership
Of your embrace, between your arms, and my hands measuring
The heavier bottom, and rubbing cheek to cheek, kissing
Your lips, 'like to the brim, the cup from across the end of horizon'.
But still, after all these happenings we would term
As life, incongruous, ingenious, sans a mad moment
And still the terrible demise of sliding from our hands, to some
Void, distant, beyond comprehension, expanded, seventy thousand
Times, deep, like some oppressed luxury, some abusive
Altercation of real, some desire, which even filled,
Shall always remain empty, shall always be as blind as me,
Shall always be as vacant, as my love for you, or an indifference.

We are clinging on the hopeless nature, a created, self
Larger than ourselves, larger than the breathe we take,
Or taste of the cuisine we hold, a gastronomical exercise
Daily waking up to the chirping of words, words
Drunk, simulated flowing through our brain, coming, going
Without discernment, like having been stoned to it,
Like having been, stormed through it, into a fence like
Partition. Into some absurdity, bemoaning into this living.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 15,2014.

Telling Homer's Tales @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

The Blue Eyed

Where would have you thrown your laurels,
Rich of the world, wretched of more
Where would have you offered your souls,
Like cheap dirt for sale, your aching heart's guilt
You wear on sleeve, what a value for your
Good heartedness. Had she not been born, your
Morals might have drowned in droplet of shame.
The blue eyed is the ancient pre-historic goddess
Offered to gods of nowhere to drive away curse.

-On the many awards given to Malala Yousafzai

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 23,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Book-Binder

The book-binder on the foot steps, holding
a wide bladed scissor, on a board, having
been pierced, scratched, it is made of wood.
The plate-form. I am forcing myself not to become
eloquent, off the point, and hazy.

They have sent my book to the book-binder
For a dummy copy. Words ending with 'ed'
by the end of line, and words 'for', ah!
Such hatred is evoked by word 'move'
a similitude of, as by 'that' and such, not
mentioning 'plethora of commas', apostrophes
and quotation marks. I do not know where to put
question mark or sign of exclamation, inside a quote
a full stop outside. My inconsistency has become
a style. The binder will send me the dummy book.

A 'khan bhai', selling nuts, dried fruits and pine-nuts
called by the binder, to hold the sharp edged
long chisel like instrument (for want of its original name)
to dig a hole, in a book, and sew its back-bone with
white thread. A transparent sheet as cover; hoping
the pages still readable. Inside, a poet's friends
-of Beat Poetry, were sitting
on railway tracks meditating, and stopping a train
carrying plutonium waste. In 1978.
Whether they stopped the plutonium train or not,
I had a terrible desire to weep, weep and weep.

The 'khan bhai' after helping the binder
sat by his stock, all, carryable in a basket made of straw.
Some trades are such a beauty, some desires so small.
Some faiths so strong, some souls so adorable.

Sadiquallah Khan
Islamabad
November 28,2013.

John the Book-Binder, Painted with coffee, Andy Saur and Angel Sarkela @

INeedCoffee

Sadiqullah Khan

The Candles

Leave us behind, we carry the lantern,
In the dark age, you lifted our spirits,
Remembrance though, of a noble heart, you!
We pray to the Almighty Allah, never fail us -
By the soil we swear, by souls we bear,
By the path they have trod, by the candles they have lit.

In the memory of Dr Hassan Khan Wazir, who was a physician, philanthropist, literati, - an elegant man with a gentle soul. Who conceived the idea of an organization, Wana Welfare Organization, which we are now illustrious members, and following in his footsteps, dedicated to the community. We pay our tribute to his service to us all and pray that his soul rest in peace and be rewarded in the Hereafter.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Caravan Has Left

A preparation
For the grand dinner
Cuisine
Formality
Some talk
Night breeze and humid evening
Flowing hairs
Red lips
Ladies
Some elegant men
The dinner is over
Desserts served
The place is empty
As if a caravan has just left
 Emptiness
An era has come to an end
So is a story

Sadiqullah Khan

The Carnage

The carnage
That did descend
Fear reigned in coziness
The dragon with teeth sharp
Ablaze is the word
Or blitz
Nothing from skies
Nothing from hell

I had the night yester
Lit the candle with lightening
Drank my tears lest my love
Be known
To the angel of destruction
My rival
Hidden from thence
I bled deep
As inside
As they bled into the earth

Venetian sensibilities
Where velvets
Sold were the moons
To adore brides
In the little shops underneath
Houses of million pounds
Very ancient

Evil eye
I had burned the holy seeds
And still thou art
From the rubble is raised
Statue
Stained
What price it shall fetch
O thou cruel hearts

Let the veil of time
Be broken

Let the rain heavy
Of mercy
Be from a cloud
Let the wounds
Be the roses
Let the last sighs
Be the prayers
Unto the unknown
Let once
We may see a guillotine
Of justice
Be fall

On the blast in Meena bazaar of Peshawar on 28.10.2009.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Cause

Give me a cause
A cause that I fight for
Give me the reason
For my existence
I want to be in the street
I want to be like that poor man
The poor man
Who has more courage than me
Who is a better human being
Who has spent more money
On the wedding of his sister
Mortgaged a portion of his salary
For five years
And he smiles
He has no children
And has adopted a small girl
Give me the reason for my existence
Where is my will power
If I have any
I want that dust on my face
And hands
And feet
I want that glow in my eyes
I want to speak
For the millions
I want to be the lover
Of those
Whose children have nowhere to go
And those who cannot get
A single piece of bread
I want a cause
Than living my life in gluttony
And in false pretensions
Let's break this cycle
Let's speak with one voice
For every one is fighting a great war
A war of existence
But when I speak of your love
My heart melts with emotion

In tenderness
I want your arms surrounding me
And telling me
That we will all die fighting
And that every one understands
The great war
And that the bond of love is the strongest
And tonight
Let your soul be at peace
In my arms
Speak everything you want to speak
Tell me all the stories of injustices
Talk of all the fortunes you have
Talk of all the loves you have
Talk of the most beautiful smile
Talk of those side glances of the beloved
Those life giving glances
Talk of that messiah
That by one touch
Raised you up
In this warmth of my hands
Let's decipher the signs
And symbols
Let's talk of Anna Karenina
And the unending story
Of your last love
Let the people tell you
That they are stronger
That they are living as you are
That the bond of love
In them is all stronger
That one day
Like you
They also hope
That everything will be
Alright
Lets now
Rise together
In this trance of nature
That though we live in a world of injustice
But still
There are reasons

And causes to work for
Till the time we are alive
And we leave something
To our generations
The legacy of love

Sadiqullah Khan

The Cause I

Beauty is a thing of the past
The Now, clinging to the present,
A leaf falls, in time, is this an event?
Or an Event, still, like a mercury's life
On a sharp edge. Yet again floating with
The Time. The Cause of the causes is above,
And we measure the progress by things. Float
Thus with time, an abstraction and the nothing,
In the ultimate dissertations, all things are destined,
By Mover of the things, to nowhere or thus it appears.

SadiqullahKhan
Islamabad
March 4,2014.

The Mulberry Tree in Autumn,1889 by Vincent Van Gogh @ Permaculture

Sadiqullah Khan

The Child Left Alone

You are the child who has been left alone
In this cold weather and the noon
You did not know what a breakfast is called
You have dark eyes with a lot of moisture in it
Eyes that speak of springs coming from the hills
In the bottom of the hills
Some fish in the water too
Your eyes speak of your little desires
Like those small fish
Swimming in search of something to eat
Those fish are of no use
But in a battered village, add tranquility
Like your desires
The sun penetrates the mulberry tree
With no leaves, like you dark limbs
Waiting to be covered one day
With green leaves
The dust and the cold breeze
All those houses made of mud
The color of mud all around, has slowly
Appeared on your skin
The nearby cemetery
So close and where sometimes you play with stones
When you grow up, like your elders
You will have nothing to think about
But only to change
And to change what you know not
The schoolmaster, who has already given up
All hopes...
That old grandmother
The only consolation
Sometimes in sweet tenderness
Shouts at you
To cover yourself
Drink some skimmed milk and
Some butter, on bread
You are again out
To return to your bed
That smells of urine and dust

You are a child left alone

Sadiqullah Khan

The Chipmunks

He comes out from woody bushes, from cave
his hair make around his face, - a wild boar
who had lost the Margallas to unethical authority
-who had not lost respect yet. The hillock
harbors big oblong and long rooms, dimensionally
up and down. Their life is close to over.

Chipmunk has three strips on the back, Rama's hand
beautiful than found in Vancouver. They wear
rings, like Queen Elizabeth wears crown
the Diamond of Noor (stolen for the Queen by a loyal)
since gone there, so a crescent with a star, clad in green
and white, the definitive value of struggling not to be average.

The two men, spying, their moustache cut
like an army man from Chakwal, stiff
and the other wore his beard like an unwashed
Scarf. There were other two similar, reciting
poetry from the troubled land, in Pashto
metamorphosing, genie, whose feet face backward.
One of the Chipmunks intently looking, where their shoes point.

Shohbaa De was interviewed by a pretty anchor,
praising the diva's success of emancipating women
converting an adult actress from India into a house wife
of the high brow societal mores, in troubled times.

I was wearing Peshawari Chappal, and the two men
having seen my feet, back-turned, followed me, to
the Mushaira, -recitations of verses in Urdu, where
a poet with long hair, was seated next to his wife
of short hair, and thickly made up lips.
The Chipmunks were cute, who wanted to be
Photographed with tele-stars, who looked grave and dreadful.

-A day in Literary Festival in Islamabad on April 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad

April 27,2014.

Chipmunks @ fanpop

Sadiqullah Khan

The City Of A Million

We share a bed of air, in a dark unlit room
And overnight our city has grown into a million souls
Wall less, and please place a gate at the entrance,
They count every head, and they are after us.

I have grown flowers in palm from the remaining
Seeds, of our love. From the scratch of dirt
On my last touch of the ground, and those flowers
Have started sprouting, distantly, not from my skin.

On the corner of my flowing scarf, I have tied
A piece of bread, and smell from the last hearth
We have made, where hangs your magnificent sword.
We had departed much earlier, but I would know,

These people have no idea, are not capable
Who had been stealing their mother's bread,
And now hearken to tell me the righteous path.
On every grain going into their mouths, causing

Nausea, of a sick mind, sick with retardation,
You could buy extra ration from them just, son,
Go on the back side, and you could be riding a boat,
Capsizing, dwindling, just beneath the earth.

But this is not as serious a turn of living,
The pulpit of the grand mullah, now turned a group
Leader, where is he? Is he on the spoils, stealing
The remaining humanity left over, preparing assault.

The city of a million, without earth, for thirty years
Your chicken brains have been cooking broths, □
Stews, now they are themselves in. I cannot take
This idea. Would you stop charming snakes in backyard.

The snakes you thought would only bite the neighbors.
You harbor them in your head and heart, your lifeline
Otherwise you perish with your dream, not the bigger
One, but the one, that would let you see your smaller world.

The city of a million hangs like gardens of Babylon,
The newlywed are sharing the common shame, and the born
Would never forget the place of their birth. And will in these
Higher spaces, anything of a room, anything of a room possible?

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Clever Poet

The clever poet
Like the clever crow
Throws the pebbles
In the pot
To quench his thirst
Whether he knows
It is empty
Or not
As only
The echo in the pot
Is the pleasure of others

Islamabad
2/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Coal Hearth

Had you waited longer, you could
Have been diamond, had you not
Been dug, we could have frozen
In cold, and had you not been put
In the metalled hearth, topped by
Water bucket, steaming in nostrils.
Had I not been seated next to you,
I could not have written, or may
Have been breathing, my tired day's
Rise and fall, and by your side, I could
Not have narrated the day's incidental
Incarnations, sipping lemon-grass
Inventing stories, by the autumns' close.
O worthy inhabitants, adobed tranquil
O earthy faced beauties, small children
Could a mother's lap be warmer,
A lullaby, sans cradling knees, taping
Old hands, and life as precious,
As the overhanging stone, the cathedral
Peaks, shine more, or by an afternoon
We could be heading homes, for a night
Longer, as longer as dreams, it brought,
Or the morning, clear, shiny, white silver.

-While sitting by a coal hearth in Sost

Sadiqullah Khan
Sost
December 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Collective Soul

From your eyes doth appear,
Hunger of the centuries unsatiated.
The soul was wandering the steppes,
An elder was buried in the hill's step.
The frequented contour of the path,
In the village now dried and devoid.
You were holding in clenched fist,
Lest not escape like water between.
Red color of blood was nourishment.
The apple's red is now not akin,
To the setting sun or plumes like,
A rising moon and almonds stars studded.
This dust will settle one day and if not,
Any day but a day of judgment.
The old mother's lap though cozier,
The silver on black cover taught patience.
I heard the fish of the stream of ablution,
Below the azure skies and not knowing.
The murkiness is not unlike a storm.
When the evil doers are holding pulpit.
What opportunism would mean to you.
In the night's plunder I saw your eyes gleam.
What cries would be to the ear's satisfaction.
The cold night descended on roof tops.
I held the snow in my palm, rubbed on my face,
What oath else do you want O motherland!
I shall hold in my arms this gorgeousness.
I shall gather these pebbles for wishing fortune.
Be not the despair of those not knowing,
We have lived long winters for happy springs.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 5,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Comfort Zone

The nostalgia of ages back in the dark
Dreams of the deep blue in silk
Of the red and green with gold
Still horse and camel dear in the pastures
The stories in thousand and one nights
Adventures in the epics old
Lured by the glance in magic of the damsel
The vision of eagle in precision
In the comfort zone
Its viability though in question
That in this complex structure
That the comfort zone with its addiction
That vision of the eagle was deception
In the wake of changing circumstances
Of the state of nature
7/8/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Concept

Do I need power
In spreading my ideas
And what is the definition of power
Coercion
Deceit
Brute power
This all leads to degeneration
Spread the ideas
With the power of love
Make a new path
Let the common intelligence
Rise and say
What is true and what is wrong
Let the people be free
To collectively and individually
Decide
Their present
Define their past
And set goals
For their future
What is then my contribution
To make a paradise of ideas
For achieving the goals
Whom I am addressing
Who is my audience
Where should I preach love
And who should lead every one towards the path

Sadiqullah Khan

The Corner Of The First Street

The pangs of love
Appear in my heart
No name I have
But the name of love
My woes of pain
I thought are ended
Rejoice not my heart
You have yet to know
The ways of the beloved

Thou sayeth thou art in love
But thou hast not
Yet reached
"The corner of the first street"
While others have seen
"Seven cities of love"
Beginneth not
Your journey of anguish
Hold on your heart
For the beloved has yet
To show
Many manifestations
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dance Of Blood

Red gold color
The sun sets in the desert
Gold is the symbol of riches
Why to identify the sun
With gold
For my poor people
There are many who have never seen
The gold and the gold color
Sunset in the desert
The color of blood
Blood that is live
Blood that is in veins
Blood that is life in flow
Blood that rushes
Blood the fire
Blood the water
The anger and agitation
Many a people
Thirsty of blood
The blood hounds
The blood eaters
And drinkers of blood
Those who devour blood
Of all humanity
Paint blood on the walls
Blood flowing in the streets
In sewers and gutters
Blood the rusted
And now a street dog
Eating blood
And flesh too
The singing birds hiding in trees
For the skies
Are controlled by vultures
Wolves howling
For the smell of blood
Sharks get message
Of the blood flowing
The sun gets

The color of blood
Rub blood
On the cheek of beloved
Blood is blood, for the dancing blood
Blood rushing in my veins
My heart pounding
The redness in the eyes
The wine and the blood
Your blood and my blood
Flowing on earth
Shapes surrealist
The artist mad
The color of blood
Earth the canvas
Different shapes
Struggle for existence
Blood the enemy, blood the dear
The color of the sunset
My blood and your blood
Gathers slowly from the face of earth
I see it going
Down the desert
It disappears from my sight
To reappear in some distant land
So play the havoc
The cycle again
The blood and the sunset
Those who see
The golden sunset
Fingers in teeth
Watch with horror
The dance of blood
On the canvas of earth

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dancing Life

Let on the tip of the edge
Like dew drop dances lest it falls,
On the sharp corner of time.
Like a wayfarer's dream,
For the destiny is underneath.
Your feet carry the dust of tiredness,
Like rain of bliss be awashed.
Like the bird above the cloud,
To the blue sky your soul.
The rhythm of movement,
Of the dancing belle like waves,
On the shore of desire be amazed.
On the tip of tongue like whisper,
To the love's ear be heard.
The child making sand houses,
Before leaving your hardened thought,
Be erased for a new tomorrow.
The hope of the yesterday,
Be like a dream for the future.
Like the frothing fall in nature's cup,
Be intoxicating and the whole earth,
Be the temple for the self.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 3,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dark Clad Beauty

Hatam Tai passed it with caravan of gold
Laden camels. The dark clad beauty,
Like a narcissus weeping her destiny.
The Dervish in bare foot round
Took dust in hand and towards –
'That unto whom ye falleth, be gold'.

That a ruby is picked from the sand,
And from vaults of hidden treasures,
Chambers open for them to relish
For them to take their path,
And the one who wore her the rings.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Day Of The Jackals

Then hurled from the front
Like wolves their eyes red
Bleeding blood of vengeance
Upon no one but the one
Who stood in front be it the stone
Chested for the rain of leaded nickel
Bullets were told to pierce straight
Vitals of whatever now the enemy

The brave took it head on
Cowardice for the mother back
Child proud and beloved who shall
With fingers dyed in blood rub her chin
Call of duty laid the brave soldiers
Turned berets for the emblem to shine
On motherland for the faith to protect

Let the soul fly high in the skies
Of the young child once played
Games of love and while catching
Fireflies that flieth back on that day
The cold blood dripping down the ail
Shall that be the roses for the one
Treading the path in search of martyrdom

They do not know who shall win
What they won was the enemy with in
Be that the statue of patriotism
Of lesser ideals proclaimed some where else
Across the hard stony walls of barracks
In the dark environs of warm paces

The soldiers laid their lives on that day
With out names there shall burn a flame
In their memory waiting for some loves
Laying wreaths in remembrance for them
13/11/2009

Dedication: To the seventeen soldiers who were killed in deadliest encounter with

terrorists on 12/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Death In Your Eyes

Three decades later
Unblinking eyes
Upturned
On hairy nails and a voice
Trembling
Traversing the flesh
Of mango wood.
The friendly gesture and
Awaited...
Between them
They were looking for something
Around themselves -
A palpable darkness.
They want freshness
Of the morning
Or just sleep away.
To avoid
The death in your eyes.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 19,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dénouement

The dénouement is pulling a dead lion
Hunted for no reason, bleeding from the ears,
Do birds look great in cages?
As words on paper eternally locked together
Or colors given a craze of a movement,
'Chasing Shadows' or longing light.

The foreword is a poem,
Beautier than the religious sadness, -the scholar
Harbors. And could a dedication be worthier
Than the cats of Sidra and Vareesha?
There could be no other happiness,
Than the lion's tail hanging for children's play.
- - - - - and I go for the next hunt.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 24, 2014.

Lion Hunt 1854, by Eugene Delacroix (1798-1863) France @ WebMuseum, Paris

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dervish's Tomb

Yours is the tomb, on the low hill,
In breezy pines, lies rest eternal
From thy children, who has stolen
Hath not found, peace on earth banal.

Holy is your shrine, silent disciples,
Until to you, where all those wander?
Sleek like lions, humble farers,
Beware thus, he sees his offsprings.

-To Musa Nika, the Dervish grand grandfather of Wazirs.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 20,2014.

Views over north Waziristan towards south Waziristan, photo by Hugh Sykes,
Eddie Mair @ BBC RADIO

Sadiqullah Khan

The Details

The beloved is sitting in front
For me to paint her pretty face
The lines and the forehead
Eyes and lips
Dimple in the chin
Or a high neck

Slowly the vision of the real fades
The lines get blurred
And the form is loosing shapes
So are the colors
In the imagery of the things
When real has lost its ordained value
Shapes like the dream mixed with reality
Dark clouds now surrounding the image
Sooner the sage appears
With a cup of wine
The taverns best hidden underneath the earth
The mix of the colors in dark blue
Red of the wine and a window opening
The sage announces it to be a door from heavens
Obliterated is the image and the beloved is lost

In different angles and lines
Line and angle
Crossing each other and so many times
The eternal scheme now in various directions
Like the lines joining the stars
In the end while pouring wine
That flows above the lines
The angles now overlapping each other
I dilute my colors with wine
And for the deep red
I add blood from my heart

I want to get into the details
Of my being

Sadiqullah Khan

The Devil's Path

Lest the humanity go astray
He shall lead them on his path
From the pulpit the divine lashed
At the poor souls.

And then is witnessed the winners
And losers.
Break the strength of the inner self
No one says what the self really is
Poverty, vigil and prayer?

Ah! The sweetness of the devil's path,
Women, booze and crime
The taste of the forbidden
Die before when thou shall live,
For here is a stage
As all are to loose.

The devil's path
Defeat the pity in thyself
Women, booze
Crime and success go together.

Islamabad
Dec 10,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dew

The dew will not be dew
If separated from the rose petal
Into water will it melt, like tear on the cheek
Into her languid look, the eyes in deep sadness
As if she has been crying in secrete
What saddens her heart that her lips have turned red
The sadness coming out of those red lips
Like laughter, like fresh spring water
O! the pain of my heart
The long night of separation
Enters into dawn
When the mist of her beauty
Shall cover the earth
And the red sun,
Appear to give a beginning
To that morning
The morning that will give happiness and joy
Like a playful child
Indulge in that innocence of beauty,
Your path
My heart,
Is the path of love

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dialogue

Moving like the flow of a stream
Nay not in one direction
The laws of nature and so is gravity
Defiant and yet defined in abstraction
When it breaks like the china ware
The lines on the face in colors of life
Changes the contours and the looks in the eyes
The crossed eyebrows or the vibrant smile on the face
Shakes the hands or pulls the fists
Akin is it to the human emotion
When reason follows in tip toes to find
Justification for the breakdown

Love is the triangles upper angle
That holds the strings like a puppet show
Goes between the oppressor and the oppressed
Between the student and the teacher
In politics and the poor mans life
Between the lovers
The nature and the birds
Skies stars and the distant
To the dead in happy sweet memories
With the self
The dialogue continues
The spirit of living

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dog Days

The dog days of summer
The drenched days of sweat:
The smoldering sun and the desert dunes,
Beaked sparrows, their hanging tongues.
Of scarce shade, back turned leaves,
The calamitous winds, warm -
Life hoards like palms preserve,
Moisture from earth, drink water vapo'r.□
An oasis midnight-gray, in the afternoon
The gaseous ball, in fire itself.
The sunset hues, like orange wild,
Line of henna, drawn close to an eye.
The dusk is usual, gathering folds
And the night by full moon hotly blows.
Pearl white clouds, coquette with stars
Rosy fingers on the dawn's braided tress.
Bare-footed cold, the dew is ice on soles,
Who shall see it next, turn upon:
And what cycles of seasons, thou sweet
Nature, made of flowers, flavors and thorns.

-On a visit to Dera Ismail Khan, Pakistan June 14-17th 2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dog Running

In thunderstorm, and a grey dog
A dog always tied, and in chain

But in thunderstorm, roaring
The dog is running, struck by fear

Enters the room, and under the bed
Pushes himself, places his head on his claws

The grey skin and fur of the dog
Keeper of the house, and near the door

A shepherd hound, loyal to the house
Men and women, children and animals

The dogs tail, cut but still long
And ears straight, eyes dark

I remember the dog, a friend old
When I was a child, and the village simple

My verse is simple, as simple as dog
I wish I had a dog like him, a friend of worth

The many things I mourn and the day's happenings
But today, my dog I mourn you and remember you

Sadiqullah Khan

The Doomsday

Yet the lies than truths
To the deceptive illusions of visions
What I craft like no lunatic
From earth and heaven bring beauty
No holy man preaching good deeds
Love is the morale of this story told
Lies that I loved in fantasy
Truth shall be like another dismay
Appearance of you shall no more
No less than the doomsday

20/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dream House

Anger mulled with signs of pity
On the desires wind horse
The mystification of the undesired
Appearing as absurd and with no merit
The long street of the past
Revisited with colored vision
The destiny though small
With a big appearance
And when without illumination
The worth was discovered
Mocking at the place
Made in some corner of the mind
The image of the sanctuary
Now disappearing with the reflections of dullness
In colors and the shine disappearing behind cracking doors
The illuminated panes of windows full of dust with rust iron hinges
Which appeared in the first sight as made of silver
The Turkish baths now dissolving into rotted walls
On the face, like a girl yet preparing for the make over
And suddenly caught unaware with thick puff of powder
The demystification in moments
The trees in the street appearing truncated
With leaves struggling to hold on to the branches
The character of the vicinity deformed
The dream house appearing like an open grave
The joy of the one waiting for the final moment
Of the great union with images of heaven
Which in reality is one more corner of the cemetery
With a marble name plate
Attractive only by the big trees grown out of the bones of the dead
Living demystified in the palatial buildings where air of fear blows
The dream house was nothing
But colors now muse on with mystification
And romance
Though it had lots of character

Sadiqullah Khan

The Drunken Eyelid

The horizon lowered the drunken eyelid,
The times' mysteries on your forehead
Maze through, through the brows' arrow,
Circle her 'lone tatto' -khal, in the arm
Of dark tresses in profound embrace.

Taste earth first when you appear in the presence,
For the evil eye may struck, or false ego may take.
O keeper of the tavern, you brought the Saki,
Herself drunk, her gazelle eyes goblets.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Dynasts Vi

They dined on the legs of roasted antelope,
Those who walked opposite, never in step,
Both are the 'remnants', the one carry
The portrait of dead wife, and the other,
Plucked his brows, and fomented conspiracy
In royal exile. They, their sons and daughters.
'Mullah-e chabak-zaban, teri waza-e dildari'
Stand by the pillars of the throne,
Or a 'madressah', where you produce,
Retards, capped versions of yourself.
Or the 'grand nationalist', saleable, acutely wanting,
And a son of illustrious father, demeaning stepmother.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Edge

The edge melted into ocean,
Who would cage ice in a frame.
Without knowing, and without sun.
How would we breathe air in water.
Alas! We were fish to climb the trees.
Or cows grazing near old ponds.

On the plight of polar bears of Arctic due to climate change.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 10,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Egypt - Part I - VII

'There is no country that possesses so many wonders.'

Herodotus on Egypt

Not only is the climate different from that
Of the rest of the world, and the rivers unlike
Any other river, but the people also in most
Of their manners and customs:
(Herodotus tells us that Egyptian women enjoyed greater
Liberty, confidence and consideration than under the hareem
System of Greeks and Persians. He is fully justified,
For the treatment of women in Egypt was better than the Greece.)

The women attend the markets and trade,
(The market place was originally outside the walls,
Generally in an open space, beneath what was afterwards
The citadel or acropolis.)

While the men sit at home at the loom.
(The ancients generally seem to have believed the charge
Of effeminacy brought by Herodotus against the Egyptians.)

And hence while the rest of the world works the woofs
Up the warp, the Egyptians work it down.
The women likewise carry burthens upon their shoulders,
While the men carry them upon their heads.

They eat their food out of the doors in the streets,
(That they sometimes ate in the streets is not to be doubted,
But this was only the poorer class, as in other parts of ancient
And modern Europe, and could not be mentioned in contradiction
To Greek custom. The Egyptians generally dined, at a small
Round table, having one leg, similar to monopodium,
At which one or more persons sat. And they ate with their fingers
Like Greeks and the northern Arabs. Several dishes were served
And it was their custom to say grace.)

The women cannot serve the priestly office, either for god
Or goddess, but men are priests to both.
(Though men held the priesthood in Egypt, as in other countries,

Women were not excluded from certain important duties
In the temples. The queens made offerings with the kings,
And in the monuments, as well as Diodorus, show that an order
Of women, chosen from the principle families were employed
In the service of gods.)

-Adapted from Herodotus (484 - 425 BC) , Histories, Book II. Trans: George Rawlinson, Wordsworth Classics,1996.

The passages with in brackets are the translator's notes, taken with minor variation for accuracy.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 13,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Egypt - Part II - IX (Histories Concluded)

Suffice the outcome, we thus conclude
The ancients lived in much harmony,
The song of Linus, the festival of lamps.
From Babylonians, the Greeks learned
Twelve months and Geometry from Egypt,
Specialized physicians, Sardinian cotton,
Egyptian linen, their wives one, -they
Practiced circumcision and lived clean.
Aristotle has read, 'Histories', thereafter
'Politics' is therefore treated with reason,
And Homer finds its way into it,
Much has come down to us.
Civilization has dawned in stranger bits
Having lost much, much has been gained.
The moral is the mankind's strive
A virtuous living, sans barbarity and vice.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 1,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Empty Room

The empty room stares at me
With gapping open eye of the door
The smell of earth from its vitals
The aging roof made of woods darkened by smoke
A peeping ray from the window and the hanging bolt
A potion to touch if one is bitten by a wasp
A touch by seven different bolts
Embraces desires in the hot afternoon
When the sun has made the longing to possess
A pretty girl's moist skin like dew and mist
In the dark bushy valleys with preserved scents
The empty room shares the secretes of love
Possessed with fear and the joy of forbidden
The pretty girl with the soaked smell of earth
And in the corner with undefined invisible line
The empty room where the sublime has come
To break open with luscious fruits of Eden
Fruits that have been waiting long for a caress
The empty room has the deep flavors of possession
In cold embrace and the mud rubbed on the walls
The aroma of earth mixed with water and the moisture
Dew with sunlight piercing from the window
Fixed in the mud wall and the closed eye now open
The bolts hanging down and stopped to catch any noise
The sunny afternoon and empty room
The cold streams of water and a song of love
The eye of the lover in a deserted street
For they know the secretes of the empty room
For the nights spirits shall then enter its emptiness
The magic that is left of the smoke
And loves small demons now waiting in the dark woods
The aroma in that emptiness and the pervasive
From that corner I watch the open door
For that pretty girl to reappear
Who has gone and is lost in thick trees
In autumnal beauty and in nature's purity
The empty room still possesses her aroma

The Enchantment

In the night
In the far of desert
With full moon
I wondered
I knew you were not there
But the desert
I searched
It was not you
But my wondering
You were not even aware
Of my pain and anguish

But the desert said
You are my guest
This is the beginning of the journey
A cupful of dust
Of blisters in the feet
Thirst unending
Travels to the unknown
You have chosen a path
That needs endurance
The path of love
Of sleepless nights

You smiled at me
You art still in your form
What the desert gave you
Did not it treat you well?
Seek me not

When your journey is over
I shall see you then

A wry smile
The deep black eyes
I asked
What will you do?
You live in riches immense
In comforts of life

Yes she replied
You are too naïve
To understand the beginning

Sadiqullah Khan

The End

You tilted the night,
Gathered the stars.

You held the moon,
The sun rose in your palm.

Your breath was saffron,
You smoked like musk.

Lover and the beloved,
Day's bright and night's dark.

So distant yet around,
So small yet so vast.

The one and the many,
Multitude and solitude.

The soul's last destiny,
The beginning and the end.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Executive

Tongue tied
Tied to a neck tie
In a tie
The executive
Hanging on to his tie

Islamabad
Aug 5,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Fade End

On this occasion,
Ladies and Gentlemen...

(On the tragic fire in a night-club in Santa Maria, Brazil.)

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 28,2013.

Flames of Fire

Sadiqullah Khan

The Fair Deal

The languor of the sight
The flower's bloom akin
Rose's water enough sprinkled
Rise -else on my face, open eyes.
A memory's haunting dream
Wisemen's sermons; wisdom's word,
Conscious bespeaks, suppresses desire.
Wither wait, to the dust once
In flames, or vulture's meal,
For a doomsday's reward
Who decides what is good and bad?
Hand in hand the fair deal
Knowest thou, we shall never be back.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 27,2013.

Another Evening Rose, by Marquis DeAhhs @ Deviantart

Sadiqullah Khan

The Fire

The fire
Cold water
'Atish Kadda' of my heart
The sword
That tears me inside
The passion
That makes me laugh
Amidst tears
Those dark clouds
Of the beloveds hairs
The shine of the cheek
And the redness of the lips
My heart
That 'Sanam Kadda'
The Saki and the golden cup
The wine
The 'Mai Kadda' of my heart
Is so deserted
The music
The piano
My love
Sweet smile
And those glances
Alas love
No one understandeth thou

Sadiqullah Khan

The First Snow Fall

Today is the first snow fall of the winter
And I have exhausted myself thinking
Thinking devoid of emotions
Dry thinking like some dead parts of a computer
For dead leaves and trees are not dead
They die with emotions
And computers too
Snow fall and computers
It's all but my thinking
My love, for so many hours
I have been remembering you
I have missed you too
But I am here and will watch
The snow fall for you
And again I want to make
My computer live
And a camera
To record
Now I wish I had camera with me
And then my emotions
To the computer
And wire it to you
To share with you
Now, look so many emotions
And the computer parts
Which are alive
And in assistance
To the nature
Trees and roots
Human and emotions
I want to call you on phone
A mobile phone
And tell you
Its snow fall over here
But before the night falls
Let me do it
My love,
Sometimes life is so beautiful

The First Thing

Rounded, I never saw before
Blackened, from the dark room
The moon, like sent
From your part of the globe.
A passing, when in my shadows
A luminosity, away, having shone
All parts are the same, all ways
Pebbled journeys, listen only
Prologue, and on the mind's screen-
Devious paths, long trees, crushed
Desires. Hopes and there was a way
On a stream leading to bushes.
Sugar-canes were in abundance
With rich green. The walls had been
Pushed aside. After speaking
In the past, setting aside the future,
The invented fears had the addict's
Craving. I was reading the moon -full
As, and as now I read your face
The first thing I saw -
When I opened my wings to fly.

-After returning from Dera Ismail Khan

Sadiqulah Khan
Peshawar
October 19,2013.

Wolf Moon @ fanpop

Sadiqullah Khan

The Garment

My garment torn
Torn from every where
From the front and from the chest
Like Majnun my garment
The garment of Joseph
The blood stained garment
The garment old
The father's eyes
And Laila's blessing
My garment in threads
Give my garment back
Torn in pieces
The rage of my garment
The peace inside
My poverty in riches
The hand of the beloved on my garment in threads
My chest is bare
The sign of my madness
My garment in dirt but the soul it carries
Dust unto dust and my garment splendid
To mock the pretension of the people rich
My garment torn my garment in threads
The cover of my inside
My inside is my outside
My garment torn my garment in threads
No signs of impurities
The prayer and the prayer mat
The holly and the dear
My garment torn my garment in threads
Tom are my garments but from every where
The chains and the cage
The garment thou wear
My garment but freedom
Freedom from riches and freedom from profane
My chest is bare and my hands growing
My hands want to grow
Into lengths unknown
With perceptions divine and help miraculous
The hand of the Jesus and the garment poor

The garment of Moses
And thousand patches of the Master of the masters
Thy poverty I love thy contentment I wish
My garment is my chest but bare
From all sides and from the back too
The beloved beautiful
The temptation and the restraint
My only possession
My garment torn

Sadiqullah Khan

The Ghastly Forties

In the ghastly forties wear black
Out of thirty soul mates
You may wear out your 'medicated'
Sleep with none.
Forget if your socks are lost
Or a hole at the toe.
In the old age of youth
'Old boy' suits well, and what
Others say. If someone watching
Your mail. Let it go.
A crush on a narcissus, do not
Allow to devastate, and the emotional
Scenes, rampant, -a little girl
Suckling mother is not a Mary.
Forgive your 'Xs' and ax
Visiting fashion houses, -wearing
Tight jeans, when you ask
The waiter, who calls you 'sir'
To lend you a hand. Stop visiting
To student cafes. In the aerobics class
Don't pretend youth, -they know it.
Not listening to alternative rock,
It is ok. And if you have killed
A possum, with a stick
Attacking your chicken, and shot
At stray dogs, -its fine.
If someone says you will go
To hell, -tell you will.
And a young girl pushes you back
If you trying to squeeze in
Between her and her friend-
Put a kind smile, like you are
Ecstatic. And a side roommate,
In his twenties, looking older than
You, if he calls 'uncle'. Be generous.
If you are a Pashtun, wear cap,
Rosary in hand, 'always in the mosque'
Turn into a Haji, even if you
Sell drugs. And on the profile, update

'Raj hans has converted, share'.
And if you are a poet,
Praise only unto God.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 1,2014.

Old Man Reading by Mindy Goldman @ JaneGlenholmes EBSQ Self Representing Artists

This piece the serene moment of an old man reading. The cold weather and the bustle of Boston's Downtown Crossing don't bother him. Even the pigeons pay him no mind as they go about their business and he continues to read. This Painting was awarded a Silver Medal @ the 2005 Alameda County Fair in Northern California.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Girl

Thy beauty
Your green eyes,
Piercing
Looking from behind the veil
Black veil,
Torn on all sides
Weathering.
Your green eyes,
So many pains,
Youth and beauty,
Some black patches,
Below the red cheeks
And now,
Everything's' faded,
Deformed,
But color of your eyes,
Still piercing,
Alive inner self
Can't hold my veil,
Where are my children
What you call future
My home,
Was there one
Mona Lisa,
So much perfection,
Her beauty lies in
Asymmetry
Wise people say.
My beauty,
In my destruction!

Sadiqullah Khan

The Goddess Of Beauty

In deep pain I am
Pain of my age
Turned fourteen springs
The aches
And dreams of
Rust red horses and men
With broad chests
The air and the deep blue night
The demons and now
Some unknown objects
Visiting me
I want to reveal my self
In a hysteria
In the hysteria of being possessed
In some strong arms
Arms like metals
With tender fingers
All running down my back
And exploration of all the crevices
My body now melting with heat
And fire
Smoke around me
Like the smoke of Oakwood
I am no wine
But wine
Come
I shall teach you drunkenness
I have surpassed you
Break down the chains and feel the freedom
The freedom of your youth
My unfortunate body
My flesh aging in desires
Fourteen springs
I am breaking with pain
Break the silence
That surrounds me
With your silence
Let the music learn
The music of sighs here

Let the dancer learn
The dance of desire and ecstasy here
Let the philosopher decipher
The cause and effect
Let the divine be graced
By my companionship
This ethereal state of being
And the sage and the mystic
Your god, the god of every thing
The ascetic and the scientist
Preacher and the moral
But here the pain of the flesh
And the harmony in nature
Every ones dream
For here is the goddess of beauty
My goddess of beauty,
If you invent gods
I have my goddesses too

Sadiqullah Khan

The Gold Panner

Pan the gold red, like pearls of blood,
The blood dust, O from the bounteous,
River, hitting head to the stone.
Little by little, like wet drops and broach,
Riches have toils of sweat, dungeons,
Fulcrummed by little fingers of child.
His woman had the charm of the yore,
Beating weather like, if not flown down,
The bed of nature, the inside of tent,
Was velvet of dreams, and fantastic –
On the human skin, gold is only gold,
Or the love's ruby tucked in the ring's eye.

-To the gold panner of Nagar

Courtesy: Sunita Jugran

Sadiquallah Khan
Peshawar
August 1,2015.

Sadiquallah Khan

The Golden Cup

Waste was it in time and space
The neglected love in search of recognition
Hailstorms with broken windows
A desire to explain what happened inside
No meaning it carried the soft spoken words
In love and the kisses on the neck
With a hug on the curves and the beauty of thick hairs
Break the spell beyond the membranes
With enhanced evolution of the brain
A scientist's ordinary theory of the existence
Intuition desirous of holding on to moon
With a single jump to the highest of firmaments
The unseen is my desire and leave the moon
Sun and earth and stars
Behold I have reached thee
In separation a membrane like the outer cast of the onion
Nay the embrace
To fizzle out in ethereal delirium of the elements
Touch the ground or your feet be
The least on the plate unless shaken by the tectonic impulse
Bring down the expression as my words now perish
Reason faltering and my leg it holds
In fancy of imagination into the skies left and right
Angels I discovered but now off my way
Glory be to thee
O vastness of the skies
Like my tavern vast and the cup I hold
Behold my elements now like particles of dust
From continent to continent and the oceans
Earth and heaven thou art too small
As I hold the golden cup
Drunk with divine and drunk in oblivion
Here in my tavern I found today
The cup and the wine
Wine and wine
Bury me today
As drunk I am dead
O beloved hold on to my legacy
Glory be to thee

O golden cup divine

Sadiqullah Khan

The Golden Rainbow

Then on the twenty first
Then let the tangent
Showers of water in tungsten
The golden rainbow
The green cool of the fabric
There were three pillows and a cushion
Many of your toys
The weave was like silk on cashmere
The broken cup could not be repaired
The art of antiquity is vanished
It hung on to my fingers
It shall hang on to the mind's eye
Many years have come to an end
Where from you discovered
The twenty and one days
I once have had
Some touches of love
Did you have some premonitions

Islamabad
24/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Gourmet Shop

This is
What a sad day
Premonitions
Resonating
Like vultures

The cold morning
Which is not
"Dead yet alive"
It is dead
With heavy foot steps
Against the universality
Of nature

The whole city
Conversed with souls
Who were gone
Three days back
And no one
Called them martyrs
Did any one
Gave a name
To the innocent
Victims of war
In holy wars

There are many sirens on the way
They say
This time
The gourmet shop
2/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Gracious Grace

The Gracious Grace sent the friends -
To my wretched poverty, -alas nothing to serve,
For the night before, and the day before,
The wrenched flesh, craving boiling kettle -

Then out of void, out of nothing, feigned nothing,
I lay hands on the treasures, the choicest silver,
Coins poured from the sack, and little was more,
To them, who sat across, the two young girls,
Their mother dead, their father on crutches, feeble,
So I bade them luck, happiness -my humble re-poise.

The air changed, the noon shone bright,
Then I was taken to the expanse of the primal earth,
Sprouting spring buds, by the banks of little ponds,
Mossed stone, bamboos cornered and palms green,
Ficus changing color, and flocks of little children,
Shouting the joys, frolicking the unkempt garden.

Dinner tasted, like never before, and water
From Eden as if, with orange nectar, -last of all,
Cashewed confection, in ochre porcelain,
Cappuccino coffee, my head covered like cappuccino
Monk, -and never from breath such steam evaporate,
As my nostrils breathed the chill of the ending winter.

From my tongue slipped my mother's sweet name,
So long, not in my memory, and I felt,
In the great presence of her, as if by my side she sat,
It was a compellent blessing of the Gracious Grace -

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 20,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Grape's Spirit

The vintage sourness of the grape's spirit
Whence from the earth and what ray of sun
Shower the light of moon and the kiss of bee
You breathe it in the beloved's company
The eyes would see the sobriety of form
Until the steps are broken into the presence
How could you be the dropp in eternity
Unless the souls dance together
Unless tributaries are part of the ocean

Islamabad
19/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Great Silence

Immerse in the sea
Of the great silence
See for thyself
What was past and future
And the present

May 16,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

The Green Bucks

The illusive doves
The green bucks
Like sparrows fly
From my hands
As they come
In my dreams
Like wall papers
Like the price of my words
Like feathers on their wings

Islamabad
6/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Heart's Treasure

To the heart's treasure I called
Rivers of honey and milk flow
From my hands take away Taishai' Kohkan
Majnun's wanderings has nothing more to say

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 8,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

The Herd

The shepherd
While taking his herd
To the greener pasture
And all the way
From the high mountains
Traveling day and night

With his dog
And backpack
Unaware of the happenings in the world
And always behind his herd
Knows every sheep
By color and character

And in search of green grass
His symbols and whistles
His best friend
His shepherd dog
You cannot distinguish
The leader and the herd

Yet when he is behind his herd
And lo he is carrying one lamb
In his hands
So is the spirit
Of his leadership
The leader as he is
He knows his job
And his destiny

The greener pastures
And the fertile valleys
Of abundance
For in this cruel winter
In his native village
Where snow clad peaks
And glaciers
Makes life difficult

So I have a herd too
A trusting herd
They call me their shepherd
And their leader
I also know by instinct
That where to take my herd
In the peak season
Of the winter cold

My herd surrounding me
And my best friend too
My stalk and my backpack
But have no direction
I am carrying my herd to
No destiny

I have the vision of greener pastures
But I am debilitated
By lethargy unknown to me

My herd
And the warm breath
And I sleeping among them
Touch me every time
Kiss me on my body
Look at my feet
With amazement

In the hope
That one day
And one fine morning
I will wake up
From my slumber
And then will take them
To the valleys
Of green pastures

And on the way
In the breeding season
They will give birth to small lambs
There will be abundance of milk
And happiness and vast green fields

In the valley
Where in spring
Flowers will flourish
The rose and the nightingale
The coquetry of the beloved
The scents and sounds
From the places distant

And
After having lived in the valley
They shall
Travel back
And when the winters are over
And back home
They shall tell their kins
Their stories
Of travels and love

Sadiqullah Khan

The Hero

I am a hero
I laid my life for the country
For my honor
I was taught
Heroes die in the battlefield
Stories of valor
Of courage and pride
What is my living?
I gave life for my honor
I was buried with honor
My wife proud
My children mourned
My body in a flag
A salute by the soldiers
My love, my young wife...
We meet in paradise
For I m a martyr
The wife proud
A gallant husband she had
And then
Days later
Some vultures around
Seek the fortune
The martyr's fortune
In the 'state house'
The officers had told
They can live as long as they want
The sate house
Made of mud
A broken door
There was a veil, and behind the veil
There were few chairs,
The chairs covered with a red cloth
From the dust
On the wall hung two portraits
A handsome man
Our hero, who was to rest
His father's portrait
Pride in his eyes

As if he knew
He was father of the hero.....
An old lady
My son,
He did every thing gallantly
His fortune, he earned from pure money
For he had served abroad...
The vultures around
To rob her of her and nieces possession
The children of the hero
From the Dickens's novels
We have no money
Now we sell the treasure
The vultures with different names
Hovering in the sky
The hero is dead
His family robbed of their treasure
His children growing to be beggars
There are only two portraits
The possession of the family
The hero and his pure money
His wife beautiful
And his children baggers
So is the plight
Of my heroes
The hero in his grave,
With wounds afresh
And a flag around him
Alas!
If I was alive....
All the vultures....
His beautiful wife and his children begging

Sadiqullah Khan

The Historian

He was a big name
Who had gained fame
As one of the "Kiplings"
Who said his hero was brave
Who said his hero was burdened
Who said he had conquered
Who said he had captured
Who snatched my last weapon
My home made dagger
With handle of bone
Beads of silver
Who said
This was my honor
Who then said
I had a bitter fight
For him the cursed dagger
When snatched back
Eye to eye
He knew
Who shall have the last breath
I remember
The dagger of my fore fathers
You collected
As recovered
I did not recount the bravery
Of my heroes
They stand fallen
As you held the pen

23/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

The Homeless Treasure

This place has a vault of sky,
Is it limitless in a walled pavilion.
The one who sits outside,
Is the homeless treasure.
The thief of my heart!
For whom is the lock and key?

For the great Sufi poet Hakim Sanai of Ghazni. (11th century)

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 10,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The I

I would have not lived in you
Had I not given you the breath
Feelings in the cold bronze blackened
Had I not given the smile on its lips

From the grammatical personal
How could I have been in such a distance
Your pride in bearing a detached poise
Unsoiled from love you would how

To the duckling I left asking in my palms
Warmth of breathing life into her nostrils
I picked and left but I did not pick her to fly
In the balloon lighter than air through thread

Infinity saw flight of freedom left alone
Pink in dark and white clouds and hope
We connect through not just talking
When I cannot make the stone wall talk

Don not see the narrowness from where
From the rocks grow junipers tall in the air
I walked in abandon in the court of mud
You had been my host behind the curtains

Not dreams when all I see is amazing
Humble I go to the bouquet of flowers
How can I not be that necklace like moon
The I that hangs on snow clad hills

Sadiqullah Khan

The Icarus Agenda

You are imprisoned in the valley, in an oasis,
On an island. Riding the wings of Icarus.
If freedom your choice; put others
In chains. Of your own doing in perverse,
Dreams. Are others guinea pigs?
Such leisure you ensconced, such gadgets:
Such is your way for the innocent, the unborn.
The dogs don't bark, cats hide in quilts.
Cows run wild, walls tremble in fear.
Mother's to their children, tell you may stroll,
Near their beds. You may bring such destruction,
Unheard, unforeseen. Of your own doing;
Of your own selfish design, of your own agenda.
The sun shines, there is no sea, where all,
Would have drowned. They fly in the air;
Not like grass-hoppers, but like grey elephants.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 10,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Iconoclasts

A hundred and a thousand idols,
The forehead enough bowed on earth.
The habit would not break otherwise,
A mindful moment with heaven's sigh.

Sell the soul and live in sloth,
Or say a word and be freed.
Freedom is just feeling free.
Or spend your life in slavery utmost.

Break the idols, Pharaohs or Nimrud,
The enlivened spirit albeit abject.
Innumerable compromises against conscience;
Hold the banner of Hussein and truth.

In support of Dr Tahirul Qadri and his followers on their protest in Islamabad for reforms.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 16,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Icy Grandeur

The icy grandeur of your beauty
The sprinkled languorous charm of your wholeness
The elegant peaks ascending to the pale moon

Islamabad
30/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The In Chief

Clinging on
To rusted shoulders
His desire to be an in chief
Commanding the poor souls,
Poets and all
His wish is to control
A bullying sort
With an 'Indian dialect'
Portends the Bard's sense,
Climbs the ladder
By breaking the steps
On other's toes
On the loose
Hurting sensibilities -asking
For lessons in attitude
A 'master' with a stick
Or a monitor in a class
Someone may
Please make him understand.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 15,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Just Few Words

Who is face to face with The Now
To whom speaks The Silence

Islamabad
18/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Key

Before I stop the notifications,
And click the like button,
I am glitche'd.
It's more about buzz,
A fly drowned in a sea of honey.
In vain, I looked,
To put the open door together
But could not find, -the key.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 8,2014.

Blue man holds key to success @ dreamstime

Sadiqullah Khan

The King

The nature's sounds
The silence
Birds singing
And the blowing east wind
Something from my ancestors
The civilization too
The form
I am left out
East wind brings me
The master's message
The reed
The kiss
And the music flowing
The tambourines
Restless to be touched
Wine in the air
Which flows
Like swan in the lake
Heavy drum beats
The wine in my veins
My heart overflows
I m breaking the form
My blood on fire
My limbs move
My head is in the air
Love.....my old love
Friends and lovers
The beat of the drum
I am on the move
Intoxicated
Images
Tambourines
Guitars
The master says you move
The form is already broken
A new rhythm
Smoke and lights
I am one with music
With nature I am one,

Break free,
The master shouts
I am on my own
No surrounding
In total freedom
I am the music
And the music is me
Where is the magic
Again the master,
My soul pours in
In oblivion, I fly
Into the unknown
I come back
The music is over
A great applause
Some faces familiar
Smiling around....
I am the king

Sadiqullah Khan

The Laborer

In the sizzling heat of the afternoon
Clothes drenched and shoes filled with sweat
Last nights long shift makes the body ache
In growing age when the muscle is the only strength
The will like faith growing stronger with each passing day
A disease knocking at the visceral parts of the body
Joints now like the hinges in the machine need oil
Moved in hundreds and like all others
Away from the family and the little ones memory
A letter from the home in need of money
For the doctor's fee as education is forlorn desire
Minimum wage half robbed by the supervisor
And like a true competition in economics
Out on the metal gates a replacement is waiting
Alienated from the production of the product
Creating surplus for the consumption of the rich
His toils are in the shine of the markets in goods glittering
Unaware of the political upheaval
No care for his welfare
He has no future; his children will also work like him
The power of the muscle, will and faith
He is a laborer who if not given the job
Will go for a daily wage and sleep on the road side
Poverty is his bread, poverty his butter
Poverty that alienates
Poverty the missing link
Poverty the slogan
Poverty it said is loved by the prophets
Poverty it said is gods chosen creed
Poverty the banner
Poverty the tears
Poverty the helplessness
Poverty the consciousness
Break it free
The ordained writing on the book of fate
To bring it down
Open its pages
Remove the names
Of all the people poor

Break it free
The pages they call divine
For divinity is me
Divinity is you
For I shall write
My own destiny
On the book of fate
Up from the skies
Down to the earth
In poverty I will live
But on my own choosing
Break the bond
Of eternal slavery
Poverty
Thou art the bitterest vice

Sadiqullah Khan

The Last Dance

The exhilaration was nothing,
But the ephemeral wine of the night.
The night's struggle ended, with
The figurative expression in abstract.
The eyes would gaze into it, sans
Your figure and be lost in the fragrance.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 18,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Last Of The Barbarians

I am the remnant of Xerxes' armies,
The last of the barbarians
I do not know that two thousand years
Have elapsed since then.

I have fought on both sides,
With equal ferocity. Every single man
Of my clan is an enemy. I live neighborless.
My ethos are determined by cruelty
I am known for that
And take pride in that.

I have no city of my own, and only live
In the suburbs of other cities.
I am still a herdsman,
I take slight on any judgment against me.

I have been a mercenary, be it in Abdali's
Command, or some Ghaznavi, or Khushal.
I prefer red color of revolution,
But am color-blind. Wrapped in green
Or eternal black.

I am the second army, unpaid, untrained,
I am the conqueror of Kashmir
'Defeated' the Soviet Union,
And have been given the sword of religion
A disciple of Ipi, Powinda or Akhund,
Or their latest versions.
A mard-e kohistani, i.e. man from the hills -
Holder of the 'bigger fort'.

I need a pat on my back
A piece of bread,
Then I am readily a suicide-bomber.
I love hospitality
And am consort to the whole world's
Hardened 'fighters'.

I hate being called modern,
Can't even speak other language,
I am monoglot. I live in hills behind big
Mud walls, with metal gates.

I am a prisoner,
Without being in prison.

I love the sight of airplanes, bombing me,
Like an ape, drones and Howitzer canons
Even if I am tied to its mouth.
I am a captive, in occupation, and every time
Humiliated, the most sought after criminal
Is hidden underneath my cap.

My women have not forgotten,
The practice, and have taken it
As a fashion, -that they not talk to husbands,
Or call them by name, and vice versa
Or share a meal with them,

Because the fathers and brothers of certain
Women had been killed by invaders, (in remote times)
And since they think of me, of that invader too,
And pass on the woes to daughters.

Educating women is against my honor
I prefer killing them, and those others
Want me to perpetuate it, for their benefit.

My history is full of follies,
One, Syrian pir, (a British agent) lead me to capture Kabul,
And few others are telling me, to become a preacher.
A pilgrim, and convert the United States,
Or China, en-bloc - a kind of Pocahontas story.

Though my tongue is that of hell,
But paradise is my destiny,
My spirituality is distorted, I am extremely
Vulnerable. An angst. A dilemma.

People love me for my looks,

My bold disposition and my freedom of spirit
And of the planes they want to identify
With me, but I am a loser, of the first category.

I have a character, pristine and noble
But my curse is still the enemy's bones served
Upon him. I cook lamb whole,
I have not come out of the 'Herodotus' Histories'.

I am the colonial's classic case,
Of British meekness. I wished the 'red revolution'
Might have changed me, as they changed
The other tribes, more savage than mine.

I am the last of the barbarians,
I am Pashtun, and a 'Tribesman'
I need to be rescued, from my own self.
I make therefore an ardent appeal
To the civilized world,
I am a victim,
And I am at the verge of human catastrophe.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 10,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Launch Xlv

Inept toddler launched, the tear rolled down
The daughter of the east. Caught and pearled
In oyster by illustrious father. Brave to cross a stream,
To reach the needy, makes a speech like 'tranquilized'.
What a calamity awaits you, my sons and daughters.
The others I am dealing with, worthless, debauched
Like the Parliament of Pakistan, rotten inside
Criminals like him, some mullahs and nationalists erstwhile.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

'The Leaden-Eyed' By Vachel Lindsey

Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.
Not that they starve; but starve so dreamlessly,
Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap,
Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve,
Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

Courtesy: Marycharles Meserve

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Lesser Commands I

The knife cuts through the thumb,
The bewilderment is visible, the sun,
Splashes its grandeur through the windows,
And the beauty is not unlike a thousandth part,
Of Joseph. The self praise is avoiding an eye
Or the evil awaiting by the corner.
Some helpless cries are heard, and
In the backdrop of arpeggios of the guitar's strings,
Of a Spanish master and a violinist wailing music.
From all around the city, the sea wave is carrying you,
To lose a part of yourself, might be,
Beneath the grace you hold, or in a disappointment,
See a joy descending on the footstep of moon,
Or don't go back to look after,
Tomorrow you may be the owner
Of a bigger present, bigger than the usual,
So you will be greeting friends on a talk,
Or you be in the presence of unseen one,
Who thinks greetings are a waste of time
For in the great informality of the universal existence,
We need not be the ungratuitous pedants, obeying,
The lesser commands imposed on ourselves.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 15,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Lies Of Today

The day wanes on bitter sweet memories
Of yesterday
The crushing sense of loss
Yet the sun would set behind the trees
Time is striding in a straight direction
We measure that in days and nights

The lies of today
Would bear on the truths of yesterday
The space is getting smaller
Is breathing more difficult either
Add pauses and surprises
Would not I leave it to you
To go by the rhythm of your heart beat

Let's leave what is dispensable
Letting go is accepting the defeat
What we call indispensable
Is the dispensable indeed

Lure the heart to some new love
This nature is loosing the beauty it once had

Islamabad
Aug 4,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Line Of Divide

Jump and run get a glimpse of the event
Play with ideas or speak of men and women
So much is spoken of silence of great minds
All souls written and hearts hung on pages
Minds work on trivial and faculties disciplined
Wars fought with fervor some lost some won
Sages slept sages wept warriors rose and fell
Death seen life lived love gotten satiated
Sickness got health loved eaten well
Saga of love lived beloved seen and kissed
What remains to be seen is the line of divide
'Die before ye die' and wonders of the heaven

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 12,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

The Lone Village

On Ghizar River, the lone village sits
In winters, the corn fields bare,
On the river's other bank
A cow grazes, by a setting sun
Chinar trees, have elongated shadows
Unless they are hidden by the hills' peaks.
Apricots and apples will grow,
A wait, no longer than the night's snow.
I went there, will again I go?
But if my work would just allow,
To compose a verse, or a painting, in style,
Remembering you, the days go.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Long Fast

To the saint Ali Usman Hajveri
A disciple asked, if a fast is carried longer
Longer than the day, and to the next?
The saint replieth, ye may,
As, for the cloak of a dervish color camel
Not blue, patches in order or in disorder
All are the same.
And in ecstasy, in rapture a dervish may
His cloak rupture, on his chest.

Either satiate senses, after a fast.
For those
Who stand still, who of the senses unaware
Whose souls but rich
What they may eat or drink.

The ones who are drunk from love
The ones whose lips are on the lips of the cup
From the horizons' red
What to them is thirst and lust
Who are in the embrace of a bigger love.

For them, the longer the fast or the shorter
For them kept or broken
Carried to the next or on a call's waiting.
For them,
All are the same.

*Ali Usman Hajveri: alias Daata Ganj Bakhsh, Lahore.11th century. A Sufi saint and author of Sufi treatise Kashf al Mehjub.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 6,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Lost City

This city held the omen of ages,
The roofs had been erased, as if,
With the skill of scalpel, and beneath.
The bleeding wounds and throbbing life.
To survive.
From the battlefield, and as if carrying,
Life to the nearest shadows to breath.
And memories of the loved ones.
The dead and the wounded.
I had once heard the warrior's woes,
And not suffice whence I saw what had
been lost.
This sunset and the fire in a corner in ruins.
It would not gain its glory, we know that.
What if, those who portend hope,
Many times the fate of such cities,
Hangs on fragile strings.
In the hands of those we name not.

On the city of Herat, Afghanistan, after seeing a photograph of the ruined city by
Steve McCurry.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

The Lover The Mermaid And The Sage

Floral crowns of petals
The nature of mysteries
The cup is enough
For mortal universe
Self in one being or another
Is immortal

Infinititude
Claims the universal soul

Soft touch broke the chains
Of madness
So went the spirit in deep sleep

Was the fall a knowledge
Mathematician on earth draws
Lines show either him or us
Who else otherwise

Him of madness we know
Him of love we touch
Him the soul we calculate

The gentle breeze sings
There is another night
Before the dawn
Madness
Before the touch
Another love
The mermaid in the lines sees

Islamabad
8/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Lovers

Of conversations you speak
I have begun my story
With love
And with love shall I end
Is there any end in love
Of the last nights goblets
When found broken in the morning
The master of the tavern
Smiled for he knew
That the morning hangover
Was nothing but a lull
Before the other storm
Let the sun set redness
Lighten the tavern again
Lovers shall then seek
One more time
And for all times to come
Conversations in love
When the wine of the old Magi
Seasoned and in leather pouch
Lit the candle high
For tonight the lovers shall meet again
11/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Malala Fever

Plagued - the world carries
The burden of guilt:
A girl, sacrificed a million years ago
To appease the fiery gods
On a blunt temporal assault.
Who has grown from then on?
Gone, and she is martyr
Trumpeted, sang with water-tears.
Alive, and her frail skeleton, afflicted
With pulling dead corpses from earth,
Fallen walls; laureated like anointed
A hundred more times, from now.
The divide is not real,
You were the foe yesterday
And today you stand by my side
Could two eyes, but look in opposite.
The fever is over, dust winded
On the cross-word, it is the same
The same words read from below
As from above. There are so many
Reasons of a discontent, and so many others
See flowers in the crumbling leaves of autumn.□

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 20,2013.

Malala receives top amnesty award in Dublin @ The News

Sadiqullah Khan

The Master Said

The master said,
Wine, and wine,
And "wine for the breaking heart".
In the afternoon,

And a long day,
All long day, with papers,
And words,
Words with no meaning.
My memory fades,
A call from the childhood,
Some meaningless words
How I put it,
Is it nature
There is cold
Wait!
It's not time for memories,
But the time passes...
What of the master,
Give me wine.
"Wine for the breaking heart"

Sadiqullah Khan

The Mayhem

The descent is to chaos, the bait fallen
The mayhem is, the world occupied,
Was it before, or the global village?
The farther we know, the deeper it is
Human conscience, more troubled than it was,
Nothing is in control, nothing settles
Every passing day, the retreating peace.
The noble savage, was not it better,
And freedom from want,
Many more die of hunger, of the 'individual'
In economic struggle, looking for love'
Makes one laugh. Where turns,
The wheel of fortune, it is like
A stone mill, bereft, and whose life,
The serene morning is day's beginning
Hope is now, gone to the winds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 20,2014.

MAYHEM IN THE 21ST CENTURY by Chevis Ordonez @ UGALLERY

Sadiqullah Khan

The Melt Down Xi

Kitchen cabinet
Kitchen sink politics
Boiling dyes
Chiffon,
White shrouds.

Dinosaurs in water
Instead of fish,
Lined lances
A grey evening
A red morning.

Sermons trance
State, society, religion
Big lies.

Cold columns
Cavalcade of Judges
Adamant.

'Tired of being sorry'
Enrique Iglesias -
Solo guitars
Blasting away
Crushing bones.

Portrait of a girl
Purple goat-beards,
Blind lines.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 28,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Memory Of A Poet

So much so my love when we used to sit together
To read the poets of the day and the ideas they have
In happy youth the words that we gave to our love

Words with wings to fly in distant mists and the days
Words that when said and coming from your soft lips
The tongue that it would make slip in sweetness

The imagination that would take us on the flying carpet
Waving to the creatures on earth as we would fly
Happy in the air and above the rainbow through the clouds

Soft as satin in speech and like pearls and rubies
When those words and lines would make the rivers
The waves like tongues licking the salt on the shore

The soft moon in the dark nights when the demons of terror
Would wake up and steal children and burn the houses of poor
Spoke of the human values and the love in their bosoms

I remember the days my love when I recited from those books
Or listened to the verse in sweet melodies with cups of wine
Like flowers like roots and like butterflies like everything beautiful

Gone are the days of the poets who would recite
The melodies of heaven and who but spake of love
Great voices of the poor and the beauty loosing grounds

O death take not everyone with pain so lingering
Leaveth here for the heart broken lovers some voices sweet
Laid to rest though for ever they are for the eternity to see
Live in the hearts of the lovers and seekers of the cup
The cup of love and the wine divine that poureth unending
(In the memory of Ahmed Faraz, poet)

Sadiqullah Khan

The Mess And Outskirts

General Paolo Avitabile alias Abu Tabela,
Hung fifty criminal to the poles around the walls
Of the ancient city. He was hired by Ranjit Singh,
The one eyed arbitral. The General was knighted,
In Italy, where he belonged. Adventurer and soldier.
Agerola, in Naples the native town of the General
Invited Peshawar as a twin city, perhaps born
Out of the same father, the ancient arbitrals.
"We look forward to the limitless possibilities
Of this relationship", the letter from Naples say.
Ruins and heaps, crumbled walls make the Mess,
Outskirts decay, an overlapping history
Of three thousand years, and hiding Avitabiles.
The King of Kabul would send his laundry,
To the Rapid Dry Cleaner in Peshawar Cantonment.
There is a case of ownership of the properties,
Conferred on the renegade King of Kabul
Captured from Qilla Balahisar by the British,
Since eighteen seventy eight, in Punjab.
On condition of his good behavior and 'development'.
The ownership is in litigation since then.
In the grand fort of Lahore, there are stuffed horses,
And the red brick prison closet of the queen of Ranjit,
Faces the Palace of Mirrors done in white marble
Of Queen Noor Jehan of the Emperor Jahangir.
Major Raverty wrote his memoirs,
And Olaf Caroe the only authentic history of Pathans.
Remove the Mess, clean the outskirts,
Bulldoze the wall, and step out in the style of Naples
Or invent a Renaissance, O ignorant one eyed monsters.

-General Paolo Crescenzo Martino Avitabile (Abu Tabela) (25 October 1791 – 28 March 1850) was an Italian soldier, mercenary and adventurer. A peasant's son born in Agerola, near Amalfi in Italy, he served in the Neapolitan militia during the Napoleonic wars. After Waterloo he drifted east like many other adventurous soldiers. In 1820 he joined the army of the Shah of Persia, attaining the rank of colonel and receiving several decorations before returning to Italy in 1824. He joined the army of Maharaja Ranjit Singh of the Punjab in 1827, and later also received various civilian appointments. In 1829 he was made administrator of

Wazirabad and in 1837 he succeeded Hari Singh Nalwa as governor of Peshawar. He remained in the Punjab until the assassination of Maharaja Sher Singh in 1843, after which he retired to Italy, where his rank as a general was confirmed and he was knighted. Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Messiah

Heavy shadows of the sun setting
On the red of the rug spun from the wool
Mothers had the fancy to keep the thought woven
The repose had the sharpness in the eyes with hope
Respect to the old ways and pride in the head

To be the healer once he said some one
Remarked a man like you feeling the pulse on hands
When the pulse of times was much dearer than that
Life was with the ideals when himself he disowned
Any name to the piece of earth or possession

In floating ideas for the welfare communal
Socrates was he to the youth for inspiration
One of the mother when she was no more
Why he did not faint or beat himself of sheer shock
His father had his blood on the land for his courage
Statuesque details of the bravery he remembered

Many names of mark when revived the culture
Much loved the warmth when around the woods of oak
Burning he saw his face glowing to success

Time was not his for the price to succeed
Too big in terms when all others were making fame
Restless he moved with scattered books in his study
To say something that needed to come out
From the heart that was too honorable to be small

He had the sapling in the yard of his green
Watered by many his towering self protected
Named himself messiah with empty hands
When he saw nothing to him though there was much
Lived with the ordinary the ardent lover of the land
Freedom still has much relevance in his eloquence
His love shall remain a torch for the lovers of tradition
5/8/2009

Dedication: Dr Hassan Khan Waziri

Sadiqullah Khan

The Mighty Soul

Live the mighty soul
Woven from the thread fed on
Five rivers are small and two holy
Broken is the bow from tree
The stalk with eyes
The monastery's rule for the bare feet
For the bare feet
But the whole earth
White cloth holy
Emaciated feeble
Cycle of life is in hands
Poor is who with whom slept
Pride is the spirit within
Poverty is the possession dear
Speak a word
And that was the heart
Ah who would
For the luxuries here
Of the luxury of being
One with the being

Islamabad
3/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Missing Verse

zamaane bhar ki kaifiyat simat aayegi saaghar mein
pii'o un ankh rhion ke naam par aahistaa-aahistaa -
Mustafa Zaidi

The missing verse is left to us,
To the eyes' sparkles, drink the wine,
Remove the veil from the face,
Slow the speech, slow the glance-
Sing O lady, thy hands are tendrils,
Rose buds stuck up the tapering fingers,
Restrained anguish, the travel though long,
Grace is subliminal music, nightingale's song.
You might have reached the destiny, love!
From the destiny we hear, treadings slow
Slow the rise, the demise slow,
That matters is dignity, dignified step.
The poet's lyrics are the lasting winds,
That this time your tresses perfumed,
Other times are the songs of other times.
From your eyes are stolen my lights
Thus in dark I grope with love,
Dust unto dust is the mortal life,
An eternal living although your drunken glance,
And I shall sing you, from beneath the otherness,
Roses afloat on the sunken boat -an epitaph.
Dead though, are dead indeed,
Given your breath in love, is an enduring you.

-On the song of Musarrat Nazir (1982) , lyrics by Poet Mustafa Zaidi.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 10,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Mold I Am Made Of-

O yes, that's 'the mold I am made of'...
A candle, a grandeur
A moth is known by the flame
By beauty, a lover's worth;

Rocky mountain, a single tree
The peaks rugged dry and green
Washed salts from the face
Drinking murky waters of the pond
Or from under the earth, crystal sweet.

Ah! The violence in me is dead
Violence in air, in love, violence
In battle, in hatred.
In eyes, on beating a drum
Violence in celebration,
The violent cuts of nature, behind
And under violent stones lie the dead.

Small shrunk evenings, long days
Sallow citadels,
To the hedges, sheep run
Milk in the jars, rivers of blood;
A child points at the moon, barks a dog.
The rise is a sea-saw's sliced wooden piece
We had a sunset's longing
We were rising to drown in rain's water.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Monsters Of Shakespeare

He acted the Shakespeare
Conducted breathing exercises
Tongue twisters
He agitated
He wanted to run away
From seeing those awful characters
Speaking so harshly
Like rattling steels
Suffocating chests
Some others
Acting to the duke
The merry makers
He tried to laugh
To imitate
He cursed every one there on the play

Then when freed from these monsters
He brought his parrot
The boy
Of a younger age
A child still
Was at his best
Holding the cage of the bird
He loved
To speak
To the parrot
And make him talk too

For hours he would look to him
To read his eyes
See the red line on his neck
Touch his beak
And tail

He wants to learn the same way
On his own
The songs that the parrot
Would learn too
10/11/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The More

The more is that she is slow of step
O vile patience, wait the autumn's winds -
Long enough, the night of dark climes
Dawn's rosy fingers, reign in twilight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Morning

The early morning
On the sea
Though not a resort
Of raw beauty
The green water
The vastness of the ocean
Cold breeze
Music of the waves

Some fishermen
On the move to try their luck
As the day moves
Life gets stiller
On the beach
A small town
Some houses
Of fishermen

The cold breeze
Telling many stories
Some houses built
In a way to catch
The cold breeze

Some fairies also
Visit the town
Riding the palm trees
They come from above the sea
No one has seen them
But a few children
Who have flown with them?

To the far places
Their mothers know
The fairy tales
Some demons too
Live in the nearby caves
In total darkness
The small town lived in the night

News of a port
Some heavy machines
The fairies worried
The mothers upset
The stories finishing
What shall catch our imagination?
Something for children
And the worried mothers

The fishermen
With their stories of demons
Yes the demons
The development and technology
The town is changed
The new morning
Shall see a change....

Sadiqullah Khan

The Mount Of Fairies

And now
Collect thy luggage
The morning birds have woke up
Singing the song of twilight

The story from thousand and one nights
From the mount of fairies
Has taken up the preamble

What other night could be
For the empty goblets scattered

For the drunken spirits
Hanging over the spent night

For the thirsty
The evening sunset and moonlit night
And the story anew

Islamabad
29/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Muqaddima I (Foreword)

Note: The rendition in poems of this series of The Muqaddima is only introductory and never exhaustive; therefore the readers should read The Muqaddima in original by themselves.

On ceremony stands, to human reason,
The complacent eye is blind, critical appraisal,
A pardon is sought, empirical account
Truth from falsehood, a historiography
The philosopher's stone is the Time's play
A seedling inside, or from outside befall.

"Thus, this work (Muaddimah) contains an exhaustive history of the World. It forces stubborn stray wisdom to return to the fold. It gives causes and reasons for happenings in the various dynasties....I treated everything comprehensively and exhaustively and explained the arguments and reasons for its existence."
"Still, after all has been said, I am conscious of imperfections when I look at the works of scholars past and present. I confess my inability to penetrate so difficult a subject. I wish that men of scholarly competence and wide knowledge would look at the book with a critical, rather than a complacent eye, and silently correct and overlook the mistakes they come upon. The capital of knowledge that an individual scholar has to offer is small. Admission (of one's shortcomings) saves from censure. Kindness from colleagues is hoped for. It is God whom I ask to make our deeds acceptable in His sight. He is a good protector."

-Ibn Khaldun (1332-1406) in Foreword to The Muqaddimah, Trans: Franz Rosenthal, Princeton/Bollingen Paperback.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 2,2014.

Ibn Khaldun by Hassan A. Yahya @ arabamericanencyclopedia

Sadiqullah Khan

The Muqqadima Ii (Human Civilization In General Chapter 1)

First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth preparatory discussions.

Human being superior by thinking
Must by nature, live in community
The earth has zones, and is spherical
By Ptolemy and The book of Rogers
With rivers, oceans and dry land.
Water, dry, temperate, and intemperate.
The temperate sustain civilization
The amount of sun, on the zones, by some degree
Color, disposition and habitat. The dryer the zone
Hardened is the spirit. And the food.
Because of the 'moisture' in grains,
Those who eat with abundance are dull of intellect
And weak of spirit. Those like Bedouin
Have a perceptive intellect, hard in living and live long.

-Ibn Khaldun discusses geography and the effects of climate and food on human character with consummate detail. He refers to Ptolemy, Galen, Aristotle and The Book of Rogers, a work of geography written for Roger II (1129-1154) of Sicily by Muhammad Al-Idrisi.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 2,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Naked Walls

On whose hands, I look for a murder
Who carried the annals, who a dictate:
In a slow swift dying
We congratulate each other.
While on our backs, facing the naked walls.

-On the Independence days of India and Pakistan.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Name Of Your Love

Why not
A common name
In the realm of love
Who shall search
Names and recognize
Call the rose
By any name
For the poet Hussein
When he fell in love
Lost he his name
For the beloved's
Shall precede
Together forever
No faith to separate
For both go
To paradise
Madhu Lal
Like Shams Tabrez
To Hussein or Rumi
What is the name
Dear heart
Of your love
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Nature's Proclivities

Eaten up, in paper wrapped, conquered
Taken for a friend, offended, thrown.
The nature's proclivities, impersonal, indifferent
Does it know, you pray, does it ask
Your appreciation. Does it make any difference?
A hundred deities, or just one,
A none either. You wake from sleep, then sleep again
You go to hell, or own paradise. It means nothing
-et al. Ask forgiveness, why and for whom, from whom.
The divine presence -who preached, where are they:
Buried in earth for one thousand years.
Non have flown to heavens, non will land back.
A poet's verse is a song, a one act play,
While you wait, to board. Behold the happy smile, heart
For one, you were 'champagne' and for another,
'A ducked up arrogance', such is your plight, in one breathe.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 13,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Nectar

The band of the music
Playing the sweetest melodies
Making harmony and rhythm
Collecting beauty and sweetness
Like a honey bee
In her search for the nectar
Lover of the flower
Touching and sucking deep
My ears
Are filled with that melody
Coming from a distance
Yet I am unable to locate
The distant music
Riding fresh breeze
Wavy and haunting
Coming from a heart
Lamenting the beloved's separation
The fourteen corners of my brain
Lighted in the surrounding's darkness
The late evening's sitting
And the flight of my soul
For distant visions
Like the bird in ecstasy
Of being alive
And when in the nature's vastness
With wings left open on its own
So when I visit
The beauty of your being
In slow motions and with the fluency
The melody of music I carry
In search of the nectar
Or you are the flower
Like so many other flowers
The bee in a constant quest
For the sweetest
In the night's darkness
My metaphors are just useless
The only metaphor
When in a deep embrace

Your whole body curls up
To let me drink the nectar
Of your lips
In my search for immortality

Sadiqullah Khan

The Needle's Eye

'I woke with this marble head in my hands;
It exhausts my elbows and I don't know where to put it down.
It was falling into the dream as I was coming out of the dream.
So our life became one and it will be very difficult for it to separate again.'
Giorgos Seferis

They were pulling a camel, through the needle's eye.
To Giorgos Seferis I wrote.
Yours is a bust and your elbow tired,
But you are not looking through the tiniest of holes.
You are not buried, trapped in the sphinx. Who
For illness would wash the alphabets of snakes
And sparrows, into the skulls and drink as potions.
The others worshiped them. Some dreamt heaven closing eyes.
The fertility of soil, determines the fruit. Sweet, sour and bitter.
You had all. When I trace the roots of the threads,
Be it the unarmed breastful of a statue
Or of statesmanship. The secretary to the Pope,
Discovered Quintilian's, Institutes, from a tower, where
The worst of criminals would not be kept for punishment.
Or Lucretius, On the nature of things, which is proverbially, godless.
In the pyramidal maze, in the line of stars and magicians,
And rapt adventurists, and pickled flesh of sun-gods,
Or earth-eaten dried bones, entombed,
Or holiness versified onto tongues, meaningless -
In cults, and absence of human reason,
My torch burns my hands and my eyes have gone visionless.

-Giorgos Seferis (Greek: Γεώργιος Σεφέρης) , the pen name of Georgios Seferiades (Γεώργιος Σεφεριάδης; March 13 [O.S. February 29] 1900 - September 20,1971) , was a Greek poet-diplomat. He was one of the most important Greek poets of the 20th century, and a Nobel laureate. He was a career diplomat in the Greek Foreign Service, culminating in his appointment as Ambassador to the UK, a post which he held from 1957 to 1962.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 10,2014.

Blue plaque to Giorgos Seferis (George Seferis) on his house on Sloane Avenue,
London SW3, England. @ Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan

The New Age X

Dawn, bring in respite, the night's long
Though the colors fly, cheeks shine,
Fears dispelled, idols shaken.

What has been heard, talked to heart
Is listened, is spoken, is going on the air,
The new age is on the anvil.

Unfold, now, the sun is the red roses' petal
Let we fall into another era, rise again
Let the effort bear fruit, the next step.

'tez tar'k gamzan manzil-e ma dur nest'
From the monsoon, soaked earth,
The first smell of the rain comes.

The destiny's at hand, the shields
The masks on the faces removed
Those wearing 'honesty' are known.

O the givers of justice, of stolen mandate,
O grievors, brace victory, as ethereal
As the night, to where you send your hearts' songs.

We are not the other beings, divisive
The homeland is a given, the rivers for years
Waiting. From the nascent nothing, take your win.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Next Thing

Thus am placed to the love adjacent
Desires fulfilled, wishes come true
Inventiveness accomplished,
Buried the past,
Lo! The bigger change,
'We' have become like 'Them';
With blessedness visited, in dreams
Succor. Future became visible
Gurus' prophecies have 'proved'.
Hale, O hale, salute the long arm,
Unto yourself in the mirror,
Walk out and exhale, -candored amnesia.
What next?
I wrote on the air
With my right finger and with my left
Hand, on my chest.
What next if everything is done,
What next if I become like you?

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 18,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Night Is Half Over

The spell of your love
The soothing ways when I searched
Myself in the autumn and wilderness
The crescent moon which had caught
Red from the sunset as if from your frock
The enchantment of the evening is to continue
The tavern is there in the street of Khayyam
The saki has returned and lo the first goblet
Leave alone" loneliness of ages" for I know
The sage with his advice and the keeper of the order
The city was empty for the enchantment was dead
In the temple of love when your silhouette did appear
In dark and mysterious and with steps of the dance
Cup after cup saki the evening's going down
Before the sunrise in the cold silver of the morning
How shall I leave the tavern my love
Like mercury your lips swerve for the story
Say it not for I read it in your eyes
Keep the red lips for a day when the tavern
Of my heart is empty and the pitcher gone dry
Dry shall it never be it your lips
Cup after cup from the sadness in my heart
I want to drink like passion of Rumi
Broken have I bond with the beloved
What a magician this love is unto me

Drunk are thou from the passion of thy love
Sleep in the tavern for the night is half over
1/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Nights Of Hope

The nights of hope
The days of patience
Lamentations in spring
Memories in autumn
Desires not spoken
Dreams gone wild
Life like many mirrors
Reflections magical
Illusions again
Festivities every day
Black lines of her eyes
For visions to visit
The goblet is old
Intoxication is new
The ripening buds
The bee alas is tired
The candle is aflame
The moth cannot fly
The lips for a kiss
The hands cannot touch
The music is live
The body cannot move
The times are good
The times are bad

Islamabad
14/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Nile's Surge

Will the Nile's surge, of happy winds -
Reach Indus, and the desert's dwellers
Suckling their wells dry, leave -
Will those who had dined together at night
In the auspices of holiness, kissing each others'
Cheeks pale, will the pulpits be lifted away.
Will the fears fade,
Will I ever understand my prayer?

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The North Star

The fine curves of hairs serpentine
A dote to the poison of love is your lips
Mine is the heart that you tore apart
Every page you turn to seek your name
Holiness is to the deity when I make you
The alter of my soul on the cross of my love
My eyes find you in the dark wide open
Holding the rosary lest lost in the scent
I breathe to your chest the warmth of life
Though half conscious I lay buried my self
Dreams of other world are seen by the musk
Soul to soul is the meaning of love in cipher
Enter my eyes like the waves on the shore
The sun goes down like I shall sail your way
By the North Star as the diamond in your ring
Show me the way to be by your side
Each side I turn to find void when awake
Each night is a storm of lust in your love
7/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Oeuvre

Black haired, snake like
'Presence' struck by awe,
She once said, snakes
Were gods, the goddess
From Bangalore, told me.

You are so ruined
I doubt a sculpted imp
-ression, from youth
To grandmotherly,
From black and white
To sepia, and colors.

There is no need of
Me reading this or more,
You write and we live,
Or we live and you write.

The installation
Is the rite of beheading,
And lilacs, tulips and roses
Are given to the loved ones
In the nozzle of guns
Or tucked above the ears
In oily hairs thick with mud.

-For Naomi Shihab Nye, American- Palestinian poet (b 1952)

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Old Pond

The old pond;
A frog jumps in —
The sound of the water.

Matsuo Basho

Translated by Robert Aitken

Sadiqullah Khan

The Only Guide

When are you going
To break the bond
You float tied
And again you drift away

How many times
I have told you
But you loose the focus

When are you going
To break the bond
To fly like a kite
With out its string

To flow free like a fish
In the vast ocean

To be the falcon
Above all
And fly with freedom

When are you going
To break the bond
When are you going
To make
Love
The only guide

Sadiqullah Khan

The Only One

Some live to die, some passed, an igno'minious living
Few sang, few fought, few sacrificed, very few forgave; suffered,
Liberty, are not thou a dove on the shoulder of the brave
Freedom, are not thou a candle, a flower, a fresh breeze, a smile
The one and the only one, he lived and let lived in peace.

-To Nelson Mandela, on his sad demise, December 6,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 6,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Painter's Agony

I want to paint that river
And the scene behind it
The boat and the boatmen
I know everything about
That river

My association with the river
Many a hundred memories
Evenings and sunshines
Floods and slow water
I have lived my life
On the bank of that river
I want to paint
Paint it with the most beautiful colors
I want to borrow some colors
From the colors of paradise

And I love the town
That lives beside the river
Old and dusty
Where shall I take you
In that small town
Every nook and corner
Shall tell you that it knows me
I want to paint that town
In colors of heaven
I want to carry a few children
And take them on a tour
I want to see the town with their eyes
And then go to the riverbank
And meditate for a while
Drink the wine of nature
And get lost into the world of beauty
And flow with the river

Enter every house
My heart throbs in harmony
With every heart in the town
Give me colors divine

Colors from the other world

For I want to paint

That river and that town

(This poem is about a small town on the bank of river Indus)

Sadiqullah Khan

The Painter's Agony (Continued 1)

Months later
The town
On the bank
Of river Indus
That I wanted
To paint
With divine colors
On a canvas
From heaven
Has been
Painted red
With terror
With blood
With human flesh
The children
That I wanted
To see the town
With
Their eyes
Have all been killed
Brutally
Whose fault
Whose act
Whose responsibility
No one knows

Sadiqullah Khan

The Paparazzi Historian - Viii

He pricks bubbles, the paparazzi historian,
A first hand story or out of 'inquiries'
Who sponsored him, at least Lyceum was not
In the being. He tells nothing of himself.
Truth or lies, he is Father of History.
A modern narrative, readily The New Yorker's,
A National Geographic, when he speaks of soils,
Alluvial planes, course of the rivers, and how
To catch Nile crocodiles, birds, and winged serpents.

A pharaoh washing his eyes with urine for Ophthalmia,
Of a woman who has not consorted other man,
And the only woman he found, he married her.
And women on top, men mere beasts of burthens.
Be it at Memphis or sitting on looms.
There are ants in India, smaller than a dog. But
Bigger than fox, who dig gold on the bank of Indus,
I have not reached there, but sooner will find,
Even otherwise, the truth in undeniable.

There is more, the crocs wearing ear-rings,
And taken as pets. In a modern novel
Only Dr. Urbino of Garcia Marquez had one as pet
In his mansion like house. Who would for months not eat.
The girls, who would sit for coins in the Temple of Ahprodite,
To go with a stranger once, it was mandatory, to please
Goddess Mylitta. And that Cyrus was raised by a herdsman family.
And those pharaohs were humane and Persians lived a decent life,
To the chagrin of the makers of 'curse of the mummy',
Or that there could have been others, better than themselves.

There is no mention of Biblical prophets, not Moses
Or Joseph. Not even Solomon. Neither the learned priests
Mentioned any such persons. By the time, the 'tug of war'
Of the monotheism and polytheism had not begun.□
For prophets flourish in monotheism to whom god speaks
In person. While oracles guide polytheists, though
Things are mixed up and the fables have been dragged

This way or that way, to suit the suitors. Although
For not predicting the birth of the Holy Christ,
He has escaped the ax of Fathers of Church in the Dark Age.

-While reading Histories of Herodotus (484 - 425 BC) . Trans: George Rawlinson,
Wordsworth Classics,1996. Canon George Rawlinson (1812 - 1902) was a 19th-
century English scholar, historian, and Christian theologian. He was born at
Chadlington, Oxfordshire, England.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 14,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Parrot

I held him so near
So dear
Breathed some life into him
Some drops of water
On a cold wintry morning
I had seen him
Hiding his face
Beneath his wings
In warm feathers
He was sad
And my little sweet daughter
She came
That the parrot
Was sick
He was light
He looked with great compassion
Once or twice
His last look
On the world
From the cage
He breathed his freedom
By giving his soul
30/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Passing

The passing is a boat's voyage
Days and nights like trees on bank
Look for stories, 'be the looking'.
With wide open lids, gaze the face,
Such reckonings seldom on horizons
Peak, such nights never so dark.
Snake-charmer beware the poison,
And like in life-less snake's eyes,
Behold the image. She is an asp -
Charm her to muse, to wave,
Like a stem in the soft gentle breeze.
Such reckless games we play in love,
Not knowing who's charmer, who's snake.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 21,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Path

Called upon, and the self does not exist,
Whoever erred, lest a tale of heart -
A tree bends down and no one ever
Knew; what ailed the hollowed trunk.
The little acts, counting stars, a child's play
The path is straight; 'you' do not exist.

Selfless, the artist, burns his oil
Creation shall speak, like the invisible god's.
Aloof, assign any name, neither born
Nor gives birth. A lonesome presence:
On the other hand, to tell a tale
Is falling from grace and nothing else.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 11,2013.

Self Portrait, Vincent van Gogh @ HowStuffWorks

Sadiqullah Khan

The Persians - V

The most disgraceful thing, they think
Is to tell a lie, the next worst to owe a debt.
Because among other reasons the debtor
Is obliged to tell lies. They never defile a river,
Not even wash their hands in it.
The young are trained in bow, horse and truth.

They hold it unlawful to talk about anything
Which the law prohibits.
No other nation adopts foreign
Customs so readily, thus they have taken
The dress of Medes and wear Egyptian
Breast-plate in war. They instantly make their
Own any luxury, each have several wives
Concubines and learned unnatural lust from Greeks.

Notorious to ceremonial and etiquette -
'The Greeks when they eat leave of hungry
As nothing sweet is served upon them.'
Fond of wine and drinks in large quantities.
'At the present day, the 'bon vivants' of Persia,
It is usual to sit for hours, before dinner
Drinking wine, and eating dried fruits such as filberts,
Almonds, pistachio nuts, melon seeds etc. A party indeed
Often sits down at seven o'clock and the dinner
Is not brought in till eleven'. (Translator's note)

-Adapted from Herodotus (484 - 425 BC) , Histories, Book I.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Pity Is That She Knows

The pity is that she knows,
Perhaps that my desirous heart
Beats twice on the beats of her step,
Sings extempore, my deep voice -
In musical rhythms and that when I see her,
Am housed in mirrors, fairies' companion,
Or a thought forgotten, returns vehement
Talk to myself, -O the statuesque appearance
Taller than skies, broader than earths
My vain existence, my sweet deceit
Rainbow's colors, silvers of moon
In your hemmed extensions, your river eyes.
Therefore, I, a sculptor by the night
And by the day, clast again the icons,
Neither I understand the love's delusions,
Nor my hands, I lay on her contour,
But alas! Though, the time gets filled,
Buoyant, like waves upon waves I am taken,
From state to state, when a halt -
O destiny to you when I reach,
Though, there is no beginning, no arriving,
And to you when I arrive, in you I shall travel.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Complaint

It was not my fault
How many more years
Centuries and ages
How many more tongues
Do I need to say this
Again and again
That
It was not my fault
Do you have the ear
To listen

But why
I need to tell you this
My fault or no fault
Whether you listen or not
But since you hold
That dagger
To rip off the tongues
That dare to say the truth

One day
My hand shall reach there
To hold your hand
And snatch that dagger
But unlike you
I shall let you speak
The truth
For we both understand
But you do not have
The courage
To speak it

Sadiqullah Khan

The Poor Warrior

The poor warrior
Hired to protect the booty
Of the company of traders
From west to east
Plunder and plunder
And follows the gospel
Anointed holy
Crown and cross
With sacks full
The warrior returns
To the north land
For many an avarice
His head without pride
So he commits suicide
"The echo of his deeds is ringing yet -
Will ring for aye. All else... let us forget"

On a poem "Fighting Mac" by Robert William Service.

23/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

The Prologue

Seeing you a far
The colors and the perfumes
Your body's smell
The perfection of your figure
Serpentine curves
The smoothness of your skins
The neck so high
Lips like wine cups
Eyes like emeralds
Face,
Half covered with your hair
Beauty gorgeous
The side glance
A smile on your lips
That was the prologue
For the love to begin

Sadiqullah Khan

The Rain Xxiii

The rain fills my heart
Blue water flows in my veins,
The window is open
Fresh breeze, damp
'It showers on you, it does not rain'
Beauty, and the hellish desires
You have taken on what?
Mystic toys are rolling on,
I emptied the dust bin
Through mud, in drenched shirt
Filling my shoes with water
My socks wet.
I am connecting to earth,
Washing myself down
Naked, naked inside
While, in some distant past,
'It played on the music
Drop by drop'
Drop by drop
Rolling in front of me
In colors of rainbow, raindrops
Thunderless, without bolts,
Terrorless lighting.
Slips of the tongue, intentful
Is another dialogue.
Rain, you only rain on all
Sans a degree, sans a class of bungalows,
On all trees, weeds, grass and roofs
On the roofless, homeless alike.
And those waiting endlessly
Their heads bent for the scaffold to fall
Those victims of truth,
Those charged with lies
Whose blood is henna on the murderer's cuff
Who are innocent.
On whose corpses they stand
Whose sweat water the dried streams,
Whose hands seldom rise in prayer
For they have forgotten the rite,

Who are beaten
Insulted ridiculed,
Who beg for their life,
And have no god to serve
And die a dreamless life.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Rape

On the old routes of caravan
One fine morning
I traveled westward
A dusty wind
A harsh sunlight
The caravans on the move
Some tradesmen
Some escaping the weather
And some forced
For there was war
A huge crowd
On the road
The sun was dim
The dust heavier
The wind was closer to the earth
Some pelting stones
A voice was heard
Some said
A girl is raped
By a border man
In the bunker
The sun got harsher
The earth got darker
Jesus where are you
On the caravans route
So many rapes
The bordermans toll
A family vanquished
The hapless people
And that one was known
So many women
And the sun was harsher
The earth did not move
The caravans moved on
The tradesmen counting their money
A prayer call
From the mosque nearby

The Rascal Love

If she cries, it is love, if she
Is an exposition in multitude, her eye
If kindles the fire, it is love.
If she is to the meadows, recite a verse
Or on the faint lament of the string
Faint, it is love. It is love
If hiding means into the heart's chamber
Worthy recline, her anger is love.
The rascal love plays on us all
If water has crossed over the fields
If it's gentle rise drown your soul
And if you have lent over, the accumulate
Wisdom. It is love. It is love when you hear
The rooster in the forenoon vain,
Or the street you come through every day,
In the streams they wash, and mulberry tree.
It is love, that on her arrival,
River had swept the signs she hath made.
My friend Ayaz don't make me talk,
More. My pen is split, isn't it love?

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 21,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Rebel

The spirits
And the demons of the surrounding
The harshness of the nature
And the absolute darkness
As if some one has eclipsed the moon
Into total oblivion
And when the sun is
Cold and has stopped producing heat
And energy
And sustenance
And when the earth has disowned
The inhabitants
And the mothers cry
That what has happened to their wombs
Some evil spirits and demons
Some rituals ancient
Why they cannot give birth
To the rebels
Like earth
And like nature
The mothers have abandoned
The birth of
Children of worth
They have turned barren too
The drought
And the search for a piece of bread
The teeming populace of the streets
And vast majorities in villages
Had it not been for the blood
They would have disowned them
The stray dogs as someone calls them
They grow like weeds and bushes
And die before they reach the age of fruition
Or give birth to further weeds and bushes
And disowned and cursed by nature
They have left the land pure
To the wolves
Wolves with their mouths jaws and teeth
Red with blood and greed

Lust and gluttony
To devour humanity
Where is the rebel
The rebel who will die on the street
Or moan with pain in some stable
Or being crushed under the feet
In this law of the jungle
They live with an illusion
Of poppy flower
Red in color
And intoxicating
But ultimately
Leading to disaster
Where is the rebel
And where are the rebels
The rebels born to mothers
Who wanted them to be the masters
Of their destinies
Where is that spirit of love
That devotion and the cause
That inner awakening
And that march of the feet
To remind the earth
And the sun
And the dark nights
And the silver in the hair of the mother
And grandmothers
That ultimately
After centuries
The prayers
And the soothsayers
And the wishes of the beloveds
The weak and the ones who cannot
And the children
And the heavens
That a standard bearer is born
Let's die fighting
Than to be devoured by the wolves

Sadiqullah Khan

The Rebel Tongue

They were called by the great Khan Changez,
And they said, ' Are there greater Khans than ourselves? '
They were told that there would be Nabobs,
'Could you make us all Nabobs.'
The tongue twists, swallows the keys to heavens,
You can only write the wildest imagined voluptuousness,
And a refinery, that makes petty jargon ridiculous,
Clichéd ideologies worthless, and hell, an intoxicating,
Abode of beauty, freedom and expression.

-After writing a few verses in Pashto

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 21,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Remains

Who shall carry the message
The impression of the bright sun
On the green leaves
And the orange colored flower
The climber revolving around
The heavy bark of the pine
Bending it a little

The light making impressions on flowers
Trees and men sitting wearing caps
On the green and a small restaurant
Where a very young boy with his upturned cap
In his manners as if learned from a public school
In early teen with no education
Eager to please
Some customers and the girls looking at him
He has no love because he is a waiter

He but smiles at them and a little pity
Glazing sun rays from the windows
With pin drop silence and a little music
One girl gets up to show him a gesture
Of love but his eyes have lost
The luster of life and love

In his idealism for which he has no words
The dream that shall never come true
Except that he has been lured into the job
By some stories mixed with fantasy
His friend or the owner of the restaurant
May be some day his fantasies would come true
Harmony and happy smile plays on his face

The impressionist capture the beauty of life
That way with so many desires yet to come
Others unfulfilled but who shall do the job
If not him but another boy of the same age
He knows all the people and the lovers
Children and the families and the lonely writer

Of a book who comes there to spend some time

Happy my friend as his job is to serve and please
"The remains of the day" he shall discover later
In the basement he lives with his fantasies
Ideas of a happy life and a letter from the love
Back from the village and mother's sweet kisses
What sin he shall commit for he is all a servant
On a long travel home or towards his love
One day
He shall discover the futility of his servility

Sadiqullah Khan

The Resurrection

After thousand and one years,
I came back
You were waiting on the door
To welcome me,
You took me to the room,
Where were you,
You asked me
The room was finely lit,
The drapes on one side,
I know you like light in the room,
You said.
Fine linen sheet, of white color
The drapes
Same old ones
Silky, floral and some abstract designs,
My favorite carpet,
Now antique, the border worn out.
Hot bath is ready
Crisp clean shirt,
And perfume,
A cup of hot coffee....
We missed you,
A little talk,
Some whispers
Music
Talk of the latest novel,
I apologize
I have been unfair to you,
I said,
The world has changed you said,
The environment
Choking
You know
What the man kind has done to the environment
Beauties of the hills,
Vastness of the plains
Are gone years ago
We "buy" oxygen...
There is no water,

A few wars
Many generations lost
Every thing vanished
I was only waiting for you,
A scientist named Stephen hawking
Had theorized that we will settle in Mars,
That the universe is expanding
Mars
Some people gone there
New settlements...
The sun survives
A source of energy
In the midst of the talk
An urge to be god
My creativity lost
A frenzy of emotion
I want to live here
The long sleep of thousand and one years
My whole body moving
The memories of the dust
Of mud and darkness
My soul had left me to decay
I want to reproduce
Something like me
My reincarnation
My primitive union
With you is on fire
Don't talk the sublime
The beast in me...
Is back again
You are the symbol of fertility
My longing to live forever
The secret is you
You too shall vanish
In the great scheme of the things
But what we have in common
We are human beings
Our survival
In our union
Love ensues...
My love for you...
And we live in our children

Eternity is
But the ideas we give
To the generations coming
Shall live for ever
Its time for lunch
Olives and bread...
How you came
Don't you know?
The great Ghalib
Had said
A thousand and a hundred years ago
"ghar tera khuld mein jab yaad aya"*
*(When I remembered your home in paradise)

Sadiqullah Khan

The Rose Of Herat

A decade ago, Friend showed me a splendor,
A rose in bud, in the ancient gardens
We lifted the mystery from around the gourd,
Blue tiled heights, mud columns touching skies.
We drank puff from the 'salon', we walked the paths.
A decade later, the rose had blossomed,
Had tired the feet, and had grown wings
Then we talked of Baba Ansari mausoleum
The surrounding ruins, and with gold-tooth
The old lady smiled. A host was a guest.
And the rose of Herat, had grown two branches,
And in two nights and two days, the happening,
We breathed the air, and the presence -
Of the ancient city and the city of flowers.
We dwelt the rooms, roamed the corridors
Ate kebabs, and drank the enormous sparkle of water.
All humans are alike, all flowers, lily and jasmine
Smell the same. On every face is written an anguish,
Every eyes speak the languid, every tongue sings.
We had the moon shining over us, and autumn evening
We relished the bright sun and I traveled,
From past to present, from present to past-
The future, an invitation, a traveler's saga
This may take years, we shall not meet,
Only in Presence, I shall ask the health of her children.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 5,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Rusted Door

The rusted door there,
Is closed on a sill of water;
Jagged and shining white,
The window blind is down.
From a corner she is watching,
The morning rays of the sun.
The rain had all night,
Soaked her silken clothes wet.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 14,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Saddest Moment

The days and nights
In cyclical motion
From the time immemorial
Time divided
Earth's elliptical shape
Or the principle
Of Archimedes
But the days and nights
Distant and apart
The beloved's mystery
Now tired
Of being discovered
And when life
In its closing chapters
Sets the plot
For the end to begin
The frame of life
In front of me
With dropp scene closing
Till the time
I feel the pleasure
The time of the day
Of the departure
When I feel the saddest
When your memory haunts
The romance of the evening
Beginning of the day
Or the night's perils
Take my soul
On the saddest moment
Of the day
The twilight eternal
For I shall prepare
My evenings
With flowers abundant
Perfumes sweet
And candle lit
For the last kiss
Take my soul

On the saddest moment
Of the day

Sadiqullah Khan

The Scars

They fear them more than they feared
The vanguard, whence Reason was in formation,
When rounding of women in flocks, to the bazaar
The bidding is the war's spoil, the catch is bigger.
Then sin is to the eyes, lest they may be deprived
Heaven holds multitudes, after death, on scale.
Adriana's body on the bill-board, in soot for modesty;

And those others sprayed with acid, by Honorable
Mind's perversions against signs of freedom,
Fragile control on the eyes, undisciplined lust, Jealousy
Yet may overcome the believer's heart,
And may at last on herd of chattel, buried alive
Or smeared on face, abused, despised, shunned
The acid-girls take the scars to their graves.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 23,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Season

The season is that by the hearth (Igharai)
We blow the holy ashes, kindle fire
On sheep-skin sleep, wear wool woven
By the mother's touch, bake bread of wheat.
The season is that butter hot, from the cow,
Be molten on 'naghan', feet heated
Bones warmed, and steamy 'kiza',
By the tripod. A 'sheerak', pulled over-
For a snory sleep, lost under its weight.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 23,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Season Of Harvest

In the hot summer afternoon
The remembrance has taken my heart with joy
The sun's glazing rays
The beauty that adored the earth
The gold spread in the fields
The wheat crop in the planes
The season of harvest
When the fertility rites are in bloom
The bounty on earth from the mother earth
Men and women the harvesters
Waiting for the final count of small packs
For their share of harvesting
The village drummer and the priest
They have a share too
The mighty bull the symbol of strength
Now tired for the thresher had not yet
Outsourced him and the machine had not yet taken
The place of the mankind

Lovers in anticipation of meeting the beloveds
The pride on both sides to have earned the harvest
The landowner in harmony with the whole activity
In symbiosis accepts the share of every one
The sparrows in flocks flying in the air
On a camel back the camel man loading the earthly gold
Water from the canal in the nearby stream
Young girls under the cold shadow of the thick tree green
Water from the pitcher which the tallest girl has brought
Dark hands filled with bangles made of silver
The man in turban with sickle whose handle carried beads

In the small Indian village when life was so simple
And gone are the days when the harvest was a fest
Sounds of machines and trolleys pulled by tractors
The tall girl is now confined to her home
The man with the turban is now searching for a job
'Times have changed' every one mourns
Humans have receded from the life of nature
The disease has taken the village by storm

Walls and walls and walls of mud
The landowner has built a house of bricks
Metalled roads have taken away the softness of the land
The camel is no more a possession of pride
The bull strong has now lost its breed

The vet has introduced breeding artificial
The cow no more knows the bliss of the union
The state now announces the benefits of development
Benefits to whom the state knows not
Relics of the past have become the villages serene
The priest has taken the gun instead of his rosary
The village drummer is now planning rock and roll
The landowner is a politician
The son of the tallest girl has gone to the military
Patriotism is hanging the picture of the general
The taxman waiting in the ambush
The air is polluted
Polluted with ideas
Foreign to the village
The dream of the past
A nightmare of the future

Sadiqullah Khan

The Second Stanza

On the wisdom's bare horse
Such gallop as of imagination
Discern the rapture from mind's play
So is lover's creed of knowing
Nay not the names of no meaning
What we understand
Is that from glance of the beloved
The empty cup shall be filled
In the dropp of wine you make
Descend the universe in goblet

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 25,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

The Seduction Liv

Galore, the Eros of earth, the seduction
To the gold ridden nymphs, tasting rough rock
Freedom. All mouths suck in, the air laden words,
Pouring down from whistling rascallian politics.
Barbed wire is nail on fish-skin, and asphalt
Basement, the bass and treble is a mix
Sweat, blood and adrenaline, hormonal squeeze.
The smaller ugly foot-bearer, shares the scandal,
The Eros, ride high and high, 'un-diplomatic offensive'
Because, for the unfortunate us, a head
On a barrel-chest, in uncomfortable out-fit,
Makes our case to the worthwhile assembly of world.

-On the protest of Pakistanis in front of the UN in New York on September
26,2014,
and the news item by the journalist Mubashir Luqman that a teenage girl has
proposed marriage to Imran Khan at Azadi Square, Islamabad.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 27,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Sharp Blade

Thus the King
Bade his blade to the blind.
Return thy vision,
Before I circumambulate.
The vision returned,
Inner or outer,
Whether you see
Or you see not,
You must see.

May 16,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Shoe Cobbler

He cobbles shoes
He and his son
Gazing in the dark
In one constant direction
And one cold night
The young man with moustache
And a firm long chin
Lock of black hair
Giving him the dare devil look
Cap touching eye brow
The gaze in the distance
The distance measured in years
And years of that glowing fire
Of some dead wood
His hopes have evaporated
In those flames
And his son
With red cheeks
A handsome child
Learning his fathers ways
In a constant effort
But with innocence
Catching his fathers thoughts
His jaw like his fathers
And his cheeks like his sisters
His mother must have that eloquence
In her eyes
He has inherited
The valor of the father
His hopes learning too
To evaporate in that fire
In those flames
And smoke
Into some unknown distance
Some where in the heaven
In the form of prayers
And prayers without rituals
And unanswered
In that dark cold night

The wetness in the ground
And the earth white with snow
That man with a proud face
And the innocent child
Both were
Cobbling shoes
That cold night
The pride and the future
Had nothing to eat

Sadiqullah Khan

The Shoe Shiner

Mirrors adore the dust out
Blown by the thistles of brush,
Hands are shoe-arms to and fro
Unless the face is shone on its blackness,
And the head in rhythmic movement -
Cleverness is defeated
Into the honesty's deep heights.
A cold day ends,
And eyes are on the shoes of others,
Will they allow to be asked?
Or a shun down the street holding his bag.
Ah! Where you live and how?
Would your son and daughter
And your loved wife the courage to say
That from dust is born the bread
We chew in the eve's warmth.
Or I sit by you, if only a smile your way,
Or they know that
He steps you through the red carpet
When from his hands you take out,
The leather softened the silk's way.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 18,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Silence

Does your silence speak
Like Marry Magdalene
Sitting in secrete
Shrouded in black
On the cross did thee see me
For my last temptations
I did dream of
My bleeding wounds
Bleeding more is my heart
For the balm of your love
Possessed was I
By the beauty of your love
I carry the cross
Of your love in the streets
Happy am I
For my love I know
Away from the cross
But your heart is with me
To the world do tell
For love did I die
Death was not
My final count
Break the silence
Tell the world
I am alive
As love in your heart
15/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Silk Carpet

A silk carpet
From the kum
Of the craft ancient
Red in color
Boundaries blue
Flowers all around
With tendrils connecting
Thousands knots
The beauty was created
In innumerable ways
It spake to me
A new story every night
And one day
I hung it on the wall
Asymmetry
She told me it was nature
I took the carpet
To a carpenters shop
In gold frame
I asked the carpenter
When I got it back
The carpet in frame
Stretched from side to side
She screamed to me
Begged for freedom
Freedom I want
Not the golden cage
In frenzied emotion
I broke the frame
The golden frame on one side
Some patches of paste
I took her to washer
The patches removed
Back to the wall

She started to dance
Once again
Her freedom back
She had won

Sadiqullah Khan

The Sinner

On the face of reality
In the pinnacle of certitude
When every human being is on the cross
Repentance of the past sins
He is told to justify his existence
None of the animals and birds
Is bestowed with this benevolence
In the consciousness of being
As given because of the strength
Evolved or chosen or banished from paradise

In the deeper meanings of life
Away from the humdrum of mundane
Beyond the boundaries of race and a piece of land
Color and other divisions
A fantasy I want to live
The pleasure of a living in commune
In harmony with nature and consolation
Before I straggle or remembrance
Of those who have walked over the earth

In sweet embrace when the beloved I kisses
Wine pouring from the earthen pot into my goblet
The flowery bird of imagination
The gazelles in the garden with ponds of fresh water
Reclining though I lie on velvets and beholding the beauties
Is that I have to die first for this sweetness
Longer the distance to that world of fantasy is
Before my every nights sleep I plunge into this world

What then prevents me from making things real
Or is it that I am addicted to imaginations
O youth dear before you depart
And leave me like the old master
Repenting my good deeds and not having done enough sins
Sinner am I for I want to taste
The sin of being in love with you

The Slippage

Top it up, O dancing urn!
Thou art the moment's fractuous count,
Her lips pout, the Saki's eyes are drunk,
Hands twingle, her hair love making snakes.
Float the joy, all else but lies,
'Like water I came, like wind I go'.
Quiet and let the grace take shape,
Lest not the slippage of your tongue
Her song deter, her steps detract.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 19,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Soldier's Wife

Let's go out
In this cold city
Let me feel
The warmth here
The beloved daughter
As
I am going tomorrow
And who knows
The dinner
Out in the restaurant
A nearby photographer
In uniform
My laurels and stars
I fight for my country
I am a proud soldier
Daughter in his arms
The wife proud
Veil pushed back
So the soldier's family
I found this
In a room
A barrack
Of the soldier
Looked at the photograph
Of thousand hopes
The soldier's bag
His laurels and stars
The soldier was dead
His laurels and stars
His thousand hopes
What is my fault?
Asked his daughter
And mine too
Asked his wife
His laurels and stars
For the soldier is dead

Sadiqullah Khan

The Solitary Bird

The solitary bird sits on widow aisle,
The rain has bathed the walls.
You and I sit together.
The blue water is running down the pane.
The jug of wine has slowly gone empty.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabaad
February 14,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Soul Rides

The soul rides the body elephant,
In rarity brought is a lean lioness
Collyrium eyes, and red cherried lips
Posing the distant mirror's reflection.
Doll-player, how you hold the strings
To the invisible eyes, there is no desire.
Slowly in the ocean of deep silence,
Awakens a thunder and a storm rise,
In the boundary of skin, contained wholly
In the heart, breathed like fragrance,
Of mint from the mouth, finger-tongues,
Rub the ivory of hand, and hands hold,
Streaked golden and auburn layers
Of hair, flowing down like water-falls.
Peaked snow-tops, might be desert-dunes,
Tightened worn canvas brace the sands
Of downy curves, the legs column marb
Loosening the steps in delightful gait.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 21,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Sport

You win, he wins, and all times
You win- whether you win or not.
The game the field, human carcass
In shield, open what else
Grace, and remember
Sport, hard and fast, the divine's
Soothing word, a love's farewell.
The sport
You win, he wins, and all times
You win- whether you win or not.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 5,2013.

Pashtun Tribes @

Sadiqullah Khan

The Spy Man

He has been told
To remain silent while others talk
To wear a mask of darkness
To be invisible
He had been given a scale
Delicate
Like the one who blows
The molten glass
Into shape
He has been told
To have many eyes
And to be all ears
He has been told not to think
His nerves severed
From the rest of the world
He also has been told
To carry cyanide
Or keep the last bullet for himself
To follow
Like a sniffer dog
Every sign of life
And happiness
He has been told
To be the secrete executioner
Of humanity
He has been told
Not to agree
Not to defend
He has no tongue
He is the spy man
Unlike Bond
But like Bond
In his labyrinths
He cannot come out
From the maze
He is pathetically mysterious
With remorse and guilt
He cannot love
His children

He is hated by his wife

He is the spy man

4/12/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Story Teller

We were waiting for you
The signs did tell us
You were coming
And then the news of your arrival
Every body restless
Waiting in the caravan inn
A dusty evening
You were late
Ask some one
Oh that caravan has arrived
But nothing about you
Said the keeper of the inn
A little later
You arrived
Tired
Luggage in your hands
Dust in the hairs
Clothes fagged
Eyes beaming red
Shoes worn out
We all greeted you
Encircled you
Exhausted look on your face
A travel
From far off place
Well
Some troubles in the journey
Some gifts
Sweets exotic
A small pack of black cloth
Sewn inside another pack of black silk
Beads and flowers
Clove and sandalwood
Whose heart have you won
Let us see
Almonds and hazelnuts
For the journey
Remembrance
A call from the distant land

A gift worth thousand gifts
The inn
With mud walls and green doors
An arched veranda
Room with dull light
And you started
Story of the journey
From the lands of Kahf
To Paristan (land of fairies)
And treasures
And bazaars
Beauteous faces
Damsels with black eyes
The robberies
And camels
The silk route
The green tea...
Night passing by
Before the end of the story
Every body was asleep
Don't end the story
We will hear it again and again
And many such stories
When you will visit
The land of beauty
So you are the teller
Of the first story
Of thousand and one stories
(In Qissa-Khwani Bazaar* Peshawar)
(*storytellers street)

Sadiqullah Khan

The Streams

The high peaks converging
On the tips above the earth line
The narrow valley has the vastness
Which can only be felt on touch

The velvety green has the softness
Of the green grass trimmed and moved
Down below the streams flow
Of water like juices of life

From the corner of the eyes if seen
In the evening when the sun sets
Behind the clouds with streaks of rays
A silver line in the misty steam from water

A cedar tree standing tall with stems
That bow in reverence like the hand
Approaching the depth of the cleavage
To feel the wet softness of the stones

Cold yet burning hot for the persona
Of the valley was like the sighs
And the dreamy eyes with sensuous lips
Spreads the legs for the feel to go deeper

Life is breathing in the valley
Gather not the openness of your beauty
The cold that goes through the spine shivers
As the hands slip onto the curves

Glaciers of love melt here
From the heat of the sun
Who says you are not with me
When I can feel you in nature
12/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Sultan

'Now my mind is tranquil and my wrath appeased.'
The Sultan

The Sultan Muhammad Bin Tughlaq mounted one night
To the roof of his palace, and looked out over Delhi,
Where there was neither fire nor smoke nor lamp, and
Hath thus said, as above. Ibn Battuta.

The only cripple left was hanged,
And the blind dragged to Daulat Abad.
Words fail, and the ferocity unleashed
On the inhabitants of the capital and everywhere.

O terror, yours are horrifying tales,
O cruelty, yours is a test on human suffering,
O tyrants, of your little hands,
And O bravery, of the commonalty harboring –
Insane and lunatic despots.

May the Great Almighty save us!
And make us resolve,
Never to let it happen, never ever again.

-Ibn Battutah reached Delhi via Kabul and Multan in 1334 and remained there for 7 years. In Delhi the Khilji dynasty had given way to another Turkish dynasty, the Tughlaqs in 1320. Muhammed Bin Tughlaq was ruling in Delhi when Ibn Battuta lived there. "This king is of all men the most addicted to the making of gifts and the shedding of blood. His gate is never without some poor man enriched or some living man executed...."

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
June 8,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Sunset Redness

In the sunset redness
When the twilight
With its red color
The color of blood and red roses
The rustic color where romance of years
Has receded in rust
Of the old mans hedge
Or balcony
Or the love of a fighter
When he suddenly discovers
That his long cherished gun
Has gone rustic
Or that small dog
When we watched his movie
Years ago
And the laughter in our small lounge
The sweet memories of the past
And the sunset redness
When it gathers itself from the face of earth
And then in the form of a ball
Rolls itself down the sea
The most beautiful sunset of the earth
Like a huge red drop
Or in desert
The sunset
Going down into the dust
The dark blue night
To cover it
Where were you
Where was the strength of your memory
Why I did not catch wings
To bring you closer to me
Why I did not realize
That this moment today
Will die for ever
Except in my memories
On those dusty roads and clean beaches
In my amazement
And as I was lost

Why you did not call me
Tell me
Why you did not call me
Through the air
And your eyes
Having fixed on me
Why did not I hear your whispers
Why did not you tell me
That this moment is so precious
That sunset redness
In the sea and the desert
This time
Remember
Call me and call me again
For these beauties on earth
These beauties
And ones like you
Torment me
And then haunt me in my dreams

Sadiqullah Khan

The Talk

All the long night
In company of friends
I talked of your long hairs

Sadiqullah Khan

The Tandem

Lo I am heard
I have a tongue
I have the weight of earth
Removed from my chest

My spirit stirs
The tandem
That can grow
From the depth of earth
To the height of skies

Let what the heart holds
Let that to the lips rise
Let that to the blood mix
Let that in the head sing

Islamabad
26/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Tempest

-We split, we split, we split!

Let's all sink with the king.

Let's take leave of him.

Act I Scene I

The Tempest by William Shakespeare

The storm leading us

Like the tempest

The destiny through

Come O light straws

Weeds and roses

From love's heart,

Come all in the way

From above the shores:

My return back

We shall meet

In the deep calm sea.

"The poet is like the prince of the clouds

Who haunts the tempest and laughs at the archer;

Exiled on the ground in the midst of jeers,

His giant's wings prevent him from walking."

Charles Baudelaire

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

February 22,2014.

Snow Storm: Steam Boat Off a Harbor's Mouth by Esharie@ deviantart

Sadiqullah Khan

The Temptress

But you melt like wax when the heat of my fingers touches you
When the kiss on your red lips shall unleash the sighs to be discovered
Lover though I am unfortunate for the temptress as you are
Nothing are you when my gaze shall not
In abstraction define the sensuous curves
Like wine I drink from your beauty
I shall not but escape the traps thou set for me
(A sequel to 'As beautiful as me' by poetess Reshma Ramesh)
19/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Temptress I

I find thou in the gatherings of the stars
In the blistered wounds of my heart
Transient are thou in thy passing
Like rose petal thou shall wither
When the dry wind of autumn
Touches thou on the edge
Age is thy enemy
Thine abode is ultimately my heart
In the deep recesses of the depths of my memory
Thou make a tomb like Taj
Thou art the idea that has made me the wonderer
In the desert of love as thou never existed
What thou pretendeth to be
(A sequel to 'As beautiful as me part 2' by poetess Resham Ramesh)
23/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Temptress II

Thinkest not thou that thou have not
Caused the miseries and pains
That thy love inflicted on my soul
From the Helen in the troy or the Eve
From Eden did I sacrifice my divinity
In the deep mystery of love thou have cast
My wondering spirit reinvent the goddess

But the lover as was I
To reveal to the world
In the flights of my imagination
Houris or Venus or Rekha

My tears did flow like the holy Jamuna
On the Nile did I build temples of gold
The beauty of mind thou speakest
Did I have but thou only enlightened
Like Mona Lisa before the great Da Vinci

Lover am I for the shrine of thy beauty
On the beat of drum when I am drunk
With wine old in the memory of those lips
Wine and wine and red wine
When thou art the saki in the tavern of my heart
(A sequel to 'As beautiful as me part 3' by poetess Reshma Ramesh)
24/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

The Tenth Muse

To you it's the cold of the night
The thought fox, sniffing, coming and going
Sets neat prints on the snow, starless, the clock
Ticks. For me it's the tenth muse, jagged
Be-printed, colored, a wild snowstorm, a sleepless
Night. A steed with wings, wearing 'Her' face.
It's a Jaguar, a hawk, that comes out
A walk, a chest holding wearisome apparel.
It is magic, a Cirencester square
A nomad's flute, a blood bath, a pond of irises
A contained universe in the vault of head
Ocean of holy water contained in heart.

A human drowning, dancing bird
Of blue feathers. Libidinous energy settling
In the cage of bones, wild inking white
Imagined silence of a huge vacuum, where things
Have no shapes. A fire, fueled, blown
Eating up, devouring, and the gasping soul
Holding out to the straw, afloat for rescue.
All I consume, is in 'The Path'
All stones beaten, all journeys sacred, all times
Mine. All else matters nothing, all presence is 'Present'.

My all ways have been
Either the curl, either the curve, a straightened hair.
Either mole on the chin, a restraint, held back
A lament, an impossibility, a nothingness alas!
A self devoid, a beauty imagined, a deity, a nature worshiped.

-On reading The Thought Fox- poem by Ted Hughes

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 6, 2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Testimony

-the testimony of what had been -
What shall come,
The thread is silk, the rope is goat's wool
Elegant is the camel's back
Clarion is the music of the caravan.
As is the Duke of the Abruzzi
Prince Luigi Amedeo, mountaineer and explorer
Cousin of the Italian King Victor Emmanuel III.
Fillip De Fillipi, the doctor (Duke's friend)
Capturing the captivating airs of valleys
Where we tend not out of horror
And cannot take a photo by an 'auto'
Hundred megapixel of film
And an in the album of book face.

-on Fillipo De Fillipi expedition of Northern Himalaya, Karakorum and Chinese
Turkestan

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
October 14,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Thread Xxx

Pick the thread, invent the jargons,
'Get syndicated', boxed,
Your office is 'workshop'
Sleep on paper. Drink black coffee.
Out of your cheeky living. Bourgeois habits.

Havana cigar, and eat grass.
Instead of 'they', the reactionaries,
Hanging to status quo, the dead wood.
The changing sway, 'revolutionaries'
Be prepared for the gallows.

Meetings after the mid-night
Flaring Rosa Luxemburgs.
Middle class intellectuals -the vanguard,
Sharpened wits, - economists and political scientists
Journalists and the fourth estate.

Nor soul searchers, seekers of paradise
Bring a change. Neither perceps this and that,
On a moral ground, high and up
Of the fiery souls in literature, tear apart
A battery of lawyers, teachers and academics
The younger blood, dreamers and lovers
With patience tread the murky shrubs.

Revolution is not a cup of tea,
Nor dancing folks face the brunt.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 12,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Three Pillars

Malak, Maloo and Poltical.

The three pillars, hitherto known to the self-proclaimed,
Inheritor of the status-quoist, British colonial genius.
Karl Max had wished for India to be thoroughly exploited -
The three pillars make the pivot, hundred years ago,
And when he was sitting in the mansion, thirty years ago.

Nothing has changed, this self-disciplined, self-educated
Man of letters proclaims. He also happened to be an ambassador,
The Excellency still believes in three pillars, while, the roof
Stands toppled, held by a multitude of crutches,
And those who have learned like him also see the world.

The fourth and the fifth columns, have grown, Excellency
You are sitting in 'Elephant's ear', of your glory days.
There is the 'tor maloo', having his four sons killed as suicide bombers,
And the fifth preparing. The 'malak' pockets the salaries of teachers,
Of a girl's school, awarded to him in his backyard. 'Poltical', persona non exist-
The Senator sells transformers, doctors medicine, and a colonel has named after
Himself a road-crossing, and another Excellency, the bazaar, after
Himself. The people's representative in the assembly, a laughing lot.

There are other columnists, Excellency, which you might
Not be knowing, who have taken upon themselves the great
Responsibility of enlightening the masses, of breaking the taboos,
Of being known and praised, of being the saviors, holding
Multiple sacks, not leaving any, not even the black dollar.

There Excellency, are thousands of youth, university educated,
The strongest pillar, the bigger force, -with greater awareness,
Than you might anticipate, a rising class, -politically conscious.

Since you believe that you know English,
And English mannerism, since you know 'monologues, from
Waziristan to Washington, and since you have authored a book,
Called from drones to thistle, or the other way round. Since
You are an authority and since your status quo is antiquated.
Since your book is adorned with a photograph
Of the then President with Jacqueline Kennedy, the glamorous,

And since you are unaware, and since you sit on high rise
Academic chairs, Excellency, and since you have not traveled,
Not, so distant. And since on my domicile, I hold your
Esteemed signature as autograph, though eaten by termites.

-On an interview by renowned scholar, civil servant, and author of *The Thistle and the Drone*, Dr Akbar S. Ahmad, to a news channel.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
February 6,2014.

Akbar S. Ahmad on *The Thistle and the Drone* @

Sadiqullah Khan

The Time

Time dies;
Long live the Time.

For New Year Eve 2013

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 23,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Tribesman

A tribesman
In a dusty valley
A market
Sold gun powder and bullets
A turban on his head
Worn out
From evil protection
Small beads hanging on his garment
His daughter
In prime youth
Of sharp cuts and braided hairs
A shepherdess..
Of lovely nature
Un adulterated
Of vices in men
And nature too
She was unaware
Dressed in red linen and blue strips
In her wandering with her flock
She, one day felt
A lot of pain
In one of her knees
A bone disease
The doctor told her father
Amputate the limb or she will die
The tribesman
I will let her die, than amputate her limb
My honor would not allow me to keep her
Home... all her life
The young girl
Had nothing to say
A few months later
She died of pain

Sadiquallah Khan

The Two Houses

The House of Wisdom and The House of Worship

One in Baghdad, ninth century Christian era,
The other near Delhi, sixteenth century Christian era.
The one established by the Caliph, Harun Al Rahid (786-813)
Culminated in the reign of Al Mamun, (813-833) , ultimately destroyed
By the Mongol Horde. The other, the House of Worship by the Great Mughal
Akbar (1542-1605)

Wisdom versus Worship

Offshoots, in India. Religion, worship, deities, ...planes, temperance, submission.
In Mediterranean, Greek reason, Aristotle, -confronted the divine providence,
Maghreb, Europe, -before the universities of Paris and Oxford.

Seeds thrown on various soil,
The characteristic fruit, be it Worship, be it Wisdom.
Be it Persia, Mesopotamia, Egypt or Palestine.

Seek, through transfiguration,
Let the high reason discover, the ultimate truth, or how the populace live.

The one is revolution, ...Wisdom
Worship is total arbitration, status quo, and prayers...
From assimilation it became many headed monster, Or
Corrupted similitude –more absurd
An Aryan response, ? But climate matters.

The legacy of Wisdom, continues,
The legacy of Worship continues.
So while you patch Worship to Wisdom, it can't be.
Or vice versa. (This is empiricism and geography)
Or who meets whom, -the quadrants. (past, present and future)
Or who owns what, delivered through ages.

Their many branches continue.
It all depends on what part of the earth, and what rivers flow through.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad

March 5,2014.

Al Idrisi Map (1099-1161) , with Wikipedia palms @ Wikimedia Commons

Sadiqullah Khan

The Universal Soul

The universal soul watch,
The avarice, men's doings
The creatures on earth so astray;
Beware of soothsayers and chants.
Be in the folds of Holy Spirit,
O ye! What signs and lessons for you:
As the Great Almighty unfolds its plan,
Verily, that is for the good of all
Except those who conduct mischief on earth.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 17,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Unseen Host

The pen bows down,
To absorb the sweetness of the sight,
Imagination is like wishing a dark lane,
Like washing dreamy eyes, with rose water.
From the curl of hair to the curve of foot
From and to the tips of fingers.
Your whole self is transparent, with happiness
You have written volumes on the pages.
All that transcends the comprehensible being.
The silence is the unseen host; we are
Face to face gazing into each other's eyes.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Unseen Host I

The pen bows down,
To absorb the sweetness of the sight,
Imagination is like wishing a dark lane,
Like washing dreamy eyes, with rose water.
From the curl of hair to the curve of foot.
From and to the tips of fingers.
Your whole self is transparent, with happiness.
You have written volumes on the pages.
All that transcends the comprehensible being.
The silence is the unseen host, we are
Face to face gazing into each other's eyes.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 30,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Unself

From self to self in the music of silence
In the wailing of those they see what means
From the state of consciousness to consciousness
Under the voices of the beats of the metals and strings

Wine like hemlock from the lips of the cup
In the mystery of the darkness of the aroma of hair
The beloved takes through the drunken glance
Breathe is the last possession in the heart

Soul goes from here to there to the eternity
Yes or no is left with the sense of being
From self to self is from reason to reason
From reason to unreason when I loosen the bridle

To let loose the horse of self on its own to halt
Where the bliss to unfold the secrets of the self
From self to unself the journey is from reason
Unreason has much for the reason to know

Consciousness of being is in the self and unself
My visions of self manifest in the unself
Is the state before the goblet is but the state after
Yet to the self I return from the unself
The self is then the hang over of the night's drunkenness

31/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

The Village

One evening,
There was a village,
Village of many lights,
Stars and Milky Way,
And, a visit up the village,
Up in the stars,
Cold and darkness around,
Small streets,
Alleys,
Many houses, one after another,
Some houses, one above
Others,
A milky way,
A house, strange faces
Some beautiful girls
Small boys,
And there I sat,
On the roof of a house,
Water and cold water
A youth,
Someone's looking!
The "stranger" in the village
The city,
A cup full of stars....
Lies beneath me_
Left my heart there!
And the small lights,
Dark streets,
A door opens, some colors,
Mixing,
Magic deepens,
I see all houses, I lived there,
My heart beats with every
Heart,
The nature, some old
Trees around.
Give it back its name
"The village"
An alien poem in the Garden,

Who speak for the people?
What binds them?
Together,
Love, thy name is beauty,
Love, thy bond is stronger
I left my heart,
In the village,
What's real and what's imagination
Let's not bother it,
The moment's gone,
A smile,
The old man understands...
Some sweet donuts,
I was tired,
The "garments perfumed"
And the colors,
"Pairahan" and books,
Love thy name is great

Sadiqullah Khan

The Violent Chasm

The relative violent chasm of reality.
You drown in love's sheds of water.
Many names like honey are inspired,
Wings, nectar, goddess, fairy and angel.
In your secrete desire, imagination and fancy.
The seven hundred hues, the muses you know.
You imagine, and I am. Your haunt ever eternal.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 22,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Vitality

Fetch water, cook food, kindle fire,
The vitality of now and then
Your utter wish and haunting dream.

O the hunter's perversions
Of the bird and against a smallness,
Prove your domination, for you can't,

Stand the grace, horrors of sophistry,
Or when you face the presence,
Your steps towards embrace or escape.

Or both, when you kill and die,
Warring inside, tearing outside
In the pitfalls of pity, rationalizing lust.

Or from the pulpit speak, from stage,
Your galore ugliness, you with your,
Two dead horses and now stuffing another.

Such a trumpet your nostril bugles,
Such a life of devourment and ignorance,
Such a saleable enterprise, industrious.

O let the drop from cold water quench,
My thirst hath been a distance through desert,
My severed longing long ago abandoned.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 5,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Wanting Spirit

Flesh worn and satiated desires:

wandering is seeing things,
as were centuries ago.

Who has "nothing" ponders,
is a "thing" sufficient for desires?

Safe from the cold or under a tree
in hot blazing sun. Freedom from want
alas the body needs.

Live in ancient times or compete
in modernity, "Mindful meditation" or "let go."
Freedom from lies and embrace the truth.

The Fire Sermon tells all!

What if the child is left alone?

Suckling breast and in sleep.

The Wanting Spirit still searches the truth.

Jan 23,2011

Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

The Website

The website is not available
Reads the sign,
An ass closed her eyes
On seeing a wolf.

An ostrich digs his head
In sand,
On seeing a danger.

Some people make walls
To the winds,
Others make windmills.

You cannot punish the sun
By blocking the rays,
Nor stop the moon
From her destiny anyways.

Neither a thought
An idea
That has found a bed to bud,
Will never go back.

And suppression will lead
To deviance,
If you think
Freudian psychoanalysis
Has relevance.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

The White Stone

The white stone
On the dark side of illuminations
The busy corner
Was slow to recoil to sleep
The whole day went with some sense of loss
Whatever is going time is going still
Whatever is gained is gain nothing
The night shall not descend
On a day of happiness
The stars shall not see more hopes
These nights and days
Have been in cycle since ages

Islamabad
6/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

The Window Serves A Cause

Whether Rene Magritte fixes in the window,
With the greens' rapidly changing hues
Oft to give up to the sun's brilliant gaze
Or animated to a diasporas of plantal reminiscence
Of some palmed shrubs, but the glare is grass-hopper's paradise.
Least accompaniments, the singing larks tweet through
Brazen rest-room's torn gauze and a right sided tap for warm water,
Colored bright white. In the room hangs lantern like tornado light
With low roofs, made off course not for dwarfs,
But we happen to be seeing tall concretes lifted by cranes twenty stories
Therefore the anteriors and their antecedents, and their typewriters
Junk on sport, weighty and will never be put to any use.
Downgrading to the awe it strikes,
But again, for a breathier air, you could smash the glass window
And be on the other side of canvas. John Miro would laugh at the surrealism
With effort maintaining a form of sobriety and evoking a thought
Which goes with any decent poem and you will find that one line at least,
Is related to the single, not juxtaposed item, like egg for a bird,
Or like the woman who below her bust is a spiky tailed fish.
Subconscious brazingly produces unharmonic archestrated and chaotic order.
Violence in dealing with your subjects,
Comes with age, and an enormous distaste for the ordinary and plane,
I would better dismantle the rest of everything,
As I overdid the tap of the bathroom, till its nickel were crushed
And the original brass came out, which act I kept hiding from my wife.
Art is mould, reshape, destroy and remake,
And when you remake, you like the cave-man-poet,
Come to know that art and poetry has deteriorated immensely from that day.
Beat the bush several times, and the grass-cutter machines,
Taking blades from grass, mulling over the genius of the gardener,
The great mughal gardens did not save them, the very order of things,
Is disharmonic, no leaf is a square, and no flower is a triangle.
O that what I made was a waste,
That what I wrote was binding others to hate each other,
That what I invented was to kill and then escape as a mass murderer.
For love did not need all these things,
And life has become a pitiable exercise, forced upon the humans
Themselves by humans, and the supple growth of human intellect.
The window serves a cause,

I recommend not to demolish it, when you let the rotting building fall.
Do preserve the green, which I think I will not see next year,
Otherwise, the window was effectively blinded
By starched, half plastic and half paper blinds.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 12,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

The Womb Of Time

The womb of time shall give birth
The membranes of skies studded stars
Bigger self has much in store
Darkness shall bring light bright
The song is that we belong since
What is new is the revival in rebirth
Hot reflection of the heat of life
Coldness at bay for the life's way

The traveler has the message
"Plant a tree even the world tomorrow ends";
The innocence that brings you here my friend
Human born your shining crystal eyes
Carry the Jesus or any holy book
The traveler has written many "smiles" on bland walls
Roam around the earth gaze to heaven
Inner beauty is sought in vigils long

That pretty girl has many loves collected
Her bosom inside like lilly red
Departing friends wear coffins like white
So she says born a woman is to bear
From the golden fish with silky tail
Is the night ocean or she shall feel the sun
Fountain of water was like pouring love
And down did it flow like the hairs of her
From the womb of time in patience wait
Such rubies and pearls like waters flow

Dedicated to my friend Taylor Booth, a traveler from Canada.

15/1/2010
Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

The Wreck

The curl of the hair
On the side of the beloved's cheek
Telling the legend learnt through ages
From the time of Cleopatra
Or Queen Sheba to Solomon
Many a stories of the past
In search of beauty and love unforgettable
In this sea of separation
With storms leading me to a wreck
The memories of your love
Of the last solemn pledge
I am forgetting
For the shore is too far away
And my struggle for existence
Is but waning
The faculties of my brain
My body now giving up the last hope
To a small piece of wreck
I am holding my last breath
Tell me beloved
How can I remember you
In the last moments of my life
When the curl of your hair
Has lost its significance
The nature though has bestowed me
With beauty abundant
The wreck that I am
Your beauty
Is meaningless for me

Sadiqullah Khan

The Zephyr

Prisoner of the gallows, the zephyr
At dawn towards the garden is astir.
Say a word, a song, a heart's lament
The enchained spirit might in the music
On the reed, like separated, be heard.
A tune, might inaudible from the chains
Of distance worn. Ah! You heartless;
Carrying wreaths of flowers, and the beloved
You admonish for seeing the two clouds' embrace.
The ocean of tears on the edge if nothing else,
What else? The desire is afloat
What else in love, but the Self has been freed.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 20,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Then It Never Was A Spring

It played on your lips,
Such a stay, to the wreck in storm.
Then it never was a spring,
Such prolonged, utter is the winter.
The devastation further -
Lo! We did what you said.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 8,2014.

Clearing Winter Storm, Yosemite 1937 Ansel Adams @ The Art of Photography

Sadiqullah Khan

There Were

There were hanging to those ceilings blackened
Hides of the lambs and goats taken straight
Fleeced and treated with salt and ash
Four legs tied with some rare knots in leather
And hollow open from the neck where they
Would carry their heads while grazing in the green
Those skins were filled with water and milk
And skimmed milk from which
Cold butter would be made to float
Some women carried it to the nearby spring
Would fill it with water to carry to long distance
On a camel back and milk in it would skim it so
So was the oil from butter for the rice around boiled
There were those skins of goats and lambs filled
With grain in winters to preserve the taste

There were hanging from those ceilings blackened
With the color of smoke from long winters
There were minor spaces for the eyes to penetrate
Branches from oak wood on the ceiling above the pine logs
There were comers not so straight and a small mud fire place
Brass pot for the warm water as light flames of fire
In the middle like a monastery would all around

There was the scent of the linen and silk of Shanghai
Music of the silver ornament as the heads would turn
White of the eyes and dark of the eyes above cheeks
A hanging gun that had been oiled more than hundred times

There were the long shadows of the evening
There were the darkest nights ever seen on earth
The brightest moons and thousands of stars
There were many suns behind every corner of the walls
There were many trees and fruits of apple and plums

There were many who were in love too

Islamabad
2/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

These Saturday Evenings

These trees are lined up
On the side of street lamps
The land is dry like drought eaten
For breathing all the air from the surface
Of earth
Water has been sucked
By the eucalyptuses

The sand bags on the newly washed bunker
There is a war zone on the other side too

The dim fluorescent light on the door
I climb to the love of your home
The ghosts in the street chase me
Some bigger locks are needed inside

I get dissolved to the walls
To the chairs and to windows
To sounds and silence

To the songs of birds early morning
To the rays of sun
To the brass and silver utensils
To your sweet hospitality

Before the dawn of departure
I break into pieces the whole night

Islamabad
15/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

These Things

These things
Go on
Those green leaves
And water drops
Were not leaving an impression
The light is too much

That man took my photograph
It looked
As if I was Lord Byron

In some corner I took hot snacks
It burned my tongue

I dashed my way
In a pool of flood water
I ended with the basement park
Flooded

I feel warm now
I retrieved a forgotten password

The Turkish lady with a strange name
Spoke so softly
And told me things about Cyprus

I am strangely cozy
For nothing
I left some work unattended
I probably need some conversation

In the evening
I have nowhere to go

Islamabad
July 29,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

They Say

I have broken
All strings to reason,
Just have loosened the self
Just have put
For the beauty's sake,
The feather of life, on the puff of breathe.
Understood the meaning
Whether here or hereafter
Of sin and redemption
Of hell and heaven.

They say I have drunk
With abundance.
They say, the reality's garb
Is trampled under the feet.
They say
That life has too long and too deep meanings,
Indeed. They say.
That life decides time, and time decides life.

They shall escape, they say.
They shall do whatever they want to do.
They say too,
That they are all might.
They say they are humans.
They say angels.
They say whatever they want to say.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 4,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

They Stare At Me

A successful man
Of the modern times
Talked of Maslow
And many other people
Taught how to
Impress
And last of all
What I leave for the posterity
My legacy
And what I have inherited
Are the stories of hatred
Of bloodshed
Bravery and gallantry

Where is the human
In this cold legacy
I can't face my children
The world as I am leaving for them
What I want to make them learn
Read and write

My children ask me
What is my legacy
Nature destroyed
Values vanished
Many gods
Faiths
Freedoms
A demon new
And Poverty

You are not what you say
Ask my children
Prophets
Buddha
And sages
Learn from them

My children ask

Whom should we learn from
A successful man
And whose freedom
Devour the universe
Animals and plants
Mass destruction
Weapons
My fantasies
Sadist and fetish

But where is the hope
For my legacy will be theirs too
The innocence on their faces
The naïve looks
They stare at me

Sadiqullah Khan

They Still Matter

Sportsmanship, losing when you have won,
The pleasure of aesthetics, the mythical value,
Some race of aliens might win the earth though
But ultimate dignity would have dictated,
Treat a king like a king, when by fortune befallen.

-On the Brazil - Germany football semi final,2014, when Germany won by 7 - 1.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 11,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Third Scenario

Destroy the tradition, fight the future,
Old Mama's hearth, new sheathed reality,
An alphabet of knowledge, a head who is high
Some color splendors, few tears from eyes,
Laughing countenance, an independent spirit.

Destroy the tradition, fight the future,
O dark demons, strangulate the souls
From pulpit speaketh the absolute,
Of a mind redunt, a soul either sold.
Envy the living, love the dead -
The third scenario is that you follow dictat,
Of a minion, or leave, or kill and die.

Gilgit
October 31,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Third World Country

At the height of alienation
When I see the world crumbling in front of me
When the school going children still wiping off tears
From the morning sleeplessness and waiting helpless
The school bus with broken windows and failing engine
The class room full of dust for it has not been cleaned
The teacher out of lethargy and the night's woes
When he has been unable to sleep for power failure
And his salary is too low to support his family
And he has lost all wits and remembers no jokes
To start his lesson with or check the home work

The music has gone slow and dull without melody
The drums neither are joyous or sad or militaristic
The artists are now singing to earn a piece of bread for themselves
The joys of living now slowly converting into miseries
The housewife in search of cheap grocery searching place to place
Carrying a bunch of potatoes or pulses for her kitchen at night
The stove of her kitchen she is not sure will lit
Baking food she adds tears instead of water
To feed to her children sweet

The man going to the office to face an ill tempered boss
Who himself had been struggling to keep up with his white collar
His fat belly now shrinking for he is also feeling the heat of the things
Throws papers and files from his table in search of some sanity
And to write a few words about a report to be sent by the closing time
The employee tired of listening to the new jargon of the management
Wants a change in real terms as for a long time he had been waiting
To hear something coming from the foreign consultant hired
With exorbitant perks and when he knows that the World Bank is playing havoc

A body of economists meet to set the things right and bring down the prices
When the sarcastic anchor on the television channel who had been paid for
The programme,
Where some politician with ugly face and having looted the country's poor
Braggs about his achievements and the economist explaining something irrelevant
And when thousands of youth carrying diplomas and degrees wait in queue
For an appointment while judges are marching long in the streets

And when that pretty girl waiting for her marriage one day and looking for a dream boy

The dream boy is now running from pillar to post for some shelter

And when some fraud has taken place and has pigged the pension of the old couple

Street crime and a proxy war imposed on the poor of the country

The president has an address and the prime minister meeting foreign ambassadors

Nearby

There is a military band singing national anthem

Sadiqullah Khan

Thirsty As Salt

You hold, O! Poetess of a tongue of fire
On the garment to the King, where all the tendrils
Flowers have grown into your tender hands,
On his benevolence, you have grown abundant fruits.
Thirsty as salt is your lament, a desert lark
And of eyes possessed, a magician's spell
Of a lost empire, the defeats are as cold
As cold are the dreams and the afternoon winds.
From the high hand of fortune,
And the fearsome sweat and sigh of men,
Who but built, fought and died, and whose women
Lived in the queen's ego, serving and telling
Their sons, be martyrs, for the shadow of god,
Which may not be pierced by the cruel sun
As an evil eye whom they all possessed, and
May not strike the bounties and riches and splendor;
Yet the gods possessed the hierarchy
Angels and a throne, long hands and retribution.
O! Poetess of a tongue of fire
Silence is like claws of vulture on the shore
Thick, unending, breaking, breaking and breaking
The tide of time is, who lives, and who does not
From the sadness of demise is groomed
Romance, and melancholy is a bird
An oft visitor, who but reminds,
Everything shall happen one day, and the day;
Yet happening is just another name of filling the void.
Those who once slept the eternal sleep,
Have they come back, such long is their dream
Whence, where, how, why and by whom
Who but have answered the questions.
O! Poetess of a tongue of fire
You have been wished to be sitting in the wounds
The wounds thirsty as salts, and like the roses
Perfumed, wet and dry, like a weird cloud.
Between us is nothing more, a stroll, a gait
A mare's step and hair like a nightfall sans a moon.
O! Poetess of a tongue of fire
Like a tedious argument, hanging limbs, stitched

Red, purple and grey, on the half risen walls;
The drag of half deserted streets wishing to see
The morning come easier, or hit by a storm
A thunder and an unwanted rain,
Being dug, broken apart, and lit with flower pots.
A young girl is gazing downwards, might be freedom
Is like a flying crow, or a tree who had been eating soot,
These mornings, evenings and the noons are so familiar:
On the step, is time counted, passing and we happily
Let it go. The deceitful hope, is it not another illusion?
I have known the words, in other's formulated phrases;
And the two angels, sitting on my left and right
In what debts I shall find myself on the Day of Judgment.
O! Poetess of a tongue of fire
I am not obtuse, nor do I want sadness fall on you,
After all the songs have been sung,
All tea drunk, all tables washed, all nights slept
All happiness gathered, all love made.
The stately ship, survived all ill fortunes, not sunk
And she has said all the beautiful words,
All dead remembered, all living blessed.
Will it then that this existence comes with some meaning?

Sadiqullah Khan

This Afternoon

A dove with purple feathers
And a dark line around the neck
Is caught in a net. A ram handcuffed.
A white car is held in robots above
The earth. There is no loss otherwise.

Looking for a woman
The cubist's eyes were too
Apparent and the lips were made
Too red. There was a disintegrating woman,
Which was too expressive and damned.
Like a simple country music,
Bland sans all complexity.

This woman was actually not there
Nameless, she existed in lines.
The intensity of projecting a complex
Terribly harsh countenance,
Of someone who even does not know
What all this is about.

To be conscious or not to be conscious?
Will it make a difference.
No, if all are unconscious, or all conscious.
If some unconscious and others conscious?
This makes a difference.

We talked about a surrealist master of dreams,
This afternoon.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 17,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

This Calmness

Is this you
Or your footsteps

Islamabad
30/4/20101

Sadiqullah Khan

This Dead End

Must it be the creeping sounds?
On dead ends, dead corridors.
Fallen leaves are archaic,
and playful words a cliché.
I have lived too much longer,
The growing signs on other's
faces tell me.
Stand and think,
running makes no sense,
unless the stake is life,
and that too governed by fate.
This dead end has a soothing effect,
nurturing.
What is lost is nothing in reality.
Many are fed up from what you thought
as gain. And besides these old houses,
there are sleeping dragons of desires.
What a little wish!
I wish I could honor.

Jan 22,2011

Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

This Frozen Night

The vaults of heaven did not break,
This frozen night did not bring a rain.
The citadels of hardened metal,
Did not melt.
The hearts did not sing the chants
Of love. The dead either remained,
Eager for burial.

This heavy mist of the dews hanging,
With the helpless air of dampness,
Neither the winter brought shivers.
The tenderness in the heart,
Was either a lament of hope.

The stars did not tell.
The settled storm of great tumult,
Is over.
The sea is back to the shore.

The moon shall shine in the dark,
The sun bring warmth again.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 17,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

This Goes On

This goes on and will go on.
The destructive capacity
of humans have increased manifold,
so is their understanding of each other.
Man will live a life of angst
and divided between the done
and the not done.
We can only minimize the pain
of both the victors and the vanquished.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 25,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

This Indeed Is

"Fihi ma fihi",
Did you read this before,
It is what it is
Or what else it could be,
Much more, and it was.
This was the teacher.

This is what it is,
And is not what it is not.
For the voices,
And that,
I have put words on fire.

This indeed is,
The unlettered saint
Cum wanderer
Heeding the iconoclast's
Blow, with the cynic's
Sharp blade.

This indeed is the log,
Thrown out.
Let it catch fire itself,
Let it burn in own ash.

I have gone deeper
Down the ocean,
Swimming back, to
My own sky.

The sun shines above,
Far more brighter
Far more near.

Hold your chin high,
May the full moon fall□
In your palm.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad
May 28,2014.

"I like to think of literature and painting as something that continuously changes its frame of reference; non-working as outside/beyond such a frame of reference to what we like to see as a meaningful work; non-working asks what is meaningful work; non-working presents the continuous dialogue we engage with, as in "it works, it doesn't work, it works, it doesn't work..."; non-working as the inevitable failure of this show; and to make it five, non-working as something we thoroughly enjoy and still pursue with gusto." Hendrick Wittkopf

Non-working by Hendrick Wittkopf @ 3: Am Magazine. Whatever it is, we are against it. Blog

Sadiqullah Khan

This Is Up To Me

So apt these words,
I had left much more to you:
I had some wild dreams,
tied to the corner of that
shrouded veil.

I found the dried dust,
from the wings
of butterflies;
and some petals.

The thread that binds us together.
Is this up to me alone?

You once told me;
you smell me on your bosom.
Is this up to me alone?

Islamabad
Aug 2,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

This Quiet Corner

Smoky grains, in this quiet corner,
Abundance has the flavor of nothingness,
O dark ceiling, lift up the spirit's desire,
While the chef cooks the fish in olive,
And flavored tea with aroma visit the sense,
Wet leaves are visible fallen on the lanes
Of blind endings, curving like boteh's bottom.
Yet the silk thread around the neck,
Yours is pashmina from the goat's torso.
My inner mirror has the muffled shape,
Drawn on its surface, sketched by a coal rock,
And the edges are scrubbed in white silver
Of a moth eaten paper, and seasoned as if
A wine cellars, who had been giving aroma,
Since long, imparting dreams and fantasy.
Her figure were like the molten wax near fire,
Is it, the way of speaking, O tenderness,
The beheading is a chess play on a board,
With no check mates, your horse fly,
The castles of clothed form, like a chained
Lion, know his worth, and a falcon
His sight, when his eye-blinder is removed.
This was no time, though to push for ideas,
Nor making impressions, nor throwing,
Corn-seeds, or a lamented look to wear,
None to know, you have a hidden treasure,
Great remonstrance, like a settled sea,
Who has seen the storms, and know in sure,
That nothing will happen, and the shores
Returned the usual way, to sleep and dream,
On the orange and red petals of fine fabric
Making things in the color of earth, shining,
In the color of moon, warm like in sun-shine.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 15,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

This Season

In the memory of loved one
Flow my tears
Flow like rivers
Unending
The clouds
Of anguish
Never were
As dark
As of this season

Sadiqullah Khan

This Summer

This summer when in the early morning
The dark clouds would recede to give way
To the sun rays filtering through the dust
The mist in the morning was lesser
Than the previous year for it did not rain like that

After tiresome nights passed in longing
And the knowledge that the morning
Will bring days of separation
On empty dull roads when my car would devour
The black metal towards the sunrise

The men coming out of the bins they had been sleeping in
The town committee truck to clean the garbage
To close eyes and see the earth in that coldest hour
I wear sunglasses to prevent myself from vomiting

Many a times a sunrise would inspire me
But for the cold colors of the beginning of the day
Well spent in bed dreaming that how it would unfold
Happy are the night's fantasies and so is the morning sleep

This summer my love when I wanted to be with you
And without breakfast I would leave the home
Without saying goodbye to live in the night's sweetness
The absence that I leave behind I understand
In perfumes and long hours of conversation

When I am not home keep my room warm with your presence
And my favorite perfume sprayed around with some music
You know I love olives for my dinner and yellow mustard

Sadiqullah Khan

This Vision

This vision has tremendous ramification.
I see a rainbow in bright sunlight.
Where we would grapple for the possession.
I am coming from Eden, having eaten forbidden fruit.
Through the green of the leaves I saw
You wrapped me in the dark, of your hair.
I have thus become the vision inside you.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 2,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Thousands Paper Poems

Blabber uncouth
Words as if picked
From the Daily
Emotions like in motion
Let loose like locusts
Like storms hitting
As if Guinness records
Who will read the magna opi
These paper poems
Frothing like sea waves

Islamabad
3/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Three Cab Drivers

1

He was thin
Sharp eyes
He did not speak
All along
A two bladed sword
Hanging to his mirror
Dangerously close
To my eyes
I told him
He did not hear
Did not care to respond

2

He was filling a cigarette
With some black stuff
Drove me safely
Smoking
Spoke of the other world
Where all men would get
Equal
And said
Lawmakers are given
Two hundred thousand rupees
Every day
For their job
And said
Two women ran away
With out giving his money

3

Abusive language
He said
He had been strangulated
Once
And had been shot
Twice
On his right shoulder

And police men are his friends
He had no change
And when we stopped by the gas station
Some one greeted me
He knew me
He asked me to catch a rickshaw
I told him to take me further away
I did not want to meet them
Again

Islamabad
8/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Three Men Walking

Three men walking
Along the roadside
One after another
Wearing weird caps
In the dark

The town asleep
Some traffic
Street lights
And cold

Silhouettes
Trees
Roots whirling
Some visible others hiding
Some past events

The three men
Talking to themselves
And to each other too
Smell of hey
Some old friends

The three men
Still walking
One after another

A young boy
Runs past
All covered up
Without socks

A cat with long tail
And a dog
Waiting for something to eat
Common cause

The boy
Collects rotten fruit

In a bag
Whose cause?

The three men walking
A young girl
Beaten
Cries
Selling flowers
A man with a gun
A watchman
Destroys her flowers

Water
Red colored
And black too
Going down a small stream
Blood is red
And water black

The three men
Further, into the darkness of the streets
Their caps
Water enters the shoes
Cold water
And black water

And then into the restaurant
The three men
With weird caps
Some people in the restaurant
Long faced small faced
Tired and worried

The three men
Looking from above a cabin
Some boys
And burgers
Water and tea

A common cause

Sadiqullah Khan

Three Rubies

There is a thing in my pocket
Said the little girl
Three rubies on a chain
And one loose
Innocently
She took it out from her pocket
Gave it to me
Hung it on my chest
She could not speak
For her age was just two
Sweet smile played on her lips
The one ruby still in her hand
Into the bed she went
Played with the rubies red,
In fancied imagination
A fairy princess she looked
One by one
She asked about her friends
Nirma, Ayesha
Naseer and the other naseer
Of birds she named babali
Of monkeys and cows
Of her small goat
Which she was afraid to touch
A fairy tale she wanted
To hear from me
With rubies in her hands
She went to deep sleep
All her friends
Every night she recalls
Like rubies in the silver chain
She surrounds herself
With all the names
My little princess
Deep asleep
She might be dreaming
Her friends around her
The birds singing
Under the greenwood tree

On the bank of a small pond
A fairy home
Like a paradise
She flying in the air
Like a butterfly
Of fancy lands
Of little homes
She was dreaming in deep sleep
Her innocent face shining
Unlike moon
But a divine object
Was one other ruby
The innocence flowing
In harmony with nature
But still holding deep desires
The pain of separation
O great lord
Thou have put in her bosom
All life long
She will with this pain
Learn to survive
Thoust understand
The secrets,
My knowledge is humble
I m but a lover
A seeker yet on the door steps

Sadiqullah Khan

Three Scenes

Scene one

A girl wearing yellow
Leaning on the wall
In front of a gate
In casual dress
Pulling up and pushing down
Her dress to hide her skin
Close to the soft curves

Scene two

Disappointed
She walks down the lane
Showing her broad side
Under green trees
Cool like Amazon
With the flow of mercury
When hot in a metal

Scene three

Straight she goes
Down the lane
In total silence
Leaving odor
Of her youth
Fall of the curves
Trees bending
Grass and weeds
The male pollens sticking to her skin
Like eyes glued
In animation strong
Thinking how to conquer
That bigness from behind
With tools so modest
Like trees so big
Not responding to axe small
But an embrace would suffice
To drink deep from her youth
And if she allows
To be conquered and possessed

In sensuous delirium

Sadiqullah Khan

Through The Skies

Lo! hope had taken wings
When saying was like a night's storm,
Whispers slipped by the ear
Is lullaby is to get to your dreams?

The pale dawn returned the moon's light
Shadows of distant lands were no more
And no other than nightmares,
The sweet wind shall evoke no memories.

The gradual fall was like a haunt
In the rock like the ancients dig houses.
Of the glossiness of landscape,
Of the mirrors where hid the Mona Lisa.

Turning back on the moon to follow the sun
Stars are no more visible whether north or south,
There was a long tale of no consequence
My sensibilities now touch the ground.

Some dragonflies were hurled on me
Some white petals of flowers,
I close one door and open another
I breathe my longing through the skies.

Islamabad
Sept 29,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Through Thick And Thin

This oars me through thick and thin,
In the desert, stony ocean, of opposite wind.
This makes my arms, otherwise I would end
With severed limbs, by a lesser design -
In the replete world I have to invent,
A weapon of more potency, pen and ink.
For the moment I wear the crown
For the moment bow and arrow sails me through,
Before you earn the reputation of being honest and true.

Sadiqullah Khan

Peshawar

July 28,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Through With The Things

Through with the things in clamor
My repaired dream, in rusted rancor,
Destroy my desire, in imagination although
You leave, even dwells your shadow,
A sweet recount, a naked truth
A journey into, than unto.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
May 24,2014.

Penang street art @ The World Through My Eyes

Sadiqullah Khan

Through Your Eyes

Through your eyes, to your landscape,
Elegantly understated, interspersed,
The daisies into your fragrant hair -
O you lover of the purple royale,
Do they know, from where harbo'r,
Else my imagination would not take
Fancy upon your modest mien -
The mystic love of the desertions,
And deserts offer solace to torments
Mysterious vigils, where nights,
Darker and days brighter, colors intense,
Or on coal burn incense, flagons fill,
Till the rising come, let us drink in wild.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

Tiger's Transgression

He may have transgressed the bond
Marital is a much life bound
Spirituality might have taught him
Seek the self in mirrors more
Creativity has in the nature engrained
Open the hands for all who love

He made the confession of being selfish
He did not have the heart to speak his heart
Like a flame of the wild feeding on woods
Aloes or oak could not be discerned

Love's gratitude is made not in crowds
Repentant made for some transgression
Selfishness is beaten by selfishness

His love could have smiled at him
If not for him but for the loves he had
His display of courage to have accepted
Accepted that what the nature ordained

Islamabad
20/2/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Time

Time is the essence of every thing

No one can beat time

But last night

A friend told me

“Speed can beat time”

Sadiqullah Khan

Timeless

Timeless virtues written on water,
On brass engraved shall erase
The epigram wits the hour of death
For I seen bones etched in earth;

On the face of page, of air made;
The papyrus though contain
Oceans of ink, but what?
To the sea back, like dead charcoal.

A déjà vu is memory of the sense
The time rolls back, in a flash
Ah spring! A sight of rose,
And youth, thou art just anow.

Tavern left, on the path is mosque
No wine though, nor forehead bowed,
In your beauty lies, all beauty
But life, to you if my eyes close.

The few, the very few times
And my sight is on the now and here;
Virtue is then how we are read,
On the water. Or your eyes, that matter.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 22,2014.

"Love of beauty is Taste. The creation of beauty is Art."
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Timeless Beauty in Italy by Ken Kaminesky @ Ken Kaminesky Blog

Sadiqullah Khan

Tiny Black Circles

I will
Of the tiny black circles
And squares

Minute detail
On a blood red
Scarf

Wear
'Beauty of Joseph'
Perfume

On a stick
Around the neck
And the wrist

A necktie
Rust red shirt
An Izmir motif

Preceding form
Receding line
'A supersymmetry'

'Mystic suprematism'
Dark
Voluptuous and enticing.

Sadiqullah Khan

Titled

Why we forget,
Sweet little children,
They also live with us.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May,25,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

To A Vegan

The last thing I ate of him, was a spleen,
The poor hermetic pouch, full of red blood cells,
And cooked insulin. Liver is a staple diet, and muscles,
The choicest. On our last encounter, I was eating brains,
Of a she goat, and on some other occasion, an eye-ball.
Allen Ginsberg, said he had chewed a...hole, in a sandwich,
While tail bone fried in own fat is a favorite with many.
They are stunned, killed, bled and suffocated,
It makes little difference whether they will go to hell,
Or heaven, as long as they are slaughtered, with or without mercy.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 18,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

To An Unknown Girl

Of what use is all this
When I know not your destiny
When I know not
Where you are
And who you are
My poems
Are but pearls
Scattered
And I shall
Recollect them one day
But for the inspiration
That pretty girl
Proud and lovely

Sadiqullah Khan

To Begin

To begin, your task is to see again,
Cluttered half written, half done works
Sung by some pretty girl, why she would
Care, had it not been a worth, in somber tone.
The closet is a fill to the brim, hanging skeletons,
Of some forlorn desires, drenched in rains,
Flagged in the distant sky-line of the city
Where sit the glamour girls, dine and sup.
Who would recount the waste, except that hours
Have been dragged into the lonesome writer's
Little table, with frothing mug of coffee, if you permit,
Imagination forth onto the stage, the life- drama
Asks, verdantly. Get them cock-tailed. O narcissus,
Had you not seen yourself in the mirror,
Your years of lament may not be so injurious.
O stretch your hands, to the hills sitting,
On the bed of air, and sheath of cloud
On a covered face, the dark night will rain dreams,
Upon a face, that every night sleeps, wakes up in the morning,
Sans the glare of the rising sun, on a worn-out smile.
Do not remember, the isolation, yours was a territory,
'Foreigners prohibited', the prohibitions were,
By the hillock's walls a prison indeed, do not recall.
You can either float with ideas, and escape
Like an eagle in high nest away from the eyes of beholders,
Or bent heads, regimented without raising questions,
Without raising heads, and eyes, for the solemnity
Of parade. Your return is not as easy, nor is your going afar
The extension is that with a funeral perhaps -
The wretched soil, is infested, with some viral disease
On us is pulled, half of the existence, there are awaited
One hundred years of warfare, the battle-fields have been
In succession chosen, houses numbered, to evacuate
Or live within. They are doing politics; there is no end-game.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 5,2014.

To Elements

The charred bodies were washed away
The delight of being on earth
The pilot made the last desperate effort
To lift this heavy weight upwards
In the clouds was hidden the deep bed
Of eternal silence under a heavy downpour

Who lifts us so on the revolving earth
On the fearsome sun and the night moon
Who then pilots the whole universe
That has not come across any error
So much knowledge we humans are born with

Are there any clouds on the way
It might be dying inside our own selves
It might then be living much longer

Are the elements to return to elements
Is this pain a joy to endure
The elements shall mix and remix may be in soul
What is not known to us we attribute to nature
To fate we look and to love for inspiration
And to meet somewhere in world hereafter

Islamabad
July29,2010

(On the fatal plane crash in Islamabad, on July 28,2010.)

Sadiquallah Khan

To Escape Violence

To escape violence
Is the humanity's ultimate slogan
Of the twenty first century.
O! Oh! The mass murders,
Wars, wars, - arms, arms,
Behind smiling lips
There are long ugly teeth,
The carrot is on the long end of stick
Between the lines of the sermons,
Are rivers of blood,
In the book of history
Heroes, the strength of bulls
Are extolled, celebrated, -militaristic
Jingoistic diplomatic maneuvers.
There goes and shall go,
The accumulated effort,
The vision of change
We intend to bring upon.
Between the wars of Sun Tzu,
The Zen taught peace,
Between the fighting hawks,
Dove comes in the intermissions.
Nonetheless in the chicken shop
Next to the stoves which will cook them,
I saw a black cat,
Desperately waiting for the dove in the cage.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 18,2016.

Sadiqullah Khan

To Him And Her

Swimming across was taking me
Those hills beyond has much hope there
The silver was like the Mediterranean cloud
From the sunset in the west the line was gold
I might have wept for the weak shoulder of him
Her fortune I would read on the lines of her lips
The silver lining had the truth revealed
To all is their share of happiness bestowed
My blessings would for them never end
Gold would be the simple ceremony of love
We may see the saga of life in symphony sung
Some drum beats to repeat the song again

Islamabad
12/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

To Martyrs Only

On your ugliness, you have borrowed
My smile, you shall wear my dawn,
The unending maze of a darkened world.

Down your elbow drips my blood
You cry an afflict, -like a thief caught thieving
Catch catch, he cries, -there runs the thief.

Today the mothers mourned
They know, that they shall give birth
To martyrs only, for a long time to come.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 22,2014.

"In one of the writings of the martyrdom of Christians during the reign of the Persian Emperor Sapor, it is said: 'The swords became dull, the sword-bearers fell and the sword-makers fatigued, but the Cross is uplifted even higher and glistened from the blood of Christ's martyrs.'
The Cross Glistens with the Blood of Martyrs @ Mystagogy

Sadiqullah Khan

To Snowbelle

Could my memory be less harsh
Your Neruda sleep, dear cat, with abandon
My amiable character be in debt, so is
The cat-stretch my yogi teacher taught me
Fervently. Not recouring the cat-walk
The white triple fir was like a fern's brush.

You would just need a little more effort
To converse, to be through with the evolution's
Fifty million years. But the intelligence in your eyes
Spoke and the frown on forehead, the disposition
Sophistication, delicacy, decency, mannerism
Play of a child, an old recluse's sweet company.

On the edge of the wall, we called you back
But for the breeze, of the night and rain
Still they say you love to be home.
Our doors open and we found you 'passed',
An ailment, poisoned, a bite –what happened?
But to the adornment of the house, you chose

To lay yourself on the door, might be unable to climb,
Might be you wished someone open it up,
You the palace-cat, might be some fear
Struck your tender heart, and your eyes I saw still
Open, live, full with tear marks, and your gentle paws
Folded back, -we do not know what message you had

For the elegant Casper, your companion, except
That 'you all remember me for my little plays'
The little joys you shared, to make the dread of living
More joyful, and to teach to let go, and to remember.
For 'be compassionate to all living creatures'
'and find another one for your amusement, O Humans! '
'I am grateful to all and happy with all, so adieu! '

-When Vareesha's cat snowbelle passed away on May 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad
May 5,2014.□

Night Cat Artwork @ HD Wallpapers

Sadiqullah Khan

To Touch Your Feet

To touch your feet, I walked on stars
To touch your peaks, I flew with clouds,
Across the green to see, I peeped through
The rainbows. From the wet drippings
I filled. From the dew on leaves, on tips
'I washed my hands, blackened with life'
The distant tree lines, sent us
Rains of happiness, and like melting desires
The heat inside is amorous, peace contagious.
Great sires bowed to friends; pitchers
Getting empty sooner than filled.
The soul danced on the highest peak
Looking down upon the moon, hiding
The sun refused to show up for the show:
The walk was Basho's track to meet a friend
A hermitic recluse, and mine to the habitations,
A shepherdess, a beautiful girl, donning up hair.
With your appearance, the vault of heaven
Gets tilted and the stars run with the night:
Climbing up higher, what it would mean.
An empty room, a drunkard dance, a dreamt for
Song. We then parted adding a page,
Adieu little friends, you have your eyes
Planted to see for you, to remember, long after;
A visit of fond times, and to meet again in Eden.

-On a visit to Bhurban- a hill station. (August 11-12,2013)

Saiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 13,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

To Your Dreams Xx

To your dreams only, return
The winds, showers are for soft green lanes.
Their holiness, and who enters it is an idol,
They are not for you.
All else is usual, all walls are intact, calm and mossed
Had you won, it would have been my winning,
But you know, the veterans when back
Are tired. They just live their personal passion.
Martyrs, you will be sung, may be?
And nothing shall be built in your memory,
Forgive us the insensitivity.

'Once upon a time' shall be the opening line,
That you have been to the 'capital'
On the doors of the rich, had touched
Escaping death, and to their chagrin beating
The officer in uniform. Rest you did not know.
The fiery speeches, de-void,
Might that you did not understand.
They, 'whose tails sleep like street dogs',
Had been sleeping by the garbage bins and others
Watching the show, and sometimes 'your eloquent eyes'.

The rebels, the patriots, the stronger and the weaklings,
All joined hands. The poet spilled the blood from heart
For you. The sarcasm, the brutality -
The power-play, the silence, long long silence
Wounds, scars, -laughters and tears-
The asphalt bed, walk on dewy grass, in front
Of the 'revered' Parliament, big motorcades, sirens.
The emptiness shall be haunting, the tents
When removed, shall make one sing a song of loss.

They shall announce the decision,
Which means nothing to you and nothing to me either
All revolutions settle to a status quo, daunting and sad
Except that a worthwhile cause. Rendered worthless,
Not worth the effort, but since you insisted.
Since you had a dream, deep down in your bosom,

Since we are used to it. Now let us forget
Let us be to our poverty stricken homes, to our children
Knock on our broken doors, sleep long and dream again.

-To the unknown participants of Freedom march and Revolution march in
Islamabad.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

To Your Ignorance

My prostrations to your ignorance,
Apologies I do, and the don'ts that hang
To your chains. To your bound hands -
O prisoner!
On a certain day, breathe freedom,
Let others live,
From your stone eyes,
Let a tear fall, from your mouth
Let the bitter almonds go down the throat,
For you are used to sweet tooth.
Go, to where you belong
Preach peace,
O the other side of ignorance,
Like dark spreading,
And my tip-toed silence
My fearful light, meager and your edict.
O sold hand,
Of your borrowed anger,
And deep within, you know
What a caged human soul you harbor
What a coward, what an un-believer.
To your ignorance,
And I pity the existence, the life you live.
From one birth you pull your feet
And your monstrous head enters another.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
December 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Today's Sensibilities

Give them a leg spread
A toast, smooth-shine, a coming on face.
A lottery ticket, an add of a full house
Clearance. A revolutionary verse, three
Decades old. Rotten, and some philosopher
Of a fat belly, an artist with upturned moustache.
The soothing conformity of a divine -
The comfort zone of 'seeking love', a miracle.
A whip-tongued mullah's quote
An ugly nude woman digitized.
Today's sensibilities are as horrified
As the stories written by J. K. Rowling.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 25,2013.

The Bourne Supremacy @ pluck you too

Sadiqullah Khan

Together

We were dead together breathing
A blue surface vaulted back sky up
-ward. The boat sank through the ocean
Beneath we were walking
Looking for fish in the tree branches
Hanging from pine
There was rain, fog, cloud
Our bones were eaten up on the hill's slide.
Your eyes were jungle green
Your hair brown
Age is like an hour
On the arm of a wall clock, 'It ticks,
It ticks for whom'
A laden pull down the mountain, convoluted.
An unwatered spring, empty.
We were drained down by the torrential rains
We were shown oppressive luxuries (Bahria Golf City)
For sale, worth dreams of a hundred years
We left them there to ride a 'Nahin'-the carpet
Knocking broken door, dry earth
Holding arms in arms
In a crowd to whom the angels have to announce
Who will part whom on a sharp line
Between hell and heaven
We are holding each other's arms
We have tied our aprons together
We either win or lose, we either...
Together.

-On our way back with my family from Bhurban, a flashback.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 28,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Tomorrow

Ah!

How many things I leave to you

My tomorrow

You are so much loaded

With my desires

Every thing

I want to do

Is tomorrow

Sadiqullah Khan

Tomorrow I

Tomorrow I shall visit the cavernous darkness
To which the rope of my fate is tied,
Where I have only grown roots
Of nourishment, a lotus's desire to be rootless
Though I have sprung few flowers and leaf
On dried stem of a long lasting autumn.
I shall hold flowers, to the sunken ship
On a shore sharpened by waves,
Like the sharp edge of a butcher's knife.
I shall plead the rays of sun concentrate
Through the grasses on the dancing ground,
And the time's ravenous tides, which your
Ink-less pen shall decide on a drenched piece
Of paper. I shall carry in my neck a tablet
Of my deeds, unless it goes in hiding on thickness
Of my sole. For smiles with red cheeks is dearness
You abhor with all might. For justice is left to another
Dry day, on a revolving calendar year by year.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 21,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Too Long Forth

The earth did not move
Nor stars changed in heavens
Inner cosmos was in revolution
He decided never to get up
Or know the truth

Since he had "Gone Forth";

He ultimately extinguished the flame
He will have no desires
He had become "Gone";
He was not unlike a dead man walking

In the quest of knowing
To understand pain
To escape it
Recurring life as samsara
Dust he saw every where
His sleeping wife and son
Abandoned

He might have attained the highest plains
Of nothingness

But he might have missed
The heat of life
To be a human
To laugh
Smile
And weep sometimes

He might have been
Telling someone
And knowing
That why he had been doing all this

He might have longed for love
In his immeasurables
But he had gone

Too Long Forth

July 23,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Too Much

What a dreadful
Waste your life
Had been
Someone told me
To my horror
30/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Too Sweet To Break The Heart

The voices were made in blackbird's tune
Vision as if on the skin's satiny sheen
As if hair were slipping down the cheek in crescent
As if love has won the last battle fought with fervor
As if victory would mean a smile as aubade from early dawn

And for the plaint that was wrapped in the finest colors
The leaves as if talking and singing with birds
As if green and yellow would be the fantasy in hearts
As if they would be looking for silence of the midnight
And that the clarion of love would ring from distance so far

The zephyr in the desert would then be your friend
The moon and the stars would then be the audience
Pick the flute from the stem as the reed is too dry
Too weakened from the burden of speaking the love
Too sweet to break the heart apart

You are the song of the nightingale
You have known the ecstasy of waiting long and long
You have yet to get down to earth and heights of the skies
You have yet to drink from the cups of those lips
You have yet to seek your tavern again

Islamabad
Oct 26,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Torn Apart

The garment torn apart, ropes
Broken asunder. Waters, torrential
Flow above the embankments. Oceans
In your eyes, held by brim on lashes
Smile, ah! On your lips, would I see white
Pearls. Happiness, like the percussor's fingers,
The tambourine dances, colors float, across
The horizon at nightfall, an urn in tavern,
From earth raised, dreaming heaven -
A cup more, to the soul of the great alcazaba,
The moment goes, before the habit is broken
Angel of death, wait, the inebriation is yet not over.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 26,2013.

"The religious inebriation of big cities.- Pantheism.
I am everyone; everyone is me.
Whirlwind." Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867) , French poet, essayist and art
critic.

Our Man in Marrakesh @ HommeMode

Sadiqullah Khan

Total Freedom

In absolute oblivion
With nature and the forces of existence
Into play
Thousands years of history
Written
Some relics and the forgotten one
Gods word or the wise mans talk
Deriving meaning from the stars
Sun and the moon
Goddesses and deities
The great abstraction

In the realm of thought
Freedom remains the desire
Freedom from the bonds of the humanity
Freedom from all wants
Freedom from the will of others
Imposed or perpetuated
Freedom from ideas
In the name of social consciousness
In the collective realm of the society
Of life and death
Life in community
A dream sought after
The breaking of shackles
Of ideas and the iron chain
The evolutionist's theory of having attained modernity
The matrix of life stuck between falsehood and reality
With great illusions

Get into the realm of total freedom
Away from the connections and strings
Whose other ends are controlled in places distant
Out from the mischief of the fate defined as luck
Make death the ultimate inspiration
Whirling into circles for the last freedom
That too is another thread of making the other being
As a final destiny of union

Unite with thyself
Leave alone all the philosophies and doctrines
Religions and beliefs
Hold the wine cup of total freedom
All alone
Without any god or fate
Discover for thyself
The ultimate truth
Enter total freedom
From self to self
Leave the saki
Drunk with the wine of total freedom
Declare it to the world
For the god to listen
For the wise to ponder
Let the angels sing into your ears
Let the beauties of paradise
Dance in front of you
In
Total freedom

Sadiqullah Khan

Touch Of Love

The days gathering
When I opened my hands
For a thing for you
In both hands
For you to discover
Hope or despair
One is full
One is empty
The cycle of fate

But when you touch
Any of my hands
The hand empty
Is as full
With the diamond of love
Like touch of Midas
Midas of love
Dust in my hands
Shall turn into gold
The gold of love

On the table
The last flickers
Of the candle
My love in prologue
Love we discover
Like wine in slow sips
Like melting candle
Like dinner you serve
21/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Town Within Town Lii

Bath in the fresh fountains in open
Live in flower beds, place the flesh on your bones
On the red polythene chairs, two adjacent
Shanty squalor, it begs mercy of us humans -
Revolt of the destitute, left to stew in their own sweat.
Only rain washes the bodies of women and children,
Your `chair' like the versed holiness in brass, shall never
Settle on all four, neither fall. It has no leg-rest.
Had I been you, I would have allowed dismantling
The cursed walls of these symbols of strength
And removed the face, on which a dog's skin hangs.
All the wolves howl together in unison
On the poor people's gathering naked in storms
A young boy let me through,
Do you ever visit them? They are the soul of nation,
The true nation you are, the multitude
Malnourished, their dreams are big words in small mouths
A reflection that is, and will be, for times
To come, who grace us with their sobbing chants and daily prayers.

-On Passing through the sit-ins of Pakistan Awami Tehreek in front of the
Parliament on September 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Translation

Translate it to me
Let me understand the context
What you say is not true
You perpetuate your own ideas
If at all you understand
The meaning of an idea
Translate it to me
I don't understand Latin
Let me be out
Of the spell of your eloquence
Let me understand it
And let me search the things
Which are for me
And let me know its meaning
I don not agree with what you say
Because you are a nondescript
Let me understand it myself
For it is not what you say
Let your demons and gods
And your heavens and hell
Be your story of this world
And the world hereafter
I want to have my own story
And my own translations
And my own heavens

Sadiqullah Khan

Trapped In Eden

Trapped in Eden, the devils of civilization,
Yet bark upon them, drag them into mirth
Loud ears, tongues hanging to the jaws.
Leave them alone, the march of times,
In inevitability rests the tides, upon what
No one's in control, still the 'market'
Is afraid. Make them consume, and sell -
The profits are trading by barter, seek love
Give love in return. The Eden is fast melting
Snow, the isolation has a cost, living worthwhile.

Gilgit

November 10,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Treasure Of Beauty

Shalt the mirage be the oasis,
My thirst longed for the fancy of arrival,
Shall the distance be lesser and closer,
Shall the happy abode be the comfort of heart.

From the dreamy eyes of the dusk,
I lived the moments in your embrace,
The moon had the glance of drunkenness,
Avoiding the desolation of the desert my heart,
Preferred the solace of damp night under the stars.

To satiate a worshipper's savour for love,
And like a stranger in the streets of Herat the ancient;
So I spoke the tongue of sweetness calling alms,
And lived the dust of the taverns old forgotten.

Give me back the eloquence of the words in gold,
Of the woven knots of silk and wool and wafts.
Of the smoke of roses as it would leave your lips,
Of the treasure of beauty I was told not mine.

After writing few verses in Persian and some other happenings

May 14,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Tree Of Liberty Xxiv

'The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.' Thomas Jefferson

The tree of liberty from the earth springs,
From contagious airs, it breathes unto life
Its fruit shared by all and sundry muse:
Nay like a bronze and copper greened,
Un-fix it, and it floats across the rivers
Walks the earth, the other self, untied
Nailed tongues. Removes sufferings silent.
From the other end of fear, begins life
Smash unless, statues and walls revered.
Like the glint falls like the Nox, in dark hour,
Beholds the bold, pulls the weak, arms
The brave. O the down trodden of my soil -
Just a step, blast ideas in mind's vaulted dome.
They shall live by poverty but the ten freedoms,
Liberty, fraternity among them the other
To imagine, to think free, to laugh, and be happy:

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 6,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Tribal Dance

The drummer on the percussion
After violent beats to the rhythm
Of the steps and heads moving
Left and left with blood in motion
Like fits the whole body
First to the left and then taking
An unnatural right twice before
It moves to the left and a little backwards
The hands in eloquent hanging and in a row
Following the intense movement of the chest
The beat is now beating in the head
The steps as in the air when the earth
Bounces it back for a more joyful swing
The drummer in ecstasy himself starts
To dance to his own rhythm and percussion
The tribesman pride and his masculine symbol
The dance of war and of love
And equally sung with the women beautiful
In the dance of many colors in circles
Or in small groups you may name it
From wardak, to atanrh, to two faced
A three faced or sitting with sword in hand
At times and the silk kerchief
With the signature of the beloved
Long ago we danced like mad
In youth and now the youth
Wants to learn and is bearing in head
All the steps of the beat and subtlety of percussion
Kill it not for then the blood shall freeze
In veins in vain and understand the meaning
Let the beauty of the culture survive
The times are good the times are bad
The turbulent times on this earth
Muses with blood and flowers alike
11/12/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Trite And Clichés

Words drag under,
The laden weight
Of too many,
Trite and clichés;
Thick with familiarities.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 23,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

True Beauty

Blue gouache,
On paper, cut and pasted.
And charcoal.
On the canvas of mind,
And as it meets the eye.
True beauty is not,
Measurement.
It is a spirit.
You still rule my dreams.
And will. As long as we are.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
February 23,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

True Democracy Xiii

True democracy is outside the parliament;
The animal farm, the place for stooges,
Traded horses, worth only a billion,
Illiterate lot, political quacks, their speeches,
On face a humor, in content trivia.
Neither sermon nor chatter of the clown-

Remove the barricades, let the people speak,
On a serious note, let the children play,
Speakes in 'Hyde Park', and a circus instead:
The Prime Minister please go home,
Pity the nation, 'the death in your eyes' enough
Dear speakers in 'Azadi Square', keep the show.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 30,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Truth

Felt but spoken not for it is too bittersweet
Arising out of the bosom and inside the cage of chest
Hidden by the human guile and the pervasive social conscience
Learned and taught as a higher human value
Allowed in sips small for it contains the elements of venom
Like hemlock to the one who dares it out of the cage
A cup full down the throat it pierces
Like the earth's hidden anger it flows as fire and the firmaments it shakes
The comprehension it requires needs the reason and courage put together
In the maze of falsehood it creates its way to find exit ultimate

So subtle is it stopped like a straw on the tongue
Or a hush to the ears or a finger on the lips
A gaze in anger or silenced on dagger tip
Burned is he alive who allows the demon out
An example in the name of modesty or a harmony
In the collective conscience of the mankind dormant has it gone
The one who speaks needs powers miraculous
The holder of the truth once he gives tongue to
Becomes eternal to the mankind in history and in ages
Falsehood it breaks like palaces it has won
Those who deny one day feel the storm of it
In the vestibules of conscience it arises in last sighs
As a force of nature it turns heavens and the earth

Who dares then to stop is taken by the tide
Breaks doors of the prisons that holds it enchained
Of falsehood's much trickery it exposes in one blow
The truth once spoken becomes word of the God
The nature in conspiracies supports the tongue that has the spirit
The justice that it speaks the value that it holds
Truth shall prevail
The heart of every one throbs with the whisper
The mankind in its search has made strides many

Sadiqullah Khan

Tú The King

The one man rubs shoulders with the Pope,
With power, and says, ironically that Stalin's
Hands were like a woman. Fidel's friend,
His melancholy whores, he lived in brothel,
And had to send half of manuscript of One
Hundred Years, because he only had fifty pesos.

He carried the lamp, through the labyrinth of
A General. He begot the despot's inner world.
Insecure, perverse and bigoted. And demolished
Consummately every statue he made. He stands for
The protagonists' death, time, and love, in cholera.
No one will succeed, everyone is dealt with divine
Determinism. The lone man, the literati, to whom a pack
Of men, -the poweretts, -negotiated humankind's affairs.

-On reading Gabriel Garcia Marquez's biography by Gerald Martin.

Spanish Translation by Google

Tú el Rey

El hombre se codea con el Papa,
Con el poder, y dice con ironía que de Stalin
Las manos eran como una mujer. Amigo de Fidel,
Sus putas tristes, que vivían en el burdel,
Y tuvo que enviar a la mitad de manuscrito de Un
Cien años, porque sólo tenía cincuenta pesos.

Él llevó la lámpara, a través del laberinto de
Un General. Él engendró el mundo interior del déspota.
Inseguro, perverso e intolerante. y demolido
Consumió todas las estatuas que hizo. Se pone de pie para
La muerte de los protagonistas, el tiempo y el amor, en el cólera.
Nadie va a tener éxito, todo el mundo está destinado a ser
Determinismo. El hombre solo, los literatos, a los que un paquete
De los hombres, -los poweretts, negocian los asuntos de la humanidad.

-Al leer la biografía de Gabriel García Márquez por Gerald Martin.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 9,2014.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez,2009 @ Wikipedia

Sadiqullah Khan

Tunes Of Love

Is it that
My love so pure
Not as you imagine
In imitations
Of the life divine
That never exists
My love was lost
In search of butter
For the dry bread
The child crying
A school bombed
A life struggling
For the last breath

My love I forget
When you are not
Speaking the heart
What is written
In the prisms
Of your eyes
Break the silence
Tear down your apparel
Let the world see
Bleeding wounds of anguish
Enough of love and of songs
This time still
You sang the tune
Again so well
26/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

Twenty Years Ago

Twenty years ago
The night would split into light
Seen from the window these same men
Who have gone now very old

I was sitting in the same corner
From where I saw much of my dreams
Running back above the line of landscape
The difference was that my direction was different

The sunset of the last Saturday was so pure
Except for the black birds that flew past it
What a wonder these houses emit emotions
And the young girls were playing in the fields

Feel the nature in the hearts of the ordinary
My heart leapt to the beauty of those eyes
The city in the evening was like a garden
I must have been drunk by the air of the night

Every precious moment that I have not spent
Not with you I was lamenting all the way
Be it this city or that city a sunset and a dawn
Be it this love or that love a moment and a memory

Islamabad
29/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Two Great Friends

Two great friends, two great sparks,
Who souled the sails, of the difficult voyage
An age where others were clinging to the trees,
They marched the harsh storms, lead away,
The one belongs to ages, the other gone recluse.

-To Dr. Hassan Khan Wazir and Nisar Khan Wazir.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 29,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Two Lines

The master

Free the master,
Loosen his chains-

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
March 2,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ultimate Sophistication

Of your hundred colors picked on brush,
Seven thousand strokes given on canvass,
Of my wall given the color of mirror,
By silent tendings, warmed by breath,
The corner of the scarf made into dust remover,
From the mist of mouth, with saliva rubbed,
My eyes given, in the shape of abundance,
Drunken glaze, with spirit-wine washed,
And then you see, the simplicity of art.
In perfection it shines like a radiant sun
To the ultimate sophistication the soul ascends.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 15,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ultra-Beginning

The demons on my head adamant
Thus escape oblivious from afar,
The sooths though my nights alter
Then with sound firmament return,
I who hath from the death's parleys
Into freedom found path, into myself -
Alone and therefore alone, with empty
Hand, like gold washed from palm,
Like silver moon in thirsty stream
Drown down, or stars broken on earth
Fall, hills fly, trees have wings, locusts
Crawl, birds swim and fish find
Themselves on ash cooked, and
Three dreams every night seen,
Orange afternoon and oxblood noons,
Boats in desert float and lovers good
Bye say. This is a new ultra-beginning.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 16,2017.

Sadiqullah Khan

Unabated

Unabated disarmingly mysterious
The spin is like a whirlpool of ideas.
Holding on to one and leaving another,
The chase is either milky way
Or a path of stones on bare feet.
The chase is killing and dreams crumble,
The countenance's resolve
Is to prepare a marathon of spirit.
Getting it done or waiting for
The coincidences as miracles.
The faith's journey is closer
To destination yet it is a mirage.
Counting the days as things close by,
Hours are days and days are months.
Not in number but measure time,
Autumn, winter and then spring,
To add sanity to the senses.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
October 5,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

Under The Foot

Burst open in joy under the foot of beauty,
Let roll down the imagination's lane
And be another self, apart, distinct-
This earth shall eat you up like vitals
Given into the age's adamant demeanic dimension.
That other love might have been
In another arm whispering the same cold word
Or have gone down the ruthless ravine
Of dark edges and high walls of stone.
We cherish the hours of having seen each other,
Or talked the conversation in the style
Of statues gazing one another, since three
And a half thousand years. But your beauty
Has the aromatic fragrance of earth
Gone damp from heavy rain, like a bread-house,
Sharing the dough's mix with water.
You cannot make walls unless you water,
The softened white earth into adobe,
And so is my sad heart beating for you,
For a longing that we shall never make it
Like walking tree or a flower lone in garden.
I have an immense desire to listen
To you tonight, and then dreaming till dawn.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Under The Mulberry Tree

Come hither, come hither
Under the mulberry tree so green
Who loves to lie with me,
Here shall he see no enemy,

Come hither, come hither
For a song so sweet,
Seeking the fruit he eats,
Pleased with what he gets.

Come hither, come hither,
Such fruit as mulberry,
For the taste so merry,
For the tongue so savvy,

Come hither, come hither,
Here shall we see,
Mulberry from our field green,
Winter and rough weather there.

Spring sweet some fruits sweet,
Is this better or that better,
Mulberry here mulberry there
Sweeter mulberry over here.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

Uneasy Compulsion

I asked about you
From the flowers today
In the afternoon
From that happy bird
In the eyes of that little boy
Who was selling chewing gum

I asked about you
From the soft evening breeze
When in the sunset
I saw your image
Lurking on the sky
Behind those clouds

I asked about you
From all the people I met
From the street corner
And an old friend
Who was strangely the same
When he met us years before

That girl who knew us both
I asked her about you
With wide open eyes
She looked at me
With some feelings of love

I want all these friends
Around me for some time
You know my love
Life is an uneasy compulsion
24/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Unending Embrace

Like waves in full moon
Your love overflows
Into my embrace
Like a drunken night
And the early hangover
When you recede
From my arms
On your knees
To fall back
For the shores
Of my embrace
Are unending
10/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Unexplored

The great plain's seed, Lion River's bed,
Each drop is sustaining life, the earth,
Unless snow falls, water is cycled
Little oceans join in to give us.
Master the rivers, and ye rule the earth,
Every grain, leaf, petal and stem,
Every drop of blood, air we breathe.
My indebtedness, O bigger universe,
We are all gems, rains-drops, leaves -
We are inheritors of the bounties
Explored, known and unknown, unexplored.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 24,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Unheard

The lament shall go
Unheard
Did the rose ever shed a tear
It withers into petals
On its own

The wave of the stem was the wind
Spring has come
Asking for leave now

Nightingale has the plaint
Why sing it not
Unless from a broken heart

Islamabad
18/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Unless

Unless you are
The fire and I smoke
Unless the reed
And the harp
Unless the sunset
Unless I pick the salt
From high tide
On your coast
Unless from my hands the dust
Unless the moon that shines on you
I raise my hands to and unless
They take me in chains

Islamabad
24/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Unresolve

Effortless going efforts
Unmesh the web
Caught was a cruiser
Salmon
For the catcher

Made and remade every spot
The resolve
In the smiling eyes of unknown man

Played displayed innocence
The noose
String he holds

Break unbreak rules
Cry out without context
Speak modern
Contrive

Love
And other putrid things
Hospitality

By the lamp post
One man walks with ten guards

Unresolve
Please understand

Islamabad
11/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Unself-Consciousness

Going too far
The thought in spirit
For the heightened experience
From the one hemisphere
To another
With faith
With indifference
And short of unconsciousness
Leaving behind the reason
And the guilt of being born
Unself-consciousness
Like the weird dress
On the big day
Like smashing the golden frame
To feel the texture of a Rembrandt
Like the one who treaded the moon
Like the one who aims at the stars
Like the great master of verse
Like Shams of Tabrez
Like the beloved Dara
Like Sarmad
Like Mansoor al Hallaj
Like Majnun
31/7/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Untag Me

Though I am not the proud stag,
Looking to my long, branched horns
In a spring of water;
Though you emit musk of deer,
And drink butterfly's milk,
Though you sleep in incense,
And a bed of red roses await you.
Your posts hunt me like hounds,
And like the poor stag on run,
When my horns are stuck in bushes,
They overtake me; accepting no apologies.
How then the humble me,
Ask to be spared the trouble,
And the long niceties exchanged,
Hugging friends every hour,
Greeting them every morning, as if
They are meeting you after ten years.
Will you please untag me, or I will block you,
My both hands joined together, on my knees,
In a namaste ritual, asking forgiveness.

Sadiqullah Khan

Until I See

Until I see, sculptor
Spread of fine light
Done in Carrara white,
Divine hand, O Mentor!

From your toil inspire
A conception, holy mother's.
Diana, Helen, Mary, aye virgin
A soft serenity, a plain memory.

My belief, onward,
Clasp of wings, a dove
As release to joy, or a Roman
Noble, with olives on forehead.

A turbaned statue,
Hats off, inscribed epithet,
Tolstoy's Helene, a fancy
Imitates nature, back-wards.

Caged emotion,
For you shall let it flow,
Give it a soul, walking amongst,
Such mortal step, languid.

The smile is from
Frozen lips, eye lids heavy
Flutter on blind eyes,
Outward in stone, bacchius breast.

Sadiquallah Khan
Peshawar
June 1,2014.

A Veiled Vestal Virgin
Marble; 1846 - 1847
Raffaelle Monti (1818 - 1881) Italy

Sadiqullah Khan

Until Tomorrow's Sun

From my box of perfume, genie
Fly, amber, musk, oudh and henna
From the smoke, outlines sandy silhouettes
Smell of earth, damp warmth from oak
Sojourns lone, loves distant, a door's creek
Banish the moon, stars and dew
Until tomorrow's sun, don't wake me up.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
December 9, 2013.

Tirah Valley, Khyber Agency @ ...

Sadiqullah Khan

Untitled I

The tree of life
From the darkness
In the hope
Of getting into the air
To the sunlight
Flowers sprouting
In anticipation
The darkness inside
In hideous curves
Fighting the way out
And suddenly feeling
Life
Waves after waves
Happiness like a forlorn desire
Like spring
Like rain
Like the beloved face
The ocean like eyes
The shine of love
Descends
The tree of life
Seeking air
And sunlight

Sadiqullah Khan

Untitled Ii

When the fantasy has come to an end
The mind's power to imagine things
That pleases the senses
The beautiful girl of the yore
In secret desires alone shared with her mother
The life's spring in full bloom
And in anticipation of the years to come
The child yet unborn but waiting for its turn
The greater being has ordained its birth
And one day
The child suckling the breast of the mother
In the image of Jesus to the Marry
Motherhood's great feeling in a world that is wrought
With injustice

That man who once came and when he sat for food
He did eat like he had been hungry for centuries
Born was he to a mother
Like Jesus was he to the Mary
In the wit's great drama unfolding in favor of the rich
And the powerful
The mother looking like a cow that has just given birth
To her calf and cleaning with her tongue
Deep groans of love and breasts full of milk
Motherhood coming out of the sublimation
Of some acts in dirt or the erotics in mankind
The face of the child did glow
The mother's ultimate possession
The spirituality
He may be the chosen one

Incoherent thou speak
O heart in torment
A story thou canst narrate
In one session
The chronicles of centuries
The prophets the sages
Could not unfold the secret
Of life and death

Love's bitter meanings are opening on thy conscious
Yet thou art on the first page
The dervish's whirl or deep meditation
And one day
Thou shalt be the guest of that superior being

Sadiqullah Khan

Untitled Iii

You came in my dream
Asked the meaning of love
You met me for a long time
I did not know
But a restless dream
Talking to you
A walk in the meadows
I understood
What you wanted to say
The meaning of love
Is freedom
From surroundings
Breaking the bond
But that too
Is not sufficient
In the great scheme
And in the deep mystery
Of love
We both are losers
But let's loose
With grace and dignity

Sadiqullah Khan

Untitled Iv

I gaze and gaze
For hours and hours
Day and night
On that one point
The centre of the flower
The eye of the bird
The tree of life
The centre of the moon
The motifs on my carpet
The small fish in a pond
That come out
At night and under the moon
Flying vegetable colors
Silk and wool
Cotton and gold
That speaks to me
In innumerable way
18/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Untitled Xxxiv

Wiggie hat hangs over a teeny face
Of seventy I am sure, may be more,
Made from the thick hair of Transoxania.
The field marshal in the manner of desert snake,
Like raccoon pated the backs of mules. He came
Riding on. Girlie mane, would you be a man,
Of bald head, like some Baldwin
Or we are used to grave faced Winston.

O soil of many rivers, didn't thou
Gave birth to men of dignity and demeanor,
Yea, our coastal breed, speak through wire
From London. The cult, and the other's a humor,
His son in lap. The language of the body
Of the National is, abusive, uncontrolled.
The habit of rote, to the spokesperson of divine,
Though wears a pink tie, but is fresh from seminary.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 13,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Utopia Of Spirituals

Still in their dens
Living in the past
There were no divisions
In the subconscious

Political spiritual
Civil society talks of politics
Economics
Psychology
Science
Current issues

And the face book
Rise of nationalities

Iron fences are deeper
Than any spirit

The state is very powerful entity
For a global vision

The model is changing albeit
Materialism and sensuality
Step into the future
Into the next phase
Of the history of civilization

Islamabad
3/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Victim Of Own Wrath

In definitive determinism
The crawling animal,
A worm centipede, -the other self.
A metamorphosed genius,
Cooking his own stew.
Wants to be cajoled, mother like
After victimizing his 'bought loves'.

Mother is the supreme figure,
To wash his sins on.
His capacity to love,
His aspiring dream of power, and influence,
His holy war,
His freedom manifesto, -his curse.

Gold, riches his greed,
May either prefer, an austere demeanor,
He is one eyed,
Draws a circle, around him,
Don't trip that.

His pride is suddenly
Waned, -the tyrant
The Machiavellian prince of vanities,
Dies the death of a dragon,
Leaving a blot on the earth's surface,
Unwashable.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 31,2014.

'If I could write a note to the government...
It would be in form of words with wounds.
It would have images, paintings and songs by those who tried and died trying

...now here I go again. Following in their footsteps
hoping to be understood than heard

hoping to be known than famous'

Diana Musoni, Cape Town, South Africa @ Diana Musoni Blog

The Native Dictator @ Diana Musoni

Sadiqullah Khan

Victim's Psychotrapsis

You may think this to be a new coinage,
But ask Menachem Begin,
He had been gazing into a single point
On a blank wall.
He said 'only my imagination saved me'.
He said 'ever you go on hunting, shoot only,
When the bird is about to fly, to give her a chance'
This,
Might be a rule with hunters of scruples.
This,
Is from 'white nights', surely
Not from Dostoevsky's'.
Close on the dreaded story
Close on the drama.
Paul Celan,
The obvious of course is 'too obvious'
Or Bertolt Brecht's new poetry,
From my memory lapses the name
Whose hundred pages of poems
Takes you nowhere, done in stanzas of four, each.
I will keep on writing, unless
My de-fused memory recalls his name, although
I have left him on my pillow.
It resembles,
Ellen Edgar Poe, but he is not, nor is he E.E. Cummings, if
I have not added
An extra full stop,
After the second E.
His early poems have roman numbers,
The chip of my memory
Is leaping in the right direction.
While seated he wears
A suit, in a black and white.
In an interview, I talked about 'American Depression of 1930s'
And FDR, did not come on my tongue.
A friend told me,
That how a 'someone' harassed a woman worker,
In the office, by showing some resemblances of 'bats'.
Recall,

The name of the poet is W.H. Auden.
Paul Celan,
You have an art.
You have seen chair's canes made of hair and soap, made
From human fat.
This is not directed.
They all joined hands to kill
Ebola Virus,
In Sierra Leone.
Is he a name of some 'apartheid detainee'?
You may guess.
Extricate, you may say.
'they said funerals of two thousand souls'
You are a victim.
You have a victim's psychotrapsis
A victim's trappings
He who thus has suffered
He thus unleashes suffering,
Unless he be
A Dostoevskian soul.
She who has not been given a rose
Slaughters all roses, insensitively.
Should not we grow more gracefully, age with dignity?

-It plays on some of the names who matter in global culture and have a touch on the conscience of civilization. White Nights, of Menachem Begin was my favorite book, his memoirs of Prison in Russia, and the above quotes are still in my memory. W.H. Auden is profound and rich in imagination. I immensely like the poems of Paul Celan. The romance for American history is with Gone With the Wind of Margaret Mitchel and the movie starring Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable. The poem is 'intermittent stream of consciousness'.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Village Of The Yore

Village of the yore and it descends on the hill,
Rustic windows and doors as if hanging on forever.
A sunset one evening to the silence of the houses,
O these mud walls have seen such hardness in beauty.

To a beauty t carrying water from the stream down the hill.
Will guddar be beau tier than it is now!
Some red frocks and veils of green,
Would antelopes climb the hills with such steps!

Far down is a wood market,
Would the timber be so stacked clean else wher!
Would the underground black market be so evident,
Would the bravery be so defiant looking down upon peaks.

I cross it in the morning and in the evening,
Would dimensions of nature be prettier than this.
Of manhood and womanhood would the life be,
Ever so harmonious. Bereft of all sanity and belief.

Would the belief be so simple and soft.
Behind the alter of stones lie such a depth,
Such sunrise and the silence of the dusk.
Such darkened faces with salts of the air.

Such demons and fairies as would they bring on the way,
Such love for freedom and bravery and hospitality,
So fly like falcon with wings open in the recesses.
Such shepherdess and playing in the mud.

Digging deep for waters in the sands of time,
And the stupa of the mighty Buddha now turned into fortress.
So fatal a move as the hillocks' peaks would make shadows,
Such as the full moon would witness lovers suckling love.

And so they live to the tune of nature.
Such is the affairs of the state passing in the pass.
Let's break open into freedom with barefoot today
And the future that is as promising as cities, at bay.

What luck hast thou, o heart in joy,
Nothing is yours yet the whole world is thine!

For Ali Masjid, a small village on Khyber Pass.

Sadiqullah Khan
Torkham,
June 12,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

Visceral Buddha

Drapes on the statuesque
Nibbana as it falls on bones
Visceral dilapidations to rescue self
Desires have no place in the spacious heart
It stands sans head
He said be mindful
The kashtriyate chest is bare
Enter the navel and you find from disease
Salvaged
This nakedness has the narrowness
Is the right hand carries the staff
Of the axial sages of ages
So the soul is breathing
With nauseating yellow
So what if nothing is attained

Islamabad
July 30,2010

Sadiquallah Khan

Vodka Punch

art meets the vodka punch,
brewed apple's nectar squeezed
when giving answers is not the talk,
play of mind is the converse
pouring from happy lips,
the fleeting moment is a time's
forget, and flossing rivers
in bright day's shine,
sublime beauty is heart's desire,
how the youth thus slept divine;
o age, thou art deceit sanguine.

-On seeing portrait of Veronica Smirnoff, a British artist of Russian origin.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 8,2014.

Russian maid: Smirnoff's icon technique fuses medieval with modern to create new, emotionally charged worlds of the imagination @ The Kompass

Sadiqullah Khan

Waiting For Sunrise

While it was ablaze, while the Sinai
While what had been seen
And then what to describe
And while the beauty was a flicker
Of a moment.

While words were not enough.

The long wait had been weaving songs
And prayers had been sent
To their unknown destinations, to be
Heard.

Did it required a nod, holding of hand,
The showers heavily poured on me,
Of blessings.

I was neither a King nor alms-seeker.
I was both, the created and the creator.
I thus withered as the scent of a flower.
I was thus a flame of the burning fire.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
June 16,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

Wake Up

Wake up
The morning's rooster
Is giving the symbols of the dawn
In the night
The wolves and the wild dogs
Before you are taken
Wake up
Now my heart
8/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

War

Why my love
Turns into a war

3/12/208

Sadiqullah Khan

War I

War O war!
When will thine
Ominous shadows,
Cast me in peace.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 4,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

War Of Attrition

Put out the fire, the stakes are high
When bulls fight,
Earth under their feet is trampled.
Truth is hazy, who but is the real lover,
A homespun thread, peace is but rare
Wealth, repute, and strings of power,
Egos are like spider's web.
Who won, who lost, now time to forget
From whose hands flow alms, whose charity,
Would the hungry ask the creed of bread.
Many faces are worn, masks of deception
He said, but his interest, who wins paradise.
Others sacrificed, comfort, offices high,
Some gloomy, looking whence the fall,
Yet success is measured by count of heads.
Once upon a time, a divine in disguise,
Lead the tribe to a war across the line.
So simple are they, they would throw beads,
For a kiss before the vulture, to turn it holy.
A warrior from nowhere fought with stone bullets,
Remembered now, as a fighter of freedom.
From the statue of liberty, an eye of dajjal,
An alien army of mercenaries, by the hearth.
Look! Now, they know their rights,
For how long, ignorance be their fortune.
Poor, vulnerable, of gentle nature,
Homeless, captives, the iron grill
Eternally clamped on their cherished freedom.

-On the plight of the people of South Waziristan.

Sadiqullah Khan

War Thou Ain'T Beautiful

Dreaming streams changing shadows and rainbows
On the surface painted, like all streams coming
To a standstill. Like all beauty gathered in the hands'
Risen in prayer. War thou ain't beautiful.
Thine ominous gaze and tongue of fire leapt
A fire breathing dragon, or the evil angels held by
Their tongues. Hanging in the well of hell.

Thine frail and feeble hand, O! Beauty though
Fought. With thine thin line, defeating doubts,
O! Beauty, you held. Either three thousand years loose,
Or a thousand year of war. From the ferocious eyes,
So sudden was a change of heart, from
"A Forgotten Song" to "Love in War",,

My subconscious, still believes that war is bravery.
Valor. But war is deceit, misery, with its ugly face.
A doubt like the old lady to Farhad
Was like who owns and place the epitaph
On the master's work, though by itself an idea.

Even then, had it not been for the beauty's relentless
Effort, belief, and strength, it would have been
In flames. But that is not nature's doing.
Then will come the doomsday. The end of the world.

I remember you holding to the last icon, in onslaught
You still fought for my name, embroidered
As the last remnant in this battle of blood and sweat.
I let it, and may be from there you were the winner.
O! Beauty.

Sadiqullah Khan

Water And Flame

The moon had cast
High red flames on the peaks
Some bushes were drowning in water
The night's heat had been like in drought
As it would lick the air
That touched the skin

These big drops of water from a cloud
A resident was walking in rain
He had photographed trees and flowers
In the city
He was asked to for his artistic vision

I found that youth
Very dear to me
In quick succession
On dinner when I had taken cold milk
Then on sleep
In rain
And the way back
My memory is not catching anything

I am becoming one with water and flame

Islamabad
28/5/20101

Sadiqullah Khan

Water Logs

Watermelons are sliced parodies
of wood logs. Perhaps in the early cold
Winter for my hearth I needed logs
floating in water and drying in dust
eaten by termite, but `responded` well
to Rossetti, Donne and Thomas Hardy.
He welcomes you to sit by the fireside;
and offers wine, for ye need to be sleepy
to listen or read. But a worthwhile log
to fan the fire – The book is no good either.
The last page reads a dying wish by the publisher.
In verbatim,

“Looking for the perfect gift
For the poetry lover in your life?
Or perhaps you would like to pamper yourself?
If so consider one of our deluxe editions.
‘The Giant Book of Poetry’
and ‘Thoughts I Left Behind’
are available in leather bound versions
with hubbed spine accented with 22kt
Gold, lustrous moiré fabric endsheets.
acid-neutral paper, gilded page ends,
and a permanently bound-in satin ribbon
page marker. A limited copy of these are
available signed and numbered.”

After reading I threw the book in the hearth
and sipped my wine dry.

-on reading ‘Thoughts I left Behind’ by William H. Roetzheim

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
November 28,2013.

Sadiqullah Khan

Water Under Straw

Like water under straw
In slow movements
When you did move away
From my life without any sign
For you looked at the wreck
With no desire to have a word

like a dead sparrow your love
No breath of life or struggle
For freedom or into captivity
With you are gone all symbols here
In lightness like a small evening
In honor of those who mean nothing

In nothingness we live for your eyes
In emptiness like I never experienced
Into the alleys under the sun
I looked for your signs but none there
Give not the heart in hurry my love
Strange are ways wait some moments

We did not live the way it ought
As never was it meant to be that
But one day you shall tell me about
The way you looked the glimpse last
A message of love you have still
If only I could stop you a while
29/11/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Wayfarer

I am but the wayfarer
Of the path of love
Love of the self I have forgone
Memory of the loved ones I have given up
In great repose though I understand I can live
Painful is my life when your memories
Like pages from a book torn I recollect
I sell my heart to buy me a living
Wash not my feet
For my feet has the dust
Of centuries of separation
25/9/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

We All Belong

You are fire and ice
You are the path
The destiny
Part and whole
Your grief is like the dark night
Your joy is like the moon
You are water
All elements
You are the wind
The space
The nothing that preceded
The being
The nothing that shall come afterwards
We all belong to here
And there

Islamabad
2/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

We Are Waiting

We have heard, you are somewhere shining,
That we shall wait. That the moon takes time
To turn full, and that the night, although long
Shall end up in dawn. That, beyond tempora!
Reckoning shall come, and till then we breathe.
There is nothing as auspicious, nothing worth,
Since we have been on a promise, sans happen
-ings. We have a longing, and we are waiting.

-"Mama always said life was like a box of chocolates. You never know what
you're gonna get." Forrest Gump

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 5,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

We Daced

We danced day and night
The world pirouettes and the winds
Bring light. There are those who
Have been dying. The music has
Gone dull, the beaten rhythm
On the tambourine of a setting sun.
Swell the drum's skins, that we dance
The defeated breath from a mother's
Swallow. The air is fresh with blood.

Sadiqullah Khan

Islamabad

April 9,2014.

Blood on the dance floor @ pagecovers

Sadiqullah Khan

We Last

We last in word, O imitation's image,
Words in memory, nay a sculpted beauty-
Ye lensed reflection, placed sky down, earth up,
Ye a thinking species, hath this been sufficient
Ye would neither cut throats, nor jump fire.

My imagination hath swayed and beyond
A capacity to build destruction, heavens build.
Thus named greed, that shall take me down,
Or a little line drawn on ceramic chandelier,
Or a scroll pulled from under the dust of earth.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 10,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

We Live On Earth

We live on earth with apologies
We drink water coming from rain
We eat corn and wheat and drink milk
Our cattle graze on grass and weeds

We live on earth
We have more graves than any other place
We traded in sweet fruits
Our women did embroidery
On pure silk

We did sing when happy
We did weep when sad
We have children
We are humans

We have more graves than any other place

Islamabad
28/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

We Shall Pass It On

We shall in body, soul and flesh
In death, suffer. We shall pass it on,
Written on the wall,
In destruction and bones of dead.
There cannot be a strained moment,
When like dove takes wings,
Departs my human honor.
And my helplessness
Is another thunder in the sky.
Or pulling my limb from mortar,
Crushed under
Or they lumping my brains like dough -
Or they bathing themselves in my blood.

-To the Palestinian children who are victim of violence

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 14,2014.

'Eyeless in Gaza', Lubna Abdel Aziz,2012 @ Al-Ahram

Sadiqullah Khan

We Tell Ourselves

This one was lost
To the night's seeds
To the hopes of flowering moons
With him die the cosmic ambitions
Sight of stars and rising suns
He is said to have flown like an invisible bird
He or she would make little difference
We loose
And we again go through many births
I do not remember whose birth I am
So no other will remember whose birth
I shall be
Except that like spirits with powers
In myths
Some shall live longer than many others
This is a grim circumvolution of existence
No matter
All the lies that we tell ourselves

Islamabad
15/6/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

We Wait

We wait with none eager ear for a song
With repose, we wait, the chords hum
Ragas play on sutras, we wait the bliss
On your tongue, tuning strings- we wait!

-To Hansadhwani Prateeksha, a singer of classical Indian music and ghazals.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
August 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

We Will Part Therefore

Engulfing wit
Self righteous others say
Some grew flowers
Leaves and mangoes

Flourishing spring
Red rose is my favorite
Inclusions
Excluded me

You say I am autumn
Left you dry
Might be like the sun
Brought one spear down
With love

Some times the heat
Of love
Unbearable to the beloved

We
Will part therefore

Though
The sun
Is in eternal relationship
To the earth

Islamabad
18/3/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Weathered Beauty

Weathered beauty, let me scoop
From your stones, carve on your rivers,
My ice-cold words, let by the warm breath,
Melt, by the sun-rays shine, in moon light bath.
My hands the edged pebbles in mud paste,
My feet feel the soft earth, textured wood.
My heart count winds, my sight see stars,
Visions dance before me, time goes back
Unself incarnate, my self taketh flight.
O the richness of my poverty, I like
The wretched holiness, my descent on raft.

-On the ancient mosque of Gircha, Gojal.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 22,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Weep By The 'lion's Mouth'

Weep weep, by the tiny beginnings
Moss eaten spring sparsely a baby's pee
Holy mountain fairies, sand washed stones
Empires of deities, small recounts hardly.
From the first embrace of alluvial tops
Think how it found ravenous planes.
Brace the emptiness, like no one
Remembers breathing in mother's womb.
The clouds are many, sky in dimensions
Six or more. O you fought, who hunted ibex.
Hold the sword, in both hands, as it sucks
Down the course to the dungeons past.
More than a sacred chant by the bank
Every ruby, every topaz and lapis.
Of all but your tired feet
Washed down by a spirited pour.
From the clouds return, from the peaks descend
To merriment, amidst ruins, not unlike in cities of dead.

-To Alice Albinia author of Empires of the Indus

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 1,2014.

Alice Albinia Photo by Bhagya Prakash K. @ The Hindu

Sadiqullah Khan

Weep Endlessly

Weep endlessly,
Out of pity,
For being a human.

O grace,
Descend on the innocence,
In human candor,

Alas,
You have no respite,
Shocking.

The poor souls,
Bear the brunt
It could be none again,

Than the
Merchants of death,
In draconian masks.

-On the rape and killing of two young girls in India.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 3,2014.

A painting by Ved Nayar at the Dhoomimal Art Gallery, New Delhi May 15,2014.
Nita Bhalla @ Thomson Reuter Foundation

Sadiqullah Khan

What A Loss

What a loss it had been
All my life
Years and years
Spent in useless affairs
What is my destiny
And what I am supposed
To achieve
This humanity and this world
Where would I place myself
My years lost
Months and days
Nights and hours
The time is eating me up
I am waiting but to die alone
In the world of metaphysical
And in the world of religion
And philosophy

What is my creation
Where will I end up
Even your love
Has now lost meaning
Meaning of life and death
What for I am living
Here and now
What is my context
Context of living
The universal soul
The wines and love
The nature and fantasy
What is the purpose of my being
Except that I am surviving

The only reason for my life
Is that I am some one's hope
Some one's hope for the future
To be a part of the community
The suffering together
And the joys and happiness

Of the people around me
For every one knows
That
After a century
All the billions of living population
Shall be no more in this world

Sadiqullah Khan

What Did Ye Know

The one knowing not the secret
How shall then the beloved of self
Didst to the sun did point the finger
Didst someone told what night was like
What desert of love was like what thirst meant
What wine was when her eyes were goblet
When risen was the moon to sunset
When prayer was on the stone step of that door
Reciting the only chant was her name
Let the compass of my life be the eyes
Let the one be like the halo silver
Of colors that the dreams to dare
Nay the narrations visions are seen
Who on love has bidden life dear
Who then no one shall know his love
Majnun not then what did ye know

20/1/2010

Islamabad

Sadiqullah Khan

What Else

What else could be bad luck
When you were there and I did not see you!
How could I without you,
An eternity of wailing, waiting for you.
My spring is autumn desolate
My youth 'ashes in the Ganges'.
O holiness! My streets and hamlets,
Life is not life; 'kaley' is not 'kaley'.
When shall I fix my eyes on you?
Cruel love, what rascal games thou play,
What stars harbor in thine eyes.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
April 7,2014.

Desolate by Nicla Rossini @ fineartamerica

Sadiqullah Khan

What Happened To Them

Dead upon dead spreading death,
Rage of man, against himself
Down goes the oracles of high
Indeed who wins, shall suffer dread.

Grope in the dark, we hold
Each other's arm, lest astray
He who tells of the future err
He who has lived, but past.

What happens to them is none's fault
The living guilt, by a sacrifice undone
They catharted, prayed and almed
What happened to them is tragic play.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 18,2014.

Song of Orpheus,1997 by Barbara Kerstetter @ Barbara Kerstetter

Sadiqullah Khan

What Ignominy

What ignominy O! Death, what obloquy,
The opprobrium and derision.

Drowned down the river, why not alas!

Why not alas, burned to ashes

A funeral either, a tomb neither.

Sadiqullah Khan

What Illusion

If hope be the feather,
That one day shall,
On the bouncy of soft wind,
If all be the reality's great game,
And if the divine strings,
For the matrix of life,
With intelligence set.

And if defeat be humanity's fate,
What the day of judgement, and where?
And when?

What hope, what heaven and what bliss?
What love of the divine?

Hold on to the multitude of self.
A pantheist seest the deity in many.

What illusion alas,
O life thou asketh,
What belief thou either,
For self is belief in totality,
What else if thou hast any other answer?

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

What Lies

It will not go smooth down the throat,
Tongue would either lie or get bitten,
How much of truth and how bent.

Statues are given shapes by hands
Imagined in weirdest colours to breath
A satire's beauty would be demolishing
Some statues are headless and others
Without arm.

History if repeated would laugh at the
stupidity of the men and women,
who made heroes.
The heroes ashamed themselves nevertheless.
For the art to flourish and poetry remembered,
Wait in other world to complete the spectator's cycle.

The hero was just a human or given powers,
For some to worship and for the bold to strip.
Listen to the cause and be the stealth wave
of freedom. We all know what leaders are
And what they did.

We all know what lies are woven into
The history of mankind.

April 27.2012

Sadiqullah Khan

What Prevails

The mind's fury would hold on
The tragic is but who deserves
Is not nature harbor much tragedies
Goodness shall prevail but what prevails
The ugly human face against all odds

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
September 28,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

What Shadows We Pursue

Sir Winston Churchill while he was
In the thick of it (he had very nearly lost his life) ,
Wrote on one of the frontier battles, (on his side)
'Looking at these shapeless forms, confined
in a regulation blanket, the pride of race, the pomp
of empire, the glory of war appeared but the faint
and unsubstantial fabric of a dream; and I
could not help realizing with Burke, 'What shadows
we are and what shadows we pursue'.

This is a century and a quarter ago,
Today, there is nothing new,
But that, an increasing isolation -
Bastions of ignorance, mad mullahs,
Perpetrated schemes, and hardened
Mindsets. Valor, war, and savage freedom aside,
They harbor feigned kings, sheiks and princes.
None can sight, a school of learning,
(Those built are being bombed)
A well neigh job or a decent living.
And their mothers give birth to cannon fodder.
Smugglers, 'thieving children from laps',
Some social indicator, a path built, a fair thought.
They forever, are boosted, as a second army,
Mercenary, easy to buy and sell, -out of simplicity.
The pariahs of the world, now, sans dignity.
The stereotyped is hackneyed speech,
A stick in hand, tottering gun, and always 'doubtful',
They are khans, religious fanatics, and block heads.

To cap it, in the words of Field Marshal Lord Roberts,
'Burning houses and destroying crops'
Leaving India in 1893, after forty -one years
Of military service, ...
'unless followed by some sort of authority and jurisdiction,
mean...for us a rich harvest of hatred and revenge'.

-The quotes are from Charles Allen, *God's Terrorists*, 2006.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 2,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

What Shall I Tell You

In the cold winter days
When she was so ill
Something strange happened
I went senseless

I saw her in her mothers lap
Deep asleep
She awoke to see me
Moved
And went again to sleep

And then suddenly
She was no more
She died of pain
In her little stomach

All night
She lay in her coffin
Surrounded by women
She did not make any noise
But where was she
She looked like
But an angel

The grief of my heart
Shall never cease
Alas if I could talk
To my little beloved
The last look
In her coffin
An angel sleeping

Come Come
Hold me close
For my heart will burst
From emotions deep
The love of the little one
For the time gone bye

A helpless seeker
Of love
Am I
O great God
Give me strength
To endure all this

Sadiqullah Khan

Whatever You Say

Whatever you say.
Did oceans speak a word,
Did winds pray, flowers bow,
Has anyone seen a bird on prayers.
Of the holiness of ablution when bathed
in rain. Would the tumult arising from deep,
down the soul. Let know.
Love has many meanings. Some cry
Others devour.
This night
The song had a celestial meaning.

Sadiqullah Khan

When Will You Break

When will you break, spectacled judges,
My one sentence order, five years passed,
Five years more. Polemics and shelves of,
Leather bound books, words are enchained.
Remove the dust, rub your eyes,
Put heads together, O the glow on my face,
Wrongs discerned from rights, intents peeled,
On the scale of justice, by small stones,
O bring balance, of the lethargical laws,
And those tired sighs, waiting on their knees.
Say once, the justice has spoken, as quickly,
As the doings smashing the bones of victims.

-On a hearing in the Supreme Court on January 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 20,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

When You Are Nothing

Depart from here the emptiness is,
A fill elsewhere, the spirit of living -
Or else when the goblet is finished
The rapture remains. The tangible
Is the intangible and we go nowhere.
Make the exit austere and graceful,
To entertain the greetings of welcome
All depends how we lived somewhere,
For the nones, the wheres we own.
Like a surreal dream we float space,
And the virtue is goodness, how we
Stick to it and may beat the doubts.
No one knows but a belief strong,
To an ultimate prosperity the souls
Enter. We will be judged no doubt,
If nonce but with ourselves indeed.
The hill top was gold this evening,
And this evening I saw it turn silver
The morning of the travel is happy,
Tidings we long for and hope sustain.
Leaving them back, and the advice is,
Be light and lesser love of the world
Is lesser pain when your love mundane,
With relations indeed, with the things
Shall be nothing, when you are nothing.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

When You Were Dancing

Her hands were holding the moon in firm grip
Like dreams she might not she knew one day
In dark of the night she will seek all life
Like God I peeped into the kitten's play
With a ball of wool the luminosity in her eyes
After a long sleep before the disorder would strike
A bit of creation from the God's eye
The rain was heavy to wash the face of earth
From the fireworks and dried blood
When for shelter some children ran in fear
A rich man bought feelings with riches

The rape was not as fabulous
The aphrodisiacs all in the pouch
Were not used and in cozy environs
The souls were sold to protect the vitals
The distant peripheries for the strings
In puppet shows in the name of God
All streams were colored from the spring holy

When she moved her body fatale
My love like soul in silent whispers
In ethereal vapors and like the atoms
The astronomer says shall one day dissolve
For lack of the pull in the gravity
Behind closed doors now I shall not
When love is what for my restless soul yearns
I tried in vain but to look into the future
I need to forget my memory to get back
All was not love but still on my palms
And the many signs and lines that I draw
From star to star I still remain there
But alas in those rhythmic movements
When you were dancing under the moon
(To an unknown Palestinian Girl)
20/1/2009

P.S There are three parts in this poem. The first is the innocence, then the carnage, then the dialogue, the grants of money, then the regret of the

'aggressor" (second stanza) and at the end the future and the fate depicting glimpses of her beauty.

Sadiqullah Khan

Where Is Me

Silence and truth
Or
Truth and silence

Where is me
A Step forward
Like
The bronze statue
In the middle of the city
Gleaming eyes
Determined look
A sword in hand
Or a waving arm
The long coat

Or sitting Buddha
Teaching
Meditating
Eyes closed

Or the religions
Of God

Where is me

Under the Great Wall
Or the Kremlin
God's soldier
Or martyr of freedom
On the altar of Taj

In the poet's book
Or loved one's heart

Where is me

Sadiqullah Khan

While

With unflinching desire to survive
I broke the vault of the moral,
The soft soothing words
Which were meant to either, satisfy his conscience,
Or pity me.

With an atomic force of the rebel,
With blood and the eyes not slept for years,
With thunders like Zeus.

I carry the plane of earth like a magician's round
device. While you amuse yourself.

While I shall encounter you with the strength,
Of the universe.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
May 17,2012.

Sadiqullah Khan

While I Wait

For the veil unfurls, curtains roll up
The satiny back-drop blue like a coral's sheet
As one day, or an evening's derelict voyage
Across the mist is the promised landscape
Of freesia and ambrosia, jasmine and rose:
A fairy tale in age, a child's wish
Yet the fantasy, waiting on the steps emerald.
He made a paradise, they call it Taj
To the soul of the dead queen, to lie beside her.
And below the moon was the sight he beheld:
A captive of the past, he was encaged
An unworthy son or the soil's anger
He might have stolen, many breaths, sons
Daughters and much a fond nights.
Back on the curtain is a melodious song
Neither wanting an encore, nor a repeat.

Sadiqullah Khan

While We Danced

Lift the arms up in the style of wings,
Sweatened dreamy circles on the drums' hollowness,
The hide is alive to the touch, like love's skin,
And silk of strings break through the heart's chords
Rupture. The master of ceremonies, put in some,
More songs, to the steps of the friends,
Lots more consumed, more gathered in company.
Alas! Who knows the breath on the flute,
Flies, like reed back to the reed-bed.
Celebrate the inner light, in lightness move,
Old times are when the spirits unite,
Who speaks the future? And in the Now,
Ready at hand is the presence, the times for remembrance.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 14,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

While You Carry My Name

While you carry my name, you call
Me names. Speak, a paradise on earth
My greens, are ashes, my trees are
Flames, stones –sharp, weather harsh.
You still carry my name, it sells
Across, it evokes an awe, a barbarian
A woman, you say, goes only to funerals.
Man's trade is, hung on a wire
A child is a pity, made disabled for life.
Houses are dug caves, walls, a range.
In the streams flow blood,
In the gardens, the fruits fall
To your lap only, because...
It happens to be so happening since long.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
December 1,2013.

-On Waziristan, after reading a review of a novel, *The Shadow of the Crescent Moon*, written by Fatima Bhutto.

Writer-activist Fatima Bhutto has penned her debut novel which encounters the life of three brothers and two women in a small town in the troubled tribal region of Waziristan near the Afghanistan border.

'*The Shadow of the Crescent Moon*', published by Penguin, chronicles the lives of people trying to live and love in a world on fire - the three brothers Aman Erum, Sikandar and Hayat and the beautiful Samarra and desolated Mina. Fatima Bhutto @ Deccan Chronicle

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights I The Gloomy Entrance

Attitudes were what we had seen,
Looking for the gold in teeth,
Why were those girls so emaciated?
And while landing, we had sweats to our bottoms.

I did see some mulberry trees,
The thunder was too hard to hear,
These rustling of leaves had some sweet memories.
I was rather going home.

Someone was laughing beyond a heavy weight,
She was carrying a child or holding school bag.
My eyes were telling me as if from steel,
They were still talking in whispers.

That girl known as Anasatzhya was so hospitable
She was so nervous,
She had seen many guests together
As she would tinkle the bell with her little hand,

What glow her eyes would emit,
She had not learned this from school.
From her mother's lap. Her cradle and home.
The worthy home that she would open with silver key.

Almaty, Kazakhstan.
June 12-18,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights II Paradiso

Lo the paradise would open on us,
Lo the showers of candles carried by angels
Lo the night had silvery sheen,
Lo the breeze is from the east.

What laments have you gathered dear heart,
Yet afraid of separation before the beloved,
Yet descended on the throne from heaven
Nay the heaven not but you are on earth.

Look O goddess upon thine disciples,
For the chants the children were running in the leaves,
Drops of the elixir were sold like from homes,
Those angels why smile so heavenly

O earth be witness
I fear some typhoons and evil eyes
I pass through as if like wind in spring
I touched few lips and kissed some hair

Bring down the aroma of roses,
My eyes in wonders looked for one,
Those beauties had the pervasiveness of sweet
Languid looks.

I would rather die for the innocence,
And for the wide thin legs like antelopes
For a while I thought,
What would be paradise sans devil

She would rule by her beauty,
They would worship her for her beauty,
She would then smile and laugh,
An incomparable happiness would she harbor.

Then the moisture of the night,
For the day was already over,
Only sweet dreams and to rise up again,
She was the lover and not the killer.

Will the grace of your innocence and beauty,
Descend on me,
Would your happiness be the cause to untie me,
Would I gather the silk of your softness again.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Iii A Girl Named Nadia

She was like a plant grown on her own,
Those white legs were tenderer than flowers,
The green eyes had been displaying,
Nothing ferocious or mysterious
Nothing scheming,
Nor like Helen of troy
Or a Cleopatra

She lay like ice on white canvas sheet
She would melt though.
The worshipper was still waiting for those
Quivering lips.

Strangely all this was not so intense,
The language was sweet and alien,
There was no anger in her tone,
No frown on her forehead.
Nothing was either wrong,

She was neither guilty,
The first sin has died long ago,
And the new sins are so sweet.

She woke up from her dream,
To the first crisp ray of the day,
She knew she was intact.

And as she left,
She was looking ahead in some direction,
There was no remorse and a small happy encounter
There was nothing more to the story,
Except that she had been drinking hard at night.
And she was like a bird left by the flock
She would then catch up,
In the land where fairies live.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Iv Something Inspiring

This is the light that goes through and through
The night is evaporating eavesdropping
Finesse of the apparel, red of the lips
The milky sheen of the skins,
They had learned their walks from the horses
O! Wilderness once you had been my abode,
So the later discovery was just a glimpse.
I though the fade of the years has begun,
Why not take colors from their youth,
The shine in the eyes was the excellence
Perfection either weather, green of the trees.
I was rather looking for the hustle of leaves,
Did not the providence abandon every one,
Or else,
I came from where the airs are dust,
My ways are broken stones on bare feet,
The damsels of the future fetch water from
Hill tops,
Deep in the bottom of that village,
Criminals do have a sense of beauty
My heart leapt for colors those girls wear,
And now,
What comparisons are you making,
Is your mind not getting from analytical,
Wish the creative bliss of knowing truths,
Knowing questions and answers
And so many lies.
All is well when I was served with sushi
In Promenade.
Why the pass ancient times is not making
Impressions
Such is the intensity of the affairs,
Such am I a dishonest and ungrateful
Human
My head bent this way or that,
Such heavy thinking has burdened me tonight,
Their ancestors had visited us long ago,
Will not their children do it again.
To tell our children what living is like.

But that needs a revolution,
And to wait for a few thousand years.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights IX The New Freedom

Express it

The plasticity of the new freedom,
The naiveté on your face,
Everything is not a silk skin
On thin legs,
O! you holder of the black thick hair,
Why is your eyes not emitting fire,
Where would the softness of your silks,
Be the hardness of chains.

I kiss life as I drink blood,
I roll on stones and am put to fire,
Your sons had the killing grace,
Of martyrs.

Of my burning desires destined to nothingness,
Are you a thing?
Truly you are the new freedom
Truly you are the new captivity.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights V Gogol Square

He did not touch the ground, and he lived strange
He earned a Square to his name,
May be more.
A girl with dark hair,
Was dancing nearby,
On a progressive theme of music.
These many years have changed a lot many things,
Someone said it was Pushkin Square,
Romance prevails over soul.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Vi Reciprocity Of Behavior

The first impression counts
I have been to cities of freedom,
Some ancient, others old.

There is a lot of history somewhere
And metal on the road.

They sounded warlike
And others were so peaceful

And there were some where only
Beauty alone.

Nature in abundance
Reciprocity of behavior is
That love begets love
Beauty begets beauty.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Vii More Dead Than Alive

A small boy was holding a pony,
A small of horse of the kind and owned by the Khan,
We did not know whether it was a pet or to earn a living,
We saw a small kid riding it; the pony's mane had been washed,
With shampoo and water.

While we were walking down the street and in shadows of walls,
An unassuming building made of stone was the hub of treasures,
Distinct, colorful with loud music.

The ambience on the corner was like old tavern.
We knew what prevails is the soft soul here,
Laid back.

Drinking to the tune of silence,
All things here induce sleep.
The night is so motherly and the day is so tender.
I was more dead than alive,
With ease that I departed and the ease that I wrapped myself,
In warmth.
Would Dostoyevsky write a better account?
His White Nights were so heart warming.
I could get to the spirit of Aryan blood.
So ferocious and so tamed.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Viii In Vain

What was the reason for such sadness?
Where were the men of middle ages and older,
Where were they going and what for,
The city is made like a chess board.

How do they recognize the houses,
While leaning over the terraces and seeing
Their dreams rolling on the streets.
The old men were sitting on the bus stand
Soul searching and not very concerned.

The regimentation is so perfect,
No one breaks the law,
And how and against whom they express
Freedom.

I saw some steel bars and looked for
Some soft wood.
They were so polite but you would know
As if.
They would get bored very soon.
They would plunge in some deep thought
The moment they would find respite
From your conversation.

I have yet to see such sweet smiles
As on the face of those teenage boys,
Handsome and so well mannered.

The dreams were yet to come true
Or there were no dreams,
Where was the historical determinism leading.
This is a civilization without roots.
Transplanted on its own soil.

The intellectual vanguard will now seek,
Another dimension to divulge into,
We did see statues of lost wars.
Amidst many flowers,

Visited by tired folks from streets,
To celebrate their weddings.

Ah! The anguish in your eyes is killing me,
Your pain I cannot read.
Nor I can write it.
Your kisses are so much in abundance.
Like rainbows after a downpour.
Your lips had much to say and see the other world.
Why are your taverns so deserted.

I would pity myself holding a cup.
In this emptiness how you survive,
Where I am the only happening around.

I would love for the dexterity of your figurine
Like beads of sweat I wipe you from my forehead,
Like the aroma of your hair touching my face,
And the perfection of the evening drizzle and warm wind,

Tell me my love what is missing in your life,
That every thing you find is so vain.

Almaty, Kazakhstan.
June 12-18,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights X Some Progressive Music

"Go to Da Freak,
It is safe,
Listen and dance to some progressive music."

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xi Absolute Dark Room

They were serving
Vodka and tequila
In Absolute Dark Room.

Almaty, Kazakhstan.
June 12-18,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xiii Life And Death

Beat the drum,
Sing the couplet,
Freedom is not because of you,
It is in spite of you,
I need to get a look,
In the heavy haze of whitened smoke,
The rhythmic movements of your body,
You hands in the skies,
I am to myself again,
What illusive self,
To fly to and from self to self,
We though meet or not,
We are one soul.
I stretch from corner to corner,
Dig deep and look up,
This is the street in freak.
Every corner and wall,
is celebrating life and death.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xiv This Is My City

He spread his hands like a falcon,
Looked down from the top of the hill
And said "This is my city"
The proud young lad.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xv Put The Night On Fire

O languid yesterday,
Step into tomorrow's gloom,
Happiness is short lived,
I could not break the barriers
Of language. Let us put the night
On fire. Like wide open book of wise verse,
Some crisp white hand opened the page
Of life.
My comment,
The angelic face with red lips' smile.
I wrote though, and wished for a return
But for how long.
Can we live so many lives?
So much apart in distance.
We live in one soul.
The likeness is akin to a thundersome night,
The lightening is like music in my ears,
The haze is like a cloud.
Ah! How could I forget your lips?
Like cherries, like strawberries.
Wish me some good days and nights,
Your memories suffice for my longer living.
I would hold your hair in my fist,
I would rub your neck with my lips,
I did not know who you were,
But you had put the night on fire.

Almaty, Kazakhstan.

June 12-18,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xvi Those Tired Legs

She was fomenting jealousy,
A flicker of love was still alive in her heart.
She was looking sharp at what he was fondling,
He was served with a delicious meal;
The legs of another girl around his.
She went with a determined step towards him,
Not to reclaim him but to share him,
She was making a compromise.
Her tired legs.
Her dark flesh on a bony structure.
She would expose everything.
For nothing,
But a living.
She was such a pretty girl,
She was just a mass of flesh.
Those tired legs carried her away from her dreams.
Her dead soul was just pleasure,
She was not allowed to speak to strangers.
She was too tired.
She needed sleep,
And then an incarnation of hers'
Another similar girl.
Who would send the money she would earn,
To feed her two daughters.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xvii Lovers

In some quite corner,
The lovers were kissing each other.

Sadiqullah Khan

White Nights Xviii Pervasive Faminine

Every thing was making,
An impression,
Of a soft pervasive feminine.

Sadiqullah Khan

Who Else (Aly Bossin Series 3)

You need be flowing beneath waters
O angel of sweet love
Fishes with orange tales by your side
Your wings are the doves in rain
Of purple blue and bliss
So spacious beyond all forms
So are you a saint
Whom you worship but the shrine
Of immense love
This ecstatic self
I have not seen sad
Mix some more colors into life
This dance of yours is like playing on ice
This resounding love and many dreams
This chaos
You met me last time
On your earthy lips and shining eyes
Who else would know
But your wings
With many colors from heaven

Islamabad
July 30,2010

To my friend Aly Bossin.

Sadiqullah Khan

Who Forgives

Humanity's bow,
Of the gracious self,
Egos' smallness,
Of 'nibhana' not heard,
Nor of Jesus,
Nay sage old.

Hold River Euphrates,
Or the Nile long,
From your hand flows,
Who bows who not,
Raise the head,
For the soothsayer's
Of words.

Did Moses bow,
Who forgives,
Moses or pharaoh.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar

Sadiqullah Khan

Who Inspires Whom

Who inspires whom,
Who makes, remakes
Who from the stardust, stars,
Who the moon half
The moon full,
Who has tied the planetary
Circles.

Creator, what inspires you
The beauty of your creation?
Or the creation makes the
Creator.

Who inspires whom,
Who to the flames bringeth
Wind, to the song word.
To the brush color,
Who wonders on whom.
Who will last,
We know, none will perish
As you are,
So we become.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
January 29,2014.

Going for the moon, by Portia Burton @ Portia Burton

Sadiqullah Khan

Who Knows When

Sometimes back you had the rebel's
Seedling. Sometimes back you had,
In the pitched hour and nourished
Dryness of stones and thirst of earth.
You had on your worn shoe these,
Pebbles hit, and you had on blood,
And you had on water and you had
The green slowly transformed and,
With the wrinkled hand and eye,
May an eagle possess or a lion's gaze,
On your wide chin the hair looked,
As if, weeded on its own natural line
And your holding a gun near a hillock,
Which you thought would decide
A fate and down by your goat-skin
Tent, they were busy peeling the hide,
And they were cooking broth in cold
Sunset, an evening who knows when?

-To an unknown tribesman.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 22,20015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Who Made Great Empires

Clout, Carriers and Great Game,
Warlords, Narco-Dollars, Spillage and Slippage,
Weapons, Cheap-Blood, the latest in 'Magazine',
Palazzos, Farms, Resorts and Vacation,
Green-Cards, White-Cards and Yellow
Columns of spies, soldiers and puppets -
Who made great empires.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 19,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Whose Word

Whose word is it
That has put
A whirl of sweet juices
In my ears
That has put
My eyes letting a tear
For a taste on my tongue
Whose word is it
That has set on fire
My imaginations of heaven
That has let the dance
In celestial form
And the many shapes
The lunatic's explanation
Of the reality of things
When the real is replaced
By undefined lines
When colors no more follow
The rule of nature
I have broken
The form of reality
In my movements bizarre
I have discovered a form another
Beyond the apparent
My vision is piercing
Into a sea of distortions
In a form that would define
Reality for me
Beyond that grandiloquent appearance
Drop down the pain of anguish
Eloquent though your eyes are
I see
The reflection of myself
In the last moments
I heard thou saying
May god's blessings be with me
I read it so
No books no angel ferocious
Shall know what I saw

When those lips
Dried
Asking for the tongue's moisture
Yes yes
With brave endeavors
Come what it may
For those words
Still sing in my ears

Sadiqullah Khan

Why Me

In the morning
On eid day
Blessings from mother
New clothes
After one year
Prayers time
House cleaned
Some guests coming
Preparation for cooking
The small children
Prayers
Sacrifice
A blast is heard
What happened
Sacrifice done
Bloodshed
Cries
New clothes
Blood stained
My little children
My house still
Has the scent
Of new clothes
Suddenness
Dead bodies
All killed
But why me
The politician
Power corridors
But why me
Ideology
I have one
But why me
Sacrifice
Whose blood
Whose meat
But why me
Explain
Reasons

Why me

Sadiqullah Khan

Win Us Freedom I

We kissed your feet, with fervor
Winged, dragged, dilapidated.
We the shadow dwellers,
Soul sellers, tremble out of fear.
They wear the faces of hungry wolves,
Canine, greed is their guiding principle.

Win us freedom, O,
Thou drunk with fearless sorrows
Sailing in tears.
O, the throwers of roses on sealed doors
Metallic, hard
The conquerors of citadels,
Where dwells the idols.

Win us freedom,
And we shall pick the blood stained shirts,
We shall put on your smiles, and
Celebrate, for they have given us enough
To mourn.
Who have mortgaged us, our generations
For three hundred years,
By their would be sons and daughters.

O deceitful spirits,
Vultures waiting on leafless trees,
We are the people
This land belongs to us, the real owners.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 20,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Window

The window was closed
The window up in the wall
Where children played
On both sides
Where children made faces
To each other
Where children laughed
And giggled

The window was closed
For the little girls
To look on the other side
To satisfy their curiosity
And for the news
They generated
The latest ones

The color of clothes
Latest movie
Or a song

And sometimes
They would cross over
For some happy embrace

The window was closed
For all men and women
The elderly
The strong
The weak and the meek

The window was closed
No one could open it
Put the courage
And say it once

Open the window
Open the window

But alas
No one listens
8/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

Wine Cups

The midnight blue
And a starry night
For the night
With its immense vastness
Your appearance
Out of that darkness
With nothing else
But the mysterious feminine
The mist of love
Surrounding you
I can only feel you
I search the words
To describe
The appearance
Like an archangel
But before I loose consciousness
To the softness of your lips
The kiss devine
Iabandone myself into a fantasy world
Or is it you?
Let me drink
My love
From the winecups of your lips

Sadiqullah Khan

Wishing Amnesia

Retrograde, whom I first was
The white earth and the reflecting texture
Like the surface of moon, walls built.
Cold shades of the corners of rooms
Where mud and sprinkled water smelled
Like Aqua-earth, but the ensuing wish
Is to fly the falcon's flight, depart
On the peaks of the world.
My quill my companion, If allowed;
When you learn the way of tenderings,
From your tongue the poisonous thorns gone
And you have put down your guns
And your axes become blunt
When greeting is a gentleman's brace –
I have made memories,
Derelict, with extremely generous friends.
Wishing amnesia, from hostile past
And present, didst not the great souls,
Advised. A curse bigger than fixing to the soil?

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 6,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

With None

I am with no one, with none I mean.
First they came to take, someone
Of a faith, of a color, race and tongue
There was none, at the end of the row.
None spoke, raised head, or hand;
Then I heard one say, - sad very sad.

The blood is without a belief,
On one particular day we would offer,
Hearken the diminished spirits
And a fast unto death, to see if peace
Be it. I am with no one, with none I mean,
I am the faithful blood of the human.

-On an act of terrorism in Islamabad, March 3,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
March 4,2014.

At no point did I consider myself to be in breach, by Ian Bunn @ I

Sadiqullah Khan

With Whom And Why (Post Post Modern Poetry)

With whom and why the big man died he was not small though he was not committed he left a bunch of children behind he had made many enemies than friends there were many who loved him every one forgot him his ashen white face was kissed from above the coffin people shed tears on the demise he was forgotten soon afterwards when every one was feasting many others die like that one day on the first night when they will return from my grave tear soaked bread others will eat to sleep for some nightmares when they get up in the morning I would have had suffered all that the preacher had been telling me in hell or paradise sleeping indefinitely whether to wake up or not life will go as usual while watching some nudes on the site I felt it was the last time what it meant was some pretty nymphs has anyone traced them over the years in statics where they end up do they die like us I would love a personal interview with one and share some moments on a table of dinner where I shall ensure that wine is not served for its prohibition for making me in my senses before my death for a while to see what is in paradise my brains are exploding my heart failing some soothsayers are thronging my groove the other pretty girl has shown me her face who is worried about the job of her fiancé there was a party in my home last night when they were sure that I was not home to share the moments with loved ones they hate that man for his wealth his neighbors are the biggest looser some one had called me from village I hated to know that some guy has stolen blackberry and jewellery from the girl who did not talk to me because she thought I was a real poet and talk on cheap cell phone and having invited her to share my dinner on a carton spend the evening my way I said lot many prayers from one town to another I reached to breath dust those poor guys were killed in gun battle who had come to visit the funeral of the big man sneaking in to see its depth without knowing tomorrow a grave is being dug for them I have a wish to retrieve a few more years gain some more spiritually I am tired of reading seeing pretty girls abhor me the soldiers were beating a poor motorist for not having stopped before they had crossed the road on that place they had blindfolded another with his shirt a young man who would have made better soldier than the one doing the job

8/9/2009

Sadiqullah Khan

Without Reason

In secrete desire to make homes
She plays with dolls and baby dolls
Making and unmaking relationships
Role-plays in various dimensions
She dreams of a home

Making decisions without reason
Judgments based on love
Making her blind
"In men's world"
Once I asked a woman
And she replied
"There are also men like you"
A judgment of love again
Without reason

Sadiqullah Khan

Without Wings

Come the way you like,
I have abhorrence from dreams
and wings that you do not have
but come on wings.

Carry some goblets filled with ash of bones,
some scratched earth from the hollow balls of skulls
someone who had eaten up both the eyes;
on the cold footnotes of graves
touch the toes for some tinkling sensation.

My kisses on your face has the burdens
of some funerals and these tears
from your eyes speak so much
to mourn about.

The dark green bottle that carries the genie
walks in slow spirits to boost
its cask has invented from the death of sugar
some juices from the autumnal fruits.

The water without taps and without confines,
my hands on my sides grow
letting go the walls
to breathe
to breathe

In the crisp white sheets on the bed
O angel of death!
behind the thicket of curtains
the sun did not bring hope

I said come flying
without wings.

Islamabad
July30,2010

Wolves

Wake up saint of the night's vigil,
Even the old sage roared like lion,
On the tendering of the fair-

Though the wolves have taken over,
Or stray dogs rule, you may still
By some grace stand restored, intact.

And they are there to eat up vitals,
Raw, and stones, and walls
And all that shall come their way.

That none of this is your doing,
None other's really. No dream
Let the curtains hang down from skies.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 6,2014.

Mesmerizing Art: Cai Guo-Qiang's Flying Pack Of Wolves "Head On"
@ Hingeheads

Sadiqullah Khan

Word That Went Amiss

There was a small word in the lines of indices
like knitting a needle or weaving knots of silk
I put it upside down and the downside up
I traversed the chest of the Gobi desert
I visited the Streams of Tigers and the Springs
of Three Laughs and saw dreams
I then woke up lance in hand towards a direction
the river was leading me to the very source
I then heard a voice
you have seen the beauty with your eyes
as you behold and seeing the dusty pages
being wiped by someone a hundred years afterward
and this small word in thousands of words
done up like vases and trees and magnolia
some dancing girls too
and some breaking down the sand like tears
in this visibility
I would leave that one word unattended
and unlike many other words chiseled
to perfection
I would not untie it
I would then narrate to the causes
I would then not have written this here
I would then not have spoken of my love
but for that small word that went amiss

Islamabad
Sept 7,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Worker's Afterthought

Toils and sweat
World's upheavals
Revolutions in my name
The surplus counted
In terms real
Alienation and the slogan
'Workers of the world unite'
There I stand with no change in my life
The rule that I did in my proletariat revolution
The bourgeoisies I chased
In a stateless society
I lost will and faith
In my scientific definitions
To the utopia of a society
Without the shackles of state
Forced dislocations and the dogmatic politics
There I stand with my toils and sweat
In search of wage
No one knows I have desires
Beyond the science of economics and theories
Ridden with emotion swayed by the tide
No rescue I see my work still unpaid
Return from where I began the journey long
The intellectual vanguard the bureau of the politics
Long is my march small my desire
Accept my individuality and honor my work
Go beyond the science to the realm of feeling
Give the banner back
A revolution I can lead
The friction I did enough its time to reconcile
From the pigeon hole living let me breath fresh
Of art I know nothing but work I do
To the toils of my being let add some emotion
Out of the prison to some green of the garden
A worker I am but is it the law
Law of nature that inequality shall prevail
I know nothing
Is some one there to make me understand
What is the reality

And the nature of my being

Sadiqullah Khan

Worth The War

Hafez would trade Bukhara and Samarkand,
For the love's mole on the chin.
Worth the war, a country on globe,
For a century erase, the diamond's weight.

From battles in ball to battlefields –
Had I not been a poet, not a license,
For whatever cost, ride the horse,
Or win her hand across the lands.

Happy fair, let me tell you,
O flamboyance, the mole on her cheek,
Is a melanoma, a cancerous bleed.

-To Joanne Herring

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 11,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Would You

On your line across the forehead
Impassioned on the prey
A Saracen would carry falcon
With much pride
Riding his arm
The deep waters are rough
Know the art to surf
In the serenity of the night
On the edge of old pond
The traversed line of the sky
Would you connect
To the divinity of being
Would you then
And after many years are past
Would you listen to the whisper
Would you listen to the silence

Islamabad
21/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Wretched Souls Xxi

'A ship's not a ship to me 'til she gets her teeth into green water.'

John Rhodes Sturdy

Wretched souls, to faithful memory
The lions roared the wolves howled,
Soldiers bleed, the leaders are rash
Multi-head monster, terror explore.

Captain O Captain for thy ship's ply
Could none stop, but hold the mast,
Think ye dead, awhile, unleash death,
By smaller hands, don't break apart.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 4,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Write Me

Write me in saffron, wrap me in leaf
I have given name to your love,
I have let the tears from the eyes brim
And to blood, I have let speak.
The sweat of your labor it thus smells
Your wish it writes on the cheek;
O hidden human mischief, I have
Unearthed, wedded the day to the truth.
Of the cloves you wear my love,
Is the perfume of the verse I scribe.
Fall of the auburn hair on your face,
Is the line I draw, your eyes lantern.
O dark of the night let me have
The other step, before the ditch of time
Engulf, and am drowned in the sea of ages.
Let me write, 'shara-e hungama-e hasti' –
The unending endnotes to the existence.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
September 7, 2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

Wyal Gwaleena

Pa landaiy jumaiy ye ghalat na she
Pa sra paiki ye zigar pat dai
Zhba ye pa shna gola yu lik dai
De wakht wareena da wariezhi
Na wo rhang shi da tur taki
Na ye dey stargey wyal gwaleena.

-A poem in Waziri Pashto for Malala Yousazai

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
August 9,2015.

Sadiqullah Khan

You And I

These veins are ink
On the plane across the window
To write itself
The perspective goes too deep
Where either the sun sets
The moon is on the rise
The tree in front never grows more
The flowers fall soon
Enough rains
Enough of the warm breeze
Create an illusion
Or sink deep
Fly in the air
Run like train on a track
Sing a song for soul
Say as many prayers
You and I know
How long we will stay here

Islamabad

6/5/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

You Are

You are
A thousand
Drops of rain
That showered
On my bare chest

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 29,2012

Sadiqullah Khan

You Are Late

In my laziness
I started late
To meet you,
You talked to me
Your voice trembling
You were in great pain
But your courage
You did not make me realize
You asked me that I pray for you
I left you to others care
You did not complain
You knew I will understand myself one day
And when I reached
You were silent
Breathing heavily
Your eyes turned silent...
You were struggling for life
In deep coma
You had started your journey
You were lost in some conversation
Memories....
Your struggle in life
Your child like face
So many stories
It revealed
"I have not lived but survived"
A last attempt
Of your favorite habit
Pulling your hand below the pillow
As you turned side
You wanted to say so many things to me
But now face to face with great reality
You have forgotten me
In a flicker of a moment
Your eyes fell on me
A deep urge to survive
A few moments more
Your sweet eyes
Now glittering like jewels

My son you are late!
Said your eyes
I am too far away
On a delightful journey,
My dear father
I know what you wanted to say
I shall also try to survive
I am traveler of the same path
The great divine mystery

Sadiqullah Khan

You Are Nothing

You are nothing, unless I make
Champagne of my thought, in your waters dissolve,
You are nothing, a shining mirror alone, a huge mass
My imagination's palette otherwise you are nothing.
O colorless splendor, you in my prisms shine,
Unless I see in your eyes, you are nothing.
Rise O rise, the morning's sun, the night's single moon,
You are nothing. Unless my abstractions make you-
O living, if you are life, you are nothing,
My breathing chest, my seeing eye, my bleeding heart.
You are nothing, O dead breathless one. You are nothing.
You are nothing, in the ultimate scheme we are nothing.
Sad dusk, from my loneliness drink, this time
You art not, I am the cup bearer.

Sadiqullah Khan
Gilgit
November 13,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

You Bastard

Blood's sacred, of the entire libation,
Bequeathed life, mankind's gift -
My herd for another year live in peace
My loss finds gain in other's happiness.

Of your treachery, my sold horns of pride
Of my dried skin, hangs on your shame.
The poise my disposition, expose,
The smallness, you bastard! You expose.

And for my freedom, my Eden alive,
And your envy, you constant-prisoner.
Let them know the curse, named man -
Let them know, the befallen shall befall.

Yours is strange love, when your coffers fill,
Yours love, when I see hung on the wall.
If my eloquence, did not deter you!
If I see you licking Hades' flames of wrath.

-Stop hunting Markhor (Endangered species, only 2500 mature individuals remain) and Ibex in Chitral, Pakistan. Bastards!

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 17,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

You Don'T Know Xviii

You don't know...
Prisoner 466/64
You don't know.

From a 'special letter' to Winnie Mandela,
Dated 16 July 1969, on the death of his son Thembi.

This afternoon the Commanding Officer received the following telegram from attorney, Mendel Levin:

'Please advise Nelson Mendela his [son] Thimbekle passed away 13th instant result motor accident in Cape Town'

'I find it difficult to believe that I will never see Thembi again. On February 23 he turned 24. I had seen him towards the end of July 1962 a few days after I had returned from the trip abroad. Then he was a lusty lad of 17 that I could never associate with death. He wore one of my trousers which was a shade too big and long for him. The incident was significant and set me thinking. As you know he had a lot of clothing, was particular about his dress and had no reason whatsoever for using my clothes. I was deeply touched for the emotional factors underlying his action were too obvious. For days thereafter my mind and feelings were agitated to realize the psychological strains and stresses my absence from home had imposed on the children. I recalled an incident in December 1956 when I was awaiting trial prisoner at the Johannesburg Fort. At that time Kagatho was 6 and lived in Orlando East. Although he well knew that I was in jail he went over to Orlando West and told Ma that he longed for me. That night he slept in my bed.

But let me return to my meeting with Thembi. He had come to bid me farewell on his way to boarding school. On his arrival he greeted me very warmly, holding my hand firmly and for some time. Thereafter we sat down and conversed. Somehow the conversation drifted to his studies, and he gave me what I considered, in the light of his age at the time, to be an interesting appreciation of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar which I very much enjoyed.

We had been corresponding regularly ever since he went to school at Matatiele and when he later changed to Wodehouse.

In December 1960 I travelled some distance by car to meet him. Throughout this time I regarded him as a child and I approached him from that angle. But our conversation in July 1962 remind me I was no longer speaking to a child but to one who was beginning to have a settled attitude in life. He had suddenly raised

himself from a son to a friend. I was indeed a bit sad when we ultimately parted. I could neither accompany him to a bus stop nor see him off at the station, for an outlaw, such as I was at the time, must be ready to give up even important parental duties. So it was my son, no! my friend, stepped out alone to fend for himself in a world where I could only meet him secretly and once in a while. I knew you had bought him clothing and given him some cash, but nevertheless I emptied my pockets and transferred all the copper and silver that a wretched fugitive could afford.

During the Rivonia Case he sat behind me one day. I kept looking back, nodding to him and giving him a broad smile. At the time it was generally believed that we would certainly be given the extreme penalty and this was clearly written across his face. Though he nodded back as many times as I did to him, not once he returned the smile. I never dreamt that I would never see him again. That was 5 years ago...

Never before I have longed for you than at the present moment..."

Conversations with Myself, Nelson Mandela,2010, New York.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
September 2,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

You Know

What times are these
You will not be sung.
Explicit
Confessional?
Thinner you grow
More knowledgeable
A leaf without tree.
You will not be sung
You know.

Sadiqullah Khan

You Nameless One

With every blow on the chisel head,
You are the stone cutter, obstinate
Every broken piece, as sharp as shrapnel,
Is the bread of your child, is soaked
By a longer night's separation and lonely morn.

What doth make you do this?
But the love you espouse, and the hardened,
Warted skin of your hand, or a sleepless night.□

Un-rhythmic, for you might have made,
Someone like the master, who, on tapping on gold
Had with ecstatic steps covered the distance,
Across the street.

Might you have not been doing anything,
How responsible, and born in a soft lap,
By this mid-hour, of the night, what makes you work,
So hard, don't you need rest? But again, you are driven,
To extract water from the earth's depth, and earn-
Just a living, and could let go, be more intelligible.

And I may not provoke you by asking
Or telling you that you are the proletariat,
Or your wage, and make you 'conscious',
Tell you to rise, because the risen have died long ago.
You may only know the 'minimum wage'
Passed by the Parliament or wait indefinitely,
Through generations. You, your son and his son and so on.

You nameless one, what a glorious living thee live!

-To a laborer who is working at midnight to dig a well of water opposite my
window.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
June 24,2014.

The Allegory of Science, Labor, and Art. @ The New School Frescoes of José
Clemente Orozco

Sadiqullah Khan

You The Orientalist - Vi

The saintly Greek, assumes not, pretends not.
Neither he conquers, and the things brought in
By the winds, south east, or west, or spice trade;
Helen of Troy eloped, to the Nile's bank, either
Physician from Egypt prescribes for headache.
Currents crossed, in the fertile delta, the dry land
Of Greece. They knew each other well, and thus
Had made laws, that the strangers be honored.

And you the orientalist, while in eastern splendor
In mysterious frankincense, linen, silk and wool, □
Of your turbaned damsels, wine from ancient cellar.
When you rose the pen, you defiled, you
Descended from the newly won freedom, from
The Cross and tyranny, - thus let upon yourself, theft,
Plunder, and all evils, that you thought fair, and before,
That anyone could be aware, you had been making -
'Inventories' and prizing yourself on your 'discoveries'.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
July 13,2014.

A Royal Procession, India by Edwin Lord Weeks (1859 - 1903) United States @
Edwin Lord Weeks

Sadiqullah Khan

You Then Said

We too had chosen your soul
We had decried the spoils on your forehead.
We had seen war raging and angry demons
We had then seen hair pulled from sweat and blood.

How would a smile nourish on your lips,
We also know that you have forgotten your soul
In our lap and you ask us to raise our hands in prayers;
You then ask us that war and peace is with fate.

We then saw it that the strings of fate were in other hands
In other rooms were decided the fate either;
There was no God and there were no askance,
You then said that the war of demons and gods is over.

You then said that the strings of your life are hanging,
In the hands of mortal beings.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
Sept 27,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

You Then Said I

We too had chosen your soul
We had decried the spoils on your forehead.
We had seen war raging and angry demons
We had then seen hair pulled from sweat and blood.

How would a smile nourish on your lips,
We also know that you have forgotten your soul
In our lap and you ask us to raise our hands in prayers;
You then ask us that war and peace is with fate.

We then saw it that the strings of fate were in other hands
In other rooms were decided the fate either;
There was no God and there were no askance,
You then said that the war of demons and gods is over

You then said that the strings of your life are hanging,
In the hands of mortal beings.

Islamabad
Sept 27,2010

Sadiqullah Khan

You Visit Me

You visit me like the bird flying in the air,
Like Tarafa would write his poem in love of camel,
Like a horse would carry her tail, while in trot,
And like a cow when she is being milked.
And like the dust that would follow the footsteps,
And olives when they are green and so fresh, and
Like grapes hanging down from the tendrils
Like a bee would carry honey in its mouth.
You are like the star that is fired as if from heaven,
Like so many dreams and so much difficult to
Differentiate. Like intuitive bliss and dreams
Made to come true. And so sure that the death
Of body and soul is eminent and as sure as the time
Is passing. Leading to extinction. You visit me
And not unlike the hottest breeze of June when
I was travelling to see your eyes. I wished such shine
For you. And like my whole body and every bit of myself,
As if disintegrated. You visit me like the archangel,
Carrying the word of might. O! Departed evening,
You carry away such events from my possession.
You visit me like in a cave, half room with its emptiness,
As if eating mangoes. Not like the pretty girl and not like
Many dreams I have forgotten. And some unknown friends
Bare chested. You visit me as if the sands are emitting water
For drinking. Like to make the ends of justice meet,
The judge rises to announce a decision, and like a fast
Going car and like the sadness that prevailed when
In the street next to us and in the front a boy and a girl,
Were shot accidentally. When I heard a song and when I
Drank a glass of water and turned on the tap. You visit me,
Like I break walnut and like I find my shoes in the dark
Like my computer is without virus and like, as if I am
Utilizing all memory in the card. You visit me like the closing
Tune of my mobile phone or when someone decides not
To honk. You visit me like my favorite perfume, when
It is not finished.

Sadiqullah Khan
Torkham

June12,2011

Sadiqullah Khan

You Whip-Tongued

Embrace your mouth watering desire-lusts,
In arms of seventy, one leading and your spouse officiate
The ottoman king's lady mother, harem's in charge.
You would bath in springs of lustrous wines, surpassing all tastes.
Dyed in selfish fantasies, herein and hereafter -
You, whose hands are red with blood.

And let me die for my love's sake.
You would deliver a sermon on humanity's suffering
When all is well, you will appear to cap victory.
But let me warn, the judgment day's not as void,
And the divine scale can't be hoodwinked
And that it shall come on you soon.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamaabd
July 26,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Your Addiction

I am red of the poppy
That is bled white
I am love of the seas
In whose bosom
Sets the glowing sun
Rises the blue moon
I am your dream
I am your addiction

Islamabad
1/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Your Figure

I uncovered all the nudity
From beneath your veils
I drank the red wine
Through your eyes
Through your lips all the nectar
Through my hands
I sculpted your figure

Islamabad
30/4/2010

Sadiqullah Khan

Your Mushroom Cap

It contains as many lice, as spores
Clouding upon your head, that never see
Sunlight, through your mustard-oiled thickets.

Through the silken folds of a ten yard turban,
You could get fresh air, or a crow's beak on bald pat.
(If the crow refrains from making nest in it)

The Scots let go the quilts, except that in 'camp',
They sing in it ahead of the 'officer', (capless)
Who is with no-sole shoes and rain-sodden too.
The difference between the ruler and the ruled.
(To his satisfaction)

The Chuch, the ancient ruler of Sind
His son having fought with Bin-Qasim,
Had ordered his subjects not to wear shoes,
Not even made of palm leaves, beaten into ropes.

It is geographic, to make yourself invisible
In a part of world where no one can go, even
With a passport, or accompanied by two
'Khasadars' - guards, and you feel going to
The federally administered tribal areas.

Ataturk, perforce emancipated Turks from Fez,
The caps, once stolen by monkeys from a caravaneer,
And he by his wits, threw his own and monkeys followed.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
July 16,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Your Sweet Presence

The day when you were standing in front of me
And when I just because of sheer excitement
Of being close to you and having faced you
When suddenly I felt that some spirit has possessed me
And when I felt you were much taller than me
And the colors of you 'pairahan'
Those red lips and white cheeks
The sparkling teeth
My submission of talking to you
That I was in love with you
Not love
But that I liked you
Though I loved you
Because by that time
I did not know that you will honor the word
May be I was not generous enough
I should have gone with the flow
The flow of your beauty
And your sparkling shining teeth
That expression of amazement
At my confession
The confession of love
And likeness
To me
You were like an angel
To a lover
Many lovers would have felt
The same way
As I did
While talking to you
And then
When you were no more
I was left with my imagination
And the memories
Of your sweet presence

Sadiqullah Khan

Your Winning Colors Xiv

Peevish tweets, deceptive stratagem
Blood on arms, the night's a battle -
Could you be worth, the falling monarch,
To go in history, to match the march.

Deaths numerous, raise hands on children;
The wise say, pray for an enemy -
Of equal grace, or a generous demeanor.
O pity! Dawn ascends, still in your surround.

-On the police action against peaceful protesters, leaving hundreds injured and a
score dead
on August 30,2014 in Islamabad.

Sadiqullah Khan
Islamabad
August 31,2014.

Sadiqullah Khan

Ysl

Adorned the beauty
The glossy lips of the nymphets
High heels and the frowning short frocks
Folds of satin and silk □
The perfumes for the men
Or wears of the men
The girls' glamour
A distinct streak of aroma
Yves Saint Laurent
One of the icons of modern design

In a distant connection
Tonight
I picked his cologne
Sprayed it on myself
For a dinner in one of the sullen places
Of the town

YSL
Was such a revered name
A signature worth looking at
With a wish to own it
For I know you only
Through the expression of beauty
And in harmony with nature
In preserving and mummifying the living
With gentle needle
With balms and perfumes of life

YSL
Was such
"An elegant man with a gentle soul"

Sadiqullah Khan

Yu Preen

Rejh pa rejh badaala
Yu bal preen
Nun
Na sabo dai, na kho
Da rejh bia-

Da toley zhawarey sakowey
Dakey shawaye dee
Rainrhein aibey
Tu – terey kala ledalye dee?

De ywa navee gaiejh
Sorh,
Da de gwaley bo'dh
Wo kala
Pa da garhdh ke
Mo ta ro warasee.

Dey munni shpa,
Da liegyedaleye czherhai
Kala wo!
Dey armoon zhaghzhghey
Laka
De angor,
Bia wrey wrey wa legeyzhee.

-Written in Waziri Pashtu, Roman script

English Translation

A Yesterday

Day by day turn
Another yesterday
Today
Neither it is tomorrow
Nor, this day, today.

All these deep wells
Are filled,
Clean water
When did you see before?

A new dawn
Cold,
The flowery breeze
When
In this dust
Shall reach me.

An autumn night
Smoking Oakwood
When
Will the desire's clarions
Like embers-
Shall slowly emit smoke.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
November 10,2013

Oak Tree, Heligan, Pen and ink wash sketch
Lost Gardens of Heligan by Thomas Haskett
@ Thomas Haskett Blog

Sadiqullah Khan

Zeest (Urdu)

hum in ghambeer rasthan se guzr chukey hain;
kuch tu bas bahaar ki bat chaley,
ik kaid ki si umar,
jab pata chala tu dahayun ke beech;
chand roshnioun ki kerno mien,
mubara-e-umeed wa rakht-e-safar se aar;
wo jo chalee dastan-e-zian,
mein ne apney hat se phisltey dekha,
chand khabon ko
jin ki taabir emin waqt ne musalsal;
kuch tu umeed thay, jo bas khak hioey;
mujhey kuch sadioun ke simte hioey dard,
lamhat ki khamoshi mein utarney do;
mujhey abhi zeeest ke chand aks khanchney do.

Sadiqullah Khan

Zen Deconstruction

You heal me by the softness of your lips,
The structural edifice of the ego,
Melts and like mercury in heat, attains,
No formal structure of the real.
An image, pyramid and temple,
In the throes and away with.
The eyes can then look upon a horizon.
The universe is then a gaze to the stars.
The past is present and the present future.
A statue, a wall or a holy place, what is the difference,
Remove the veil and see the old god.
Unless and until lighter than feather,
The heaviness of the thought shall not leave you.
The crisp cold on the feet,
The morning water in brass taste like nectar.

Sadiqullah Khan
Peshawar
January 8,2013.

When a Zen master makes a pot, a teapot or a cup, he pours his meditation into it, he pours his nothingness into it; he has nothing else. He pours his joy, his silence, his prayer into it. Then it has a different quality, it has a different vibe.
Osho

Sadiqullah Khan

Zero Sum Game

The dark of the night
In tiptoes she came
Shoes in arms
With yellow dress

Opening the pitcher
Of the wine old
A stolen kiss
In the door step

After many years
All she said was wrong
She was not in love
She said one day

I was sad for a while
Romantic I had become
A spell though she had
The creation of her body

Is pity love in the affairs
In detachment when I look
Back on the mirror
An existentialist behavior

No gain no loss
Was the affair I had
Like life itself
A zero sum game
24/10/2008

Sadiqullah Khan

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Sadiqullah Khan

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Sadiqullah Khan