

Poetry Series

Aadil Hingorjo
- poems -

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Aadil Hingorjo(January 11,1996)

Situated in the artistic universe created by his own genius, Aadil Ahmed Hingorjo enjoys every now and then of the time. This young multifaceted writer is the birth of 1996 originally hailing from Khipro, Sindh. He got his primary education at Jamshoro, Sindh whereas he received the secondary education from his hometown Khipro. He did his from Hyderabad, Sindh. He is a graduate in English Linguistics and Literature from NUML Islamabad. Currently, Aadil is doing his MS English in Literature and Linguistics from COMSATS University, Islamabad. Due to half of his family's setup in Karachi, Sindh he appears to be a ripened Karachiite. In fact, he is the worshipper of the Indus valley which beautifully spans from Karachi to Kaaroonjhar. A kind of rosy fragrance arises when young readers come to read him; stars sparkle; Indus river dances with its total tides, his songs and prosaic write-ups have a great enough power to captivate the lovers. "A Kiss to Karachi" is the first collection of his poetic asset. He composes the free-verse poems for he sees the arts and literary paintings beyond any bounds. For him, meter or scheme is of the less importance when it comes to aesthetic and literary creation. Honest voices and humanist sermons are his chief subjects. His precious poetic treasure named "A Kiss to Karachi" is about to be his first published work, which will surely breathe in printed form very soon. His love for his land and the deepest attachment towards his regional realms such as Karachi and Achro Thar is visible in his poetic pearls. I hope that Aadil with his vibrant poetic will keep on illuminating the souls of today and tomorrow. He is likely to be printed in the endless skyline.

" But the spring, they say, had an unsaid clash with him
Rhymester never sidelined that lake-side
He was from us all; a prolonged prayer for centuries
He ceased slowly but the traces too retraced him
A firm memory beneath words; he was an icon full of life! " - Aadil

Faisal Hussain Dayo
Islamabad, Pakistan

!

Palestine, Kudistan, and Syria share my story
Our tale's an extremely delayed document!
Afghanistan and Iraq fall down with tears
So does the poor Yemen. Bullets breathe there
I'm tortured, torn up, and crisscrossed Kashmir
It's bloody suffocating to be mapped out here
This, my literal lord, is a killingly stern world!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Couplet For Shaikh Ayaz

Let this cup be drained for thee, O Ayaz,
For thou hast intoxicated the rain of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

A Journey To Each Other

My beloved, I can feel your poetic desire
I can understand the air of emptiness
I do feel your earnestness
When you do not receive a lyric from my side
I've a huge world to of words to say
But my love, not every abstraction is expressed
How shall I begin and how shan't I?
I begin with steps that led me to you
And the roads that took me to you
The hearts of us that fetched us to each other
Pure, gentle smiles. I write.
I write about our first moment
The moments where we blocked exits
The shy us turned to the wild lovers
Hearing the verbosity from your eyes
I read your wills
Wills to walk smoothly
Wishes to cross the rocks
Thoughts to wander into the thunders
I turn to you everyday
Yes darling, I whisper to you passionately
There's you; there's your lovely gaze
There's you holding me unconditionally
There's you mentioning the prayers
There's you with much modest looks
There's you with rising religious light
There's you painted in every lane
Your face like an alive fact chases me on
I feel the increasing beat of your heart
I have never turned away
I've been there
There at your doorstep
Staring at the pathway that you walk on
How shall I give it a mid melody?
On the silent pages of evening, I recite you
In the time of dimness, I absorb you
I absorb your silence
I absorb your every feeling
I absorb the universal sigh

This youth if our love is beyond letters
It's beyond my lyricism
It's like a windy breeze by the Indus's seaside
In it are embalmed the stories of us
Perfumed with your warmth, it's timeless
Right now, I'm bathing in the depth of South
The Sindh, where you traces are all free
Where your heart is attuned to my stanzas
And here our souls once again unite
the souls that wander around each other
How can we vanish for a minute?
Torment is in being distant from beloved
Enough we stay distant
Tis true that commas too exist in an excerpt
But beloved, the same commas, same excerpt
And the same punctuation composes a book
A book that's so sacred
It contains starry nights
It opens up cheers and chides
It's a morning dew
It's the oceanic night
Together we compose the masterpiece
Where none else conspires
Drowned I will be, you mumble
Distorted I'll fall, I mumble back
We run to raise the sunrise
We smile to our ancient beings
And we walk on a sideway
On a hope to resist the rituals
We forget the pale space
We forget the wrestles; we defy the stagnation
And solemnly and sincerely
We journey to each other

Aadil Hingorjo

A Kiss To Karachi

Don't you see the sea around?
And the beautiful city by the sea...
Can you hear these clouds marching over her sky?
And white birds across the shores,
Screams of seagull, horns of buses
Listen, my dear, to the sounds of life,
See, the wind has its own music
Witness the life more delicately
Volumes of wishes, and whispers of lovebirds!
Political doll's dancing, the siren is so different
And just hear the laughters of children
Plea of a beggar, and excuses of trained life
Sense the life's hard beats
The books aren't over yet
Smiles aren't costly yet, Karachi is still young, you see
Flipping papers, and calming eves
Moonlight over Manora, and the silence by the Island
Its albums replenish my heart
Nerves full of excitement and passion
They say Paris is woman and London Man
Kolachi supersedes all, She's Victor; the Lordess
Karachi, my city, is the artful emblem
Natural tides kiss her very edges
I wish I could rebuild you
My language could arrange your streets
Thy arms are so generous, home of favorite faces
Ah, but there are people who debase thy look
I've witnessed your midnight cries
Rubbed thighs, parch lips, and crying eyes; You're so like an artist
Karachi is the humblest city; She embodies genuineness in her queendom
Magnificent moves, soft songs, and awful standing
Even your dust and smoke has an unsaid scent
Drizzling beauty runs through your body
Thee art to live forever, not to die anyway
Thou art Sindh's representative museum
You're a playground for lovers
Whenever they gossip about their favorite worlds
Stubborn shores of you resonate before me
Your cheeks carry deep scars, hands hopeful

Awe-inspiring and astounding, my city recalls
Life's beautiful, Embraced into serenity
Indus embraces thee, thy rhymes sound sweet
Yes, I'm deeply attuned to you, my darling city!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Little Chat

"You don't miss me", she complains.
"Yes, I do, and I've got into fire."
"So you need water, right? " She coughs a little
"Enough to drown easily" I go straight
"That's then okay" she sits down.
"Perfectly alright! " I mumble...

Aadil Hingorjo

A Midnight Whisper

Wintry night celebrates her youth
And the spell of intensity silently whispers
Speak to me in this lone moment of midnight
Speak to me with your eyes closed
Embrace me in thy deep slumber
Ah!

The touch of your messy hair, I can feel
Belly like a river-valley, it's curving
Left arm accompanying the nape
And the right one slips from the navel
And lies right upon the forethigh
And the legs pretty unassembled
Don't fall in this hour, O the lyric of my heart!
Whisper to me before the heart sleeps
Encounter me with your mischievous smile
Ah!
And let this hearty rhythm ring to eternity!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Plea!

No mediocrity can take place now.
The same way, we inhale
And the same way, our bodies breathe
in the name of us, we live, the affectionate love!
So, you choose separation for union?
It's already a union...
You've never gone an inch away from me
Your rhythms go on captivating
Don't please drag your innocently bold being into the fire of agonies
Don't, , For Love's sake don't please! ! !
Count your beats too, O beloved!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Poet

He's an agonizing word,
An egoistic submission,
His inspiration is him,
He's so fucking crazy,
A poet's an agnostic beat!

Differently dimensioned,
Away from family,
And still into them...
He's not that easy,
He's a tough line.

Ununderstandable,
Mostly misinterpreted!
Enough with himself,
Relieved sometimes,
Reckoned oftentimes.

A merciful tomb,
An emotional storyline,
An unassembled equilibrium,
A kind of sandy serenity,
He's an electrifying gift.

He's an exceptional life,
In nows and in right nows,
He's quite present in time,
A magazine in masses,
A flying page in solitude.

Not ever so loud,
Never proud to any pin,
He's a sound smile.
An axed wall,
An uncontrollable star.

Universe and utopia,
A poet is an accident,
He's an occasion,

He's an stubborn ocean,
And a late night song!

When she reaches him,
he's a little careless,
Takes time to smile back,
Extremely tidal touch,
And passionately political.

He's the worst art!
An artist of his own!
An untimely nap,
A continuous disturbance,
Courteous to people.

Refreshing to the readers,
Home to history,
Honestly gratifying,
Acceptable to infernos,
He's multiple; he's much!

A poet is a rainfall...
A bar, an upcoming dawn,
An evening so immense,
A midnight street,
And an untiring walk.

A poet is red to his heart!
Amiably open to all,
Sensitive to the senses,
And no one knows him,
And the knowers don't feel.

Stumbling to his pleasure,
Drunk to his painful shores,
Saying no to sayers,
An storm to the silences,
He's simply a miraculous click!

Fabulously fabricated,
A lushly covered hill,
A blessed bay,

A desert full of do's and don'ts,
Full on his own.

A poet's a sinking symphony,
A saddening sunset,
A mysterious marvel,
Soberly imperfect entity,
A poet's a royally rustic root.

Beautifully bruised,
Dangerously designed,
He's an unbroken voice,
An autumnal entirety,
And a sigh of summer.

His own tale,
He's a racing breathe,
His own pieces, and own party,
Frankly stranger to himself,
A poet's an obstinate wind.

He's an epic painting,
A delicate revelation,
Brutally bold to all sides,
He's unfathomably everywhere,
A poet is decently everything!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Poet Is An Untold Expression

Brimmed, bustled, and all bowed down
The poet is not a plain man
He's very hard to be loved
He's rude to his own rhythms
Romantic cyclone stirs him
He's close to melancholies
His very pen paints pains
Attached with grief, he sings there
Awakening the dawns, he remains unsettled
A poet, my dear, is the most unsettled man!
He writes the layers of nature
And embodies the silence of human heart.
He cannot be understood; he can be amused
He cannot be observed; he can be felt
He enlightens where darkness prevails
Homed to darkness, he lives a light
His poetry cannot be slow
His scheme cannot be dim
Shadows the shores, and overshadows night
The poet is the picture of universe
Universe is beautiful if he breathes there
The entire civilization is orphan without him
He's a group; he's an alone man
He's a lover; he's the burnt leaf
Untrue to himself, he lies true
Truth runs through his veins
He's unnerved to his own voice
An unfulfilled desire marks the poet
Comrade of God is a poet
Immense intellect is a poet
Sentiment and sympathy accompany him
He lavishes the lamps
And enthuses the eras
The poet, my lord, is a timeless journey
In his journey to poetry, he's diverse
Diverse, different, and doubtful at the time
He's broken to beats;
He's tussled with trauma
The poet himself is a trauma

A trauma that sketches the aesthetic Azaan
The poet is a firm believer
He's a profound atheist
He's a genuine agnostic
Poet's dance never ends down
He's an unstoppable music
Uncredited art, and unsung speech
A poet is the marvel of literature
Mystery of humanity
And the song of Cuckoo...
A poet's intensity is endless
He's the timeline of eternity
A hallmark of unwritten stories!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Question So Classical

Mate, since the weather is on its terrible turn
Wintry silence is engulfing your city
The tide may turn unusual
So better not to see deep into each other
A meetup of a poetess and a poet
My literariness might en-capture you
Thy verses may shudder me silently
Let's not tremble before each other
Mounts may capture our view
Wind may record our whispers
Time may measure our pauses
Charm is in crossing the verge
So better not begin the way
Span of hour or so might exceed
Volumes of free voices may trigger us
Might we pass through a renovation
But that's what I am the least afraid of
I'm afraid of you
Your awful smiles may derail both of us
Sometimes roots grow piercing
Depth then narrates us
Since you too are another's evening
let's not bench ahead the brimmed buds
Pleasures to vision might soften thee
Little noiseless song is all okay
Let's be agnostic and wild and moody
Let's just feel the drizzle
Let's not ask for further rain
Birth of summers in your city
Is equal to the winters's youth back at my realm
Let's dwell in the puzzled corner
Beauties you see, nature you recite
Beauties I appreciate and nature I breathe
I've avoided smart girls
But you're not only smart
You're someone denser
You're someone hearty
You're someone with a heart of autumn
You're someone photographing the natural sighs

You're someone who loves her eyes
You're someone with a breezy taste
Turn it out, Turn me off
Or else wait just like me
Wait until the wait meets death
I'm lovingly wedded to accidents
And you've your own aims
I'm a struggle eternal
I may not have a trivial answer
You're a question
A question with a sloppy wave
A question with a faithful head
A question with an achieved belief
A question with humble arrows
A question with a dewy drop
A question with a burning conscience
A question with layers of prayers
A question with favorite spots
A question with moonlight
A question with earthy cry
A question with greeting challenges
A question with a meadowy valley
A question with unwalked footsteps
A question with flying birds
A question so near and yet so closely distant
A question inwardly intense
A question with a slim bruise
A question with a pure utterance
A question so classical
And I'm so agnostic
Streamy counter I am
Let's bid adieu before meeting
Let's crush our hearts
Mystified thou stand
Let me set back my ancient Ajrak
Let's allow these lyrics enshrine us
And reread the dim memory!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Rebellion Interrogation

It is not only an inward walk
Soundly it's an outward journey too
From the confined me to my infinite-self
I cannot resist my light anyway
Neither I can attempt to subdue myself
I nowhere take any bits for ungranted
Nor do I intend to wave any logical eyelash
My heightened fire inquires about a lot!
In the meantime of unstable positioning,
I am but an stubborn, morbid man
Who marches through rough streets
Streets that envisage mere eccentricities
But there lies a stark intelligence
Sharply structured is its very version
Am I a ray of light?
Or a drop of doubt?
Does upon me rain the storm?
Or it is a kind spell of drizzling...
The rhetoric regulates my spirit
And the future looks lazily artificial
Deeply defused I stand
Engraved in my own shelter
I silently lose my very history
I lose your story that way
Your cheeks turn secretive
I read every line that flows down
I challenge your customs
Customs that create thee and me
And I undo their epistemic origins
Resilient winds go against me
I feel a rebellion rhythm
Sandy layer hits my aura
And the sea-wave awakens me
Like an abandoned child
Like a departed refugee
Like an unsung prayer
My pleas hinge in air
In air hangs my thirsty soul
Do I possess any such soul?

Or it is but your indispensable part?
Part is a part..
whole too is confused in parts
So you are a whole era
Or just layer of a phase?
They.. They are spectators
I'm to you and you to them
And they're solely to themselves
Every count kills me by and by
And I'm buried unanswered!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Sacred Symphony

Unintentionally I stopped there
The mist had occupied the atmosphere
Beliefs were terribly shattered
Unreasonable and illogical was each layer
The way was apparently unsure
But suddenly a rainbow arose on the sky
And the summer eve: turned befriending
A sweet murmur of the air kissed my un-oiled cheeks
And that castle captivated my unarmed heart
Though a many fossils attacked me before
But the zealous heart remained unconquered every time
Straightly she appeared before me
She winked naughtily
My dry lips approved her trivial act
Just after a second, she sat next to me
Her eyes searched for some spot in my deserted lenses
Having no intention for tomorrow, my gripped over hers
A girl who had never touched any true touch was unstoppable
As if she was following her theory
As if writing was finally meeting her guts
In that intense stare, we crossed millions of miles
Within no time, we got a glimpse of our inner embers
Thoughts of her cascaded through my robust corners
Her interrogation was answered
And my impatiently patient mind eventually affirmed it
I gently nodded and presented the whole x-ray to her
She stood still
Precariously she balanced her physicality
Her brimmed notions waited no more
She extended her arms and widened her whole being
With a kindlier line right on her left cheek, she beckoned me
"Come Aadi; see there's but the rain of darkness
See in me exists but the hollowness
Can't you sense the dimness of my starry eyes?
Subtlety sings aimlessly
Will you glance deep inside my skeleton?
There are undue chirps
My inner passion has remain untouched
None before could quicken my beats

None ever aspired to induce my spirit
None actually shared his sheer shores
And my strange inadequacy ordained me throughout
Look, now don't let my beats throb any more
Don't, now for honesty's sake, tantalize my pesky pulses
Feel it; the warmth; high-heartedness; fullness
Stay a bit longer
Ah! See a hug has reproduced me
Honorably I feel myself in lively ways
From now on, my prayers will have purity
The skyline was out of dirt
And the hill was exuding the empathy
Without our heartbeats, not any a single knock reached us
The universe was silent
And so was their God.
By and by our emotions started flickering
In a natural flow, we were arrested
The beach beautified our footprints
And the unwavering waves examined all
Minds merely mumbled
Intensity often flashed through our juicy lips
Our passionate souls echoed in silence
As if the milky-ways whine the music
A safely superior love-storm enveloped us
Since then we became our best mates
Zeal, enthusiasm, intelligence, affections
Perks and petty privacies; we left everything besides
Solace and serenity are my partners
Romance and revolution are her favorite chapters
Our schedule shudders a bit, but our love resolves every bit!
Her dance steps position in my poems
And my passionate paces pacify her exuberant storms
In such a sacred way, love sometimes sparkles to ravish us
An asset for endless centuries!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Shut-Up Call

Usually there shines but nothing new
A few pieces and the same dirty dates
Rearrangement, and the routinely rush
Admission to strong absurdism or
A conversation with compromised philosophy
Scratched from every side
Like an elementary student
Assigned to exhaustive spell of life
Stumbling around the same studios
Same heavily corrupted religionists
And the same lamenting liberals
Apolitical in political prisms, and all unlively
Smelling the same bottles, and running into 'em
Rummaging the same resonances
Styled to immediacy, and enrolled to sideboards
Running rampant, and hostile to fluency
Oh God, this all should receive a shut-up call!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Sip Of Tea

For enjoying larger and lordly travel,
A sip of tea is direly needed, Chum!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Tiny Tale

Raw-haired guy sat closer to me, and mumbled
I would remember how they mistreated us
That young handsome boy told me last night
A cup of tea in wintry mid-night, and the cafe
He was tearful, but controlled it all so well
His mother was troubled; his sisters suffered
His father, he said, was hijacked to the hooks
Hijacked by his first wife and his elder sons
I would write how they tore us, he complained
While saying all that he was occupied by anger
He was sensible in many ways; sensitive too
How he was brought in, and how he grew then
His life breathed like a story full of aching miseries
I couldn't say anything to him; I just fell silent
I tried to encourage him, but he didn't care
His smile and the sobriety was perfecting him
He wanted to expose all, but he was helpless
And even he couldn't have the writing nerve
He wished to have that ink, and that eye
Otherwise his heart expressed utmost honesty
Light of the life a sort of dimmed his persona
But the same light was a huge hope to him
Enlighten me O writer, he put a humble request
He wanted to be guided a little about symbols
Symbols through which he could reveal himself
He looked life an aggrieved yet a serious soul
My shivering self exchanged a few tiny tales
Some scattered words that could hearten him
I don't know would they be enough for him,
Or would he not be safe under that shelter too..
I don't know whether the mess would die down
And the currents to him would be minored
I remember he laughed when bidding me bye
He was calm; he was calculated, and confident
I'm sure he'd create masterpieces someday
The man in himself was an entire island!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Tribute To My Teacher

It's a journey from a tiny word to an-all-encompassing universe.
From the very naive age to the tenuous turns of life,
A teacher always remains there to equip his students.
His empowerment is the empowerment unmatched;
he's the kindest master of his pupil;
a real master who knows the musts and must nots of his students.
Most of the times, his students are family and a home to him.
Like in your case, Sir.
You profoundly shared with us almost all the instruments
You shared us the things
that were way deep in your life,
and you taught us how the ticks of time really tussle one's mind at the specific
ages of life.
You didn't just offer us the wings, but you also taught us the art to fly
You did train us to achieve what is insurmountable for many
You colored us all; you keep on coloring us continuously.
You, our teacher, are an infinite grace to our barren spirits.
Your serene smile, I still remember.
And we used to say, 'Sir is an artist,
he forgets the rules when he's speaking out his heart.
He's treads upon the flowy waves
And he's a mystic marvel'
Even at times, time couldn't stop you.
Your each gesture is engraved on the maps of our minds.
The way you imparted the light of faith
and the firmness in us is the way unwavering;
we, your little children, are beholden to your style You marvelously monetized all
your energies to mend our broken minds, Sir.
Morals, traditions, linguistic lanterns, and the values that you made us akin with
They are all still alive in the valleys of our hearts.
Your humane side, your so very natural personality,
and your embellishing approaches to make us understand the lyrics of language
are painted on the curtains on our conscience.
Crystal clear, and refreshingly afresh!
Rituals are rituals, but apart from the trends
Every day is to you, for you, and is from you, Sir.

Aadil Hingorjo

A Tribute To Them

And when the wind lost her breeze
And when their leaders sold their faiths
And when the flow of Indus was blocked
Folks of the Sindh, they say, mourned the whole night
But the messengers wept not
Their pens didn't stop ever
In every poet, there appeared Ayaz
In every voice, there spoke Arisar
In every march, there emerged Palijo
Every story embodied Amar Jaleel
Every word rose in Joyo's spirit
And the dreams of Syed remained alive
And Bhattai's verses rushed through their minds
And their devoted hearts subdued before Indus
Dawn, they say, versified their struggle
Such was their romance to the ancient land
They all danced to the hymns of the Indus
And the ecstatic evening paid tribute to them!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Vanishing Verse

I couldn't go for explanation
I remained brief;
Precision met me this way
I felt pain; I felt peace
Examination was this much excruciating
I no longer was the same sea.
Was distant from that seashore.
And was fallen to drugs.
Perhaps I lost that right.
Right to be lettered in her sheet.
She tried to heal me,
She tried to console me,
Wanted me to comfort me down
But the picture was torn away.
That would be a vanishing verse to me.
She too would never see it again.

Aadil Hingorjo

A Walk Through The Artistic Ashes Of 21st Century!

Imprisoned to the impermanent peripheries
You, my mate, are sketched to emptiness
Thou art grounded to the intricate world
Where hardly prevails peace anywhere
All sides and corners are the pretty same
Just dashing fronts daze the commoners
Your artwork remains in constant progress
It cannot be completed
It cannot meet completion ever
Otherwise it will not be art
Art is an utmost pain
It's an unsung sigh
Unwritten stanza
It comes out of damn pain
It is product of intense misery
It cannot take birth ordinarily
It demands your blunt self
It wants your honest self
It wants you to be poetic
It wants you to be rude
It wants you to be disturbed
It wants sacrifice
It's not art if it doesn't crucify you
It makes you restless
It cuts you down into pieces
And forgets to reassess you
It's your body of work
It requires your sincerity
It requires your honesty
It opposes fakeness
It delays the dramatic life
In return, it brings endless trauma
Where you cannot recover ever
Recovery isn't in art
Art just collects your bits
It doesn't cure you
It's an agonizing melody
It swings you in between like love
Like literature

Like philosophy
And like the law of nature
Installed to art!
Attuned to love!
Deeply immersed.
You're against violence
You're against dirt
You worship dust
You're then an artist
You're so lost in frequencies
You are silent there
You are committed to it
You're personal there
You're a way next to cosmic soul
You're an ancient portrayal of anonymous
You seek exile
You are numbed to the last night
You're already in exile
You're pressed to bygones
You're befooled by contemporary query
You're advertised with futuristic filth
You're a human belonging to the 21st century
You're a lonesome art gallery
You're to witness accidents and aftermaths
All at the same time
All at once
Without any pertinent pause
You're the last stage of human life
You're so closed to life
Yet away from conventions
You, my dear, are an eventual anthem of life!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Walk With The Comrades Of The Indusland (Sindh)

Sighs in such seasons occupy their vessels
They read her; witness her, & collect her isms
Her historical winds visit them daily in nights
Shafi is lyrical in painting unnamed students
His laughters go lowered; he sees the filthy fits
That how the daughters go vanished
How they get through extremist cycle
How they betray parents on mullah's say
His virtual voice is wounded
He cannot tell all the evils happening there
He talks less, lets them infer much from him
The studious wits go anxious
They inquire the existing entries
They contemplate the creepy years
More than a half century... Cruelties
Engineered sadism rising from the fields
Plants dried faces look dipped down
They outline so many things
They dream of the dearer days
They decide to do something supreme
Something that passive system couldn't ensure
They do away with dainty rigidity
And sing all along the subtle songs.

They miss the gone architects
The humans whose light still lights up the way
Syed, Ayaz, and Arisar
Joyo guides them from the distance
Qazi's intellect awakens them from sleep
Sooreh Badshah pats at their backs
And the soul of the unsung heroes accompany
History appears to them as an intricate doc
Not many of them read her roots
Scattered streams, shattered towns
And undesigned dunes
Autumnal stories encircle their brains
They don't withdraw
They resist; close their eyes; heads turn back
But they don't disappear; they can't ever!

Multiplied they display but dirt
Because the society scores on them
Mirrors, they dismay
Errors they don't even acknowledge
Their tears write elegies
Elegies of the ancients
Contemporaries, they say, are lost in lust
They're saddened about the unknown mates
They calls us all stones who don't move at all
Who are only made moved on alien updates
They are right; they want to dig deep.

Yesterday I saw him mastering the mundanes
He said he would first visit
He would stay there
He would dwell days there
He would knock the thresholds of nights
Man hailing from the city of Dates will publish depths
Sajid 'd listen to what Nightingale numbered
He'd feature the forefathers socially
Faysel is humbly set for humanly walk
He'd run after the faith until the road isn't over
Until the land doesn't meet the sky
Until the moon doesn't mumble back to him
Until the sun doesn't give him word
Until the ports are handed back to folks
Until the petty provisions aren't uplifted
To prison he would go in the end
The end will celebrate his legacy
He'd be later on a legacy himself
His ashes would remain evergreen
Redness, his diaries would reveal
He's all of you; you're him
I'm seeing you reevaluting the ruins.

On the lips of orphans and wretched I read her
She cuts down the nightly numbness
She dashes the dryness of the day
She's the spirit alive from the city of silenced
Her ablaze spirit studies the millennium
She's the sea full of optimistic inks.

Mohsan embroiders the arty layers
Sindhu's scripts assemble him
To Ameer, he walks on for eying it
Quoting Ayaz, Ameer rules the evening
Both of them feel the unvoiced ecstasies
They silently chant the summer-drops
Moen's land engulfs them gently
Both comrades water each other's thoughts
Sohail interferes with his intelligent aura;
they welcome his presence
This man opens the door to free air
And suggests them to enjoy the inhales
With inhales, they taste out the misty metaphor
All three pals attune to the stormy night
Aamir suddenly joins them there
He uncurtains the mystic window
He read to them the exiled stanzas
He retains the youthful warmth
Haleem announces to beware
Beware, before the boundaries become burden
He smartly hacks the Disney's digits
Reciting Latif, he lights up the candles
Ogahi amidst comes up with tattooed chest
He counts to them the travelogues
He sketches up the people whom he ransacked
And underpins the prints of the world over
Ah, there happens an epic view.

All the flowers of light follow the same lane
They justify their youth
Smashing the idols, they smile hand in hand
With poems, they ignite the fire
With debates, they unchain the innocents
All the masters meet at the shores of Indus!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Walkway To The Destined Dawn!

You won't diminish
You won't vanish
You won't disappear
You'll remain there
In the hearts of mothers
In the waves of Sindhu
The wayfarer of the truth, stop not!
Stop nowhere!
Rise & rise until the destined dawn breaks out
Do not subdue thy spirit
Do not mishold thy pen
Do not derange thy heart
Speak what's unspeakably igniting
Ignite your soul
Burn if it's the tickling of time
Undo the dogmatic tales that hover around
Stay spiritually firm
Stay faithfully stubborn
Remain awake until the truth kisses you
Teach your fellows the rhythmic romance
Sell yourself not
Sell not the poetic echoes
Sell not the emotions that you inhale
Sell not any inch of the motherland
Disarm the aliens
Ask them that don't cross the promised pages let them not disturb the physicality
of the land
For the land is your identity
You weren't there
But the land did survive
She's been surviving since eras
Let her breathe freely
Endorse her sons
Endorse her daughters
Endorse her songs
For Sindh's songs are full of peace
Sindh's songs are filled with grief
Do not compromise over her hills
Her ocean is still hers

Don't use the unIslamic knife upon her breasts
Let her inhabitants live rightfully
Do not derail their caravans
Trade not upon her history
No religion distorts humanity
Ask administrators to reread the resolution
Ask them not to unhome the indigenous folks
Ask them not to loot them
You're lawyer you know the law
You're an Islamic scholar you know the Aayats
ask them not to desert the Quranic words
Talk to them according to constitution
Write them to uplift all the bans
Write to them that the Indus's soul cries for life
Her dwellers are the worshipers of the depth
Don't disorient their heritage
Let them celebrate their winds
Do not for Indus's sake try them too much
Do not disfigure their land anymore
For Sindhu belongs to them
Sindhu literally unites them
Sindhu gives them unflinching faith
Do not misplace the faith
Do not block this flow
Give them what belongs to them
Return to them their reservoirs
Talk to their peasants
Come in contact with her heart
Her heart breathes in her mothers' eyes
Interpret those eyes
Read them
Read the rays of hope in those eyes
Read the unwritten write-ups
Meet not with the landlords
Meet not the Zardars
Zardars and the administrators are all same
Zardars plunder her pieces
Peers piss off her whispers
And there's the whole team
Not, in fact, the team but the gang
Gang that further eats up her skin
Such law and such rules

All are but mere deceptions
Feel the fragrance of ancient Ajrak
Embrace it with immense love
And immerse thyself in her prints
For her prints embodies the endless art!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Wish

A wish to deeply drown
A wish to silently slip
A wish to willingly vanish
A wish to vigorously whistle
A wish so terribly wise
A wish eternally unsound
A wish carries me to you
And a wish that makes us follow
Insensitive and unnamed
A wish could collapse
Anywhere, anytime
In the abysses of emptiness
In the womb of station
A wish quite immovable
Let this wish be intact
Let this wish reach the rot
Ah! intrinsically unturned
A wish is, after all, a wish!

Aadil Hingorjo

A Writer

Yes, I'm full of enchanting stars;
I'm all up with ancient eclipses;
Undeniably a home to infinite anxieties;
Strangely an abandoned seabay
A misty muse and an empty graveyard
Stuffed with blues, blacks, greens, and grays
Whatever you name me, but I'm a writer!
Yeah, a writer reading you all in still moments...

Aadil Hingorjo

A Writer Repents

Most awaited drops rain not
And the delayed dreams hover
Drizzle the tears deep down
A sad rainstorm is upon earth
Right there on that pathetic path
Spring and autumn smoke together
Drying is December summer sucks
A dilemma keeps on dotting the doors
Bird-less branches tighten the time
And smiles seem to happen nowhere
Wrinkles upon the firm cheeks
A page of the past glories
Cries a poet on his paper!
A disturbed room, half-opened windows
And the semi-closed door
That opens against the seashore
Flipping of pages soothe his senses
Sketches hover in atmosphere
Hovers the dirty mist of breathlessness
Peacocks' rhythms get reeling down
Silence surpasses the era
Stately truths destroy the peaceful noon
And namely nuns push a common Christian
Mullah's Islam sickens Muslims
Bhagavat-Gita contemplates over the meantime
And a Hindu is torn between castes
So are Muslims
Distinguished Syeds, Respected Arabs
1st class Muslims and 3rd grade Muslims
Folks are out of room
Attacks are glorified
And attackers historicized
Guns too recite the false Kalimas
Pushing the sick, ill pedestrians
Womanizers vow for revolution
Emerging talent strokes embers
Nothing and still everything arises
Parch lips meet the death
Lower down the all pale eyes

Music masters!
Revolution retraces
Cries a struggler all of sudden
Yearns a lover for her beloved
And the Guards celebrate the moment
None but them are safe
Their stars and their credits
To them is credited the privilege
Once again a writer dies there
The sunken humanity dies!

Aadil Hingorjo

Abreast Each Other

Hey, love
Why do you go so down?
Why this much offness?
And after all, why this saddening silence?
You are fallen, I know
You are centered, I feel it
You are subtly sunken, I sense it
But see my heart too is on the same verge
With same spell of intensity
With same dancing beat
With same soothing songs
With same passions
And the infinite amount of patience
This is freedom; this is prison
And we are existentially executed
Drunk and drowned at the same time, O love
Raining in the memories
Ruined and restored
Essence invites us
We are right there into each other
This pain and this poetry
Sea follows our sand
Its curves catches us for long
And we stay there abreast each other forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Actualise Before Entrances Are Lost!

Can't we be concised at this point?
Won't you leave orthodoxy when it comes to home?
Secular you would stand to plant equality
Won't you?
Isn't your home at heart a democratic one?
Your mom, of course, is the communist.
Yeah, your father sometimes acts as a rightist stout.
Aren't you a leftist at your cores?
Doesn't your younger brother stand by leftism?
Yeah, verily your sister favors equity
She along with her mother advocates stability.
Can't you all sit together to do the romance?
Okay, wait until the end of absolute concretism...
It still has to travel a lot ahead
Certainly, It is not the end of history so far
It might be a turn to another view
History is in you
History is my emblem
History is with them
Until, we all seek soberly
The tide might turn off-rooted
Let's revolutionise our instincts
Let's defeat our inherent insects
For the stillness blocks thee
And it corrupts us all
It is illegal
And the prevalent law too is somehow illegal
Let's hit hammers to our heads
Actualisation needs thee and me on the same front
Essence intigates to behead them
Or else long boredom might gulp us down
Exits are deeply near
Entrances may then vanish forever
Let redness redo the global cycle...

Aadil Hingorjo

Admit The Impossibility!

Because someone else has something else
Cracking cures, somewhat stumbles, and dips
Virtues, vices, and masked makings; Bullshits
Bullshit's each vague term; flows pointlessness
A cup of tea, a dawn, Jung, and Kawish in front
Even increased envy, no evil diminishes, Stop it!
Lost ways, broken roads, evolution scrutinized
Rhythmic world falls, progress programmed!
Autumn emerges, souls seek for spring
Dusty books cry, and varieties vary,
No not Millennium Brew this time, right!
Yeah, a packed Vodka please!
Trapping troops run, fuss is buzz, hums gone
Mystical monuments rule, death is away
No way, the dancers of death divert
Boredom bears chauvinism; arises amidst the excitement
Unfounded achievements.... Unusual stops
Welcome to the world of wisdom; bloodstream...
God's impassive stare, I'm tensed... City's silent
Deep-seated desires__ cuts, queries, and what? ?
Purely altruistic suffering! Beauty claps
Such is the zest, starting or startlingly ended
Storm is delayed, calmness projected, ADMIT!

Aadil Hingorjo

Afraid Of Future?

Afraid of future, comrade?

Hell, ugh!

It can befall anytime.

It's raining right now.

It's already accompanying us.

In each happening moment.

In each upcoming moment.

Aadil Hingorjo

Age Becomes Art

Evening comes to accompany the Margalla,
I'm far; forlornly gone into valleys of Kolachi...
Scarcely wounded soul plays unsaid music
And winds dare not to wipe my stormy eyes
I feel piercing wine pervading in every view
As if she has poured her light in every view
Sadism and solitude in the cages;
Many a pure virgins wander here unstably
Yet the heart dies for that Indusian eternity
Bless me Oh love, fall on me today
Like the most awaited rain over Thar
Her strings mesmerize me to the pulses
As if Picasso is sweetly perfecting the painting
Her innocent smile loots me; brutally attacked I am
Quite moving like a dancing wave
She makes me sit along the Indus edges
Hills do not historicize; the mighty ocean does
It unstoppably shudders me all at once
Deepest dimensions drive me to inmost distances
Each moment is carrying a century; days so deep
Empty styles, empty attires, and empty inland
Everything is tired here; her memory supersedes
I'm being awakened; the objects are getting reborn
The song that I never felt inside is rising to the shores
This is not me; nor my poetry
It's her seeds; her roses and her grains
Earth is too much with me, Smiles the endless sky
All arms are opened; so honest are the hosts
Monsoon of silent rains, earthquakes loosen their power
Her poetic eyes; my journey is not to stop
Romance reciprocates thru wintery windows
In this Hostel, right there before NUML Library
Here she marks her prints, her footprints
Elation embraces me; I'm buried in books
Many a mists disappear; a tear of joy
Fingers travelling in hair; so natural is her touch
Such are the pebbled paths of passion
Wayfarers weep, sighs the whole majestic humanity!

Agreeable Babes

Naive and noisy teachers hold the show
Obedient babes and cool boys win
Agreeable to the outdated outline
Sucked up with the cynical syllabus
Homed to phony fucks
Pretentious pupils prank with literature
They're out to sell their sits
There's a popular poll
The Reason is wretched down
The race marks the moment
The followers, actually the idiots, do it
The deaf, the dumb, and the blind followers
Unacquainted with real sighs
The urban goats go easily sold out
It's an intelligent deal
Where the skins unquestionably kneel
Protest is plainly postponed;
Smiles are silently smothered
Activists are so badly drunk
The desired realm falls scratched
And the corrupt capital operates the story.

Aadil Hingorjo

Ah! I Have Turned Ahistorical!

Genius I too stumble at unset corridors
Abstractness, sometimes, irritates me
I'm taken into unheeded mysteries
When no leaf comes concrete, I burn them
I'm brutal; I'm heinous; I'm ahistorical
Then I lose myself in lone tears
I wipe away all nourished lenses
In the flow, I feel the layers of abstractness
And I repeat myself in that subtlety
Endanger me again.. Cut me directly
This time in a bit blunt manner
Recircle thyself, redesign eyelashes
Don't appear to me in this nuisance
Because I'm not yesterday's folk
I'm a mess of modern times..

Aadil Hingorjo

Ah, That Uneven Walk!

I remember your reminiscences
Your lips still talk to me
The romance written underneath is alive
The brilliant you, and the beast you
And then the agitated silence overtook you
You got lost long ago on your way to you
How pathetic is that journey
Ah, that uneven walk!
Where one doesn't meet himself
It could return to you, you said
Your breezy smile...
Familiar with bits and unknown to own-self
You said you loved the desert
Thar, you said, thrilled your heart
You had a wish to sleep on silky sand
Your eyes sketched the oceanic entirety
Solemn songs smiled through your lips
Many moments you wished to mile into
Many mysteries mumbled out to you
Many monuments marched into you
I just remember it all!

Aadil Hingorjo

Ah, The Stereotypical Men...!

You love her
You make love with her
She gives you children
You misuse her
And then ruthlessly despise her worth.
You're the bloodiest scum on the chest of the earth
If you don't have a heart that beats for her!
Your mustaches, your eyebrows, your manly arms and long legs
And the stuff in-between the legs, everything is but the worst of you
You are the ugliest wreckage if you don't have a gentle soul!

Aadil Hingorjo

Ah, The Tea

Hey, see I'm seeing it;
listening to its silence;
tasted its level,
and would be drinking it within a while.
Anytime, tea welcomes you.
And then, there's no argument to it.

Aadil Hingorjo

Ah, When The Sindhi Script Was Smothered!

Yesternight, I visited the shores of Indus
I walked through the lanes of Sindh
I found there the ashes of Indus Civilization
My curious intellect wanted to rummage it more
But suddenly I came across a fake x-ray
Every thick and thin of Sindhi language I found smothered
How merciless those attackers were
How smartly they undid the structure of my language
My heart went numbed
The imposed Persio-Arabian print on Sindhi came ahead
They burnt the library of the historical truths
I can't count the damages that they did
They suppressed the soul of indigene
In the name of Islam, they dismantled our classical wit
They redesigned us through their lenses
They restructured our language from right to left
In fact, Sindhi before was coded from left to right
We dint sabotage Dajla and Firat
Even the Indusian traders dint trash their regionality
But they unturned us
They ripped us apart
From Sarasvati to Sindhu, they divided us
Tigris and Nile too protested
But their missionaries stopped not
Ah! There is a whole Makli
Every single grave envisions a series of secrets
In the process, I too have been a riddle
Whether I'm almost murdered or entirely meshed
Unlayer me O Indus, entitle me unrested
For I earnestly yearn to be buried in thy Womb!

Aadil Hingorjo

Ah, Woman

She perhaps wanted something sensational
Something that was deeply nonexistent
In any walk she headed ahead, she missed it.
Accidental aches partly hurt her the most.
She could either be a poem full of dancing flowers
Or she could be a library full of existentialist series of books. Whatever...
She was seriously superior to the traditional train of taboos.

Aadil Hingorjo

Ahead And On...

I defeat the death everyday
And destroy every threat
Get tired and am to rest for a while
Something suddenly strikes in me
Someone suddenly meets me
She tells me to go ahead and on
She teaches me to crush the stagnation
She says to me to save me
Thus she saves herself
An spark speaks through her soul
Splendid eyes, her piercing voice
It's her aesthetic hour that makes me alive
Every silent evening starts singing to me
I once again rise to defeat death everyday!

Aadil Hingorjo

All Eras Are Then Yours

Wait,
Before submitting yourself to the valleys of water,
wait and hunt yourself first,
follow the flow of your own streams.
Drink the droplets that synchronize the art of your skin.
Open your arms to you, and own yourself to the exatititude.
All these oceans, stars, eclipses, intimacies
and the spells of eras are then yours and solely yours.

Aadil Hingorjo

Aloof And Alone She Stands

While doing her analysis,

I consciously came to know that

She, who rises even after the night falls,

Is rigorously resistant being to the absolutistic aura of society!

She, who has been the silliest creature,

She's not yet been able to know

That she's but the superior over everything else

Everything that is recorded on the map of the world.

I've seen God and Gautama graciously gossiping about her!

Mother Nature favors her gracefully

She's been the only ornamental to the worldly wounds.

Whatever voices and whistles we listen are created from her instrument!

She till today remembers and reverts Shah Bhattai

Lateef Bhattai who, somehow, could be able enough to paint her.

She's always been out of filthy fundamentalist frauds;

For the greatest frauds done to her are from nowhere

But from regulatory religions and fascinating philosophies!

She's proudly prominent today with all her persistent powers

She's ready to defy the lavishing concepts of Roman, Greek, Arabic and Indus
artistry! !

Maiden is she; the beginning of all in-depth intelligences!

Aadil Ahmed

Aadil Hingorjo

Alphabet Of Life

Daily life dresses us differently
We smell senses
And we go senseless
We know it; there is a hell NO to it!
Sprung against one another
We learn the tale of life
We unlearn it every now and then
Swiftly we smile to our sighs
We don't read it for long
Entrances, inroads, and exists
We gain it all from our aches
Something seriously hits us
Decency disdains us all across
We write in no words
Our letters await by some distant shores
We speak to our own eyes
They go wet; salty; and all drowned
The lit lamps intensify it
Sleeping and waking
We walk through stranded age
Yearning to recover it; stuck in covering
Struck badly into unsung springs
We pass around silently
As if we are some non-entities
Making no sound
Leaving no print
Painting no pages
Beginning to end, and ending to make it
Ignoring the delicate days,
We learn from the burning beams
Mounted to the misty mornings,
and immersed in the innate evenings,
So mysteriously we mark our edges
Edges to the ultimate alphabet of life!

Aadil Hingorjo

Alright

What's your name?

Not named in a right way.

What's the right way?

Right way is... just unakin to right men.

What's this 'just? '

A justless just.

And?

Nothing less, nothing more.

Alright.

Yeah, of course, that's it!

Aadil Hingorjo

Ami Is An Immortal Script

She can't smile that ancient smile now
Her eyes have lost that sound sleep
Ami hasn't breathed freely since ages
She doesn't write diaries now a days
She doesn't read books anymore
She doesn't have any brother at all
Some died. Some didn't ever born.
Her sisters sometimes console her
But what's the worth of women in our society?
She doesn't even complain to any cores
She types it, and withdraws before sending
She doesn't tell me what befalls upon her
I, her eldest son, fall empty in her arms
And she arms me wholeheartedly
She enthuses me every now and then
My every line comes from her heart
She's an aching poem
Precise. Penetrating. Deep. And painful!
She's a sonnet echoing sacred silence
She's the calmest composition
Since her father died, a lot of her died that day
In fact, everything of her died
She lost her mum when she entered her youth
I wish I were her architect
I wish I would have drawn her with my fingers
I wish I would have immortalized her
I wish I were her lord, I'd have empowered her
I wish I were a singer to her soul
I wish I were her writer, her reader,
I wish I were her historian
I wish I could drink her melancholic stars
I wish I could take her away from all the fog
Would that she hadn't ever been born, ah!
She still holds the beautiful brush
She keeps us painting continuously
We are canvass to her, and she pours herself
Pours her self to the depths of us
Sets us on the window, makes us sleep
And then she fills light in our souls

And enriches every aesthetic honesty inside us
Ami's the humblest artist of the world
Humblest yet the greatest one, and I feel her.
In every glass, I see her designs
She's not the metaphoric mist, but the reality
Reality which has always been in continuum
Rivers weep alone, and she accompanies 'em
She's the promise to my preciousness
She's the foremost fragrance of my life
She's the moon whose moonshine I reflect
She's the dream whose dance happens in me
She's the fire whose rays romance inside me
She's a civilization whose map recites me
She's the sky whose earth introduces me
She and I yesterday sat to each other
She didn't tell anything
I felt it all, she was sad yesterday
I witnessed something dying inside her
Instead she shaped me the best
Her conversation creates me within bits
Her tides surround me; she strengthens my ink
My son, my moon, I'm her moonchild
Ami blesses me with the art of foreverness.

Aadil Hingorjo

An Adieu To University Chapter!

Lights go fainted, sorrowful hymns resonate
Distinct from all, tearfully tremble all the memories...
Winds seem to loosen their grip, intellectual serenity exists no more
Every person is mute, silence prevails around the borders
Angelic people turn as calm as that of Decemberic eve
Caravans move ahead by and by,
Giving a little here, and leaving a little bit there
Though the expected clouds burst not but the roses go scentless
Something is slipping away, someone is to depart away
This dawn's music is just different, agonizingly ecstatic
As if the entire city intends to mourn
My eyes are staring at you, painful is the moment
Bitterly pathetic is this gathering; all eloquently embellished
Your eyes are eagerly revealing the hidden truths
And a tear runs thru your wrinkled cheek
Touch me not, hug me not, but kiss me to the cores
Let the love lyrics tune unsparingly
The holy moment, unfolded hands
Bound your lips not, let them march to the gentle edges
A worthwhile farewell, an adieu to an unforgettable chapter! ! !

Aadil Hingorjo

An Agonizing Continuum Of Occurrences

The world we live in is a home full of mess
This world offers abundance of disturbance
It entangles us all in someway
We go driven by our desires
We go drunk in the midst
We are partly tied
We see the corrupt faces in every mirror
Mirrors too are corrupted
There take place movements
Rarely intellectual growth makes way
Mostly the pamphlets hit the audience
And the audience is the worst fever
They are to be fooled
They want extraordinary
Ordinary beings with extraordinary images
This world is mere a word
Defining the multiple facades of people
It's peopled unorderly!
It's been sick!
It got birth in damn fucking twist
So a twisting child cries and is tied to cries
Each other and one another are just slogans
Relations do not revere the blood
Blood groups are extremely awful
Lonesome reality wanders all around
Teachers aren't true to their counterparts
Students run after deceiving one another
It's been a strange chess
A chess that's gone for hours
Both sides are masterly dicing
Integrity is the question
Yesterday when she smiled I kissed her image
She came for a kiss
She, the kiss of my life, is a pure human being
But I'm afraid how the brains are molded
In the name of education
In the name of competition
Asshole are the winners
And the minded ones lose the seat

This life sometimes sounds nothing more
Than a gutter full of fashioned lies
It's nothing less than a fake sheet
There's progress
There's terror
There's a constant threat to the truth
Suicide bombers and attackers
Muslims, Christians, and Hindus equally die
They kill each other
They have lost the lesson of humanity
Humanity is just like Sindhu's womb nowadays
It's been dried
It's been diffused
It's been divorced
It's been diverted
It's been discussed a lot
But not practically hugged
Unspoken words and unfiltered news
Extremes in everything encounters
The child of today is brutally hijacked
She's subject to sensitivity
And the sensitive nerve blocks Renaissance
This is the test that repeatedly happens in life
Through time and beyond this word does it
It invites us to colors
It expels us with tears in eyes
Impossibility of being human gets growing
Each human heart is a thief in disguise
This tale, that tale
This story, that story
The story of this world is bloodied
Where the sufferers have gone mad always
The word always suits them
It appropriates their legacy
This is so bitterly straight picture of life
This is just a tune in time
Lined against law and literature, this world lives
Life here is another continuum of occurrences!

Aadil Hingorjo

An Anthem For You And I

Peace is when your existence smiles to me freely
poetry happens when you and I embrace each other
Teardrops twinkle
And our hands hold
Crowded us
And the alone us
We speak to our hearts
You, the poetic silence
I the poetic voice
You and I delight each other
In the calmest and the gentlest way
Madly and lovingly we fall
Sitting into the arms of our lives,
We smoke to our souls.
We don't deny the distances.
We don't drive an inch away.
We drink our aches.
We suck our sighs.
We journey millions of miles.
Into bits we convert,
Into pieces, we scatter.
Our unity remains young.
We grow old. We grow graceful.
We don't seem to return.
Yes, we return to each other.
Our hearts have pure heartbeats
Our heartbeats compose us
And the precious poems begin to dance
We whisper to them;
they absorb our light
O love, the meaning of madness is with us.
You and I perfect the pace of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

An Everlasting Abstraction

Are you there, the missing portion of my life?
The scene quite crazy... the serious appeal
Why isn't it decently visible?
I think, and search, and then leave it all away
But it's something that keeps calling me
As if it hears me, but I can't listen to it.
I shake my beliefs, the order, and the life
But it doesn't appear. It perhaps appears
Then again goes back to the distant paths
Like it's making me feel the dust deeply
And I do it. I feel it. I feel its rain...
Its desertedness drives me to still vales
Wanderings and free walks... Still enchained!
Long chains of endless hours occupy me
I can't translate every feel. I can't tell it all.
I haven't seen it yet. If seen, then not properly
Poorly witnessed view can't ever be the entirety
Yet to go on another drink.
I want to prevent it. But I don't want to. I can't.
Repetitive voices, the nasty noises...
Urgh! It's awfully insightless. Not a little light
There lasts an everlasting abstraction...
Objects and the events linked are full of shit
It's fucking asshole! A deplorable display
Disavowed destinations chase me continually
Strange aura of life; coming and becoming
Ascending to incessant flow, it's just different
Whatever happens is beyond my hands
Unanticipatable! Just beating into the breathes
I would never modify it. I have to find it first.
It's a natural notion; it demands interpretation
Sets me on fire; sets me back to boring self
Nevertheless, it accompanies me; I'm its axis
My meaning, my origin; my soul, I continue it all.

Aadil Hingorjo

An Eye On An-All-Across Eccentricity!

Then I found I was stuck in a parking lot
Capital's wheels were driving all around
I smiled a sarcastic smile; rather I laughed hard
I had been considering them men
They were but a gang, excitable group
Excited for exposed thighs & brimmed boobs
Intellect wanted to leave briefly
But I stayed there a little larger
With permit granted by internal learner
Perhaps the interior wanted to study more
Surveys had been done;
Survey list on wheels and meals was left out
Car's steering were screening their idiocy
From here to there they were driving
Fueled to throats, flooded with fashion
As if they were contributing novelty
In fact, they were just showing what they'd
Leading actually to nowhere
Blankly they paved everything
I was also a part of system
Perhaps a system, sperm of him
Son of a man who too serves the same system
Who orders and acts as per official scripts
I don't know but his post doesn't hypnotize me
His chair & district power never tempts me
His authorial charge doesn't appeal to me ever
Yes, he's darling to me because he's my father
But never have I thought of him as an official
Perhaps because he has given us liberty
Given us heads to fly higher
Heads that aren't trapped to his jurisdiction
I'm empty when I see people starting at people
With lustful eyes, & eye on their coats and cars
Choking away the dewy mornings I sleep late
Sleep doesn't come earlier; it lets me to work
Work on my mind, and work on my melodies
People appear stupid; I appear to me stupid
To one another we go knocking
Knocks that are after all industrial

There's no nature; no art; no wicked truth
And not even a bit of versatile verse
It's flawlessly an errant movement
Eerie inks and doubtful desks
The matter goes tensed; it goes worsened
The motors get an updated model every year
Here it comes another Bugatti La model
Another Rolex strikes the hour
Hands have gotten to be short in number
Watches have gone on many
Bodies with mere bursted approaches
Stupid trained men... I call them wheels
They're multiplying in many
Catch is like many machines with no intensity
Engines illustrate them including me as well
Climate crisis and hearty hues go unaddressed
Just the oil engineering hits the world stock
Is it a brighter beam or an absurd morn?
Question might rise after years
Albert reports hint at the upcoming excel
Faster accelerations & better brakes break 'em
This 'be" is an explosion with marked danger
Manufactured manifestos mend 'em & me too
They maximize the plain conformists
Storyline announces no artistry
21st century is gonna be a sandwiched one
With nasty fake nutrition, with empty emotions
Abstemious styles explain them
The Great Gatsby gears on to an artificial air
The West launches moderate capitalism
Christianity and Islam enjoy the brand
Even the Arabs from Mohammad's land lump in
All the ages contours and concerns decay
Beach Boys do not remain the same anymore
Peacetime poll puffs back; wartime winks at us
Dashboards, bedrooms and the fake orgasms
Argh! it invites an-all-across eccentricity
Hearts in heads; and heads in heels
Welcome to this racing road
Welcome here not to return ever
Incoherence gets the stage; it rules the globe
Whether I'm an autonomous or an automobile

Physics fucks up the order with seriousness
With a hugely inhuman gulp, it occupies the era
This really dirty dance defiles the depth
The stubborn Silicon Vale undoes the impulses
Impulses that used to be alive long ago!

Aadil Hingorjo

An Hour Of Introversion

My once angry spirit took me to the lake side
Its every layer started lecturing and I noticed every utterance
Think bigger, have tougher dreams,
And don't waste your time in profitless objects
Stuck right there to your conscience
to rightly act upon your quality of ideas
that you've generated mustn't be vanished easily
Society transmitted prose in me, and the wayfarers deceived
Leaving a trend was a way hard
We've to get wet when it rains
After going through so many lengthy walks,
Sighting astonishing views and facing strangest minds
I got a bit of her trace; life!
Turning towards the path of practicalities seemed joyless
Spending time on hilly mountains, silly symptoms,
Idealizing charismatic sketches and etc... It's all so dull, dumb, and deep
Having a timeless enjoyment at the seaside, roaming by rivers,
And reading thousands of books, still lived life of a complete moron.
Have you ever witnessed that smiling face in absolute lonesomeness?
Have you ever thought that you too can create a big difference?
Are you really going to have any cup of tea
In the corner of writers' café, where puffs make paintings...
Have you ever observed your well-wisher?
And ever been akin to a friend, partner, or a teacher's treacherous attitude.?
I know, all the replies are doubtlessly in "Yes";!
So not to respond to that loneliest smile,
Disrespecting your ownself and having no thoughtful concept about your Guide,
That all comes in the file of crimes,
Crimes; when they cross the boundaries are not filed in the document of overt
legality!
It's, after all, our thoughts that shape this world.
Concept of time, trend, and treatment has been forgotten.
The worst danger of lust has enfolded these inmates of today's society in the
deep despair,
where once was also the existence of pen, peace, and prosperity.
Ironically, many literatures have been bookfied yet no fruitful sycamine has been
found,
No peace is maintained by lawless legislations
And no neighbor is willing to share few drops of water to the hut-less humans!

Well, Okay let it all go and turn your head back to this calm, serene, & superior sight.!

Freshness is here and your time to again beautify your mind has come,
the time to close your eyes, the time to please your heart,
The hour of to re-addiction and the time to perform the supremest duty,
The duty of "Love.! and love and eternity "

Aadil Hingorjo

An Undying Artistry

Unforgivable to noises, she has her own world
Extremes hurt her: be it in plain or a puffy way
Polite she doesn't complain of the crisscross
Reverence to every life sketches out her aura.

Makes no fuss about any fading frame
But she doesn't approve any uncooked egg
All the people, please do not sympathize her
She is her own god; she has her own grandeur.

Turn down the trick, trash away all the talents
Just play your heartstring, and she's yours
Cultivated to her cores, she is a celebration
In utmost aloneness, she's the Karoonjhar.

Crack her with a gentle kiss, listen to her eyes
Hide subtle signposts, abolish your intelligence
Let your lips truly touch her neck, haste not
Be brush to her; woman is an undying artistry!

Aadil Hingorjo

And Beyond This Is The Banned Land!

Speak to me of the sea
Inject your expression
Yes, be a little unkind
Crush me with love
Sink me in
Haste not
Do it as is in your eyes
Don't go
Life is still on
Read to me your poems
Read to me thy unread self
Chant to me the free slogans
Release anger if there's any
Write me carefully
Rewrite me a little
Erase me if you want so
But stay right here
For you're my home
This paints the permanence
And beyond this is the banned land

Aadil Hingorjo

And Flies The Ash!

A dreamy reality
Blurred ground
Two desperate souls; sole body
Whispers resonate,
Come close to me
Yeah, with your decent physique
Ye Half-opened eyed babe
Hair waving like angelic feathers
Appearance arises,
Tired body; timeless tenancy
Chest tightened with ripened breasts,
Feel thy age and step inn
Arms of peaceful night awaits
Awaits the serious calmness
A monumental love
kisses on rose-petals
A bit more closer,
My eyes filled with thine light
Aroma of the sweat
Pleasing like the Persian Hyacinths
A grave and the doorless world
Amidst twinkle the modest stars
And the wisdom enters the rosy valley
The image eventually stands awfully
Italian artists shelter the couple
Armours mouthed against love seeds
The giggles of lilies hum,
At the nick of the notorious hour
Flies the ash of the celibate souls.

Aadil Hingorjo

And That Is All!

Either Gods or no God at all
Why I'm not demonic to the dose of the days?
Nymphs of night lavish me
Sperms of the spring rise on me
Why don't I smile to evenings?
Forlorn from me, and yet so deeply attuned
Entirely responsible for every inch
Yet I don't dice to dine
So heavenly strange; sad, and savage it is
In midnights I become, in morning I'm an ash
No track tantalizes me ever
Will the voice be clear, or its mystery 'll go on?
At once I'm curious; at once I am calm
Verse and no verse, walk and no walk
Oceanic intensity and untimely archaeologies
Am I wedded to human life or ached to art
I don't know, I don't care
Life's still arms embrace me, and that is all!

Aadil Hingorjo

Another Sigh Goes Unnoticed

The sun does not hold any much power
The evening loses its captivating charm
Tears of sun march into the heart of Indusian Ocean
Silent shore has embraced the bridal calmness
Walkway is all free; birds fly not
Clifton roads are rushed with heavy cars
The city beside is disturbed
Religious hypocrisies heighten at every interchange
Signals of law do not regulate urban riders
Capitals are deadened by dividing sects
Decrees are injecting hatred
Aadil, they whisper, will kill Aamir tomorrow
Agents are free who had to trace the threatening areas
They themselves are threatening the indigenous folks
Smiles are colorless, no more theme exists in my soul
Her tireless eyes express emptiness
Meaningless strangeness is inked on her pages
Gipsy's hands aren't folded now,
They say conspiracy has sharply been spread
Beggars too are no more beggars
That intelligent shipman in moonless nights remains absent
Drummers beat not, pea-hen are thirsty for peacocks
Melody makers are hiding their heads; their hearts are up
Single artistic line is considered as crime
Achro Thar is tormented
Politicians and Peers are dicing their cards
Right before their lustful eyes, naked virginity cries for justice
Newspapers magnify
And Chaudhary's spell hasn't been over yet
Sardar enjoys the recently slain deer
Facebook updates that Khan today snatched another innocent girl's heart
Wadera is doubling his belly; his nightly food gets maximized
Bhai breaks the chains of a beautiful city
And the courts reassure that it's in progress
The judges, court confirms, are remaking the roots
Justice will be provided
Saviors near a flagged check-post detain an alien guy
Who are you?
Frankish firmness diminishes

Poet's poetry equips the atmosphere
But he's enchained
After jail, he'll directly visit the hell
For they say, he doesn't conform to their religion
Their god, they say, will burn him
His nails are undone
Old watchman told that he died there yesterday
A wry smile was still visible when they cut down his cores
Another struggler strikes the long hour
Liberty, how many more?
Why don't you come clean?
A soundless sigh goes unnoticed! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Art

What is art?

Mess...

Marvel...

Mystery...

Monument

Moonlight...

Movement...

And the moment...

Rhythmic reply is art.

Abstract insight is art.

It's deep inside you;

It's in myself...

It is the melody of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Artistic Renaissance

The sunset is the obstinately captivating of all the spans
A kiss of life here, and a threatening finger rises there
Meanwhile the lips of laughing philosopher murmur a music
Pathetically flows a poetic para, different lives in the edge of a moment
Mysteries on the bank of Indus, Kund Malir faces the deathly kiss
Memories beget memories, tears tantalize tears, a rhythmic symphony is on
Mountainous modes are there, yet supersedes the eternal silence
Souls go lost in artful slumber, veins kiss the revolutionary shores
A dance keeps on happening, strife and evil sit along to thematize the vibe
The permanence or impermanence; confused are the moving hands
Marching lips stop, dust from the land of Tharparkar flies higher;
Masterpiece is her poetry, rebellious her each step becomes, life sadly tells the
truth
The character or a will, The stubborn sun interrogates
Beauty bows before bounty.... The city contemplates the peace
Ancient and universal strings go on playing, sweet rhymes of rushing clouds
Striking minds justify their existence, dubious walls come to crack
Theories go richer, but proofs still poor; practices loose sighs
Exiled soul and the imprinted body, arguments widen, falls amidst a writer
Ye come hither and mourn, mourn not to forget, punch back to legacy!

Aadil Hingorjo

Artless, Aged Man!

I no longer feel any affinity with them.
Even the thought of them sucks me now. How
tactfully they did it,
and how they conquered him,
him the so called religious root
and played the cards so wisely,
not wisely but trickily!
I didn't ever think,
that experienced man like him would also fail there
And would fall before them so easily,
And would carelessly turn off his ears,
to the call of his own bloody descendants...
It's a bloody fraud!
He satisfied them to the soul,
And gave heart to them
Yet they didn't miss any chance to alienate him!
Surrounded by mob, he couldn't feel the other side.
He didn't truly own the other side.
He too now sounds fucking stupider to me!
Yes, stupider, artless aged man!

Aadil Hingorjo

As Of My Self

I write it for perhaps I have got only this way
This way is everything, and close to heart
It suits me too much
By the way, I also rain when I speak
I am natural to my nights
Yes, I am at times drowned in days
I am not born to run in race
I am living a hell beautiful life
What can be more beautiful than living in this world?
I am not here to preach anything
I just pain what is there in my eyes
What my heart feels,
and what my head senses around
Syria's murdered smile,
Kashmir's crying eyes,
and Palestinian pain,
I am in this language of life!
I do not manage the musical mount
Starry sky chases me
And the moonlight enlivens me lovingly
Lost in lines, and perfected beyond measures
I am instantly separated from the sadism
It disturbs me intellectually
And I sing it; I simplify it
Screaming it out aloud...

Aadil Hingorjo

Asleep And Awake

She awoke me and then went to sleep
I've been drawing her all the night
She'd probably wake up and 'd find me asleep
There would be the smile over her lips
I'd be slept on her painting.

Aadil Hingorjo

Asset Forever

Years of the youth
The unsung childhood
Unforgettable intensity
Artful age
Rain full of mercy
The suburban sound
Serenely audible
Voice so magical
Secretive song
Style very vivacious
The dancing light
Flowery forest
Blood truly brave
Rustling silence
Stormy reality
Fresh frontier
Refreshing music
Gaze all graceful
You're a journey jubilant
A peaceful pole
Genuinely native rhythm
Oceanic depth
Taste tremendously lively
Profoundly eternal
A feel indescribable
Soothing just like my lyre
You, my beloved, are the poetry of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

At Last!

O the beauty of my life, come to the forth a little
Seasons surrounding me seem suffocating
Come to see me, and meet me in the midst
My lips are waiting to drink you
Your perfume surges through my existence
Breeze coming from your city kisses me softly
The oceanic intensity unlocks my heart
My heart yearns for yours
The dark night has almost gone
See, it is all vanished
Now is the time to welcome the morning
Sun rays know our state
Sun shall be kind to you and me, love.
Your tongue is reading my tones;
My eyes are looking into your depths
Love lyrically smiles to our shores
The veiled wisdom is unveiled,
You and I embrace each other, at last!

Aadil Hingorjo

At The Backyard Of Dark Ages!

How will you survive my promised land?
Your inmost genius I see is endangered.
How will you, my beloved country, smile
when thine and mind interior is at stake?
So many barriers for light markers,
And heavens all around for easy-go-nerds...
I'm sorry to your melancholic winds.
I'm sorry as a student of art & literature
I'm sorry as a reader and observer of life & history.
I'm silent as a traveler of truth & beauty
Every single letter gets counted;
Each breathe that I inhale and exhale is counted;
what I've done to undo the malevolent mesh?
Where am I standing today?
Have I expressed the inexpressible
Or I've also been a photocopied pupil
Fashioned student, and articulated star
Am I also a designed course-kid?
Another absolutely empty dawn welcomes me
Another outlined day will follow me.
If I'm really living in 21st century
Or I'm at the backyard of dark ages
Silence irresistibly overwhelms!

Aadil Hingorjo

At The Door Of Withering Vicinity

Obscurity races through the spheres unknown
Creation and the destruction rise to the peaks
Thundering thoughts, and the calming cries
Feelings foamed into the seabay
Nature nestles up the millions of murmurs
Cynic smile embroiders the season;
unspeakable eyes inhale the awaiting air;
Fearless fingers word down the veiled views
And the tired life sits abreast of the pale pieces!

Aadil Hingorjo

At The Doorway Of Society

They, the mothers, fathers, sons, daughters,
Brothers, grand father and great grandfathers
And the inhabitants from across the globe are in suffocation
They are so tightly entrapped in the traumatic currents of life
They have been weeping to the constancy of their unending wounds
Every suffering soul today yearns for a passionate tune
Fatherless daughters are crying under the scorching sun
It's an intensely miserable state of affairs
Tears trundle down the pale faces
Ah, the pictures of deep melancholy I see
Alarms all around yet no ray of firm faith
Silent corridors, mute streets and faded villages
The mandate of cities too is compromised
I find no dialect to fetch the mouths of natives
Upstairs are excited and the downstairs are full of doubts
That's sadly the case here, comrade!
Inquiries display fakeness
And falseness laughs through the official files
In every eye, there is a different mesh
Messy prints occupy the ideas
Story-writers choose the damned characters
And so is case with novelists
Poets anyways smoke the sold sighs
I as a poet of intense stamina want to relieve them;
I wish I could dress the cuts of disturbed souls
Through the windy sides of my poems, I'm peacefully on
Converting the miseries into melody I restore my smile
I just want not to sit here on one way;
I want to accompany them in every stubborn walk of life,
I enable them through peacefully rebel words
Because they are the real literature of our life.

Aadil Hingorjo

At Times I Do Not Exist!

Sometimes, I naively resist the storms
I don't want to walk under the raindrops
Snowfall doesn't amuse me at all
Even I'm at times not what I pen down!

Aadil Hingorjo

Attuned To The Art

Their eyes reveal art
They themselves are the art
The children playing in dust
The children playing on the sandy dunes
The children of my hometown,
the children half-educated...

Ah, those young girls are art
those girls with abstract expressions
Girls with godly expressions,
Girls carefully controlling their breasts
Girls hiding their shyness
Those movingly musical women are art.

Art lies in the arms of parents
They are the composers of creation
They serve the art;
Art in fact serves them
They are the genuine artists
Raising raw materials to the rhythms
Baba and Ami are the artful entities.

Old friends with old heart
Their tales are art.
Their smiles, and their anger
Their old-fashioned faces are art
Art is in Eve's every drop
Art breathes in Adam's all sons
Art is in earth's every ounce
In birds' beauty, in animals' eyes
In the boldness of beaches,
In the serenity of seas,
In the intensity of endless oceans,
in the history of hills,
In the dashes of the desert-line
In the remnants of rivers,
In Moen-Jo-Daro's mystery
In the Indusian immensity
It is the most innocent entry

It is the most delightful dance
Art is what makes and remakes us.
Without art, there is no life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Bare Breathes

Bare breathes...
Independence!
Independence from whom?
Faded faiths,
Dim light
Corrupted cores
Dwindling dawn
And undying drowsiness!
Gimme a safe slumber
Or exciting struggle
Equality lost...
Morality meshed
Goosebumps gone
Raised hell,
Weird vases
Cerebral sigh
Or the Mourning May!

Aadil Hingorjo

Because The Wave Was Forceful

I couldn't transform myself
Because the wave was forceful
Mirrors crushed me slowly
I witnessed my rising decay
Even the music of heart lapsed
I couldn't behold the obscure me
I was artful otherwise!

Aadil Hingorjo

Beloved Is The Melody Of Nature

Enveloped in the beauty of soul
Encompassed with intense love
She's not girl but a lady fighting in a battlefield
Her songs are full of harmony
She herself is the purest depiction of peace
Constructed in the present-day trauma
She doesn't give up at any stop
Her lyrical spirit embroiders her layers
She gives sounds to the steps of life
She blesses the wind with musical smiles
Precisely she translates the order of life
She doesn't kneel down
She doesn't obey the announcements
She angrily challenges the beasts of the time
Embodies the shiny, black cuckoos inside her
She ardently appraises the noise of daily life
Welcoming the storms, she stands steadfast
She remains original; she remains truly same
Strongly she undoes the ills falling around
She undoes the shutters of shocks
Solitude.. Solemn Unity, and a wordless poem
Beloved appears on as the melody of Nature~

Aadil Hingorjo

Beloved's An Inseparable Art

Sometimes like a rhythmic rain
Sometimes like radical sunrays
Showering sacredly upon my existence
Beloved's styled in the most versatile way
Independent and completely art-oriented
Into the study of accountancy affairs
And the critic of commercial zones,
Walking on the streets of risky reason
Understanding the sense of words
And delving inside its entire accompaniment
Beloved teaches me the lyrics of language
Sometimes the unheard smile,
And at times the most piercing laughter
Literally sets all my inches on fire
Turns me hypnotic and historical day by day
So central in my verbosity; a peaceful melody
Loftily dominant in my themes
Nostalgically alive in my poems
Pushing back the theoretical thuds
Beloved is an art full of subliminal intensity
Extremely aesthetic, and immensely amusing
Travelling along with me in all the walks
Sharing the lifelines of every single event
Purely a Sindhi soul, purely an eternal artistry
Modestly inscribed on the body of my soul
An inseparable script & an untranslateable ink
Graceful dance and the classical odour
Beloved is the deepest detail of my life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Benumbed To Our Breaths

Seasonal sighs and melancholic music
Insidious spaces and aching hours
Utmost separation walked through us
We drifted apart;
we didn't drive to each other
Earnest streets had lost the enthusiasm
murdered was every promise
and assassinated every emotion
and we went restlessly flooded out
Poetic permanence farewelled our faiths;
the prosaic pen too didn't assemble us
We felt our ebullience silently fading away
Life inside our existence fell in the midst
Ah, it was a brutally painful hour, O Mithi
Where we didn't searchingly see into each other
where we got benumbed to our breaths forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Better Not To Drown...

Yes, I feel myself as a self-born lyric.
In it could be the mentions unlikely
It's constance stands upon the dense deserts
And the infinite oceans accompany its edges.
If that's where you consider me narcissist,
Hell fine!
I don't have any affinity with any issue
It's in me an openly airy abode
The whole link is nastily out there
Smile always carries the crazy abstractness.
To me, it's divine, sacred, and inexplicable.
Better not to drown into it unnecessarily.

Aadil Hingorjo

Biography Of A Visionary Soul!

He was searching out something
The truth that could unlock the long locks
The hungry soul was in search of light
He was searching and searching it sincerely
His fellows didn't accompany him
All alone he walked; walked ahead of oceans
Drank different waters and crossed deserts
He didn't give up ever
He acknowledged silence that followed him
But the desire to light was earnest in him
He then reduced talking with people
People, he said, were philistines
He did never claim to be a bohemian
The student of life and literature was in journey
In journey of some honest content
That could awaken men from false slumber
He was in confrontation with centuries
Eras punched him hard in face
Every-time he boldly rejected untrue answers
Was attacked from multiple sides
Stained with blood, he kept rummaging
He rummaged through rivers of region
Regional sand was sacred to him
The banks of the Indus were holier to him
He submitted first of all to that great Indus
He was the son of Indus Valley Civilization
Yeah, Moen-Jo-Daro nurtured him
The cores of Kaaroonjhar hill nursed him
The shores of South Karachi rewrote him
The dunes of Sanghar embraced him
The lakes of Khipro lavishly blessed him
The artfully cosmic soul he owned
The toxic roads were his choices
He befriended with a beautiful soul
He loved her and she too loved him immensely
He was constantly correcting him
to her, he was a peaceful breeze of summer
To her, he was an ageless star
But in reality he shone through her heart

Her heart had hugged his parched chest
He was her pupil; he read through her eyes
Politics was like a game to him
He was prone to play the right tricks
Trickster he was, tremendously he timed in
Sunset sang him serenity
He was the fan of history
Curious, and radically curious was his existence
Islamabad made him upset
He couldn't unlayer the twilight
Constitution he knew too well
Logos he read carefully
Charters and principles too raced through him
But he considered them as mere theories
Theories that carried no particular solution
He was aware of the frauds done again & again
In the name of rules; in the name of religion
He thought religion was an empowering factor
But which religion? Every religion was pressed
The mottos he opposed
He had a profound human radiance
He was the utmost love
Entirely kind and truly visionary
Highways dimmed out; nights slept
His voyage didn't lose continuum
He was the student having a huge heart
Humanly head and energetic arms
He liberated countless souls
And unchaining them brought him solace
Some he couldn't convince
He regretted over human nerve
Regretted when his mates said all was alright
He died almost daily. He reborn everyday
He was a shadow of himself
Only he could replace him
Only he could equal him
Only he could reach him
The tormented disciple axed the frozen fucks
It, he thought, was mandatory
Or else the ill fucks could undo the movement
In mirrors arose his face
The weekend activities adopted him

Some comrades came to converse him
He communed them with burning fire
He assembled the scattered facts
He cracked the surroundings
The surroundings that blocked smiles
He dismantled the sick groups
In nights he returned to his bed
Redrawing the bygones, he slept at Azan's time
He slept unplotted
Going against every unfairness, he inked him
He was raindrop.. a storm.. a moonlight
Stroked by the seasons of time, he was undone
A firmer trust raised in the end
While going lifeless he lit the lights all around
The resistance of the student finally spread
Smoothing all scenes, he vanished calmly
As if he was a cloud of reality
As if he was a melodious grief
He returned to the lane where he belonged to
The same sand of Sindh overheaded him
He there slept an undying sleep!

Aadil Hingorjo

Borderline Unties My Existence

Man-made artifice pushes my heart
I am the humble desert of Thar
The other side too is Thar
I'm in Sindh
Rajasthan rules over the other side
Music from that side is mine
This side is harmonious to that one
Stepping across is forbidden
I'm a borderline between Hind and the Sindh
How painful is to be divided
My people sigh there
My people are suffocated here
Half of my residents are in light
The other half is deafeningly darkened
Where's my forehead? I don't know
Borders bifurcate my men
Borders wound up my women
The same language smiles there
The same dialect dances here
I'm stuck somewhere between here and there
In fact, I live amidst nowhere
The windy songs and the silent whispers
Springs are separated here
And so are the mysterious autumns
Dunes here record my history
Dunes there document my footsteps
I walk with them; I walk with them all
Most divine is my range
Most profane is my prophecy
I'm abandoned faraway; I'm themed to thirst
Yet I give birth to surpassing tales
I'm the echo of Marvi, I'm the verse of Latif
My genius is crafted to philosophy
My relics are the library of life
I lively engulf every visitor
Voyage to me, they say, is elation
I'm the utmost peace
I'm peahen's dancing step
A valley to mild-eyed mornings

Writers recite me; I stir the poetic spirits
I'm an eternal evening
I'm the marvel of night
I'm the dawn's breeze
My poor folks are fossilized
I weep in waves
The borderline crash the identity ink
Thus the contemporary countries politicize me
And the dreams in deserts too become deserts
Division in the deserts is the worst mindset
My skin opposes the empires
Motionless I remain in continuous protest
But the craze in me remains constant
I'm the entity full of ecstasy
Despite being deserted, I'm an ecstatic whole
Most divine is my range
Most profane is my prophecy
I'm a matchless melody
I am an endless eve

Aadil Hingorjo

Breath Of Life

O love, this restlessness too will die soon
Your hour, your spell, and your life will fly high
Your eyes, and the dreams would rest in peace
The world will sing songs to your soul
Your spirit will free the chained ones
I am content with you, and you give me voice
O love, you meet me in event-ides
Midnights unfold your desire
Morning's music makes me feel you
Beyond the starry light,
And beyond any sea-sand
You are the soul of every natural melody
Ye have to dance freely
Let this age drink the eternity of time
For you, O my love, are the breath of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

But All The Bits

They ask that what do you like the most in her
That time I'm like a yawning boy
And my inner most mumbles
What's this shit and who the heck is the questioner...
But I interestingly go silent
A ray of smile then runs through my lips
So many parts of you click the corners of my heart;
Your sleepy tone;
Your intellectual aura;
Your 'sometimes' I remember
And okay, okay, please don't do so;
In fact, all the liberal as well as lovelier sides of you embody me
They jumble in the margins of my soul
I feel intoxicated in that very moment
Is it your art or your artistic way of being verisimilitude to me?
Or the affectionate acts of hugging me
Or the ever-spread nothingness
Soothingly a voice rises from my hearty valley
And the solicitation for thy name is hearable
I feel the spring in my existence
And understand that I'm in love with everything
And every part of you spring affections
I rise on to skies; regardless of any tidy limits!

Aadil Hingorjo

But I'll Still Sing There

??????????????,

Whenever I disappear don't cry for your God's sake

Feel my existence in your hollowness

Feel me into your loudest screams

Feel me the same way as you do your God

Your mind may be weary

And heart burdened

But I'll still sing there

But I'll still dance there

Don't ever turn tired, Oh beloved

Call me in silence

For I'm thy enthusiastic lyre

You'll sustain, you'll survive, you'll rise

And you'll go thru all the obstacles easily

And your soft lips will kiss the godly success

And your wrinkles will imprint the history

And the falling lamps will be lit once more

Sheer union will happens,

Hour and affinity will accompany us!

Aadil Hingorjo

Chunks From The Childhood Era

Vanishing years tour me to the same tones
I'm made return to the same batch
Underneath are the same pale leaves
The same summer with ancient aroma is on
The atmosphere around me is empty
It's pindrop silence
Colors of the peaceful rustic life are fading
Edges crumble down
And the ages remind the same hour
Where the old mates and I used to riffle around
Memories arrest me all of sudden
August-15 accident couldn't do away the tales
It couldn't wipe away the wavy days
Pictures of a boy with dust stained clothes
Tape ball in his hands, and bat to open up
Not good at field, stubborn enough to bat first
Cricket cells retain again to the mindly galleries
The car that drove me to the school
and Baba who still smiles with same generosity
And the walkers by the left side of the road
Staring at their fast steps
Silently I exchange the unexpressed intentions
Trying to remember their tribes
Repeating the test stuff at some side of head
Talking with quicker jerks
Smelling the alien music of Akcent Band
Using fried vocab to tempt the teachers
The then teachers with hearts in their heads
Evening tuitions and the Isha at village mosque
Witr rakaats with Dua e Kunoot,
and the Aayats of the first soorah of 26 parah
After every Farz namaz,
Sliding fingers upon my eyes
In the Friday eve, the Durood recitation
Smiling to the new born Crescent
Duas on boyish lips, ah all that retraces me
Noticing the kids while playing
Eids with special touch
And the death ceremonies as chilly events

And teasing the tv trained boys
Commenting over the Musharaf era
With a feel as if politics peeps in my veins
Running off in case the Uncles caught me
For going out with forbidden boys
Who shared the same world
Sullen, serious men of the village
Men with cruel expressions
Men with fabricated foreheads
Reading out in the advancing night
Elbows on chair, and the face between knees
Biting the orange biscuits
After them the green bubbles
And stoning the mad dog with enthusiasm
Courage in hands and courage in feet
Heading off to the sandy dunes
Curiosity to read the adult literature
With words having provoking pills
And the expressions arousing the lower parts
Allowing the self to walk the banned lanes
That majestic monument to the olden days rise
Inched into the childhood stretches
Echoes of the initial life do resonate inside
Eyes to the nostalgic noises smile profoundly
With softer and louder tones
Sometimes the natural accents meet this way
Enclosing that spell I return back to now
Now that's deeply branched in yesterday's then!

Aadil Hingorjo

Come Gibran, Stand Alongside Your Lebanon!

Come, realize this most painful reality
Your downtown sleeps in destruction
Touch it with your sensitive heart
Enveloped in tragic trance
It screams out aloud!
Cries and the endless agonies...
International politics,
Ashtrays...
And the poor lands as prostitutes
Americas, Sauds, and Iranians play out
Lebanon loses another of her organ
Today another tides tears her apart!
Stories embody explosions here...
Come Qabbani, and see it out there
The Mistress of the world, you called her
Her cores are under assassination
Someone must be the reason
The proxies... the petty cash ups,
Pacts and widespread weaponry
Every inch of her is wounded tonight
The gone lips whisper in the air
Utter devastation.
Beirut's body is critically wretched up!
Strikes. Extremes. Security. Silence.
Gibran, your country's crying like a child
Won't you come to console your realm?
Return to your beloved land, and sing it
Sing the sighs of your countrymen
The sea of sorrows floods out
Come, and sit beside your beauty
Your literature laments here
Lebanon badly misses your light
Own it, love.
Embrace it with your intensities.
Ah!
Lebanon, the most poetic breath
She discovers you, o poet, artist, Prophet
Beholding the history in her head
And writing down the mystery altogether

Waiting for your voice to meet hers.
She's injured. Dismantled, and almost dead!
Give it life, you can.
Retell the world about its dance
It shall not meet any danger again
Revive it, man! Rewrite the beat of Beirut!
Revive your rhyme,
It's all lost in tearful tales...

-

Aadil

Aadil Hingorjo

Companionless Kashmir!

The ever-unspoken I stand enchained
Slumberous talks and the lustful tones
The right side doesn't envisage my vision
The left one's stubborn enough for suspension
I don't know the outcome;
I'm beaten to the breasts, and murdered down
Both ends play their cards, both politicize me
Not politicize, but in fact, militarize me
The most militarized zone, I'm Kashmir
My kids face military monks
Every other street is a paramilitary wing
Like the war is ongoing with all swings
Young men and reporters go missing
They don't remain missing for long
Their dead bodies are soon brought ahead
From minor lanes to major roads,
From village walls to town tracks
Every building is shut for undeclared time
I cannot voice up
I cannot reveal the actual air
I am disconnected from the mainstream India
Despite having Bangalore techs, I'm still barren
How can I be an Indian entity?
When the articles action differently
Here they suspect us
At center, they bet on our power
Our articles don't ensure our safety
Atmosphere of sadism is upon me
The fearful clouds fly over my head and hut
Since the tribesmen entered my premises
Since my integrity was scratched up
Since last seven decades, I'm not living any life
I'm tearfully in search of life
Under the sky, my men don't have any abode
My watery flows are cashed up by them
But I remain uninformed; I remain unsung
Mothers here don't know what will happen next
Who will be slaughtered down
Who will be the next victim

It's the history of victimization
It's the history that continually cuts me by & by
13 million lives are locked-down!
Is it the democratic order?
Is it the human order?
Is this the part of once evergreen Indus Valley?
Kashmir is under a life-snatching curfew
Her inhabitants are in Karabala
The Centre betrays me
The Central Government cruelly does it all
The Centre everywhere is notorious
But here it is more godly
In their battle to hijack Himalaya, I'm ruined!
I'm trashed into unlimited orders; Where am I?
What's my standing point, now a days?
Am I even a discussable point?
What's the law and what's the justice?
Am I subject to propaganda
Or I'm myself a propaganda?
Lips of Ladakh have gone dry
Shoulders of Shopian are shrugged off
Jamu's Jargons are losing their tongue
Srinagar, I don't remember, when smiled last
The same plunder prevails in Pulwama
Aksai Chin is chested to Chinese check
GB grows up for Islamic Republic of Pakistan
Kargil's cries wander high over the skies
Ah!
I've been paused to impassable paths
My song finds no alive ears
Dawn has been distant to me
It rains upon me with controlled drops
It doesn't appeal to my scenic beauty anymore
I'm but a fading flower
Flower that lives on shores
That has life on water
But still lives the life of thirst and hunger
Stuffed with stillness
I'm Kashmir...
Read me aloud...
Portray all my mountainous moves
Ah, but don't destroy my destiny

In my dots once danced my beat
I'm now a days a dreamlike flame
I'm now a days a dangerous adventure
I'm now a days a trackless time
I'm now a days a hazy hill
They've tuned me to a tensed bill;
A lampless night rules across
I'm now a days a perfect waiting station!
An actual line of lamenting life...

Aadil Hingorjo

Condemn What Goes Against The Grain

Let the characters not fascinate you
If it's not thrilling to, even then go through
Let there be no battle, no peacetime
Let it not be epic either;
And also ignore the author
Just enjoy the hour of reading
Recent one or the centuries old
Corporated one or the classical
Let it not be depressing to you
Condemn what goes against the grain
Fight for what's fundamentally yours
Write for your land's lamentations
Punish the morons; don't be slow there
Let your history be a honest one
Let your existence be a truer one
The one which could awaken many tomorrow.

Aadil Hingorjo

Contesting The Chaos!

There's silence entering into me
It's an odd; ode to unvoiced
With a very different voice
It's long onto immersion
It's utter loss
It's perhaps emptiness
No entry is there
Nowhere I find any end
What's done here?
What's been damaged
Both you and I are mystified
Connected yet disconnected
To the depth of us, we are absent
Paradox happens before us
Conversation... Graceful whispers
After a while the same mess
We walk into the space
Continued to unannounced infinity
There's capacity
And limits
We fall in order
This order enchains us
Order full of errors
Beneficial for the world
But in fact is dramatic
This modal frame fails
All I hear is its cracked sounds
Where the sources remain unknown
Inner soul somewhere expires
Outer edifice outdoes reality
Ancient sigh still resists
Apparent enigma is weird
Weird is every voice
Every voice that excites inertia
Silence embraces chaos
Chaos that endangers calmness
Venom to vision, limited to self
And the chaos that's so, so killing!

Conversing The Crisscross!

There came published another lively walk
It uncovered a number of intricate sketches
She reached the core & filtered it intellectually
Yes, it was a conversation about us
By us I mean about our present postures
And the sensitivity that race among our veins
And the Nature that equally affects us to toes
And the society that criminally colors us all
Is it a positive vibe or a negative word?
Mullah's speech was normal or a loaded one?
Our teachers could also be accounted
And the setting too was a little scary
There could be room for inner entries
There could be a petty peep into past
Which could reveal the fake victories
Which could speculate a healthy spectrum
She reviews every this & that with open senses
Because she can assume the upcoming air
The air that could carry the free verses
Or the air that could be burdened by bullets
He also identified the same area yesternight
The banned outfits and the gunmen were free
Only the peace-loving humans were in scrutiny
She talked about the broken hearts
Small spaces that caused scaled borders
She was drown in centuries
Her traces travelled throughout the meadows
Her upward gaze called unto the blue sky
And her straight eyes stroke the falling slides
Her words embodied the ideological strings
Where she voiced out many unsung anthems
And commented upon the prevalent huee
About the fears that parents now a days have
For their young children
And the atmospheric doubts
And she complained about creepy criteria
Where the commercial camps hit the floor
And the desirous were trickily toppled down
And there came unseasonal storms

Where the whistles were silenced out
And the steps got undue turns
Where the dancing soul was dumbed down
And fell upon th earth every oddity
And was materialised the scripted episode
And what not!
She was conscious to her pulses
And systematically symbolised the sordid evil
And also a bit disappointed about the scenario
She knew that within years the entire picture would be altogether different
The hills might go crushed
New roads, so called sameness might blur put the way
Young girl from the North had some questions
About the world where all of us reside
About the realm where all of us rise and fall
Like liberating woman, she possessed a huge soul
And a remarkably unbreakable spirit
With ever-alive heart in her chest
She defied confusion
And wiped out the false whims
Like the beams of bravery her words sparkled
Where my puzzled being also got pieced down
And I sat numbed to type out my cosmos
Where the stars yearned not to vanish ever
Where planets stood up in a liberal way
Where the left didn't hide under the right rush
Where a thin ray of light revived resistant lyre
And the heart of analysis tracked on to reality!

Aadil Hingorjo

Cry Of The Crushed Soul!

Whom should I accuse now?
Will my screams reach them?
Is there any real human?
Where is the law minister?
Where's the ministry of religious affairs?
Is there any voice for minority rights?
Feminists, are you there?
And where are the humanists?
I don't seem to find any Quranic followers here
Gita, Qur'an and Bible have gone undone
Why does everyone here turn his face away?
Why do they go deaf all the way?
Is my life less than their daughters?
What if their daughters go through the same?
Where is the guiding media?
Where are the truth tellers?
DGs won't tweet in my favor?
Rape has perhaps become a culture here
I'm a poor girl
Sin is I'm a Hindu girl from Sindh
To fellow countrymen, I'm a godless creature
I won't matter to them much
They'll enjoy eids, they've Islam to work on
I've been tested over and again
At this stage, I've been too tired
Torn to my heart, torn to every tissue
Ignore me like previous stories
Mark me as a mundane headline
I won't ask for any law and any inept order
I'll be buried in my own skin
I shall go silent someday!

Aadil Hingorjo

Cynicism Smiles Out

Lord, see the same scene is on
Still the sanity is sanctioned
The same cynic souls walk by
There's no way for maintenance;
Entries and exits seem too incoherent
Tiredness and trauma go hand in hand
My feet don't take me anywhere
And the gestures have gone pointless
The reason mocks at my existence
Voluntarily I walk downstairs
Absence of a part annoys me
This shadowy time, this shift of season
Recognition to the day out just ridicules
There's an ongoing agitation in me
Like something is incalculable;
Like it's gone insane!
Infamous streets are all open to me
And I've been an illusion...
Exiled; excommunicated; expelled out!
Saddest side is there's no instant remedy
This particular spell is terribly inexpiable, beloved!

Aadil Hingorjo

Date With Dawn

Noon is nervously numbed...
And the night highly naive
Afresh are marked memoirs
Alive is that meshed history
Mere a city is silenced
Mere a man is deafened
Days will dawn, amigo
Broken necks lie wet
Blood drops spread
Sighs of spinster manifest that
With the birth of each baby
In fact born is the subtle bullet
Neither I'm changed
Nor are you any improved
All are unduly intoxicant
Anxiety visits my land
So why to scream for upheavals!
Stay calm; kill the reason
Kill all emotions
They curfew the emotions
Sorrowful embers emerge
Entwined eyes, cleft lips
Let them be armored
Gossip not about holy safeguards
There is a tone, a peep into the gone century
Revenge will be exacted
Thari orphan tearfully smiles
Scars in his empty eyes,
Forlornly fiendish foes stumble
Come out and witness the waves
Tornadoes fall, storms jumble
Comrade, your dawn also reaches
Sheen rises from worthy intentions
Their dagger is drowned!
His life is again snatched
Another man is murdered
Religious armed-commander rapes his religion
Evening turns wildly silent
Smiles the majestic morning next day again!

Aadil Hingorjo

December 16 Amidst Texts And Pretexts

We were moons on our own
We were the stars full of spirit
We never knew that we'd be diminished
We had the best military
We had the private security
We had the regional Rangers
We had provincial police
Trained by worthymen
We had the topmost protectors
We never knew they were all for mourning
They would be so meanest, and so dumb
And they would turn out to be protesters
And would cash our blood back!
Our blood-streams went flowing
The capital of KP was lying dead
The purity of Peshawar was gunned down
Years and years, endless operations
Our land'd been a grave
The spring seeds were bombed down
The system defeated us
They just made some anthems
Intensified the aches
Befooled the plain men
We were butchered by our men
The security did deceive us
The whole mechanism mocked at us
It still does so, sadly it does
The whole humanity was falling
But the sacred saviors were asleep
Somewhere else they were busy
We weren't in battlefield
We were systematically massacred
Mafias were the same who tortured Bengalis
Who did never want Bengalis to celebrate
December 16!
And they did it; they brutally undid us
To wipe out Bangladesh's liberty signs
To psychologically and historically deny them
To stain up the day which was freedom for 'em

Sky witnessed what befell upon our skins
Militants and military sounded same to us
Cruel, inhumane, unilsamic, and shitholes
Bastardized all the bridges
Both were in conspiracy
And both conspirators
You, the moon
Our innocent orbit was polluted
Our dreams were demolished?
Who did it? Why was it so?
What was the lock, and what the timing was?
We don't now want such terrible music
We want you exposed!
We didn't know the reality of NumberOnes
If you needed your courts
If you needed operations widened
Why us? Why didn't you blackmail senators?
Parliamentarians, you puppets, could favor you
After all, who wouldn't obey your boots?
Why us? Why this all emotional script?
Why the tragedy longer than horrible trauma?
You who have been experts in doing so!
You who chant the false Allah u Akbars!
You who can't fulfill your duties!
You, the dirty unprofessionals!
You, the holy scums!
You're the breakers of peace!
You are the deliberate dons!
You devastated our weights!
You distracted our water!
You, the unquestioned ones! ! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Depth Of A Desert

This desolate desert deepens my nerves
Its symphony seduces me more than anything else.
It's the sandy sea that awakens me
When I accompany the mountainous mounds;
My very soul lies to these roots of the Sindh
My humblest submission has been to this very realm
It's been the only world that settles and unsettles me.
My conscious cries and smirks at the same time.
Sandy dunes drive to the peaceful depths
They arm my intellect and disarm my delusion.
It reinstalls the simplistic symbols in me
And safeguards my being in whatever winds of the time.

Aadil Hingorjo

Dial Me To The Death!

Last night, I received a strange call
The voice from the other side sounded unroutinely
He told me he keeps our records
He doubted my dusty words
He wanted me to worship the god
He was the man of godly agency
He was my well-wisher
I am not saying so
He said to me all that
Their watchful eyes are upon all of us
They know every bit about us
They scan our every act
They just want us to follow them
They are but demi-gods
They are but the powerful language
But comrade, they don't have an indigenous heart
They can't feel like us
For they're programmed to their versions
And if I ever tried to rain against their tide
He reminded they might dial me again
My darling, they are invisible lovelets
And we the blunt writers, we smoke silently
Our streams are breezy
Ah! let's rise again
And rise to reach the romance!

Aadil Hingorjo

Dive Deep

If you're going away
If the drift is all set to do away
Leave all the doors open
Don't shut any of them
Once the heart is hanged
No open door can ignite
Leave the notebook, pen, book
Paper, and the paragraphs open

Tree are sipping silence
Trunks too are deeply mute
Smile of the sand vanishes
And the city's sighs are up
If the time to farewell has reached
Don't postpone it for a second
Enjoy its each beat to the soul
Enjoy this grief; enjoy this pain
Leave the eyes open,
Don't close them
Don't turn them away
Travel into you; dive deep

Thank you the accompanying air
Thank you the reciting rivers
Thank you the silent sea
Thank you the art of the Indus
Thank you the poetess of my heart
Thank you the dancing melody
Thank you the succinct sadness
Thank you all the whispers and wounds
Thank you the windy whistles
Thanks to you the earth, its lyrics, and its ink
Profound thanks to you all the solemn sights.

Aadil Hingorjo

Do Me This Little Larger Favor, Mom...

Mom,
I miss you today with heavily-loaded heart
It's noon here; sliding to afternoon
I don't know exactly what it is
But it's any hour of the day falling down
And I'm missing you, Ami.

I miss the warmth of your hug
I remember every layer
Your kiss upon my forehead
And when you kiss my hands
And when you bid me bye whenever I leave home
And I miss the expressions of your eyes

Yesterday she told me that she'd complain you
About me, about my attitude, about my indifference
She told that I wasn't behaving well with her
She complained about the time
And also sighed about the distances that I created
She wanted to talk to you
She yearned to meet you
She wanted your ears
She wanted to go against me
She's so sweet that she missed you in such times

Mom, you know the depth of me
Your son can't be better known by anyone
You fed me your life
You nursed me; you nurtured my nature
How it feels like when someone attacks you
Without knowing your unexpected absurdity
Mom, you see I've been freshly naive to many things
Since childhood it's been happening
I've been loved; you loved me deeply
That I forgot to love you back
Since then I'm still stuck somewhere
I couldn't be a good lover
I feel myself as a beloved
Latif's Lover was a woman

And in my story I too feel the same

I love her; Perhaps she cannot sense it
Perhaps she wants the plain storyline
Yes, I'm different
I'm a godless creature
I do nasty things
I write some boldest and bravest excerpts
I smoke in the airy images
And I breathe out the blood
And I write strangest emotions
And I'm unashamedly me

Tell me Mom, if that's not alright
Tell her what should I do next
How I am supposed to act like
She's my heart; and the heart beats out uncontrollably
Stoppage of her beats, Mom you know, is like a pause to my rhythmic pulse
Mom tell her that I've been a bit careless
How time-to-time accidents have excreted me
And how everything came back to life soon
And how everytime I woke up with head held high
And how I sometimes am but like a stone who doesn't even know his own story

Mom, I admit that I've hurt her a lot
They say love hurts; it also heals
I don't want to hurt her anymore
But she is stubborn to get the same me
She doesn't know that I'm still the same
With same fingers, same nose, and the same eyes
Yes, my head has undergone untimely archaeologies
My heart is still inside her breast
I'm locked there; I'm unlocked there
I keep on walking her ways
And will soon be enjoying with her the celestial sunsets
By the seaside we will exchange the same laughters
The same smiles, and the same stares will visit us
Mom, tell her that I'm not to rocks what I'm to the Indusian ocean

Do me this little larger favor to me, My Mom
Calm her and ask her not to worry
Remind her of the twists of life

Teach her the tricks of time that are cruel at times
Unlayer it all in a womanly way
Observe her ladylike lifestyle, and also notice her childish gestures
Hold her a little tighter, meet her spiritually
Go someday to the mysterious dunes of Malir
And travel with her on Highway
So hearten her with utmost honesty, Mom
Only you could do that!
Yes Ami, only you and none else can interpret my obscurity.

Aadil Hingorjo

Doleful Dance

Inhaled every aching breath,
Yet I continued my walk
Life was unbearable, I knew,
Yet the doleful distance didn't deny me ever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Don't Be Curious On My Behalf

Don't kindly be curious on my behalf, comrade
Your words are so wise, but I'm my way.
A shady shield of mates occupy me these days
Some suggest me to remain the same.
Some want me to change the chain.
Exceptionally beautiful is the one who sees the beauty as it realistically is.
Okay, fine let their noses be right in my way.
What would happen if I grow according to them?
What would befall, if I don't follow them? Suppose, I'm grown to the heights,
wouldn't then they regret?
If they regretted, would that of my smile be a mocking one or would it still be the
same as is now?
There might not suffice any clear source... no combining code might reset the
room...
Won't then they ask unto me, "Aadil, why have you so brutally changed
yourself?"
Wouldn't there be the barriers, borders, and not a single sign of bridge to visit
the then views?
Remember, those, who are crazy wanderers, might not return to the same
sights!
Yes, their memories do. Their gone ashes do.
Ah, this beautiful life is the purest wonder!
See, the rain-spell in early morning is deafeningly peaceful.

Aadil Hingorjo

Drugged To The Deadly Depths!

Everyone is there, only I'm absent
Every corner is strange; I'm nowhere...
I'm lost somewhere in my own search
Laughing in cries and crying in laughters
I'm beautifully derailed!
And I'm still chaotically alive.

Trying to do give meaning
Trying to infer me out of me
Trying to be me
And trying to manifest me
I'm somewhere between that me and this me
I'm lost somewhere where I cannot see me.

Oh, you me, where are thee?
Where have you gone?
Why haven't you come back?
Why did you go in books?
Why did you drive in art?
Why did you dwell in literature?
Why didn't you be the apparent you?
Why you always remained deeper like iceberg?
See, I have been unfamiliar to your touch
I miss you, O the plain me
Now is but hell of mess
And frustrating philosophies
Where I'm all alone;
Where you aren't there
And this stage, this phase smells empty.

Pity is the old friends don't sit with me
Elders ignore me
Persons of my age are afraid
My teachers don't dare to tutor
And I'm like a deadly cry! ! !

Scattered from every side
Disturbed in lovelife
Drugged by the endless art

Away from enigmas
I artfully breathe
Yes, I at least breathe
I'm noway dimmed out
I'm walking on firewalls
Defying my dull, dumped self
I'm attuned to journey
Haven't gone tired
I'll find me; I'll find you
This falling tear gives some hints
Traces will reach there
They will make me meet me
Lost to the depths of dunes
Lost to the aesthetic beat
This absurd air whispers something
Something that will soothe me
Something that will bring me back to me!

Aadil Hingorjo

Earthening The Precious

But the perfume of our existence doesn't dry
It slows down, distance does disturb us
More than that, improper care creates damage
So lost in untimely discussions I go there
Just waste my innate energies
Like worshipers waste their droplets
But the debate, my beloved, has a distinct taste
In the midst, you take my hand
You naughtily draw me to your chest
I'm made sit abreast to your shoreline
I admit my careless queries
I admit my man-made thefts
I admit my shortcomings
I admit my absent mindedness
You dominate me there
You don't say a word
Still you do occupy my every impulse
Your heart stirs me close to yours
And the heartbeats merge into each other
The next moment separates our lips
And the moonless night smiles at us
Her stars secretly favour us
Shooting stars too winks at us
The universe becomes profound
At a closer distance, the village lake murmurs
The one which you wished to visit with me
Its nighty bank transforms us to elation
Swift, clear, and flooded with immense silence
Our eyes spot our world
Every upward gaze intensifies intimacy
The portion of your feet reaches mine
And both of us inquiringly stare at the trees
Sleeping birds confirm the music
Both of us attune to earthen each other
The veins, the whistles, and the light follows us
Fragrance rises higher; glimpses recite the rim
The known and unknown sighs whisper around
The poet and poetry last there forever!

Echo From The Land Of Indus!

I'm a breeze
Slow and silently sung
Indus empowers my gene
I dress up her injuries
She imprisons me
Her cities and towns shackle me
I drink her sorrows
And she feeds me her history
Her alphas and omegas nurse me
She turns me wild
She turns me cold
She turns me frozen
She turns me watered
She turns me naked
She turns me light
She tastes me everywhere
She touches me every way
Her deltas domesticate me
She creates me
She cures me
She fathers me
She mothers me
She manifests me
Moen's land mystifies me
Her appetite is unending
Her Kots make me wander
Her desert dances in me
She makes me her disciple
And I dance on her queenly customs
She's the monument undug
I'm her lightship
Her only sigh
Her only belief
Her only birth
Her stubborn echo
Drag me O Indus anywhere
Immortalise me in thy oceanic soul!

Embodied In Me

You've left a part of you in me
In me smokes thy fragrance
I love it; this smell unites you and me
Your perfume is spread in each nerve
So willfully embodied in me
Delicate is this discipline;
This romance between you and me
It's a lifeline rhythm
A celebration of life!

Aadil Hingorjo

Embrace It Or Dismiss It

I would love to be known as an irreligious folk,
If the so called existing religions are just attuned to theory
And entomb to encompass the scriptural fantasies,
And have no practical involvement in day to day affairs.
The ideally scripted religious lyrics corrupt them,
And keep the believers ill-informed, confined, and cornered
In my humblest understanding, an extreme kind of poison are them
And sadly they present today's pragmatic thought.

, ,

live stream,
Youtube it, if it allows there
And Netflix it;
Do whatever.
Drive the latest light!
Hssh...
Don't disregard the religious wreckages.
A foot here, and another foot there;
The footwear is sexily exceptional.
Not overtly there, and not completely here,
but just running after into the who knows what follies.
Is this the way religious rifles work out?
See, doesn't it sound sincerely suspicious to your sense?
This way the major hypocrisies overwhelmingly endanger us, love
The entire spectrum of the society is undone.
Hey, mate please don't come to confuse morality with religion.
For morality is an altogether separate side,
It is engrained in us all naturally,
And many a non-religious rhythms are way firm
Animals and some humans too are better to this beat,
than the so called rotten, religious remnants.

Aadil Hingorjo

Empty, Elite Eids!

The lavish days couldn't tempt me anymore
These eids, celebrations made no difference
I was like a cold stone
Before me was the stern art of exploitation
Poor, homeless, oppressed humanity was there
They haunted me slowly
Without having words, they hunted me on
They were all silent
Some of them were sleeping on streets
Some were praying for beloved ones' return
Some other were photographed
They were like lifeless portraits
They were like autumnal poems
As if the spring hardly visited them ever
Their eyes were empty
And their silence was heart-wrenching
Deaf players were crossing them
Elites announced it was the Eid
Eid merely designed for religious elites
Dying humanity was on roads
No one attended them
Nonetheless befriended them
Patriots sang their sick versions
Religionists had old verses on their lips
Beside them was a creepy creature
Torn clothes, unwashed faces, & wounded feet
The dim bulbs were lit in evening
The poor wife was praying for her husband
She was praying for her safety
Her husband was disappeared a decade ago
Since then she didn't hear a word
Upon her were the clouds of utmost grief
Outside, they say, was the day of Eid.
The whole realm was in fact static
There wasn't left any true god
All were shaky followers
Fish in the sea was safer
than the man on earth
Alas, the muteness mourned in air

Wind was writing with me the scratches
My keen-sightedness didn't unchain me
I didn't celebrate any Eid
Inside I felt, Eid was the height of hypocrisy
Believers were just blinded
Blindness hovered upon all
Only the moon got worshiped
Moonlight did not reach the real ones
Spaces and deep spaces were there
Sucked up rooms, fancy houses,
and shitty decorums
Queues long alert for worship
But hearts filthily filled
I went back... I turned down... I rejected it all
Lunched with the dead dog,
And said no to the bloody masses
I traced the traceless
It didn't convince writerly heart
It didn't accompany comradely conscience
It didn't honestly tempt me to any bit
The Eid in real sense was an empty hit!

Aadil Hingorjo

Encompass Your All Sides

Stick to the rich resonance
Stick firm to the still silence
Hesitate not to enter the unseemly scenes
Screaming flames, and the burning being
Inhale each drop, o my distant heart
Smile to search
And search to smile
Iterate thy stanza
Make peace with memories
Don't ever banish your breathes
Honor your bits, honor your entirety
Be sincere to your stubbornness
Beautiful art thee; gracious thy gaze
Disappear for a while; reappear resolutely
Become beknown to thee
Encompass your all sides
Bow down in your temple
Thou art the history; thou the mystery,
Thou art the skyline; thou the starry way
And thou art the depth of thy dancing life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Eternal Elasticity

Dancing deep into the darkness
She was staged to dance in light then
like an appealing book
Her persona had also layers
Layers that carried stars, phantoms, grieves

Fitzgerald was her favorite
Apparently, aches moved her to Coelho
In a kiss we could forget anything
In an embrace lies the powerful love
Multi-thematic and mysterious lady

Wanting to accompany the moon
Following the sun rays
Yearning for natural rain in Sindh
Every bit of universe tantalized her spirit
That had an elastic soul

Unarmed him with a sly smile
Undressed his soul with her writings
Natural lady had love in all chapters
He dwells in her poetry
Drug of life, pigeon of peace;
Recollecting the love-made ashes,
Poetic permanence perpetuates to every villa!

Aadil Hingorjo

Even If

Spaces remain there and that's natural
Emptiness and the colors go hand in hand
One way or the other, they hug each other
They don't stay away for so long
Even if the deserts turn into meadows
Even if the glaciers are no more
Even if the smiling art diminishes
Even if the East buries its intellect
Even if the flowers lose fragrance
And the caravans give up amidst the odyssey
And the rivers of histories are hijacked
There will rise the smoke;
Smoke from the burnt bodies of the cities
Heart will guide the head;
And the minarets of memories won't fall down
Ashes will gather the scattered poems
In every grain, there will be a word
Even if you and I don't return to each other
The eternal story of our love shall survive forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Exiled Star

Paleness and pleasure enfold me
Beyond art and enigma my existence travels
I rummage my rhythms where lies the bullshit
Faculties outside too sound fussy
Enthusiasm sits back, the intensity flies high
Gracefully I go round and round
I establish the views, and the words, and the spaces
I photograph; I fail; I once again picture it
I live in there; it all lives inside me
Endorsed by emptiness, and evoked by ashes
I lose faith, but it returns to me differently
I don't react much
I forget the fashion
Fragrance rules over
I answer in silence
Enriching you, and engrossing everyone
I fall ecstatic; I'm turned more beautiful
Godly, prophetic, and stimulated one
I'm my own art; I, the sketch, and I, the unzipped
I, the introvert, and I, the extrovert
Found nowhere yet I'm observed everywhere
In elastic immensities, in varying versions
I reside here; I'm an exiled star!

Aadil Hingorjo

Existence Argues It

I cross my fingers
and uncross them within an instance
Your image, your idea, and your reality blushes there
You come, and go
You appear, and then go vanished
Your rain is a crafty fall
Its elegance's spiritual!
Ah, never been a slow one.
You nurture me
You filter through my blood
And you run across my streams
Filling the pages, and emptying it on...
Why so?
Why this mysterious ink?
Love, you're my life.
And life, you see, hasn't ever been handy!

Aadil Hingorjo

Existence As A Worldweb

For an instance, let's consider our existence as a worldweb.
Does world vibe remain truly same forever?
Isn't the order unwindy at times?
Doesn't it follow a law or a loophole?
Doesn't it have any flaws and the flows at the same time?
Doesn't it excel to the evolutionary ink?
And isn't is revolutionary to its roots?
Isn't there the huge mess of craze, insanity, and sane silence?
And the love, and the sort of things too don't intertwine?
See, there are postponements; there are delays;
Undesired dots, and perfectly worldly things prevail there.
That's how the world walk is critically woven.
Same, my dear, could be the case with our existential elasticity.

Aadil Hingorjo

Existential Anxiety

Ah, tiredness meets its greatness
It trickily tussles against me
Looking at me, she sounds like a shore
Where the tides hit their existence hard
Water reveals the historic centers
In its motions flow the international drops
Fortunately these drops don't know the borders
Otherwise the ocean would have been political
Harshly political to its wandering visitors
Would have smashed the sensitive smiles
And would be venomous to windy waves
Without the concept of time, I stop there
I observe its foreheads
Its infinity stares straight into me
I feel its genuineness
Its absurdity spell too resonates aloud
Its poetics and its pettiness
Every enigma falls asleep in my footsteps
Tired but still I accompany every inch
The existence demands so
And the existence, ye all know, is an step-to-step art!

Aadil Hingorjo

Existential Autumns

Not always the devil divides you
Wheel isn't essentially from his dunes
Unbreakable engagement invites the rain
Inside and outside become indistinguishable
It mutually drives the spirit
Doing nothing means much
And doing everything brings nothing
A plain line is puffed to pranks
Layers and layers, and so many layers
Locks lavish the sight, unlocking demands you
The journey is no less than an existential smile
Where every single pebble ripens a poem!

Aadil Hingorjo

Existential Eclipse

Ask life to be unkind
Think what is unthinkable to you
Make the most of it
Make it modestly
Be malevolent to your heart
And don't be merciful to mind
Suffer it, suck it, and smile.
Smile to your sufferings
Befool the believers
Moments later, you'll reach you
There will be the existence;
Only then you'll meet emancipation!

Aadil Hingorjo

Existential Elations

Every cell in my existence sleeps for a while.
For a time that isn't even alarmed to me;
I'm calmly taken to silent sips;
I don't do anything to engage myself;
I just let myself flow with the curious order of the nature,
that happens to continually converse with my conscience.
Race and romance, and the prose and the poetry,
all these elements don't liberate me at times
And I'm sometimes exiled to the inordinate elations.

Aadil Hingorjo

Extremism Spawning All Around!

Today's track is trapped with extremism
Stay quiet, don't be the deconstructor, oh you reader
Study it all, but don't open up to them
The worst wind is upon you and me
Any intimate can misinterpret you anytime
Misinterpretation isn't problematic
Problem is religious tools are instrumentalized
Fake swearing is their common tact
The physical worshipers could do anything to accuse you
Emotions rapidly go personalized
When they lose the personal game, they bring in between the God
Knowing no nook of the 'not' too claim to be defenders of the Islam
Mashal was murdered by his mates
Tiny tussles were cashed down
Islam doesn't profess fuss
It's the orthodox sperms who spoil its soul
They aren't the peace preachers; they're engineering the extremist auras
They are instantly up to expel, excommunicate, and undo you, me, and any
indifferent entity
In their version, the indifferent one is but an infidel
They don't actually know the gravity of God
They're contracted to their own capes
They are conservative to their cores
The God cannot be fitted in there
He's the utmost grace; he's the not the stubborn mad!
I'm afraid our streets are stuffed with them
They are increasing astonishingly
Radical signals indicate that line
Not mere another, but many Mashal-like incidents await ahead
Tragedies to them are celebrations
Crazy goons have occupied the arena
Let's, my dear, now prefer a long, lonely, and a distant walk
Away from their edges, away from their illness
The so called believers' mission is on!

Aadil Hingorjo

Falling

Is life really worth living?
Living or existing...
Living has long been a crime
And thoughts here are censored
What's now left to live for?
Help me please..
Nn, , , no.. Nay, Nah.. Go away! !
Leave me alone for your God's sake
Gone is the time,
When I used to picture everything deeply
The people around me kept on mocking
They buzzed blankly and valued zilch...
But now has reached the time to combat
I prefer silence over stupid explanations
I can't describe what I intently feel
Yeah, seriously I can't... I simply can't...
I'm falling, falling, and falling
In falling, I'm feeling an unsaid ecstasy
None can catch me now
None.. Yeah, no one!
Your poetry has lost that pure touch
I'm eventually lost somewhere into no man's land.

Aadil Hingorjo

Falling Year And Your Fragrance

I stopped there for a while
In a while centuries crossed me
I didn't ring any root
No corridors crashed me
Tunes too were in order
Natural breaths flew there
Within me danced the brave beats
Outside was the falling year
For a while we got numbed
For a while restlessness reread us
For a while tongue tasted the lyre
Of course, the mountain hugged me
And the wintry murmurs bemused me
No street... Not a single station
It was a nakedly fragrant valley
Where your voices, my beloved, reached me
In every bone, I felt you
I belonged to you; I belong to you in every way
Everywhere, every way embraced us
Ah, the natural light did never vanish
Only the ecstatic echo reverberated all around.

Aadil Hingorjo

Feel This Flare

Tired?

Tussled down?

Turned off?

Trashed up?

Let's be a little sublime, love.

Our inner tones are on.

Let's not inculcate the oddities of now.

Becoming critical all the times is dangerous;

It undoes the depths.

So, let's be emotionally unstable,

And feel this frenzy flare, O comrade.

Aadil Hingorjo

Feeling Thy Lyrics

You came so mightily
You invited, you ignited,
You enticed me, excited me
And then went on your way so unpredictably
I couldn't even find your prints
You went so successful in keeping your verdict;
The verdict where you had signed an agreement
You signed to be restored and revitalized
Since you got restored, your reactive power moved you away from me
Your intentional grip was vigorously worked
And in return, what you did...
Ah, you too made me walk all those strangely unwalked paths
Paths, which I had never earlier heard in any story!
You were uplifted and in response you melted me completely
Irrational and striving was my heart
You amplified the emotionally unsound sensations
You quickened my nerves
And gave birth to an undying hangover!
You, indeed, are so intelligent
Come and now take it; your prize here it is
The best, the worthiest of all, the noble prize! ! !
Yeah, you truly deserve it, my love
Your inquisitive eyes need to be praised!
You did it so marvelously, master art thee.
In fact, the mistress!
Now there in my realm is nothing except alphabetic ruins;
Poetic ashes! ! Pathetic prose! ! Unsung melodies! !
And stands before me an ignoble aura of baseless thoughts
Your footnotes still happen to be my asset
I, in each passing jiffy, can feel all the lascivious lyrics
Lyrics sensually arising from your soft-smashing skin sing to me
Let it be a sigh now. It sucks... Seriously, it sucks
This all shudders me throughout
I'm tattered to the deepest cores! !
Instead, I'm smiling the truest smile
The dance of victorious waves is in front of my eyes
Meanwhile, I've met the eternal ecstasy amidst the terrible, stormy hour! !
The highest truth; the cerebral art and the peace in falling...

Fire In Faiths

Unexpected, unrelenting and unmatchable
Such sacred is this island; Island of love...
Broken beliefs, entwined bodies, hearts tied
Such deeply drenched is the heaven; hell's love
Bond on every level, Inhales and killing lips
Subdued is the youth, friendly fire, smiles love
Taste it too, mmh dry this delicate desire
Endless is the fire, moans arise; still is love

Aadil Hingorjo

Fire Unstoppable

Something burns inside you
The same thing strikes inside me
The environment outside too is ashy
Perhaps the creator and creations are high
What's remained unburnt is the very beam
And the beam that beseeches still more fire!

Aadil Hingorjo

Flooded Down With Melancholia

Left in the midst
Terrified by trials
Trials that impose
That are compulsions
That are bloody bullshits
That are mostly in religious cover
That are in under patriotic passes
That are purely hypocritical
That are so hugely suppressing
Hey, you're gone
Gone before the birds' songs
Gone before the night's death
Gone with heinous relationships
Gone away on dictated whims
Ah, I miss you.
I most lovingly miss you.
I saw you falling yesterday
When you were made submitted
Submitted before them who despised you
Who attacked on your existence
Who are the historical killers
Who are kiths but in covers
Who are snatchers of our souls
I was wondered
How did you go knelt down?
Probably there'd be another threat
Another unkind order
From the threads of so called owner
On the say of those blackmailers
Blackmailers who have been professional
Whose job is to unsettle the spirits
Aadil, I felt you the most enchained yesterday,
Aadil, who used to rise was setting down
Down on their words
Colors seemed to farewell you yesterday
You didn't utter a word
I doubted it was the same Aadil,
Your bluntness was butchered
You were so systematically poisoned

Slowly you were moving ahead
With faint feet, and with heavy heart
Your rain was upset
There weren't rainbows in following
Controlled lines were tearing you off
And the tears too were tussling inside
But none of them came out
Grass's greenery had gone undone
Background was all grey
Your time was wounded
You sounded like the most heartfelt history
Not any echoing argument revealed
The mighty you strangely held yourself
Ah, you were flooded down with this much melancholy.

Aadil Hingorjo

Flooded Versions

It's like the flood of discourses
All the lies seem to disperse all around,
and we like careful walkers are passing through the trash.
The fear of being drowned inn;
the yearn to surpass the phase
It is densely deepened in our breathes.
Ah, the life's ladens strangely open to ourselves!

Aadil Hingorjo

Fly Fresh, Beloved

How can you travel all the way almost daily?
Isn't it hectic to your heart?
Don't you feel awfully tired?
Ah! Well, you definitely knit the best world.
You see each and everything firsthand,
The busy roads, the deafening shores,
Men and women moving on to their ways,
It's like a nest of stories that you literally swim across
Something waits for you and you welcome that view
In moderate moments and in wild noons, you keep going
Touching your cheeks, and measuring the moods of the weather
You bear this beat almost every day.
You're a beautiful explorer and every ounce owes to you much;
A little rainbow sparkles in your eyes;
And you read the upcoming atmosphere,
Time will be true to you for you're loyal to it.
Catch it, don't bow down.
Surrender hasn't been in your blood.
Wake up, wake up, another dawn await your light
Rays of this wintry morn engulf you,
Fly fresh to the bay,
It's inviting you to the endless muse
And poses pleasing poetics for your soul,
See, this musicality is missing you the most.
And, of course, a sleepy spell ahead to my lazy self!

Aadil Hingorjo

For The Colours Entail The Kisses Of Eras `

Nostalgia happens when colours are set free
Colors cannot be caged
They are optimising drivers across the ages
The colours must have their say
For they are the purest presentation of peace
The cosmic Nature sings through colours
In the depth of colours resides harmony
They are beautiful blends of historical arts
They are the markers of victory over the evil
They are the expression of human marvel
Colours are life; colours are reality
Without colours there's no truth
They persistently run into thee and me
Ah, let's play with them profoundly
Ah, let's grasp the soul of colours
Holi is the precise definition of beauty
It celebrates the unbound intimacy of mankind
Volumes of colours smile in the hug of Holi
Let's extend this temporal joy to multitudes
Let's not further categorise them into religions
For the colours solely entail the kisses of eras!
For the Colours Entail the Kisses of Eras `

Aadil Hingorjo

For The Sake Of Forthcoming Flowers

It's not just I who is different
The whole life is different, comrade
Thee and I too mark messy difference at times
The tides of time that move us are different
We are guided by mild mindsets
We do shun off the discourses
We sometimes come ahead as sharp people
At times, we are but playgrounds
Our thoughts aren't really weighed on
Our love isn't taken to any sacred meters
Our faiths go tightly stuck
Our dreams are tested in machines
Anyways we are allowed to have sips
We taste the cold fires in snowfalls
We meet the horrible summers nearby oceans
We are the stuff so intellectually designed
All that we come across is an abstract glimpse
We live in projected slumbers
Our everything manifests their mentality
Ah, we the poor trinkets of time
We just get ticked off in evenings
Nights even don't bother to us very much
Kissing under the censored lights, we run back
Our papers shine with stars
Our stars... they too are false stars
We just keep waiting by eventides
In the smoggy seasons our poetry is pressed
And the volumes and volumes go absurd
Emotionally we rest down
Again around the necks and chests we bite
Biting even doesn't normalize our instincts
Hungers heighten
We laugh
Our stomachs still remain empty
Empty of oranges
Empty of enigmas
Empty of inquiries
Empty of impulses
We yet walk the purely impure road-maps

Authority ignores us, we are protesters
Writers writes of us, we are public topics
We are thrilled ads, media broadcast us
We are the lovers who haven't heard hymns
We are revolutionaries who are boldly afraid
We are what we actually are not!
The dust flying in Thar drives our souls
The calm waters of Astola ignite our spirits
We are youthfully impractical
And the theories that kill the practical concepts
We have killed them
We've wrongly displayed them
We are the murderers of truth
We deserve to be historically undone
Our prayers... our performances.. all too fake
Children of tomorrow need to be pure
They mustn't be devastated
For them, let's submit our so burdened selves
Let's eventually divorce out the fairies of time
Let's all stand unashamedly naked
Paving the new paths though is difficult
Yet let's tread upon the pathway of humanity
Come back comrade, don't go too distant
For the yesternight's pennies are almost over
For the sun is to rise,
For the day ahead sounds truly enlightened
Combing the uncombed heads, let's go back
Let's leave a way for them
They need to be healed
Graceful are their lyrics
These forthcoming flowers are full of peace
Ah, Sir don't kindly chop their thinking nerves
They are the hearts having their own dances
They are the heads having their own homes
Their rise perhaps resides in our utmost fall
Let's die down without any delay
Let's get a sober go to our graves
For the lights of new day need not to be blurred

Aadil Hingorjo

For You Are Your Life

Doctors cannot cure you
It's you who can cure yourself
Your 'self' is the only doctor
Your heart is your ward
Your head is your ICU
So be all the way with you
Do not leave yourself
Don't leave it on any doctor
Open to yourself
Hide inside you
Kill your fear
Undo your doubts
Be firm; be in belief
Leave not your light
You can push Covid-19
Corono cannot arrest you, O mates
For you solely are your life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Frankly Losing It

I cannot encounter everything
I can encounter but me
First of all, I am a beginning
A journey to very many views
I am little sad, little sleepy
and you would find me actively engaging
Hey, I am freely myself
I make my mess
And I get a lot from it
I am this very shitty
Shy and brutally bold!
Yes, I have got words
Wisdom is all from you, love!
Weather here is turning dim
My gestures don't seem to partner me
My poem is not just fine,
It's losing its line
Frankly, it is hurting me the most
I am seriously empty
Straight into odds
ART!

Aadil Hingorjo

From The Pensive Papers Of My Life

I give them what they deadly deserve
If they are broken, I offer them voice
If they're conscious, I'm to them unconscious
They deserve to be pleased; I don't disappoint
The more discarded, the denser they grow
I don't waste any of the blessed bits
I am frankly faithful to them; we sing altogether
If they excuse, I let the layers be widely opened
Folks there fuss over the fragile fucks
All mentally murdered, well, I still listen to them
A lot of it I enfold; undeserveds drive off to heal!

Aadil Hingorjo

Frozen

When the ego meets stubbornness
Something slips off
Someone slips away
What is then left there
Smokey air?
Hypnotist attraction...
Inseparable nostalgia...
or the memorable trance
We become unbecomed being
Constantly moving... Suddenly stopping
And stopping by deserted stops
Singing the classic beat
Missing the spirit of life
Speaking with unpredictable passes
Lying non-existent on impassable moments
Inwardly immense
And outwardly undone
Stuck in autumn
with carrying the summer soul
Learning to meet again
Meet whom?
Designing selves?
Defining selves?
For what? For whom? And at where?
Prints of kisses of neck
And the map of lips
Sober, beautiful, with starry eyes
Thick thoughts, fragrant feelings
Intimated to the each other's vessels
And melodious voice of her
Haunted...
Frozen...
Pressed down...
Permanently taken to the endless timelets.

Aadil Hingorjo

Frozen, Fainted, And All Freed!

Comrade asked why did I not write since long.
I felt a sigh wordless
There was I
I with entirety of my stillness
I with my fullness
And I with silence
Asleep and intrinsically awake
A beat that remains deserted
Lines of distances
And prayers purely extended
Following nothing
Zilch, Indeed!
Decisive on my own...
Carrying the bits of cries
Lost in the information system
Already locked in knowledge economy
Imagine, when you are all free
And all enchained at the same time
Reservations against the rhythm of time
Right to liberal romance
Partially penned down across the regions
Scattered and enriched all the time
Grown, watered, and plucked up...
Feeling the songs of the beloved,
Again dropped to the earthly ink
Ink where human eye tears itself
Comrade, this is how I undergo it
Frozen...Fainted...And all freed!

Aadil Hingorjo

Ghostly Silence

Trembled she looked everywhere
Found nothing but the hollow air
Drowned down in the deathly valleys
Ghostly silence buried her bruised soul!

Aadil Hingorjo

Gilgit-Baltistan, My Second Home

I wish
I wish I could translate your vision
I wanted to kiss your land
The land from where Sindhu begins its flow
Sindhu; our belief, our life, our philosophy
Skardu sings to my Indusland
And the mighty shores of Karachi get saddened
Cry the crystal tears my land
Thy sad streets, thy unnamed stores
I wish I could sit for a while

The peaks of Nanga Parbat paint autumns
Tagless, unidentified, and nameless
Yet the flutes go on ringing
Nayab writes her news and fairy land sighs, he says
Aakash comes to record the history
And parched lips await
A long journey on the paths to liberty
And the sunken are rational souls
Springs are but autumns
Beauty around yet killing wrinkles are visible
Her whole face is dried
What happens? What's the fact?
Silk-Road or another capitalist chain!
Asks a child nearby Deosai - ???????
Your eyes sparkle, Folks dance
But what of undying darkness!
Neither on that side nor on this line
Why not liberty then?
Liberty! ! ! : Thee art ecstasy and thee elation
Moen Jo Daro contemplates over thy fragrance
Your scent wouldn't be suppressed much
Your players will win
Your readers will redeem
Boom high and worry not
Triumph belongs to the truth

Every inch of thy land is a true word
And truth smiles thru thy lips

Your sorrows hidden
Can't cameras display your rashes?
Saddened and deeply dejected I'm!
I wish I could accompany thy hills
For you are my soul's solace
And you're my melodious symphony
Thy sons scream, thy daughters design
No corner of Gilgit-Baltistan will remain darkened

In my poems and in my prose
In my mind and in my heart
And into the flow of burning blood
I feel your pleas from Chilas to Diamer

I sense your protests...
In the harbor of Sindh, your purity runs
Teach me your lyrics
Tell me your stories
Tell me openly
Speak to me overtly
For in me dances the Sea
For in me flow your sensations
I wish I could follow your shadows
For under your skies, I've learnt to sing
Into the gardens of beauty, Thee art matchless
But still on the verge of death
But still your stanzas are confined
I wish I could revisit thy mountains
Though I've hugged thy sons
And I'm sure you'll smile to the pulses
And your ranges will drive a many men crazy
I, the Indusian disciple, drink your sips
Snowy songs meet my heart
Struggles keep on breathing
Not the swords will cut more; Victory will work
Not only to wish, but I'll surely kiss thy Heights oneday....
Sindhu immortalizes us and thee historicize the lively chapter!

Aadil Hingorjo

Hail To This Melancholic Fall!

Versatile vistas open to me
But not a single homely hut is there
I look upon each stone deeply
External and internal histories
Fading... flashing... fabrication...
Inside the lab, I am trapped down
The imaginations are over
Ideas don't work, the so called profound ideas
Mighty I stumble... Failing, I don't know, why
There's no need of me to me
Instruments and all the flutes too go silent
I am unbelievably barren
The wit doesn't accept it, but I do admit it
Deep emptiness overwhelms
I am feeling all alone
Alone who has lost himself
Whose feet find no light
whose poems have gone stolen
Who did it? Who could do it?
My tomb too is unworded
Ah, the poetic is this wounded
I am this brutally bruised
Bleeding all the way, from all the arteries
And the blood-drops paint my artistry
Hail to this melancholic fall!
Fall that finishes my line
Hail to this vanishing resonance
Proud farewell to my literal romance
The romance that will rhythm with my readers forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

He Sang To Me Oftentimes!

He is present in my heart
And totally absent in reality
Some demons he chased
some chased him
Upon his heart, he tried several tricks
He used to wear a philosophic guise
Seemed as if he was haunted by misty things
They say he was so young
But to me he appeared a grown, mature
Silent. Sober. Wise. Smart. Childish.
He was all at once
He wrote me; read me
And read to me carefully
I rewrote him in return
Ah, at times He was so bitter
Alas, he was so painfully unhomed
Dwelling here and there he couldn't rest
A kind of wait was visible in his existence
He was a distant fellow
He himself was a distance
He was afraid of himself;
He told me once
He didn't meet himself for months
Ah, but he possessed an activist head
His head journeyed on the path of his heart
He had a shy way;
Shyness, they say, best defined him
Boldly he outbursted himself in writeups
There also came days when he went empty
Decades passed by; futility hanged over him
He found no word to write
I delved into his depth
He himself was a mysterious word
He was departed from the homely dictionary
Completely incomplete was his expression
Tears, trauma, terror and temptation
He was in love with the heart of agony
His eyes always overwhelmed me
Subtle echoes occupied me when hearing him

I couldn't listen to his exactness
He was perhaps a dream; or a daily drug
I couldn't crack the riddle that he carried
He was so marvelously riddled
He was so simple expressive
He was so humbly manifested
I do not dramatize him
I'm fact, he was the disciple of literature
He hurt me, he hurt me in every way
His words wounded me
He knocked me down
He was a fake mass
But something was there that startled me
He was confident before me
He faced me without any contradictions
Despite being full of fixes, he'd a huge space
So liberally lost... so trapped in social norms
He disregarded social norms
And refused the rifts of religion
There were times when I joined him
At times he'd call me
And the times I remember when were one
We are still sadly the one and united
To me, he was a melodious moon
I stroked to him angrily
I reacted and I resisted
But he embraces a peaceful vibe
I later on used to repent
I dint tell him but my tears would try me
I cried like an infant
He felt my sighs
But went pragmatic and heartened me
In his poems I'm still an eloquent rhyme
But I don't like to be rhyme
Nor do I wish to be a rose
I want to live aloud
I want to love unbound
I want to be me and that's what I am
I don't want this I
I want to return to my mom
I want to be a baby again
Manly oaths and opinions scare me

Fair God, save me! Holy Lord, accept me
I love you; I hate them who swear by thy name
You're an absolute brilliance
You're an invisible air
A forlorn feel
And you're the one whom he couldn't reach
Her lured to see
From his words
Long sentences, short sentences
He tried to catch my glimpse
As if he was my writer
A wild being in his nature
An innocent boy with unsung traces
I tasted in him what's unseen
Unseen was his aura
Unnamed him
The hidden him
Who walked on his own
Who firmly held me
Who swiftly slipped on
Who was my youth
Who visited along with me the oceans
Who accompanied me on hills and vales
Who turned me pale
A murmuring memory
Who denied all dictations
Who disturbed many
But the way he disturbed ignited a romance
Though disoriented from with
I believe he was a daringly handsome him
I miss him
He sang to me oftentimes
He solely sang all alone
For he was but a romance-filled intellect!

Aadil Hingorjo

Her And Him

She could never forget the fragrance of his spirit,
His soul always stirred the ins and outs of her life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Her Archaeology Still Remains Unexplored!

Thoughts of her passionate aura embrace me
I cannot weigh the burden that she carries on
She puts before me hundreds of things
And also comes ahead with firm resolutions
But do mere resolutions sort down the issues?
I am in a deep desert of thoughts
In my heart, rush the Indusian waves
And my mind races through oceanic air
Image of her appears, disappears, & reappears
I can but just read her; I am sorry for the season
I see her standing, and when she sits down
But still her standing is noticeable
She is in confrontation with eras
Windows of her eyes are open to the sea
There is a little mist, some hopes, & a smoke
The writer inside me is in his own rhythms
It may strike her hard
It may wound her vigorous vibes
It may be brutal to her womanly sensitivity
But it also may be true to time.
I know that isn't a way blurred
She always appreciates what comes out of me
Is she a silly girl, or an inexplicable existence?
I don't know how life chats with her
I barely ask how sunshines sound her mostly
I never ask about sunsets' sensationality
I just discuss the politics
And elaborate the literary rhetorics
It may ridicule her already engaged mind
I think it is her responsibility as well
As a sociological and twentieth century's being
I unravel an intellectual rheme before her
Candle inside me wants to light a little in her
It is purely for life's sake
Life that is inaudible to many morons
Across the courtyards, we sink for hours
I feel sorry if her heart doesn't digest the doze
I wish her a miraculous life
For she believes in miracles

She's just like a virgin visit to no man's land
She in herself is an ambiguous realm
Not ambiguous actually, but a mysterious one
Accompanying all accounts, she forgets her
She's just like every mad, mistress girl
There's purity in her voice
Yes, she tells lies a little; and I testify the tales
She wants to prove sometimes
Some largely lavish loopholes
That might also not be at peace with her
Acts as an iconic lyre, but she lingers anyway
Her wintry life chases the snowy nights
She's a close conversant to the 14th moon
A kind of riverbank resonates thru her words
As if the flowers are protesting
As if the silence surrenders calmly
As if the birds too become voiceless
Strangely critical are her banks
Some serious tides suddenly overwhelm her
I feel how she yearns to hug her own breasts
& how she slides those slim fingers in her hair
Letting her on her own, I pass by soberly
But my sobriety is left driven
There in me awakens another scream
Another cry makes me restless
Another human light trades thru a dim spell
And I happen to suitcase her sentiments
Delicately I drink another literary bottle
And I humbly kneel down on my fingers
And recall some raining clouds
And poetically shower upon this screen
Stillness stares at me, and I'm over with me
Like a historian I word down her whistles
But she's not over, and never over there
Her civilization marks inexpressible scripts
Despite divining deep into her vales, I feel that
The archaeology in her still remains unexplored!

Aadil Hingorjo

Her Fragrance

When her light disappears from my room
I'm drowned into her fragrance
All my unsaid words go lost
Unexpressed buckets of feelings go beyond measurement
I'm caught into a constant clash
Where my thoughts and feelings fight for your light
Every single painted world comes to fall down
And amidst the border of reality and illusion
I hang like a dead, dry leaf
Which neither has existence nor emancipation!

Aadil Hingorjo

Her History

Tragedy is even the familiar faces too aren't familiar to her soul,
She is the inception of every ounce of life,
But still her history remains untold.

Aadil Hingorjo

Her Modesty

Taking smaller steps
Playing lighter strings
She shyly appeared

As if the mad moon smiled
As if the Indus droplets danced
Her lips were historically virgin

Peacefulness twinkled in eyes;
Undying music conversed thru grey hair
Sparkled the all ordinary poles

Ruined relics were on forehead
Trembling signs were traceable in tone, Yet
Confident, courteous and considerate she stood!

Undying music prevailed swiftly
Tender wings swayed
And immortality kissed the kinked spots

Tighter was the hold
Greater was the sensuality
Whistled poems from her godly aura

Script was paged in her heart
Subdued she went before Indus ocean
Smiled her whole body
Smiled the seashore
Smiled my Maiden
Smiled the heights of Kaaroonjhar
Smiled the bays of capital Karachi
And smiled the entire Sindh!

Aadil Hingorjo

Her Steadfastness Versifies Her

Time too trembled her existence that time
Otherwise they say time is a strong beat
Melancholic mist almost ate her up
Deeper and darker shades came to haunt her
That pure adolescent faced a hell upon her
All the kind cores coming from her mother
And the colors of infinite immortality
They suddenly dimmed down with her demise
Image of her mother danced in her dreams
When she woke up, the reality would rip her
Softened utterances of her mother murmured
She wanted her to hold her daughter tight
She wished to be embraced in her breasts
She couldn't do so for she had lost her
It was the horrible hash to her youthful hour
Pieced down to the smallest cuts
And ached to the intense entries
She felt suffocated to her own breathes
Nonetheless she enjoyed the whole story
The turmoil ticks and the familiar faces
Witnessed the bloody relations nearly
Went internally stunted and unmoored
That grief gushed her for so many months
And the temporal tussles strengthened her
A kind of craze kissed her eyelashes that time
Wrote some few words; undid them instantly
Signs from margin and the sounds apparent
A flare of seasons unkindly sucked her spirit
Summer's hotness, and saw sky's absurdity
Doomed and lost was every sight to her
Everything opened to her quite clearly
Nothing was hidden then; nothing obscure
On crossroads, she sensed the fall of decades
Fall where the fragrance too had dried down
Went upstairs, downstairs, and down to herself
A lot of points and papers came to testify her
Constructed or created, or the both at once
Keenly she absorbed various vicissitudes
Where the singular power of woman arose her

Where she found what the meaning really is
And how the imagination encircles us all
Where the visible winds went invisible
and the invisible auras enacted her vision
That wickedly natural experience enlarged her
There she understood Dostoevsky's dunes
That suffering had another side as well
Understood the intricacy of the vanishing stars
She tasted the taste of life here and hereafter
Scanning the very occurrence, the girl stood up
She never flinched; she restored her all the way
She's now on her own; ripened to her brain
Yeah, the memories of mom still chase her
Just the formation has got a decent turn
She believes in god's glories; holds Him closer
Aloof & alone in the arms of the imaginary god
Both the God and she embellish each other
Holy Lord's glories, she says, come in that way
Eclipses of ecstasy sparkle her that way
That way is spiritually tuneful to her nerves
I wish life's light may never be off to such soul
Such souls whose passions paint the lifelines,
The lifelines, where the music never stops
Where the lush green vallies whisper all around
Where the oceans are full of eternal elations
Where the poetic pearls submit their entireties
Where dominates the subliminal dance forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Her Steps Are Everywhere

It was an unwritten world before
She came all of sudden to write me
Like the mystic prayer, like the breezy wave
She imparted in me her inner fragrance
See, I am her symbol today
From a child I grew to man
Of course, she made me walk all the while
She was my true comrade
Malir's melody mused my beats
And introduced me to the oceanic speed
Stairways etch my story, her steps are everywhere
To my ruins, only that Indusian lady was a close historian!

Aadil Hingorjo

Hey You

Hey, you
You overwhelm me within moments.
You have got that intrinsically immense nerve,
that sweetly melts my soul.
You're my free-verse poem
where our life happens to flow deeply,
freely, lovingly and serenely,
Ah, it's beyond any alphabetical spells.

Aadil Hingorjo

Hey, Missing You...

If I had nothing but only you
I'd still have everything
You're to me each part and parcel of the life
I'm so much in you and want you to be embalmed in myself
Since you're under a constant storm since few days
My feelings and thoughts too have lost their track
I'm feeling myself like the Thar desert
Hardly any clouds rush to rain over the land of my heart!
I'm madly missing you
I want in this moment to be with you
Want to be your symbol of infinite peace
The songs that you sent to me are favorite to my heart
Oh my distant, beloved comrade, I love you! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Him

Creator are artists, painters, and the authors
Shouldn't we call him the author of the most confusing scripts? Shouldn't we
label him as a biased and a chauvinist creator?
Has he left any spacious room for progression?
See, he's stubbornly gone to any extent when centralizing characters
Utmost emptiness, intense absurdity
Nonetheless, no one, I truly believe, can surpass him
He is a matchless and undisputed master
Especially in writing the most heart-wrenching tragedies!

Aadil Hingorjo

Him, The Hymnal Height

Roaming around the rings of days, he didn't care for cuts
Enjoyed sunrays and accompanied starry assets
He was frankly chill with words
And honestly acquainted to intense ideas
He, they say, was a purely friendly walk
Landscapes lavished him
He didn't stop at any fixed stop
Blanketed in summers and naked in winters
Unsound in springs and intact in autumns
He was a delicate paradox
Didn't hurt her; didn't ever heck her
Too liberal in love; too moderate with mists
Unto all the extremes, he was a peaceful poem
Flags in heart and foams in head
The boy didn't lose his way
The boy didn't kill his conscious
The boy, whenever I met, was deepened in life!

Aadil Hingorjo

Hired Us

Start up with your own walk!
Okay dude, I do so.
Grow a bit older!
Here I stand, my dear.
Sparkle the interest!
Here it is, my lord.
Create some suspense now!
Outdid the artistic ash, sir.
Write to me expressive series!
But lord...
What lord?
Remember, you are a hired stick! Right!
No answer... Embarrassment echoes all around...

Aadil Hingorjo

Homed To Her

She was there before
She's there now
This here and that there
She's in the memory
Embalmed internally
In my heart, in my thoughts

Her soul-soothing smile
Her sighing cynicism
Her entire attention
And her partial evacuation
She's all alive in every way

The pretty she
And the pale she
I taste her deeply
Carefully I run through her
And feel her warming vibe
It's too close
Too immersive!

Again she holds me near
Near to her chest
I'm freely made her;
She turns out to be me
Equated immensely to the sea
Anchoring the spirits
The life's here
Boldly between her and me
Drinking and driving
Here's the writer
And here dances the story
Smilingly we whisper
The city's subtlety smiles out!

Aadil Hingorjo

Honestly Open To It

The life has truly enchained me;
The life has slightly liberated me.
It has brutally unnerved me,
It has pieced me to unkind colors;
It has introduced me to every art
It has ignited in me the unending war.
It suffocates; it energizes in every way,
Its everything is absurd; its nothingness shines
Ah, the life has blessed me with handful poetry!

Aadil Hingorjo

I Don't Lie

My existence aches.
I suffer the most.
I feel it the most.
I enjoy the most.
I don't do anything.
Anything embraces me.
I translate it; I'm torn.
I don't lie. I don't lie, love.
I don't lie about life.

Aadil Hingorjo

I Miss You, Mom

Sea smiled to me when I was born
The sandy realm embraced me wholly
Mom gently kissed my forehead
Baba said Azaan in my ears
I didn't understand the order
But I felt peace
Was it a separation or a bond
Stroked I was.
They gathered me. Grew me out.
Fed me the dots of days
Wrote in me the midnight minutes
When in dance, I was recited
Sunlight hid my tears
Cold I was hugged
I remember my mother's arms
Her fingers and her palms
Her shores, and her flows
Unending intensity... Mom is the real muse..
Thou art an endless spring
Stranger I could be
Far and away I may wander
But your eyes always stir me
Everywhere and all the time...
A kid, and always a kid
At your doorway... In your chest
My region ranges in you
And all the streets to life are from you
I miss you, Mom.
This rhythm is for you
All of me feels your rain, Mom.

Aadil Hingorjo

I Was Murdered

I...

...

Yes, I was murdered!

Aadil Hingorjo

If

He then wrote if the night could really be knocked down...

Aadil Hingorjo

If You Do Not Write It Down

If you do not write it down
It goes restless
It keeps wandering
It stabs your edges
It runs here and there
It wrestles inside
It injures you
And cuts you bit by bit

If you do not write it down
It loses the grace
It grows harsh
It spreads anxiety
It suffocates the interior
It traps the veins
It finds no ways
And dies all alone

Write it down, my beloved
Write it straight, comrades
Write your resonances, my readers
If it doesn't resolve you
Let it receive you
Let it reveal you
Let it destroy you
Let it make you
And break your bones
Let it meet your movement
Don't block your order
Let it pass through you
Let it dance through you
If it suddenly bleeds, give it a way
If it reddens your eyes
Don't hide it
Ah, hide it but only in art
Let it historicize you
Let it then heal you
Let it then feel you...

I'm A Debut Of Life

Indifferent, but unstoppable I am
I delight you all
In my labor is your continuum
Treasures and mysteries exist inside
I'm found everywhere
In fields, in offices, under the burning sun
In malls and in modern day benches
I never cease ease your life
I'm a labor
Labor in your lives
I come from different casts and codes
I'm the product so natural
I have been artificially oppressed
Still my sperm strengthens me
I'm the ruins, and the dunes, & the history of life

Aadil Hingorjo

I'm Just An Still Enough

Several questions and a humble going
People, cruel people, and I'm all alone
I don't give up; I don't beg the butter
I sell out little things; often they shun me off
Thrilled to see the thickest threads
Could be raped, and I could be murdered down
Could be another Zainab, I could another be Zara Mangi
My country's constitution is mute
Muteness has enveloped the articles
Burnt by the extreme sunrays, night annoys me
Nonsense mocks at me, wolves are around
An unhomed doll, I'm a parentless plot
Sick seasons smile to me; I'm a mistaken size
Indifferent, strange, and alien I feel
I'm made feel the worst of everything
Nothing moves me, nothing applauds
None has read me... I'm a trackless secret
A secret so visible everywhere
Instants of messy mornings molest me
An unpublished book of serious stories
Down on my neck is the breaking pain
Stomach isn't at place since days
When I walk to them, they debase me
They gear on to unnotice me
All the men and women are cautious
They're suspicious to me,
as if I'm the only wrong inn
Weakened to my vessels, I'm a strong word
In me, awake are the magnificent themes
I'm a damn decent depiction
A display of restricted writeups
Impure I, unwashed I, and the stained I
Clouds of abuses rain upon me mostly
Conversant to my own self, I fall blank
Blank are all bays in front of me
The absoluteness occupies me
I'm an enriched emptiness; an eminent echo
Perhaps the writer died amidst
And the cultivation couldn't be convincing

A poem by an anonymous,
An unexamined artery,
An ignored worldview
I'm just an still enough!

Aadil Hingorjo

I'm That Exiled Rhyme

Sometimes I feel emotionally dead,
Extremely divided, and intensely derailed,
that no any rationale reciprocates at all.
The nature, reading, and politics,
Nothing of the sort really hypnotizes me.
I want to write endless lines without any stoppage,
but I can't.
I fail there.
I feel like a bright star whose beauty is scattered into deep bits.
Birds inside me go silently smothered;
I'm intrinsically cut off!
I cry with and without tears.
Such moments are the torments that testify me.
Or they are asset to my spirit, I don't exactly know.
Everything seems to me absurd.
Even the absurd air too disdains me.
I've survived around eight accidents
Including a deathly one as well;
And you know what when any extreme accident happens to me,
I feel as if I'm falling into the arms of my love, and liberty.
What's before me is inexpressible enigma,
And I want to meet end that time.
I wish to be knocked down.
But hospitals of the metropolis after a while confirm,
that all I've received are mere terrible injuries,
and they're like lifeline to my existential art.
They strengthen me further which I abhor;
A kind of strange taste lies in them which I don't like.
Thoughts of suicide keep hovering upon me many times.
But I don't do it.
I'm not that brave, perhaps.
I'm not that strong perhaps.
Gestured to the unknown entities,
I'm that exiled rhyme.

Aadil Hingorjo

Immense Relationship

My soul and all my love
In fact, my life got roots from you
Inwardly I was something else
Outwardly I was a naive
You honestly made me believe
Gracious has been your shadow
Shaping me, and being shaped through my fingers
Truth of our relationship is immense
Painting and living each other, my love
Ah, it's been the deepest drive.

Aadil Hingorjo

Imprisoned In Bare Existence

Existential waves are too tragic
A short pause blurs the whole beginning
Extensive middle too remains misty
Regulations don't follow the rhythms
And the vice-versa
Because regulations are but the restrictions
Threshold is pointless
What's not there is the man behind the bar
Balcony is open to the virgin fog
And the morning songs are terribly out there
The eyes are stuck somewhere else
The divinity is all dissolved
And the self seems to be selfishly lost
Islamabad injects unkind things; anxiety rules
Capital's air doesn't suit me
Few moments, and that too don't work
Am I allowed to leave this link?
No room is there for coincidence
No window opens to aesthetic accidents
Conversing with many yet no depth is missing
It fucking fails to fly high
The miserable words surround the way
Repeatedly the same goes on being said
Modern expression is radically mistaken
Memories epically nail it
No way out to present
A lot to be cleansed out
But the brain looks badly trapped
Derailed is the very walk to essence
Dimensions oppose the light
Lighthouse is at loss; men there 've gone mad
Sleepless nights press hard
Screaming alone isn't the solution
Wonderful voices and just the voices
Tempted to horrible reality;
Trying and trying and trying tirelessly
Static plots drink me by and by
Heavily drunk down by petty drops...
Wrong and right mutually suck my soul

Relationship to mystery rewrites me
Such rootless roots resonate with me
It's interestingly cynical to be smoked off, mate
To be released in kinda peacefully pathetic way
To be wounded in such an ecstatic way
To be passionately punished by poems
To be buried in deep down in the existential art.

Aadil Hingorjo

In Every Trial

Ideas and expressions
Bond and breakdown
Thought and another thought
Love, and love's light
Sand, and the sea-line
Evolution and revolution ticked him
Indeed, he was beautifully
Nevertheless, he felt it all
and an inexplicable taste met him every trial.

Aadil Hingorjo

In Front Of Your Corridor

'Hello' raises in the heart
Footsteps too resonate
Muteness hits the hour
Symmetry slides away
Your bay receives me
Your gulf smiles to me
Your heavenly eyes
They have got heavier
Since last few days
They have gone mad
Your head is disturbed
It's spilled to its ashes
Your heart is lost
In the racing lines of sea
Your soul is burning
Like midday's sun
And the body is in silence
Wildly silent
You're apparently asleep
Still awake in dream
Your spirit isn't sleepy at all
Staring at me keenly
Breathes are alive
Sighs are stuffed
in your rhythmic flow
The left leg grips over the right one
As if painting a generous hug
The poetic traces lie other side
Again the chests go numbed
In every way promised to each other
Stones become expressions
After the full blowup
the rain finally rushes to rest
Branches and the birds sing altogether
Another night meets the drizzling dawn.

Aadil Hingorjo

In Search Of The Kurdish Homeland

I'm still nameless; I'm still no-one
Murdered out, disappeared away,
Here I stand as a series full of miseries
Enshrined by my vales, I'm still unknown
Trees are out there yet I'm barren
These hills faithfully harden me
And the same hills historicize me
I breathe this air; this sky covers me
This rocky hardness and the watery stream
Oh the evenings of Kurdish realm, you nurse me
Your agonies and your griefs are mine
My tongue recites your songs
Sorrows haven't yet shattered my desires
Seemingly despair storytellers still write
Your folks have faith in me; I'm their hope
Your daughter, your warrior I am your identity
They want me to snatch my symbols
They want me to remain so badly divided
They want to turn me off; they want to tear you
They want me to stay silent
They want me to despise my ancestral dreams
They want me to surrender before their orders
But I don't do it. I strongly oppose them
Like your hilly strength, I stay strong, resistant
To them I'm a rebel. They have the media
They have narratives; they're the emperors
They've the whole bloody history
But I know, and every Kurd knows them well
They're the suckers of Kurdish mothers
They've murdered the unborn Kurdish babies
They're afraid of the Kurdish wave
See, I'm so suffocated yet I do proudly survive
I survive on my own; I survive for you
For you, the beloved Kurdistan, are my life.
Your nights tell to me the tragedies
Your in days train me historically
Haven't ever been off to your lullabies
Yesterday, Sadam massacred my race
Before it all, I was left homeless to pieces

They, the international powers used me
They, the Turkish rulers misused me
The story just doesn't end at misuse
Millions of men and women have been killed
Just because Kurdish humans wanted freedom
Anything for freedom! Yeah, anything!
Into words, it can't be fitted
It's a hell lot brutal episode
Beauty and the truth have been attacked on
Iraq Bombed upon my hills
Iran crushed my men
Turkey goes on doing this
Syrian forces don't still trust me
I'm being unnamed; I'm being all denied
Demolished I stand awfully
Whom should I tell my tale?
Where shall I register the complaint?
Okay, the Non-Muslims are non-muslims,
But what of the Muslim powers?
The so called Muslim brethren too blames me
They mock at me; they've gone literally lustful!
I'm a movement being pushed back
From every side, they slam me off
I'm a freaking crazy girl in search of my street
Streets where the wings of women flied high
The streets free of investigatory inks
The streets where he and I could dance out
The streets where dictators couldn't dictate out
The streets paying tribute to Kurd Guerrillas
The streets free from all the vague whistles
The streets embalming the virgin wisdom
The streets philosophizing the rational tones
The streets immortalizing the mystic rhythms
The streets freely painted with Kurdish colours
I'm Choman Hardi, I'm Kajal Ahmad
I'm Leyla Qasim, I'm Shirin Amedi
I'm an eighteen year old Zilan Orkesh
I'm the deepest sigh of every single spinster
I'm the promised soil of the Kurdistan
On that side, it's disputed
This side is hijacked
And the other side is Turkish occupation

Where am I actually?
Around forty millions of my people are tagless
My people want nothing but the emancipation
Emancipation from all the divided nooks
They've gone so largely tired; they won't give up
Yet they won't step back
They're tied to the freedom spell
We are the comrades heading on to Freedom
My mates and I have fought on many fronts
We've almost defied ISIS
We will kill out the Kurdophobia
Why doesn't the Muslim world feel me?
Why don't the freedomsters pay heed to me?
My conscience stimulates me
I'll find me. I will reach me. I'll receive me.
I'll revive. I'll redo it. I'll be achieve my identity
Right now, I'm like a cloth-less woman
Men from the surroundings don't let me dress
I'm planting dress for me; I'm struggling
Everytime their bullets try hard to undo me
My existence has been in an endless journey
A number of avenues I've crossed so far
Still a lot of there are to head on
The taste has painfully been different
Womanly skins have been rocks
Check ins and spying points
It's all so ridiculous. Cries. Silences. Deaths.
It's like an unending autumn here upon me
I'm dying to color it; I'm advancing to dawn it
Dyingly running in the name of spring
Ah, it makes me await so long
It makes us all await.
Brother and sisters. Sons and daughters.
Fathers and mothers. Teachers and students.
Born and unborn. We all are committed to us
We, the Kurdish souls, will confront them
Our spirits 'll break down their guns and tanks
We all are inscribed to the free breeze
We are the letters written in search of us
We are the beloved's beauty
A new era, and a new marvel
Victims and wishful liberators

We are the stonier poems
Embodying passion, we're the liberty's lyrics
We haven't loss our land; we do celebrate it
Flowery songs engulf us
It's been years, still it's at beginning road
Years and still more years will be dedicated
The youthful stars will be sacrificed
Any extremity is acceptable
In the name of our homeland, yeah, anything!
If not freedom, then no life at all!
A straight divorce to life, if there's no identity!

Aadil Hingorjo

In Spring Resonates An Autumnal Melancholy!

Distance is such a silent mourner
You learn too many things
You wander in various streets
The distance from the beloved drives you
It teaches you patience
It teaches you to love passionately
Internal cries make you stronger
You don't remain much stranger to you
You come to feel yourself
In every moment you get closer to yourself
You read the pages that you dint read ever
You don't write much
Inside, you hold a melodious grief
But you don't let the candle lose the light
You try to recatch the taste of togetherness
And you're lost in the flavor of her breasts
You keep sparkling your spirit
You sing the subtle songs
And you behold the beauty purely enigmatic
Enchanted with multiple sighs,
Endorsed by deep beliefs
Surrounded by strange winds
Your eyes stare at scorching sun
But your existence shines dubiously
You're marked as an unwanted read
You seem like a banned book
The avid reader disowns you
You don't remain public
Nor art thou open to friendly hugs
With every sunset, you grow melancholic
the hour of intensity chases you in mornings
There's no security
There's no insecurity either
You are but barely naked
Naked who is no more afraid
Who doesn't know about the nakedness
You miss the thread of kisses
You write about the warmth of hugs
You recall the twinkling eyes of beloved

And the lips landing upon her eyes
There's a resonance of her voice in your ears
Your soul crazily runs after her
Bright screen of your phone brings her thought
You miss those akin hands
And the fastness of typing speed
You feel the touch of the beloved's fingers
You suddenly try to wipe it off
You give a try to fake things
You learn to keep yourself engaged
But you fail in every stunt
You try to undo her hangover
But your attempts go in vain
And you in the temple of heart worship her
Like a defeated player, you're drunk by silence
Her fragrant breathes run into your vessels
You belong solely to her heart
You miss her, you cannot resist her, she's in you
You burn inside her and her flames raise in you
Both of you are grounded for each other
The intimate you... the undying you...
You perhaps want an ideal space
You struggle for the right time
You forget the present moment
You uncaringly leave the way in the midst
Midstream strikes you to the pieces
You don't know much
You don't understand the art of now
You sacrifice this tide of love
You befall blindly
You ironically sketch the uncertain tomorrow
The simplest truth doesn't string your heart
That the time you live in is the most right one
You unkindly choose the wicked hour
Heaviness in time tries you differently
It takes your heart out
You produce the poetry of love
You love each other at the best of all times
You gather courage
You learn to fight against the wisdom
You endure consistently
Your lips talk to the heart-doors

Staying steadfast is the demand of time
You perhaps suppress your inner birds
You derail the tracks of time
Perhaps you wait for a permanent embrace
Perhaps you don't want any return
But the romance dances through every window
You hide yourself, you end up like strangers
The tears trundling thru your cheeks writes you
Zooming in and zooming out
You just let go some of the beautiful shots
You paint the cruelty of time
Yearning for spring remains a top desire
You nonetheless picture the eternity of autumn!

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Age Of Corona's Cage

Coughing at your doorsteps
Summer's opening sounds terrible
No expectation from any season now
On my own, on my own spell
Untimely kisses of the time
And passionate pieces in pause
I learn to unlearn this age
This age plants the trees
that are peaceless
that emanate no shadow
But are full of fire
fire that undoes every word
Even the drunken souls too are afraid
Afraid of this very time
this very hour
this age of dreadful diseases
this age of technological transformation
this age empty of human bond
this age of useless youth
this age of lovely losses
this age wounding you and me
this age agonizing all of us
this age of uncertain stories
this age of acute thirst
I submit myself before the desired hour
Sinking into the merciless mist
I kneel there to sacrifice myself
I want not to be murdered
I must be hugged by mercy
Mercy, let us meet in midway
Is it your face, right?
See, the time too smiles to our aches.

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Arms Of A Book

This book breathed to me a month ago
In an evening of Hyderabad, I got his glimpse
Then the temptation turned into a bond
This book hasn't ended yet
The August is on her slopes
And the book isn't tired of me at all
Its a kind of romantic hangover
I hug him beyond the fixation of time
Yes, I did begin with him formally in night
The next day, I kissed his pages in morning
The noon too candidly happened with him
The same day's evening immersed into his bay
Then I don't know what suddenly happened
I didn't touch him for days
Perhaps I wanted a slim digestion
Perhaps I wanted an unconditional space
Perhaps I thought it's got over
Or I did it to divert my thought
He initially told me the things quietly
By and by as the suns drowned down,
His influence upon me too slowed down
He didn't ask for healthy attention
Nor did I compel myself to smile to him
Just an hour ago he himself opened to me
I couldn't resist this time
This strange initiation enticed me crazily
The surroundings didn't sound anymore
Peacetime began again
I went upstairs
And became excited enough to taste him
He waited for me; I waited for him
Both of us careless, and carefree
Incoherently we clinged to each other
Like the lovers and their beloveds do
When the distance is done, they're restless
Landing lips upon each other, they feel life
The same happened to me just a while ago
"What to Write" made me write once again
His stars revive in me the lyrical lights

I'm filled with free anthems once again
There's a smile on my face
And the cheeks are gracefully spreading
Maybe the book and I are flirting head to heart
Too much, and too harmonious is this hour
The missing I has been doubled
Both sheds and shadows are joining
Seated into the chair, my skin flies high
Right now the half-closed pages gesture to me
Intimacy eyes to my sight
It's unlayering an unstoppable flow
Everything of this evening becomes beautiful
This book announces more rain
I've to go now for I've to bathe in this rain...

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Comradeship Of A Book

It is not that available; it's over-available
Dragging into depths, it is unbelievable
Shelves followed by shelves
Stars and the events, all queue in decency
Chapters chirp in our hearts
And the charts chase our shades
Some of it is unacceptable
Part of it is pretty crazy
The book is wonderfully woven
Smoke its bits to your soul
It refers to the ancient brushes
It honestly flirts with yesternight's yawns
Trying with today is its old habit
Distance to it is distance to us
Like men, it's not that fussy
Air akin to life equips it
It's gorgeously pleasurable
Images of the mind mumble here
Delve into it, I bet, it's slow and appealing
It is touchy to its true lanes
It is pathetically peaceful
The book that challenges our stupidity
The book that invites openness
Follow the directions; drive accordingly
Thrilling! Threatening are its streams
It interestingly annoys at times
Aggressive enough to strike us down
The obnoxious it; the stubborn it
Nothing, amigos, surpasses a book!

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Fire Of Love

Strange!

It's literally strange when you open yourself
You do not open yourself fully
This leads me to hide a part of my life
A part of my life that later on haunts our lives
You unveil your hidden pieces
You come true to me entirely;
I'm tempted to you;
I hide myself smartly
Actually I do it patiently
And passionately
I sideline the pieces
Pieces artificially associated with me
I do not tell those events deliberately
I'm afraid that might hurt your heart
Yes, I do it by killing myself everyday
Yet I remain true to your trace
Afraid of losing you
Because I love you
You cough me down slowly
I cough you back speedily
Both of us forget to uncough each other
Both of us cry in the nights like this one
Both of us burn in the fire of love!

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Lap Of Life

Beloved, you see that bliss is faraway from us
This Covid-19 has distanced us from the seashore
Your and my feet have long been waiting
The silence of the sea; the aggression of the sea
Every single emotion is dominating you and me
We miss that water, and the wetness kissing us
We miss those embraces under the unbanned sky
In utmost liberty, in each other's lyricism
See-dust, city's dust, and our drops
Each bit of our Karachi-CS is darling to us
And we miss it all. We do dearly remember it all.
Comforting walks, and timely returns
Distracting rays of the sun, and the eventide
Its immortal stanzas enveloping you and me
Grabbing each other back and forth,
Down and drowned, submerged with entire subtlety
Detaching the doze of distance, and firm holds
Sweated us and the fresh us; in fists in palms
Those landing lips on earlobes,
and sensational smiles...
Our eyes once again search for our life
Life that has been wounded by virus
But see the hearts' hopes are far more futuristic
The yearn in human spirit is longer than all lanes
Life's lap will soon be broadened to us
Her holy hands will again engulf us all
For she has a yet to live long long
Her loveliness will not perish so soon!

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Lifelike Spell

I don't know what makes me feel alive
It's your remembrance or having you with me
Or the aching nerves and the injured fingers
Or the stories of each passing day
Or the night's virgin weather
Or the heart of everything that breathes
I don't know what it really is
And how it goes on and on
It's sometimes the calligraphy that catches me
Movement of lips on yours at other times
Or is it your touch that makes me feel alive
I don't know literally
I'm sincerely not into this world sometimes
I'm sorry if it seems strange to you
Or it hurts your sentimental line
Or it sounds odd to your mind
I just uncover before you the blazing inside
If I fake it, my soul will be off
And soul's closure means the closure of nature
And natural winds' stoppage suffocates us all
If it's like the blueness of the Sindh's sea
Or the infinity of her ever-spread Thar
I think of every side
I see the volumes of every sight
Perhaps that's where I'm mis-taken
Perhaps there I'm regarded as the meanest
But you, my beloved, know that I admire sunsets
I'm praiser of the shivering sun
I'm just adored to see passion taking place
I love when sun kisses the mid of the ocean
Where it vanishes down, and how it does all
I don't measure its every move
I just simply feel its embrace in the sea
If it does really make me feel alive?
I don't know as usual
I'm in a transformation
I'm in progress
Skies in me fall apart daily
And dozens of the new ones are born again

Tracing inside the colors of life I live on
Do I live on in truest means?
Scattered on pages, and shattered on sheets
Along with many, I still feel godly
Am I a normal man?
Life smiles at my absurd notions
Emotions sometimes don't knock me down
That doesn't make any sense to me
Is it the half-revealed truth or what?
Each artificial skin scares me
Their lies dump me down
I hate being with them
I can't avoid them
That's the time's terrible test
May be this makes me alive
When I'm drowned in my own pieces
And I'm visible in every piece of mine
Dissolved unexpectedly I do held myself
I'm unknown to me
I haven't yet met the whole me
In my own search, I've disturbed many
I intend not to hurt anyone anymore
Anyone, and then everyone pardon me
Forgive this unset me for every off scene
For I don't hug my all senses at times
But you see this fragmentation frames me out
It's not miraculous; it has worldly vibes
It tracks me down uncompromisingly
It just happens, and happens all the way
Is it that makes me feel all alive?
I don't know what it even captures all along
It just ridicules
It just redresses the bloody borders
And its in itself unordered!
Undeciphered, un-Indusian, I stand
The brutal spell invites anxiousness
In anxious part, I'm more into intoxication
No heartbeat meets my manifesto
Whether I'm alive or mere walking dead
This shudders me to the depth
And I'm convinced at no crossroad
I'm still made wander there

This is what displays my scheme
This is how lifeless burden we all bear
I don't know how it does it all in such a way
But this is the way out that tries us the most!

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Nights Like This One

With moonlit eyes, she arrests my existence
Like an staunch believer, I follow her line
By and by she begins breathing high
Unlayering our styles, we slide into each other
Within no time, there remains no duality
With free tresses, she recites her poems
She pierces into the cores of my streets
Speaking nothing yet endlessly unstoppable
Blunt but binding in each each of her move
She's so beautifully written storyline
Beckons me straight with her beaches
And slowly pulls with me her flowy rhymes
She's a little sip; she's the entire intoxication
Her intensity works solely with me
In the sleeping nights, she's attuned to my art
I feel her fire; I feel her flames surrounding me
And the imagery where she and I play together
Milky she, with musical melodies, captures me
Anxious and unsettled I owe my very self to her
Midnight's mystery, and the hearty history
In the nights like this one, she's my comrade!

Aadil Hingorjo

In The Summer Of South Karachi

Love in the Summer Vacation, dancing shores, music in the air
when it is destined to happen, it unstoppably happens!

It's not the sea that excites me

It's you, my darling, that ignites me

Strongly crazy I've grown for natural sights

I see your spirit staring deep into my soul

I can't peacefully cross these roads of Clifton

This sector, Teen Talwaar and streets silence

Your absence is killing me to the cores

There is a chaos in me, a night in reality and the night within

In this busy, bruised night, I'm missing you

I can't walk these paths alone

I really love you!

Aadil Hingorjo

Inexpressible Ecstasy

Asylum is an inexpressible ecstasy
It dates back to bravery
Secretly numbs you down
It happens at unknown places
Where the modern trace does not reach
Where the moonlight engages appetite
Seashore lately rouses there
The view sometimes appears profound to heart
Where the silence of cuckoos get canvassed
And the Indus of life smiles all the way.

Aadil Hingorjo

Inner Edges

Speak to me your inner edges
Pick it out what has been hidden
Bless me with your bosom
O beloved, come here
Do not sit down
Do not be ordered
Do what your heart commands
Listen to your depths,
And live your lot fully, O love!

Aadil Hingorjo

Inside Me Are The Peaceful Poems!

Inside me are no weapons
Inside me are no agendas
Inside me are the peaceful poems
Inside me is but a sensitive heart
Provide my people the air of peace
Provide them their right
Provide them their songs back
They will certainly revere you, my lord
You promise us to secure us
Do stand by thy words
Don't derail your constitution
Do return to them their lands
Don't please fire them with bullets
They are me
And I am them
We are to you
And you rate us
We are humans
And humans.. You know well
Let's now dialogue for the do's and don'ts
You will not cross your limits, right?
My humble utterances will not unmask you
Let's agree to what's Islamically agreeable
My alphabets then won't wound you, my Guardian!

Aadil Hingorjo

Instances Edify The Spirits

I'm not surprised to hear it from any unknown
Where knowns are extremely noonful,
So why to ask for evening from unknowns
Those who don't remember your name
And those who are studious to your road
They're all the same at one stage of life.
You learn enough to adjust there,
And you're pretty promised to move on.
Sick, and not being hospitalized is not serious
But brimmed yet not being attended is worse
I hope I'm neither a serious nor a brimmed one
A little on mind-off round
A little puzzled, but pictured well.
Fictional fragrance and sectoral sections
Quite a still dilemma, and a smiling dream
Instances around the age edify my spirits.

Aadil Hingorjo

Insufficient I, And Infinite You

Bewitched by bloody books, I fall
Incoherently I lose my partial self
Falling into the anguish aches
Hurriedly I'm off to decomposition
Threats rise from my heart
What I've literally done so far
I've ruined it all the way
It's not the progress; it's stubbornness
It's I who's been crossing the line
You rest there, O beloved;
You compress yourself;
You humbly surrender;
You calm out all the clouds;
You don't yell out, but I do!
I keep doing it continually
Perhaps homelessness has sensitized me
Indifferent I... intellectual I... Insufficient I...
My eyes chaotically tear out
Longing and lonesomeness are visible
I scratch out my veins
And I seriously submit myself all along
On your floor, I lie with all my entire existence
I am sorry; I'm internally empty
You sip all the inks and you keep quiet
You remain precise
Perhaps you free me
You let me be on my dialectical being
On historical hopes, you set me free
Perhaps you want me to go further
To reach those reminiscences
Wilderness walks all across me
I'm stuffed with extreme cases
Only thy rain sounds there... softly and silently
Passion. Peace. Silence.
I collapse there
Your wings gather me word to word
Like a generous library, you arrange my books
You reset my order
You're the smile of my life, Mithi!

You're the soul to my history!
Without you, I'm a desperate summer
A frozen winter
And shrugged off holiday
Windows to your memory keep me intact
I love you; I love you awfully; I love you entirely
You owe me every time.
Eagerly and intensely sliding to you
Falling and rising into you
Continuum art thee, Beloved
Regretful I'm for undue flames
Let me kindle out more lovingly
See, in your locality, in your realm, I'm standing
All of myself is deepening in you
Becoming a united candle with true light
Like the edges of intensity
And the age of art, we mirror each other
We mirror the marvel of life!

Aadil Hingorjo

Intimate Intensity

How intensely beautiful is that happening
when the two brains come halfway,
and then slowly open themselves,
to augment the intimate romance between.
They grow under each other's light.
They rise to the height of expressions,
and they are submitted to the expressionless honesty.
That's where any obscurity, any oddity comes to be cracked down.
And that's precisely the point where the reality resides,
where all the storms reach the ultimate solace.

Aadil Hingorjo

Into Her Realm

Her realm is so precisely ecstatic;
An unbound ocean
A mystical moon
Soothingly serene wind
Uncorrupted hour
Endless stars
Kindest sky
The humblest soil
Her peacefully poetry
My comradely arguments
And the timeless era!

Aadil Hingorjo

Into The Existential Street!

Streets too tempt sometimes
Sometimes we are all astray
Unfelt smells strangely accompany us
And the Jasmines do not join us
We run across the rough roads
Promises of the life rustle there
Pages of the past go on poking
Nothingness and foreverness both stand apart
Someway distant, we stand asymmetrical
Cemeteries of the sand sing along
Furnishing the future, we fake out the day
A number of footages
And a few photographs
Existential streets attack our inmost selves
Material appears as an utter mist
Dull and void are all voices
Feelings go crossed
Colorless evenings and haunting nights
Sometimes, there's left no time ahead!

Aadil Hingorjo

Into The Numbness Of Night!

Nasty night, you capture us all someway
Behind, before, beside, and next to us are you
We travel to you; pass by you; enter into you
With much modesty, we visit your arenas
Why don't you kindly finish, O long, night?
Round, rotten, and radical are your streets
Islands of solitude are here
And deserts of disparity are there
Everywhere in you is utmost emptiness?
Why don't you allow birds to sing to light?
Why do you so instantly dim down?
Why don't you accompany moon faithfully?
O night, your rule is disciplined
Your root is out of noise
Noiseless night, why are you after all upto?
And where are your headways?
Behind, before, and next to us are but your wings
Much we wander into you, still you don't die
How long will you live alive, O noiseless night?

Aadil Hingorjo

Into The Walkway Of Our Love

From calm heart to full-scale breathes
We've always inhaled each other immensely
Your lips fill up my soul; you're that enigma
This season of hugs cracks our minds
And leaves memorable prints on my heart
Your hair, so free of all obscurities
Your flying hair manifests our love-tale
There's no permanent silence
There's no chaos either
Karachi winds are precisely captivating
Gently cuddling your arms,
This air guides me to your romance
With lights and without lights, we embrace
We liberally embrace the stories of the city
Skyscrapers, these iconic towers
And the modern dust of the Indus's capital
We so classically taste the essence of life
The birth of the February mystifies your eyes
Your lively eyes dominate our conversations
You sing symphonies when in silence
Your city's whispers too are winery
That's why I along with you wander around
This DMC East & the linkage of South Karachi
This administrative divides don't differ much
All divergences head on to our pathways
Our world is based on love-maps
Where no stations restrict the dance of life
Malir's musicality and the layers of the sea
We tenderly write the redness of metro-pole
Burying aside the frozen traditions,
We shrug off the hard threads of society
We sometimes do not even conform to us
Such rebel is our love, such pure is this poetry
Little fights, justified clashes and due breaks
We are perfectly humans in our genes
We don't claim to be outsiders
Outsiders, the angels, eh.. they're boring myths
Hiding into bosoms of each other
We hide our shortcomings; we reveal ourselves

Thousands of times we're shattered
Hundreds of times we have died
But our story-line breathes on real rhymes
And the passionate way of love unites us
Every time we unboundly return to us
Thus we mark the peaceful picture of life!

Aadil Hingorjo

Invade The Hour

You will host the hall
Invitations would be sent
Folks...
No folks...
Only I would come there
How would you receive me, love?
With opening chest,
or historical hands,
or with immortal eyes
Floor will freshen it
Indeed, you would invade the hour
Your hour would be yours
I will be yours,
Yours forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Investigating The Unnecessary Me!

End of the theme is I am in struggle
Attacking it and being attacked in return
I am either simply in or damned out
The world is nakedly out there
I am wasting out my time
There is a war inside me
I can read its destruction
Hemingway is sitting next to me
Winter is occupying me
Solution sucks it out
It is an extremely new view to me
There is the death staring at me
These hours are literally unkind to me
And I don't really like my way
It is an unbearable burden
I am deeply into me; I proudly own myself
It's always been an ideal time with me
I am convinced that I am a cute boy
Cute boy with confusing cracks
It is not alright, and not wrong either
Intellectually intimate yet selfishly uncaring
Isn't it an incredible state, mate?
Neither I nor you can whistle me
I am in my own cabin
Confined to my own tiny temperatures
Kind of distances are calling me
Every day is half; and every day is dusty
There is another shore out there
I must listen to my silence.

Aadil Hingorjo

Irresistible Art

You're not a body
You're not a thing
You're neither a portion,
Nor a place
Never a season,
Nor ever an spell
You're my melody, beloved.
You're an irresistible art, love.

Aadil Hingorjo

It Gracefully Goes On

Seductive side of sunrays
And the kindness of comforting clouds
Course of the desert is this much beautiful.
Tales of shadowy scenes,
And the continuum of unstoppable caravans
That just thrills out in the most honest ways
Life's sovereignty doesn't stop there ever,
It gracefully goes on....

Aadil Hingorjo

It Was A Friday, April 19,2019.

It was a Friday, April 19,2019

She went to a hospital in Korangi 5, Karachi

Toothache, the stern ill, she was suffering thru

Got hospitalized in a hope she would be cured

Asmat Junejo, the daughter of nation, was silent

Belonging to a poor family of Ibrahim Hyderi town, she wasn't high-handed

She was unaware of the manly beasts

She didn't know that doctors could be that much inhumane

They raped her, they repeatedly raped her in hospital

She was torn to pieces

A daughter of Pakistan was ruptured off

She was made feel that she was sensitive

She was made feel about her vulnerability

Her head was ripped off

Her organs were brutally bruised

A drunkard, a drug taker, and a doctor looted her hair

They smoked their infinite dirt in her pure soul

She was stormingly silent

Her innocent eyes were silent

The constitution of the country was silent

The holy Friday was calmly silent

The Aayats that penetrated hearts were silent

The most advanced city of the country was silent

Her body went numbed

But the bastards dint leave her

She couldn't hold her senses

But the heartless men were stubbornly shooting in

The tiny, disrespected products of lust trashed her

For a temporary joy of minutes they tortured her

Flow of her tears couldn't melt them down

Requests and hand-folding couldn't stop them

They didn't spare her breasts

The breasts that once fed them were being tried out

Scratching her life, they dried her

The messihis sucked her blood

Taking disgusting breathes they dumped out the natural law

Did natural law really exist?

Asmat's nerves went empty

She had none to listen her cries

Her screams couldn't find a helping hand
She was no longer than a creepy creature
Bursting into endless parts
Completely lost soul
She like millions of womankind paid a price
Price was paid for the crime that she didn't commit
She resisted. A woman resisted
But the man upon her was of her father's age
She couldn't separate her away from her
He was a heavy scum
Who didn't feel the human heart
Her mouth got handed over
Her sighs got suffocated
She could just ask her God for help
She prayed for a miracle
But the poor girl didn't know miracles do not happen
Miracles are again mainly frauds
Deep inside her emotions went dark
She experienced the darkest moments of her life
The doctors who promised to serve humanity crushing her soul
Bloody and the scoundrel rascals raped her
Ah, a daughter, a sister, a mother went broken down
There before her were men in medical shirts
Her blood was cryingly appealing to them
But they crossed her skin
Crossed her arteries
Crossed her arms
Crossed her legs
Crossed her entire existence
She weakly lied on a bed
They poisoned her in the end
They murdered her after rapping a soul & body
Thus, the mankind deafened womankind
Then they smiled. Rapists smiled like victors
As if they'd have won a battle from India
As if they'd have defeated Israel
As if they'd have gone successful in their mission
As if they'd have gotten heaven
As if they'd have fulfilled the words of God!

Aadil Hingorjo

It Was A Soulful Evening!

It was an evening entirely different from all
It was pregnant with upcoming ages
It was a sober, social sitting
The light-bearer and her comrades were committed
It countered the autumnal aches
It, sort of, sowed the anthems for spring
It was perfectly a classical gathering
None of us wanted any jiffy for a break
It sounded like an ancient class
Ma'am, you empowered us boundlessly
Ma'am Amna Saeed, you were like a Sun
And we, as they say, were like sunflowers
Undisputedly attuned to your art
You talked to us liberally
You walked through us intellectually
You scrutinized our eyes dialectically
There was an atmosphere of dialogue
Frere, I was missing him
It was a kind of ravishing rainstorm
It was a kind of slow drizzle
We were enveloped in the ocean of knowledge
The way you backed up everything minutely
Rarely I've been through any such academic class
For a moment, it seemed as if we were miles away from an outlined world
Seemed as if we were under the naked sky
And were being acquainted to studious intricacies
You were teaching us how to unlock the long-shut doors
As if you were indoctrinating the revolution
As if you were a writer calmly writing for humanity
Your subject was an existential era
Your order had that brightness
Your insight was richly engrossing
You surrounded us through head and heart
You were filling life to our numbed nerves
It was the evening that gave us a sense of direction
Your utterances were like raindrops
Over the parched land of Thar
There were waves and there were tides
It was the evening that grounded a way

A way that paves a journey to honesty
There were cries and there were queries
There was a thread devoted to social and political correctness
It was a room for refinement
It was the rarest whisper
It was an in-depth ideology
It was an adventurous discovery
It was an appealing spell!
It was a real bliss!
It truly was a soulful evening!

Aadil Hingorjo

It's Unfair

Meanwhile, the sun has drowned down
And the darkness is mystifying all monuments
And the wind has uncovered the mortified faces
I'm eagerly excited to read your lyrics
It's been a long time since you sang to me your ashes
You've been a memory yet you go on tempting
What of today's episode? Sadly you know not
Restlessness and emptiness hover;
Your sweet smiles stir the school of heart
Dostoevsky doesn't satisfy, I yearn to read you
Pass by this dangerous zone slowly;
For your breathes make me compose cosmos
In each word, there's a sigh, and a cry
And deep into the edges of ink drops, I die
The solace and serenity I've found in your gaze
But the pauses sometimes tarnish my soul!
In the small jerks of distance, I forget my being
Thy existence envelopes me... Thou mark my life

Aadil Hingorjo

It's You There

Every morning is gray, and cold
The voice coming from you is the only warmth
The only warmth that makes me.
From a tiny figment to full fragrance
It's you there, O my love.
Yes, your lovely, beautiful eyes bless me
Your crazy creation covers me to your cores
You're a true touch; you're a wonderful weather
Seeing you is seeing the smiling soul
Listening to you is listening to the lyricality of life
You, my beloved writer, sum up the saga of my cosmos.

Aadil Hingorjo

Just An Attempt

let's find the times of truth
Just an attempt to find it
The truth is in terror;
the terror is in truth.
That's how the truth is.
That's how the truth is not.

Aadil Hingorjo

Kefyat (In Sindhi)

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Aadil Hingorjo

Kids At Heart

We all are kids at heart
Covered in fake masses of so called rationalism.
Emotionalism at heart historicizes the tale!
Whom to blame and to whom label suspicious, darling?
You know once I told you
About the two universal kinds of languages;
Emotive and the symbolic one...that they propose
Meanwhile, here both are carefully being used...
So, this frightened and foolish being is gonna lose him ...
Literally not in a state to understand what actually is going on!
So choosy we become even to utter a single word, Sweetheart!

Aadil Hingorjo

Knock, Knock...

Does it uplift you?
Shackled, right?
Homed, or unhomed, mate?
Screaming in peace...
Or sighing in silence?
World is worried.
Human hands are unhandeD!
Aren't they?
Do you still own it?
Do you still hug your lover?
Do you let her suck you?
Does your head enclose her hands?
Blood is being cold.
International economics is off!
Liberating your life?
Or enchained to it?
Deeply dear to the death's kiss?
Or away from incredible identity?
Knock, Knock!
Exist, live, and write it all
Stand up, man
Don't be afraid, brother
Die out dancingly!

Aadil Hingorjo

Lamenting Land!

Master, the land's been so terribly hijacked
If this is the same land that led us all millenniums ago?
Who's divorced her now? Is she a listless lady?
Has she lost all her descendants?
A series of cries rises on daily basis
It's, my lord, a haunting hour!
The widow's so depressingly sad tonight!
She can't really recall what befell upon her
Her lamentations are loaded aloud
She rests upon her wounded body
Will she get relieved or will it go on happening?
Events, intricacies, atrocities, celebrations
This land so historically embodies the stories
From dim and dusty days to the industry
From village walls to city's sobriety
Vedas versified the ancient odes
The Qur'an came here to strengthen the folks
It was Latif's land; it was Sami's song
Come Syed and see the existing sky
Just like you, everything is silent here
The ditched dawn... the neglected night
Here pervades the unwise version of reality...

Aadil Hingorjo

Lamenting Light

Postponing it for a while
Shouldn't it be endorsed?
To sit back is essential...
Secret smiles,
Suppressed signs,
On the fingers of history
Hiding for humanity's sake
In the quarantine
Let's unleash it
Lynching our lusts
Slowly and rapidly it rises,
lamenting light enfolds us!

Aadil Hingorjo

Lantern In Her Heart

Lantern in her heart,
And a headway in her being
Soulfully she smiles to him
She comes along with her art
Shaping him with her shades
Longing to lose herself all there
She writes her part
She writes her whole
His story is immense
She sings his ashes
On her holy shores, he returns
Till the late night,
they stay there
In darkness they open their light
Her hugeness helps him
Helps him in painting her poetry
Breathes of beloved,
Lanes of lover,
Life wakes there in front
Yearn and yearn more
Burn and burn more deeply
Whispers reveal them...
They long to master this music
Music that masters their hearts
Music that monumentalizes them forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Leaflets Of Life

Staying on your front
and smiling to the same lines
Hey love, this lantern of life is so lively
Intimacy in instances
and the years of firmness
Patience in passionate touches
And the curves of our cores
And the storm of our existence
It rains upon our hearts
Romance just resides in every ounce
Promises on every page,
and the breathing beats
Ah, the leaflets of life are so full of us.

Aadil Hingorjo

Let Art Speak Up

Let's now read what's been left unread,
Let's not be hostile to what's natural,
Let's write if we cannot resist in any other way;
Let's admit our historical shitholes against her;
Let's be kind to art where our real history lies,
Where the inexpressible mysteries lie;
And where her endless scare protest aloud!

Aadil Hingorjo

Let Bygones Be Bygones!

Monsoon and the musical eventides, Enthralling was that hour!
Running drops had an unsaid purity, puberty got vanished
Sweat falling from your body was making a way
I still remember your kiss; your lips lowered upon mine
And then a gentle, passionate and a bit abrupt movement
My lips marched upon yours! In moment breathed the love-filled century
You know your eyes had a fear and face a suspicion of uncertainties
But see who decided to re-consider then? ?
The starless night has returned back, Moon's marveling the earth
My lips this time have but a humble plea to you for your romantic return!
Your soul is entwined in me, but the physical being so distant
Arms of my sad emotions are waiting, Embrace waits anxiously
Because in the hours of intellectual boredom, you re-energized me
Oftentimes you pulled me to your skin, bellies sucked navels
Cuckoos cried with your cries, Songs arose from your wintry whispers
Your voice was music to me and I could even leave known philosophers besides
Admittedly all your passions, thoughts, feelings and emotions were true
True all the way, but my working head suddenly jumped in between
Our love afterwards ran thru the political passages, contemporary politics
corrupted passions
I'm grown now, able enough to understand you when the time demands trace
The blurred image of you is gonna have a great, grey turn
All I've understood is to shut down the door, the gone span hauntingly humiliates
me
No way now left to re-think, over feel, and over love!
Bygones; I want you to be just bygones and nothing else...

Aadil Hingorjo

Let Your Wounds Vocalize You

Collect the pieces that are solely thine
For example, your broken breathes
Your youthful poetry, your fumbling faith
Your excitement and your agonies
Don't leave anything unpacked
Gather it with extreme care
Folk, this is what the life's made up of.

Curse or charisma whatever it may be
It's your eyeline; tis your light, and your story
Don't let it's any part go in vain
Your wounds verily vindicate you
Let them liberate you; let them be wineful
Let them drink you; let them rummage you well
They aren't void; they aren't unwitty
Lose thyself; locate your instinct deeper
Listen, beloved, to the language asleep in you.

Aadil Hingorjo

Let's Flow Like A Poem

It burnt us all everyday
You see it staggered every spot
It scratched our very nerves
And the Universe too got bruised
Let's do it the other way now
Let's burn it out what keeps on burning us
Let's say no to the stagnant prose
It's time to feel the rhythmic wave
Let's, my beloved, flow like a poem!

Aadil Hingorjo

Let's Not Be Blank

My village is beautiful.
Love, you will love it literally
There are rivers and sandy dunes across there
Southern core of my village situates green fields
Agriculture area adds beauty
Eastern side is accompanied by another village
And some sandy ups and downs
North is covered by another sandy series
And when we just cross it, and walk a km ahead
There is beautiful, lush, green lake
The lack where we used to swim in our childhood
Where we used to sing in water,
Boys of my village and I would visit there
Our parents would forbid us
Not to go there
We might drown there
But we were kids, and we were so free
I miss that time,
Lord, I really miss that romance
when the dreams were pure,
and the desires were highly grand
We would interrupt the beat of time
As if the time was ours
All over to us...
It was a beautiful beginning
It was a heartfelt history
And you know what
history is what wears you;
It makes you and takes you higher
I cannot explain it
I am not good at writing
I just let myself flow
Either to all the while
And everywhere
Or not all
And to nowhere
I am very into all the details
Details that entail emotions,
that carry poetry

And the depths
Poetry of the present,
and the paintings from past,
I just forgot the western location
In my village's west side is spread another village
Peopled, populated, and not that bad
What goes into the inmost of you
What touches you the most,
It's your own voice
Your wish
And your yearn to reach you
and be damned to the own dance
while not ignoring the upcoming waves
Hey, let us grow here with all the grace
Let us not be blank,
Untoned, robotic, styled,
Breathe,
Relax, and by comrades!

Aadil Hingorjo

Let's Not Decay

There's something missing in you, beloved
There's something missing in me too
There's a bloody, breaking silence
Look inside, see, it's entirely awake there
It loftily shudders both of us; it's classical sign
Somehow hiding behind childhood chapters,
Making out boring mature packages at times
Well, leave aside the barking consciousness
Let's don't be strangely stupid
Let's set our hearts free to solemnity
Let's not shut off this vivid verbosity
This being is reverse, and reverse the resistance
Resistance ripens redness, redness sets light
Light begets love, and love invites renaissance
Renaissance is reality, and reality the romance
And romance, my love, is the lively reality
Come let's hold out this being forthrightly
Let's be delighted from this brutal eternity!

Aadil Hingorjo

Life In Your Drops

Living in your sea
Life in your drops
The mystery and the feel
Enveloped in your stars
And emanating through you
Cool and the comforting light
Accompanying you,
And pondering solely in you
World of yours, and my waves
See, our shores meet this way
and kiss the sand of our souls.

Aadil Hingorjo

Life Is Your Lyrical Continuum...

That life-making hug and a passionately printed kiss
Discovering you was witnessing double beauty
Spoken puffs and framed words
Fragrance of your poetry still flies there
And the whispers of your silky lips
Yeah, let's do it again; lay there peacefully
Let this bond prevail until fades last star
Stay in a hug until the ocean ceases to be
With every beat of my heart, I love you!
In each breathe, I listen to your hellos
I listen to your today, tomorrow and forever tunes
My soul until it exists will long to love you
Breathtakingly serene is thy lyre
Lively waves seem to be your continuum...
This life I see as your lyrical continuum!

Aadil Hingorjo

Life's An Agonizing Continuum Of Occurrences

The world we live in is a home full of mess
This world offers abundance of disturbance
It entangles us all in someway
We go driven by our desires
We go drunk in the midst
We are partly tied
We see the corrupt faces in every mirror
Mirrors too are corrupted
There take place movements
Rarely intellectual growth makes way
Mostly the pamphlets hit the audience
And the audience is the worst fever
They are to be fooled
They want extraordinary
Ordinary beings with extraordinary images
This world is mere a word
Defining the multiple facades of people
It's peopled unorderedly!
It's been sick!
It got birth in damn fucking twist
So a twisting child cries and is tied to cries
Each other and one another are just slogans
Relations do not revere the blood
Blood groups are extremely awful
Lonesome reality wanders all around
Teachers aren't true to their counterparts
Students run after deceiving one another
It's been a strange chess
A chess that's gone for hours
Both sides are masterly dicing
Integrity is the question
Yesterday when she smiled I kissed her image
She came for a kiss
She, the kiss of my life, is a pure human being
But I'm afraid how the brains are molded
In the name of education
In the name of competition
Asshole are the winners
And the minded ones lose the seat

This life sometimes sounds nothing more
Than a gutter full of fashioned lies
It's nothing less than a fake sheet
There's progress
There's terror
There's a constant threat to the truth
Suicide bombers and attackers
Muslims, Christians, and Hindus equally die
They kill each other
They have lost the lesson of humanity
Humanity is just like Sindhu's womb nowadays
It's been dried
It's been diffused
It's been divorced
It's been diverted
It's been discussed a lot
But not practically hugged
Unspoken words and unfiltered news
Extremes in everything encounters
The child of today is brutally hijacked
She's subject to sensitivity
And the sensitive nerve blocks Renaissance
This is the test that repeatedly happens in life
Through time and beyond this word does it
It invites us to colors
It expels us with tears in eyes
Impossibility of being human gets growing
Each human heart is a thief in disguise
This tale, that tale
This story, that story
The story of this world is bloodied
Where the sufferers have gone mad always
The word always suits them
It appropriates their legacy
This is so bitterly straight picture of life
This is just a tune in time
Lined against law and literature, this world lives
Life here is another continuum of occurrences!

Aadil Hingorjo

Life's Loftiness

Sometimes
Yes, sometimes.
Going undone...
Doing nothing.
Splendidly off.
Entirely empty.
Yet interesting.
Alone.
With every asshole.
Boring.
Beautiful.
Wounded.
Versatile.
Artistic.
Way worthwhile.
Whispery.
Life's this much lofty.
It's wisely vigilant.
And tis a hell versatile, mate.

Aadil Hingorjo

Life's Stay

Don't do this.
Learn this, and learn that as well.
But don't go far away.
Don't stay here either....
Approach it,
But be slow.
Well, postpone it for a while
Never clearly reported,
tis mystical
Life...
Life, you're so intricately appealing!

Aadil Hingorjo

Listen To The Lands

Go halfway;
Hold yourself,
And stop there.
Wait for the tale;
Voice will reach you.
Talk of nothing;
Inhale the echoes,
listen to the lands,
Where the sundown smiles.

Aadil Hingorjo

Literally My Lord

Weird thing is wind is silent.
I don't know what the God's intentions are...
He is indeed an interesting one!
Just like nobody else.
Him, and only him.
I ask from him his mercy
He is my love,
my beloved,
and my Lord,
literally my lord!
He is what my art is all about
My affirmation,
My intensity,
My negation,
and my navigation!
Engineer, installer, and all lovely
Ah, He is both, a brilliant master and
an amazing comrade
I have Him, and He surrounds me
There and not there,
But He pleases me elaborately
Really so much and everyone for me!

Aadil Hingorjo

Live On!

Man, what is there in you?

Why do you run aimlessly here and there?

Why don't you just sit and sleep forever?

Saddest thing yet the most startling one is you exist...

Exist, you see...

So, face the traffic...

Live on!

Aadil Hingorjo

Lively Journey

Never-ending storm and a complete silence
Love may be the product raised out of the chest of boredom
But once when it's born, it is perfectly natural
Natural; beyond any territory and boundary
It embarks its journey on its own and finds elation in each nook
Affection is not that charitable action
It is not somehow delimited to bits,
Rather it's in the entirety.
The one who truly loves you shares everything overtly;
His intensity, whispers, embers, scares, laughters, hugs
And most of all his supremely soulful side
There flows the ocean, wherein depths are storms,
Tides, pearls and wrecked ships travel

Aadil Hingorjo

Losing Myself

And I eventually started losing myself
I went briefly silent and contemplated
You existed in everything surrounding me except myself.
I went to sea-side,
The Sea was as calm as the unfortunate land of Tharparkar!
Then I geared back to rush-hour, noisy city,
That once was a supremely Syrian city
But there again no image of you was found
Even on the holy banks of Sindhu,
Empty shores were crazily kissing the sandy grain
Malevolence and misfortune clouded at every bit
Amidst the state of deep despair I dimly returned back
To have a peaceful sigh longing for the true taste of life in my own realm,
Thar as always hugged me boldly
The land of Sand, The lakes, and Majesty! ! !
Witnessing thee was still my top desire
Unfortunately it, that time too, went entirely useless
Doubtlessly no prayer was there in my deed-account
So, in that vastest and endless desert of Achro Thar,
I noticed nothing but the colorlessness; no shadows were clear
There was an endless spell of solitude, rain of ancient music rained there
Hardly any livelihood breathed there
And the soulful caravans were also wandering aimlessly
Thus I knew that the presence of your monumental absence was all around!

Aadil Hingorjo

Love Anyone, But Not A Poet!

Don't make haste to fall for him
Don't be too quick
Stay a little away
Observe him
He's not an easy going man
Every word is a hell to him
Every word ironically hosts him
Coldly and hotly
He's a poet
Frozen to the depths
Fragile to foamy smiles
And burnt into the volcanoes
He's an unusual immensity
Don't write him
Don't read him
Love him never
He's not an easy going man
He's naturally flawed
And unboundly distinct
Emotions surge him
Intellect equips him
He denies god
He loves Him
He has Him
He doesn't have Him
He's a charming chunk
He's an appealing agnostic
Stirred by sounds
Evoked by images
He's a melodious melancholy
He's an inmost agony
A moment of peace
And an endless voyage
Don't fall for him
Do not love a poet
Do not involve in his instincts
He's to him what he's not to others
He's an ever-increasing enigma
He's a wordless wisdom

And a worded vivacity
A letter to lamentation
And a map to misty morns
Sophisticated yet contradictory
Rebel to his own roots
Many incidents are out there
Go there
Speak unto them
Breathe out to the free beach
Walk to wonders
Have a walk towards you
Give eye to your expressions
Lie not to your lips
Envelope the stories of your eyes
Don't be temporary
Be permanent
Permanence isn't outside
It's straight inside you
It's in poetic beats
Be his poetry
Be upon his lips like the lyrics
Sad, serious, and the sighing one
Don't love him in either way
Love yourself to your entirety
Accompany thy own comrade
Have a firm grip upon you
Be you to you
For life advances thru you
Undo him
Be a bit graceless
Do justice to you
Don't fall for him
Don't fall into him
He's cryingly sober at times
Aggressive enough to stab you
Leave him for his sake
Leave him to his leaves
You'll be loved the most
He will sing you out
He'll recite your remnants
He'll run after you
And will reach you on a strange meetway

Wait out for the awaited evening
Wait till the wait too dies down
Hold yourself a little stronger
Hold your heart out forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Love Juncture

Silky wind is inviting peace
You know our this pause can't last long
We are to reunite, Radiance of your eyes says
Back to the same somewhat half-shut doors
We're humans and our love is also humanly
Ego, earnestness, intensity, immaturity
Who cares when least bit is mutually shared
These all hugs, values, loftier shortcomings
And kisses, and hugs and tightened traps
We try to shut these off in moments
But you know what, it's indispensable now
The window that was to be opened is fully on
Widened is path, and murmurs bend the music
But there'll still be echoes of our songs
You see that silver lining behind clouds?
Yeah, so let it rain... let this land be pure
Every day is joyful, they say in love
In our deepest sighs, nightingales sing
Worst part falls when we come to counting
I denounce it... I denounce it..
Monsoon clouds are to reappear
Wipe it, lemme clean it...Your eyes; wet, weary
A piece of paper, a part of terrace, or a bell
Smell the fragrance of this shawl
How imperfectly perfect is this natural colour
Ah! Sweet sounds of flutes ring in hearts
Yet crisis and prices... Morons are modules
Together runs our life, it lifts limitless colors
Like that of a romantic rainbow after rain
A prosperous news for a downtown residents
Confuse it not with mere any parcel, Oh beloved!
It in itself is a gallery, a beautiful library
And so at every step, journey unravels craze
God's guests, God is host, worrying kills
Rises the falling evening, warmth smiles through night
In the temple of love, immerse wholly
Head buried in beloved's chest
And fingers lovingly entwined
Height of sacredness, Love lies in small acts

Mountains too slip away, Caravans never stop...

Aadil Hingorjo

Lovelets Last Forever!

"I'm safe, and comfortable, and peaceful
Don't slip an inch away from me
Your existence justifies me, and I'm perfect
I'm sometimes terribly sad
Just empty at the times
Pesky doubts occupy me
Boredom belabours my whole being
Crazily obstinate I turn oftentimes,
I've been strangely ununderstandable girl
Your kiss has refilled my soul
My spirits have been renewed
My everything's pretty okay
Come, ah, in my welcoming arms
Stay a little while here, a bit more please
Your skin smells salty, ammmm
You're solely and supremely mine, Aadi
For you and only you have stringed my musical side
For thee art the one who's honestly my reader
My eyes were puffy
Now that colours sparkle there
Thy love has bestowed me
My heart belongs to you
Come, and read it aloud
Nah, stay right there
Eyes half opened and lips entwined
Serenity dances thru tied bodies"
!!! - - - Hug enlarges life, kisses reach the cores
The lover says yes to her every thought
He comes, kisses, clings to captivate entirely
Time favours them
Tales terrify them
Truths terminate them
Society subjugates them
Yet they love each other
Yet they meet publicly
Yet they share the same table
Yet they cry the same dews
Yet they wear the honest expressions
Yet they promise heartfelt verdicts

The boy loves in every way
Girl gratifies him
They learn a new grammar in the process
Love becomes their medium
Through unselfish reading they flourish they recover
Writings restore their sensitive nerves
Somewhere something hidden strikes amidst
The powerful walls come to weakening
Lovely hearts enter the darker holes
Hyacinths cry their painful tears
Then starts the odyssey of separation
Couple that used to be hiding place once
Of each other and safe shoulders for hugs
It afterwards comes to be kinked by and by
He writes sighs
She sings sobs
He absorbs her to the soul
She shuffles her brain edges
The love counts the fingertips
Passion goes prowling
Afraid of loving anyone else now
Their lips tremble
Unbearable loss hits 'em
What remains at the end is love
The hour that recollects the ocean of memories
And the moment comes to last forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Love's An Ongoing Enigma

Something's dancing, it's just crazy
Love isn't a word alone
It's the history of inception
Inbuilt in our existential reality
It's full of flashbacks
A time so peaceful
With gentle haves
With drunk selves
With smokey addiction
With possessing hugs
Pleasantly penetrated into the depths
A cautiously risky read
A time terribly tremendous
Absolutely insane at times
Powerful in every formation
Without it dominates the devil's dance
Foundation is bare
Conscience is an empty idea
Philosophy is frozen
Conceptualization is an ill cave
Art is very unvoiced
And the literature is lynched down
If the soul of love doesn't smile there
Love's the precious promise to the light of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Manifesting The Smile Of Indus

To her, I unlayer every immense impulse
And to everyone I sing the Indusian art
Lost in deep breathes, I gather my thoughts
We want to protect the walls, and that's not all

We want bridges not to be broken
We want homes not to be deserted
We need to dig it still a lot
We need to be restless, responsible

What restlessness will offer us?
Restlessness will deepen us longer
Whether we grasp it or not it will work
It will work out to unchain us all!

Aadil Hingorjo

Manly Gods And She...

You alleged her
You baffled her
You befooled her
You turned her
You traced her whims
You doubled her wants
You distorted her
You enslaved her
You murdered her wishes
You crucified her spirit
And tarnished her soul
And you see what she thought of you
She never disrespected you
She always worshiped you
Yesterday, she named you God
And the gods, ah!

Aadil Hingorjo

Midnight's Cry

See, the midnight too is crying...

Aadil Hingorjo

Mistful Magnitudes

Opening instantly to streets isn't solution
Mobilization it could be, but tis quite misty
Solution seeks a little sublime thought
It doesn't work out this nakedly, man
It does, before all, require refinement
Which isn't grown in from gushed grays
Which comes but from compact kindness
It doesn't in any way come from conquering it
That the men of today are stubborn to do here
Eastern leftists roast it all; they hypnotize
The rightists too do nothing except opposing
Extremist wing vs the extreme unbuttoneds
Like an scripted episode is out for rosey rating
Women like art pieces come lavishly exhibited
This isn't accomplishment; it's inordinate
Both the artist and the art seem separable
Modesty mumbles through brimmed breathes
But the whole discipline just fakes the dance
Transformation sounds terrific; tension ties it
Manifestos smile through thighs; tis been trend
Tender tones (real suppresseds)go untouched
The activist elites just run after their own taste!

Aadil Hingorjo

Mohammad: The Real Renaissance

Child with children, and lover, and the beloved
He's the hub of universally historical heights
To him, kiss all the cores of passions
He's the mountain full of mystic messages
From him the enthusiastic streams flow on
He's the ocean embodying the intimate truths
He's the man with real marvel
Perfect example of character, noble in blood
Mohammad is the cosmos of wisdom
He's the city embracing all the homeless men
Never harsh to his opponents; friendlier to foes
He's the torch bearer in extreme times
He's the leading light in the hours of darkness
He's an ever-expanding era; honest to emotions
Attentive to the timely cries, he's never amiss
With his fellows, with his followers
He's indeed the rustic reason; pure like poetry
He consoles the patients, he sings to humanity
Yes, He did shed tears on his mother's grave
Volumes of wit, and an untiring tranquility
His journey is holy, auspicious, and humane
In the chaotic caves, he lights candles
He's the painter painting peace throughout
He's the fountain of humbleness
Ardent lover of art, and ecstasy; He's bohemian
He's an energy unstoppable; he's the divine lyre
Renewing the rotten roots, redoing the rhyme
Stirring up the entire mankind, he's an avatar
Smile of the centuries; graceful garden
Kindest to the curious caravans; He's Mahi!
He's the cosmopolitan continuum
The beauty beyond any breathes
An ideology unmistakable
A millennium full of mercy
Entirety in an instance
And an instance forever
Ah, He's the utmost realization
Realization to the lofty reality
An sky unbound; the earth embalming

Spiritual silence; intellectual elasticity
Reordering the remnants, resetting the sand
Moonlight accompanies him
The sunsets sing along with him
Rocks and the ruins revere him
Mohammad is the real revolution
Mohammad is the righteous renaissance
A renaissance rooted in the inception of eras!

Aadil Hingorjo

Mohammadan Not Ghaznavids!

Assist me if I'm not open to your law
Your law, by the way, stands on which literature?
Show me your papers; talk to me on history
So that I may be subject to your constitution
I'll follow you if you're a Mohammadan
I mean Mohammadan not the Ghaznavids!

Aadil Hingorjo

Moments Monetize Us

For a while we do/undo it
for the rest of lifetime we are styled to its permanence.

Aadil Hingorjo

Mother Nature

You're the refreshingly rejoicing part of God's realm
Exploring each bit of you is my heartiest ambition
Drops running through your arteries make me feel immortal
Imagery, illusion or entrancing idea;
Whatever you're, But you're the powerfully pervading creature
I'm stuck; inclined; influenced and entirely arrested.

Aadil Hingorjo

Muffled Into Muteness

She is onto herself and bypasses me
Perhaps that's what the tick of time
It might be her right
It might be justifiable to her heart
She does it quite faithfully
Doesn't appear like ordinary days
Maintaining the gap, she lives on
She still rules me out
In every moment She's on my head
Showcases the secrets
And goes off-colored
I notice her calmness
She lets me understand her existence
She sleeps with many eyes awake
She watches the world out there
Even there she doesn't forget me
Mildly she touches my image
At the very next moment she hides it.
But I don't let her know
That what befalls upon me.
Another accident.
Another autumnal event adds into my life.
Nothing new, injuries meet me frequently.
I don't let her know how the Car hit me.
Or how, as he reported, my bike hit his car.
I don't let her know how I controlled myself.
I don't let her know how they surrounded.
I don't let her know how I sat silent on road.
With legs vastly spread, with eyes shut
With no mind, with no heart.
Like an alien entity.
Everyone looks out.
They just stare at me.
Pass comments and don't do much.
I silently ask them to drive me to hospital.
But no one does so.
The Khan is stubborn about his own car.
He abuses me and says it's the time for Juma.
The Jummah.. The Friday.

They rush on to Lal Masjid
And I'm pressed somewhere between
Between Aabpara and Melody Chowk.
Islam seems to be nowhere in Islamabad.
After a while, I slowly gather myself.
I don't text anyone.
I dial Faisal Dayo, one of the humanistic chums
He reaches within no time.
But I don't let her know all about it.
I leave it all unsent.
I leave it all undeciphered.
Undecipheredness owns me there
And I'm best enveloped in muteness!

Aadil Hingorjo

Mullah's Might

Rainstorm wrote is sketchy
Her smiling soul eventually dissolved
She who was the mother of two kids
A beautiful girl, and a bright boy
Both innocent angels lost their mom
The faiths did not dissolve
The sky did not fall
Earth was loaded the same way
No earthquake occurred,
Not even the space appeared strange
Mullah murdered her second wife
On the say of her first lady,
He undid her latter lady
He was after all done with her
He considered it to do it
He knew he himself interpret aayats
and the verses would favor him
Society was already under his history
Somewhere sin some distant town an artist screamed
Poet's heart, they say, cried the whole night
Tragically tormented, inhumanly undone
That night the Sindh's soul slept all injured!

Aadil Hingorjo

Muse Of Love

Fragrance is in love, its lovely lyre reveals it all
Smiling at self, smiling at you with open heart
Ah, that warmth, that togetherness
And the hugs and talks with eyes
Love that is crazy; love that's serene
Love that just happens without ifs
There don't lie any buts and everything's great
It's never ending; it's like an ending
Unhidden, unmasked, before us
Beautiful love that disconnects not
That distracts not
In diverse guises, it travels
It flows mercifully in its motions
Sweet just as your soothing voice
Calm just like your cool eyes
With yourself, and without yourself
Love that is fair, furious, and so fertile
Its hours unquestionably impart the light
Its intentions defeat the dirty night
Passes unto every wavy turn
Passes into thee, and unto me liberally
It's, sometimes, blindly blessed
Blissfully deep, and masterly mystical
Alas, it's intellectually striking at times
Act of art, so humble, and so dominating
It solemnly walks every way
In your arms, it meets supremacy, beloved
Love is you; from you, and yes attired to you!

Aadil Hingorjo

Musical Mist

Music is melancholy,
and melancholy the music.
It's one of the subtlest embodiments of life.
It's a comfortable cosmos,
It's a wonderful volcano
It's the energy marvelously intense
Ah, it's still a riddle
A Riddle to very many known learneds of the life.

Aadil Hingorjo

My Dearest Beloved

O the axis of my entirety, I love you.

You, my dearest beloved, are truly the rhythm of my poetry.

Aadil Hingorjo

My Friend: Purely A Rustic Romance

Cigarette in his hand writes his story
Sketches flying in air adores his personality
He is so close to life, and unapologetically in love with it
He doesn't respect the writers turned activists
Masterpieces daily visit him, he claims so
But he won't write any
My friend is truly an epic unwritten enigma
He doesn't even disregard the unfamiliar odor
Skepticism and enthusiasm walk thru him
He treats every tide with earthly smile
Childish beauty and the confident youth at the same time define him
Not prone to petty politics, he avoids such talks
On the tenuous tracks of life, he's carefree, cryptic, and paradoxically amiable
He does never ask for elaboration
To him, the enjoyers elaborate themselves
They don't ask for shaky explanations
And the taste of art is all to be felt
Not to be discussed with filthy arguments
He says he hasn't loved anyone
And the feel that many receive while singing to songs, he doesn't get that feel
But he keeps singing in silence
And the moonlight marches in the edges of his eyes
Adopted cities don't sound natural to him
He's rooted way deep in rural rainbows
My friend is purely a rustic romance
He's uncontrollably him, and nothing more; less than it.

Aadil Hingorjo

My Karachi Is Immortal!

They call it a conservative club
I see it as a constructive cosmopolitan city
They label it as an unsafe area
They degrade its heritage
They cut off its nerves
They term it as the hostile hub
For they are nurtured by biased media
In fact, they deny its beauty and its hearty generosity
It's the home to homeless people
When warfare burned the tribes
When the terrible division departed them
When they yearned for a piece of bread
When none embraced them
When there was a naked sky over them
When the scorching beams of sun suffocated them
When they were thirsty for a droplet of water
When the darkness hovered upon them
When there was no way out
The Indus valley adopted them
My Karachi, the heart of Indusland, embraced them
Dirty, dusty, noisy, lame and unhealthy
They just bitterly criticize
I intensely feel her fragrance
My city sings to me in calm nights
Right there on the edges of ocean
I notice everything to the depth
Sindhu's serenity smiles in each wave
Karachi has been the sole compassion
In it dances my life
In it is the purity
In it flies my passion
In it is the firm faith
It hands over me her keys
Her hug magnifies me
Her streets recapture my memories
Though its politics and poetics sadden me
Like her province it also ponders in the disparity
Yet my Karachi proudly stands as a victor
Lateef's verses still echo in her winds

'Aadil walk a bit carefully
I've been shot down for years
My nights have been craving for peace
But my inhabitants ignore me
I'm not the gone day
Hide me in your heart
Save me in your head
Engulf me straight in your chest
Immortalize me in your poetry'
My Karachi pleas to me
She sighs deeply and I artistically accompany her
We smile, and the mighty Indusian Ocean kisses us!

Aadil Hingorjo

My Karachi-Cs Stares At Me

It rained here last night a little
Central and Northern zones got wet
There's no sand here in Karachi-CS
Thus no smell of the drizzle is alive
It's the terrible feel spreading around
Did the Malir too receive the droplets?
I'm sure her rocks would be pleasant a bit
The wind whispering to the sea is partly off
The sun isn't apparent upon us
Frankly speaking, the wrinkles are ripped apart
Blurred are the buildings, & the brimmed roads
Time is a trash here
Tides aren't instrumental this time
Noon's got fully dumb
Falling day doesn't pose well
I silently down to zoom in the city's midnight
I stare straight into the eyes of thousands here
Most of them display the intense anxiety
Life of the trees is in ICU
And the doctors are drawn to money
The dying life isn't a topic
The reality of this cosmos has been caseless
Somewhere a small group debates over arms
Siberian birds are attacked; no language is safe
I swear the peace is compromised
Temporal ties rule the my country
Unashamed men, and the ashamed women
Revenge is pretty much prevalent
Resonance of the last rain is at risk
Poetic masterpiece has turned to a mess
The inky kisses do not revive the souls
Another cigarette got lit up
The leading activist harasses another girl
Walks do not remain the same walks
Wishes whistle out to the death ceremony
Eyewitnesses are vanished off
And the city's soul meets heartlessness
There harnesses an intelligent hypocrisy;
There flies upon a fiendish fuss

Surrounded by the fashioned fucks,
My Karachi's enveloped to an infinite absurdity!

Aadil Hingorjo

My Kashmir Keeps Crying

Indeed, I'm an alien, outnumbered, and all sick
You, my ruling lord, are the roof to renaissance
Obnoxious, stupid, and outdated I keep crying
My people pray, and the stations are all empty
Why would the world care? Am I in the world?
Ah, the world is so wicked, witty, and wise!

Aadil Hingorjo

My Mother, My Foundation

It was a map deeply marvelous
When I looked inside, I read the unseen
It was my mother's image
She was waving me from faraway
She commended my classics
And criticized my recent poems
She is a faithful critic
Never personal, always natural
Humblest to her history
Penetrates into the portraits
I like it when she easily captures me
Hers are the contours philosophical
Devoted, committed, and all embracing
Angel, Almighty, and the kindest creator
Fragile to the depths, yet enormously firm
She does not recall the bitterest bits
But I do observe those dots
She just intrigues me fully
My mother knows I am her history
Her unwritten poetry reveals thru me
Her unsung songs smile through me
Her silence encircles my intellect
Her intense scream ideologies me
She and I write the unwritable
The unwritable which will remain so forever
Tragedy to her is the tragedy to my soul
I am cracked, colorless, and all cut down
My mother is the only fuel to my foundation.

Aadil Hingorjo

My Own Foundation

Perhaps the maps inside me are so widely vigorous
Carefree I stand. So calm I appear in storms.
My conscience doesn't get easily tempted
The corporate culture can't capture me.
The cultivated reality too isn't appealing
Misty media can never blackmail me,
Because
I'm a daring walk to the naked lands of the art, Indus, and history.

Aadil Hingorjo

My Realm Remonstrates

December's closing dates,
A poor, unbuttoned rickshaw driver
Waiting for his turn in queue
A shameless public office holder shuns him
Thar's theater enlarges the federation
And the Tharis die of deprivation
Sindhu's sacredness is smothered
Lamented is Karachi's coastal line
The entire realm is either the sea or the sand
Capital not coming slow exploiting everything
Quranic verses, UN charters, and article 158
CNG's emergency heightens
Whose CNG share in Pakistan is 70%
Whose finances facilitate the country
Whose economy ensures Pak's progress
People of that colonized Sindh suffer
Not a ray of repose across the Indusland
Worse than the British Raj
72 years of submission, and the bloody slavery
Murmurs of Mehran, sobs of Sindhi souls
Hollowness, suffocation, and the severity
Islamabad exercises the Islam this way.

Aadil Hingorjo

My Village Versifies Me

If not my village, then which land breathes in my poetry?
If not my village, then which arena empowers my art?
If not my village, then which realm rhythms through the valley of my heart?
My village paints me beautifully
Not forgetting any ink, it strengthens my aura
Its embrace haunts me when I'm afar
Its each single side is all awake in my memory
The slight moans, and the slow music
The beauty simply never goes barren
With different notions, it appeals to me daily
Wherever I stay, wherever I wander
Its lakes, its dunes; its greenery and its desertedness intoxicate me everywhere
Its spell repeats to me in wavy flow
I am rustically renewed each time
Its sand becomes dress to my existence
Spotted in ecstatic stillness,
And submitted to that peaceful village view
I find something singing to my life
Profundity deeply penetrates me;
Eternalized is an another era of Indus's art.

Aadil Hingorjo

Myself

In drizzling silence, I suddenly see myself
I clearly witness the maps
There are three selves of mine
The classical self of the Indus
The petty present self,
and
the artistically imagined self.
The poet is deeply attuned to all selves.
Here I gently happen.

Aadil Hingorjo

Nature, My Romance

What are the hours, minutes or seconds
You major me within moments
Dangerously different
And delicate nature
Pulled to you oftentimes
When I cry my clear tears
None but your bosom embraces
I smile and the reason art thee
Before anything else
You're my soul
The insane, natural, widened; Generous!
Love has been you
Peace smiles thru thy appealing lips
And the chest fully faithful
With awes, expressions, and enigmas
Gigantic is your heart; O mother, O Nature!
Sighs, breathes inn and breathes out
You're always there
'Kissing and caressing heartless people
The guide and the absolute power
Thy hands have mastered many
I'm before you
As your younger son
Your little drop
Your visionary wave
Your lasting light
Your drastic dimness
Your wrenched depth
Your voice
Your vicissitude!
Without you all is but an impure illusion
Ecstasy dances in your arms
Nurtured by you
Your arresting eyes, ah!
Thy voice always encourages
Steps forward:
Backward...
Stumbling yet hugging
You're a complete writer; the most genuine one

Readers avidly stand after you
They stare and their eyes flush
You happen to be the greatest celeb
You're slow and flowy
Have always turned to be your tenant
And your fiendish friend
They taunt at me, they haunt, their words lie
Amidst all complications appear thee
With your most honest existence
Uplifting me to your highest peaks
Silent, Gentle, And prophetic indeed!
In the chaotic hours you're a peaceful poetry!
You're mine, and I yours
Fully and completely
You know, yes, you must know our first meeting
Right before the left code of my village
Near to the waist of that lake
In solitude!
A kind of connection; the kindest
The kindred and captivating.
My all senses fall when witnessing you
Refreshingly romantic have been your touch
You mean a lot to me
Your sights, your views and true nerves
Epic is your entity
You fill up the entire humanity
You're the supreme comfort
Random acts,
Small aches, falling rays, Mysteriously marvelous!
In the journey of life, I'm blessed
For you're my lord's lyre
You're my dream and reality
Keep smiling O magical valley
In literature, you're my Indus, my core theme! !
Accept me as your ravisher
Keep streaming, O mother nature
In you lies my wine, in you is satisfaction
Exploring you is my aim,
Exploring you is my intoxication, my love!

Aadil Hingorjo

Noise Of Nights

It's that I am conscientiously high
But beloved, I'm extremely vacant too;
and amalgamated with hell of tussling thoughts.
Which one is straight to home,
and which takes away from home
It is what the traumatic confusion is.
It is a kind of endless storm over the senses.
It oftentimes does but maddens me in the hours like this one.
Well, here I'm...
Damn distant from the dust of days,
and inordinately natural to the noise of nights.

Aadil Hingorjo

Nonentity Becomes Entity

Frankly speaking, the arrival of the unusual art is a bliss
It is not less than any kind of accident.

A nonentity becomes entity when it's delightfully open,
Open to the valley of sacred silence,
where art, sculptures, paintings, poetic beats,
and the pieces of us all dance out freely.

Aadil Hingorjo

O My Love

Comrade, you cross through me
You accompany me
You come, and slowly pass
You do not vanish ever
You stand by my philosophy
You respond to my love
You do not count the course
You just stay true to my light

Sweetheart, O my love
You constantly speak to me
As if you are my heartbeat
Calm like moonlight
Crazy like twinkling stars
Rummaging me kindly
Diving into my depths
You, my beloved, unite me.

Holding my right wrist
You, my beautiful lover, own me
You just soulfully embrace me
Partying on my body
And penetrating yourself into me
Through your voice
Through your silence
Through your every spell
You eternally enfold me, love.

O the focus of my feeling,
O the vibrancy of my vessels,
O the heart of life,
You know I love you beyond everything
I know you love me to the eternity
Continuously watching each other's pictures
We do not move anywhere
We are into each other's eyes
See, our permanence enlivens us, Faat.

O Worthy Mate!

Worthy companion,
worry not!
Be it a silver-lining or a loophole
Enjoy the thematic taste!
Rise; for your altitude is beyond boundaries
Welcome the day with widened arms
And grieve not for the undone stanza!
Step ahead with thy firm manifesto
Race firmly; sing; let thy obstinacies hum
Songs of the autumnal spring resound!
Dance freely O Incredible, unbreakable star

Aadil Hingorjo

October, Moonlight, And Nightly Breeze

This intense wintery night is overcoming me
The strange hour is there; remembrance of you awakes me
Nightly winds of October oppress me, distant we are
Ye are sleeping there; the ocean merges in you
Your eyes are off... and the brain up.. and the heart is dancing
In each vein there's a peace, a comfort, an anxiety, and a brimmed ache
Warmth in chest, and sleepy emotions long to reach me
You see whom I owe my lifeline is none but you
When wearing intense looks, you turn into a book
Your penetrating poetry renders me by and by
Sighs and sobs; all those expressions I'm feeling my sweetheart
No edge of yours have been strange to me
The rain is falling upon me, but you stay there in a warm blanket
And perhaps the blanket is slightly slipped
For you might be tired after marching into messy race
You know what I'm dying to play with your nose Smiling, right?
Lie there in the depths of night
Yeah, perfect; I can sense the yearning in your breathes
See the same night unites us
She extends her widening arms
And I'm engulfed in the same way
As you're tied to your blanket
Stars are losing their light, your laughter is audible
Love dances in the Jessamine line
Words are sucking me softly
I'm attacked; poetry is remaking passions
Listen my love! ! ! It's beautiful night here
Lovely moon has gone, but the in-depth spell still rules!

Aadil Hingorjo

Ode To The Intensity Of Sindh!

Sindh, to me, is like the deepest melancholy
Her beauty seems to be threatened
Her wounds grow deeper day by day
Partly healed, and is scratched over and again
She's my mother; my first word; and wisdom
Her sorrowful tones echo in my arteries
I'm her breathe, and she's my heart
My hopes, and all my faiths are from her
And to her, I return in every moment
My conscience is wedded to her soul
And she is always awake in my scripts
She will have to survive ahead
As she has been adoring humanity since long
Cradle of civilizations cries for her safety
From enmity, extremity, and inhumanity
She's the dream of dreamers;
And concrete reality for her sons
A nostalgic age, and a historic ocean
Corridorred by desert, and flooded with music
She's the resistant verse of Latif
And a truly unbreakable word of Syed!
Have been silently listening to her cries
Like the wretched of the earth, she reveals her
In the humblest gestures, she sings to me
She and I both accompany each other
Under her burning sun, & enthusiastic evening
Right before her seashores, we smile calmly
When at distance, I miss her summers
Her summers soothe me; her winters whisper
With teary-eyed face, she sometimes sits silent
We smoke empty anthems for hour and hours
Nights pass by; ages wander around us
We remain so lost into each other
Such subtle philosophy is the ancient Indus
Now a days, injured but alive as always
Sindh, to me, is like an unbeatable era!

Aadil Hingorjo

On An Empty Avenue...

Story's insanely lively
Something innately absurd
Kind of untrue ecstasy
To be tongueless
Willing to go far away
Away from art and science
Ground's gulped down
Endless speeches
Empty anticipations
Untranslatable events
Incomplete invitations
Implicated to tedious spirit
As if streets are upon me
Realizing robust rocks
Someway enslaved
Enslaved into my own chains
Unlikely letters
Conscious readings
Random walks
Interested in voices
Yearning for peace
Dumped discourses
Moved by murmurs
Avoiding the artificiality
Yet deep into it, perhaps
Right?
Feeling rashes
Learning liberty
Lavished by love
Lit up by history
Unlearning unclarities
Travelling forward or backward?
It's so lonely to head on!
Alone you, and alone I.
Alone are all of us.
Larger are the lusts outside.
Celebrating sickness
Surrounded by all nothings!
Datum is riddled

If anything's elastic there?
Eerie elations!
Diminishing dance
Decaying academia
Life's poetry is nowhere
Poetry's raped hard!
Raped hard is every expression!
Not a single sigh's there
It's fucking painful. Isn't it so, comrade?

Aadil Hingorjo

On Her Whistling Being

Whisper of a woman is windy
Whispery are her eyes
Deeper than falling drops
How pure is that all
A way inexplicable!
And much precious
Expensive than all ages
Enveloped in kisses
Immersed in silent poetry
And rooted in closer hugs
Like moonlight's ecstasy
Like her spread arms
Like some distant melody
Smile of a woman is wide
Hers is the enchanting song
And the peaceful flow of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

On Stake

Romance is dying
Life is tragically laughing
Not a bit normal night
Openings are unusual
Endings too aren't on line
Everyone's soldier
Everyone's enemy
Enemies with hands and tongues
Loved ones, please stay distant
Social bonds must be undone
Before we are all gone
Let's hide ourselves
Let's do it for a while
Our earth is on stake!

Aadil Hingorjo

On The Earthy Eternity

Muteness doesn't go voiceless, it keeps on echoing aloud
The Margalla hill is silently asleep;
inside her chest the men are in motion
Whiskey's wetness won't be there
Dawn's ray will soon be out
But the curves upon her body will remain the same
And the lines emitting from the lantern's light will strengthen the art
If her hair are fragrant, they will remain so forever
If her eyes are smiling, that smile will meet permanence
If she's lost somewhere else,
her luscious loss will chase her for long
Things down the water will be driven away
But the drunkenness will always stand intact
It won't ever be scratched
The Nature's symphony is classically ancient
If she's locking her lips,
that liplock will be eternal to her history.

Aadil Hingorjo

On The Stubborn Shores Of Indus!

Don't split me O you brutal sector
Don't harass my blunt words
Dress thy own silly arguments instead
My words are the pictures of saints
They mumble abstract mentions
They are prostitutes
They are rarely left for sleep
Fucked up for thousand times
Yet they lie unpleased
Curious their letters are
Anxiety runs through their gaps
They are an aftermath of orgasm
They are comrades; they are piercing slogans
My words threaten many
Yesterday, they disarmed a Khaki man
A day before that they unmasked a fake activist
They burn so many minds on average
But my words are no way average
They're stuffed with resolute resistance
They're grown on in revolutionary circles
They've been nursed on the stubborn shores of Indus
Yeah, they will remain purely naked
Don't misuse their sense
Don't play with their sounds either
They're midway to our lives
Once they're split, our worlds will be ripped off
They're paths to our silent zones
They're a wall between them and us
They cover us; they protect us
They are bridges so natural
They are headed over the rivers
Beneath their shadows are fueled storms
Carry them with thoughtful mind
They are strange streets
They are so carefree villages
They are the dunes of sand
They are Sanghar's forgotten ruins
I too am pained when breathing them
They still hit me like an unsaid agony!

They still attract me towards a distant tunnel
They are perhaps a journey to pathless station!

Aadil Hingorjo

Only A Poem Could Trace Them...

The unflinching faith & the solitary sigh
Partially they go unvoiced
Looking hither and thither, they go empty
Do they really go unvoiced?
Endless ecstasy symbolizes them
They forget the tickling of time
Numbness of night doesn't bother 'em
They have their cups of tea
He takes double spoon
She applies only a single one
Lost into the marching ocean
Lost behind the sunset
Lost in the loss of evening
They feel an strangely windy embrace
Around them are other couples
No, no; there's no one else
She draws an intricate art over there
Across the hill sings a pea-hen
The dim light of candle sketches her art
She smiles peacefully
Ah, she's just peacefully beautiful
Ah, her beauty amuses the hearts
Another inhale is heard
They feel fullness inside them
Maddened them, overtaken them
They are eventually buried in the valleys of permanence

Aadil Hingorjo

Only The Time Spots Him The Best!

When the noon is morning to him
When the afternoon is noon to him
And evening is exactly the evening
He belongs to such unrestricted schedules
Where the lakes are alone, he goes there
Where the dunes are silent, he rests there
Led by the seashores, the student is ardent lover of silky waves
He seeks, reseeks, and is lost at times
What is not lost to him is his passion
He is a charming gypsy
His home is where he is
His home is with him
Undivided him is a universal soul
He is an splendid eclipse
Eclipse unfolded in multiple cores
A masterpiece and a master of his own heart
He's the son of time, and the time spots him the best!

Aadil Hingorjo

Our Earthly Mates!

Under the blanket of night, they awaken me
They shudder out my spirit
They protest before me
As if I'm a godly messenger to them
They inculcate my inner ink
Their intense eyes stare at me
They reveal a book of stories
Having silent faces and rich souls
They stop me at every new turn
Their queries are the simplest
Yet they face the hardest obstacles
They don't know me
But they are also unaware of the Lord
Is the Lord too unfamiliar to them?
Among them, I see the twinkling of stars
In them are the galaxies mysterious
In them is the real pain
In them I have found the firm faith
They are sometimes but mere pictures
Sometimes unplotted stories
Often times ignored creatures
Drawing them designs me strangely
I'm scared when meeting them
They don't disturb me physically
But their unsaid poetry disturbs me
And I feed them through my words
Words don't lessen their burden
Nor do they dismantle them
But when I don't write them
I'm suffocated to the soul
I'm from them
They are from you
I'm from you
You are them
And they are you
We all are their neighbours
And they are our people
Our earthly mates
Ah, let's walk their way

Let's help them in life
Let's step forward to strengthen them
They are our strength
Ah, let's free them today
They also have emotions
They too have thoughts
They too have dreams
They too have desires
They too have hearts
They too cry silently
Under their huts
Under their torn clothes
Under the cruel sky of winter
I wish I could unshackle them
Another year is to fall
Another new year is to testify them
Ah, why are they always targeted?
Why not their rulers?
Why are their bodies misused?
Why not their masters?
Why are their daughter preyed?
Why not their goddess?
They are perhaps the passengers forever
Their sorrows symbolise the reality
They are the reality
They are the suppressed whispers
And pure smiles
Their silence will give birth to echoes
Their sons will tear apart the legacies
Their daughters will fire out the faiths
They will slaughter the false supremacy
Yes, they are alive
Yes, they will begin their journey soon
Yes, their struggle will unchain them.
they are the markers of victory
Victimized them.. Valorized them
They introduce a new Era
They call for an enlightened morn
They are the constituents of real history!

Aadil Hingorjo

Our Journey

We met on some hill
We made it historical
We visited the Sindh's sea
We made it smile forever
Drawn to some distant desert
Thematized to the Thar's soul
Our death became an eternal idea.

Aadil Hingorjo

Our Lasting Light

Sincerely
And
Honestly
I tell it to you
You and I are an endless era
Stubborn against the outwardness
Immersed into the inwardness
Lines of our lasting light
Kissing our poetic selves
Waiting there with firmness
Wisely we make it forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Our Legs, Caves, And The Literal Loss

All we see is the same sunrise
An the sunset that saddens many
We do slip off at times
Sea too loses its senses at times
Stars in our eyes begin blurring
The dance within falls to death
Those bright, beautiful bodies stay deserted
And the unsung boobs write no more poems
The yet unborn writers are postponed
Our feet's faith, and our hands' history
Eyes' intensity, and the lips' lust
Our thighs seem thrown astray
Dusty roads, and derailed passersby
All we feel, all we see...

We come from their drops
And we run after the same stream
All at youth matters is the tightness
And the classy, timed shots
Stones... Extra streets... Dim light
We see our legs lamenting; they go tired
And the ecstatic entry meets the marvel
All we see are the caves, and the graveyards
Everything yet literally nothing
We flow in untrue flows
We forget the real rhythm;
we just miss out the kindest chores
And not kissing the inner cores
We deceive the dance; we cheat out aloud
All we face, and all we fake out...

Under the weight of very many wisdoms
Under the pages of popular puppies
Scattered to every spell, yet in vain
Modern women, and modern men just mumble out
Their utterance has lost the essence
In fact, ours.
They are us, and we make them

Like some herd we finish our fucks
And the victoriously return to the receive yet more
Meaning's murdered; monument sleeps unmarked
The scent of souls, and the musical moments
Every spirit is hell vacant here
Stuffed with utmost emptiness, and lavishly lost
Drowned in internal distances, and apparently ordained
Blood has lost that brilliance
Water too weeps in the midst of the Indus
Autumnal eyes do not sing the songs
No more remains the ancient resonance
Dammed doubts deny our dashes
And we so smartly hide 'em
We hide it from ourselves
We fall foolishly defeated
Pictured pettiness pushes it ahead...

Our beloveds with their lovers
And we with our beloved ones
Birdless trees teach our instinct
They teach us of heartless beings
Whose melodies have been lost
Whose flutes have been broken
whose sorrows have gone unguided
whose lips sing no soulful symphonies
whose pens sell the cellular sperms
whose moans are empty of expressions
Yes, we all see the moonlight's mention
But we do not celebrate her solemnity
Dewy branches and shining shadows
All our aims approach the shore
Aborting the aches, and taking it inside
Our sand too sighs seedlessly
We the trashed ties, we the timeless trouble
Brimmed with our winds,
In our waves, and in our vows,
Menacing and merciless
We all stand unscrewed in the end!

Aadil Hingorjo

Our Souls Will Smile There

There will be summer in your city
Right in front of the same sea
And the same sand
I'll look for you there
Paths that ever prayed for us will unfold
Smell of the Indus's dust,
and the hotter days of Sindh
Still there will be coolness
For you'll be raining there
Our bare eyes will again dance together
We'll not whisper; we'll not speak
We'll let our souls smile there
Separating lines would vanish there
All the distances would die
And our gypsy spirits will embrace each other
Love, we'll meet the permanence there forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Painted On The Wrinkles Of Poetry

A dimly lit room and an artist alone
Outside prevails the moonlight
Smoke smiles in the air
Piercing silence and the solitary spell
It all goes in vain
Absurdism lies in all discussions
Talking to his heart unravels him
It unburdens his heavy head
Breezy kiss and an apartment by the seaside
A thought triggers him
He hates guns
He disowns bullets
But the agnostic writers kills with words
With words he undresses the armies
Having a coffee with Lucifer, he rumbles him
Scattered pages and cigarette like pens
He asks her to make a drink
But before she undoes her hair
She lets him drink her eyes
Minutes march to sensuality
Amidst it all he feels a chase
A sudden stroke on his existence
The thickest thread of poetry engulfs him
Envisioned in her breasts, he surrenders there
Restless him
And restful resort of her
She moves mildly
A slow starry dance happens in him
Tossing against her words he gets bruised
Poetic demons and the team of poets, ah
The womb of night cradles them
Along with comrades, he overtakes the view
The shadowy evening torments them
Intelligent dogs too get punctually alert
He shields his eyes to their dirty badges
Nothingness overlaps..
Nothingness attempts to bewilder him
Do you know me?
Her pauses puzzle him

Deathly silence stumbles in between
I am your light
I am your suffocation
I am your opium
I am your agony
She still remains silent
Where did the words come from?
What he heard was reality or the dream
What is your name, beloved? She unsettles her
I'm your creator
I'm a poet!
My hands write you
My sunken eyes suck your drops
My lips reptile over yours
Outstanding, you say...
My flesh fucks you
Our desires compel us
We don't know us
I'm present nowhere
How can this hell happen?
Poetic rain showers
He succumbs to resist
Cryingly he imprints his marks upon her
Poetry sits silent
A bridge befalls
A blessings happens
Embodied in eternal elation, he touches her
Passion, revolt, nation, and the echoes of Indus
His existence becomes uncontrollable
She softly kills her
He dyingly whispers
I am the taste of your tears...

Aadil Hingorjo

Painting Her Delightful Melancholy...

Hey, stay there, you promised you see
Leaving read in the midst, that's uncool
Sideline me if you want to
But don't please turn the sky pale
Nightshade plays its own song
Pour some more wine from your eyes
And write your smile
The smile that enlarges you
Ah, the mournful lips too smile
You belong to eternal mystery, beloved
Drowsiness doesn't disturb you
Your soul remains crazily awake
You unlayer the shadows of evening
You foster the prose of noon
You embody the highest hill inside you
And undo the cruel storms of time
You accompany with morning roses
And gently kiss the sea-breeze
Seems as if thou & the wave are mates
And the oceanic wind strengthens you
Ah, the classic anger suits you a bit
Imprison the natural whispers
They are for you
Deep, silent and supremely soothing
The sand under your fit welcomes you
Every step you take paints your grace
You stop not
Because the delightful melancholy is unstoppable!

Aadil Hingorjo

Painting Their Poetry

Rumors reseed many tales
The reality is dynamically rare
Travelers talk of the love
They love it, in fact.
They don't conspire a bit
They heal the cracked cores.
I've found them loftier,
Gracefully laughing souls
Haven't ever seen them angry
They're this much rich
Lively in their very layers
Men of the lifelong letters,
And men of the everlasting love,
My Baba too is from them
A library available to the folks
They soothe the avid aesthetes
And are eternal edifice
to the rising rhythms
They write of racing hearts
Mourn over the gone guts
Never talk too much,
Their work is their continuum
River's rhymes reach them
The moonlight mends them
They're this ecstatic stars.
They're not just anybody,
They're the identity
Immense than stars,
Treading on the milkyways,
Meeting the melodious moon,
Men have shown me a lot,
They're the lyrical light,
I, the humblest follower,
I merely paint their poetry.

Aadil Hingorjo

Pandemic Wave And Us

I cannot translate the ongoing trauma
It's almost been lifeless land
I'm thinking what the birds would be thinking
I don't know the animals' anthems in this time
Italy's art hasn't met since days
Why are you so restless, O Rome?
I cannot listen to the lordly music
Sindh's serenity has gone listless
Nature is navigating all the nations
This age, this era
Tragic ties occupy the entire sky
It has been disarranging me through and through
My heart weeps over this hue
This is turning us all clueless
My poetics mourns over this pandemic wave!

Aadil Hingorjo

Pasted Down Since Preschool

We don't remember when we sat last to us
We don't recall when did we listen to ourselves
And preliminarily we were made drunk
Of something that the wicked layer stood on
And became someone else;
That being lasted till till we received language
and with it came the imposed trends
And strange becoming was installed
Go for graduation there; color it light
Yeah, a step is ahead. You go for Phd now
And you, you come and control this market
Your mind is blessed with business
Done your assignment? All okay for tomorrow?
Take it easy. But listen, go sleep before 12
Wake up, wake up baby, it's 7 a.m
So you're back from college?
Okay go play. But play this game not that one
With this kit.
Off. Change the channel
Dirty asses are being aired
Mullah's marginalizing the humanity
Wait, General is addressing. Click to it, right.
This one. Yes, hold to it.
Look, that area is ours. Go but don't cross it.
And you, you don't go to that seaside
The hills are scarier
Yeah, go there but when you're on your own
Wtf!
Finally I can go there.
I'm of me now
Haha, I can penetrate it
Wait, double it. Your kid's crying
Constant order never stops cutting
Sold out to sullen smiles
Ensured to overdone desks
Capitalistically crucified
Commercially cropped down
In process of being & coming; we lost ourselves
Sick commercialism mocks at us today

Actually pasted to permanent pettiness
And we all are trapped to the tyrannical tub!
And surroundings suddenly shout out
Perfect man, you have hit the floor.
Champ, keep rocking.
TO HELL WITH THIS SUCKING SYNDICATE! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Peaceful Autumn

There's sunset;
There's midnight,
and more than anything else, beloved
there's peaceful autumn upon us.

Aadil Hingorjo

People Plot It All

People are People
They're pious
They've power
They're party
They don't press
They don't depress
They are the only perfections
I'm dumb
I'm in fact dumber
They are amazing!
Amazing stars!
I'm machine.
I'm trigger...
They read;
They write;
They don't despise
I'm the only shit!
They're the blissful bunch
Incessantly talking
Uninterruptedly on their way
They're language
I'm an unworded voice
Only they're right
They can create
Their significance laughs out
I'm a sinful lip!
I'm an extremist killer!
I'm smokey sucker!
I'm nothing!
They're pure;
They're precious;
They're everything!
They're gods!
I'm to be cheated;
I'm to be degenerated...
For I'm a poetic soul.

Aadil Hingorjo

Perhaps

Perhaps

It's an intrinsic infinity

Yes, perhaps

It's the most serious symbol

Symbolizing the existential starvation

Chaotic, crazy, yet the most enticing

It can't be quenched so earlier

There's no plain meadow

There are not any measurable mountains

It's but a hugely endless ocean

Comprising instrumental ecstasy

Swimming into it turns me more adventurous

I'm not in any hurry to reach the end so easily.

Aadil Hingorjo

Pettiness Prevailed There

Tracked somewhere between the extreme bounds
Of possession and dispossession,
I found myself intrinsically devastated.
People were slaughtered,
They were being robbed of
Their girls were being gang-raped
And the life around was all wronged
I didn't see your Lord's divinity raining there
Silent drama with plain pettiness remained on forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Phony Footnotes

Comrade, there's nothing invisible
Still there's no sincere action
The directions too are derailed
Creepy, cruel continuum continues
My land is being lynched down
No sea protests there
No river reddens the rocks
Sandy dunes too are untongued
The old trees and the new ones
The shadows are drastically different
The atmosphere is all unorderly
The watery streams don't reach there
But, see, the trade is on!
Everyone knows who's plotting it all
But no one uplifts his gaze
Gaze upward is the gaze undone
Life's lyricism loses the line
Undying artistry excels the way
No one in my country is naive now
Sadly the rain screams all alone
No one dares to axe it anymore
Ah, no one chooses the very walk!

Aadil Hingorjo

Please Me With Your Poetics

Upset me with your art
The time isn't on table
Undo me with your style
Make it out, and break me
But
Attend yourself; amplify your spirit
If it explodes out, let it be
Redo me, my comrade. Redo me.
Empty me with your skin
Bemuse me with your beauty
Daze me a little longer
Deepen me with your dance
The body will burn; the brain will die
So, please me with your poetics
Some familiar smell,
And some fragile affinity
Soothe me with your songs
Master me; mesh me down; and mystify me
Recollect the rays, and keep it close to heart
For only the serene drops smile there
For only the heartbeats survive there.

Aadil Hingorjo

Poetry Is But An Aching Call!

Poetry is But an Aching Call!

It's about sadness

It's about seriousness

It's acutely agonising

It's the summary of life

The poetry is but a planet

Poems are but the arty folks

It's revealed in nostalgia

It's envisioned in various views

It's full of rotten regrets

Its romance is unduly endless

Poems are aptly uncentred

Poetry is but an aching call

It has a long thread of 'sometimes'

It has a deep ocean of 'all the times'

Aadil Hingorjo

Poetry; My Ardent Visitor

Treading upon the earth, she paused for a while
And leaned before me, She actually seduced
In the curved lines of life, I witnessed her brilliance
While drying her raven hair, her immense eyes crossed mine
Her walk had that sadness
Himalayan ranges even seemed smaller
Was she really intoxicant or carefree
But she came ahead courageously
Poetry, my inner emptiness; my voice
It appeared naturally and a moment of solace was there
Strings were serenely filled
Hidden faces went unraveled
Dimmed lights lit again
Jealously jumped in somewhere
Hell fire was restricting
And such was the competition in world
Silently and smilingly she arose
From brightened breasts, she shared her light
Life was refilled and triggered were the guns
Her sudden moves enthralled many
Many went befallen bewilderingly
A curious lady stepped ahead, her high heart
And straightened was her physique
Stars induced and lingered the life
Pensively portrayed persons
Glory guided, empty newspapers invoked
Some went for war
Some wanted wonder
Some asked for peace
Some yearned for love
Some hijacked the free songs
Some murdered the music
Some befooled barristers
Some waited for legacies
Some practiced tortures
Some waved revolutionist sign boards
Corrupted was the wind and the dust was in water
A brushed brain beheld bruises
A tongue was totaled

Horrible night view was telecasted
Trapped were the messengers
Thighs were reddened and bodies quickened
Lustrous was the very system
Amidst all beckoned that fairy
Opened arms
Embracing expressions
Kindred smiles
Pale thoughts
Fresh skin
Swollen nipples
Still there breathed peace
Such was her shape; my comrade poetry hugged me!
Attracted Shalini's youth
Philosophers intuited and imagined icons
None was dressed; all were undressed
Atomic smells blinded babies
Phollen Devi sensed undercurrents
But stooped was the corridor
Albatross was saved; fired were other birds
Why only Albatross? Why not cuckoo?
Crying question was murdered unanswered
Shadows wept and wept the whole night
Thus she cut me more; into billions of pieces
Tease me, write me, please me
And release; submerge thee and create me
It was her call; my poesy's reminder
A poet after all surrendered and poetry smiled
Such was the relentless dance
Life died before her birth
And there awakened my poetic persona
Ancient lyrical ashes bid an adieu!

Aadil Hingorjo

Preserving The Pieces

Losing myself in her arms
And then losing it for long
One day, a diary reaches
In an uncomfortable evening
Spreading the shades of grays
And hurting the whole thing with dust
Tasteless dust, the cough-spell
Alcoholic emptiness
Drink's display
She removes every word
And takes her diary back from my hands
Leaving me alone and astray
Is it the way, poetry flows?
Is that how the pain meets music?
Is it the dancing drive?
Leaving the sleepy dozes,
and embracing the oversleep,
in over times,
with unmarking the time's tales
Silent. Numb. And unvoiced picture
The unshaken him goes listless
In countless pieces, he falls down
There the poet preserves him forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Purity Of Our Passion

Everything is not wrecked
It's recommended to the rhyme of us
Ardently amazing you and attuned I
Feeling inside your beats
Against my own will
Against your own hour
I keep on walking
Walking to your street, O love
Embraced to your body
Unearthed to your spirit
Outside, there is hardly any way
Separate so far yet hugged
Swimming in each other's intensity
Solely in your love, Faat
See, the night is staring at us
Fires in our breathes
Falling into your arms
And the opening of your chest
I lie there; I enter there
This merging makes it alive
It moves your sleepy self
It underscores my existence
Imprinted on your beauty
Right there on your belly
Ah,
It is reaching in the depths
Letting it flow; letting it restore
We fill and we stand by each other
With our eyes romancing with wisdom
With aching streams,
Pleased to the purity of this passion
Love, you and I finally feel the breeze...

Aadil Hingorjo

Quietly

Then I kissed her wholeness
She let me lie there
I lived there for long
Sindh's sea smiled to us
Her eyes addressed me
Her hands hugged mine
Her city hosted us
Warmly and wishfully
Every time Karachi-CS came kind
Poor pandemic undid the hour
Ah, that life, that night, and
that pure poetry,
it all went silent so quietly!

Aadil Hingorjo

Recalling You...

Recalling You

Though not mad but somewhere in-between extremes
Costume of your words erupts but the utmost fire; love
Stormy winds come to crush when in silence!

Aadil Hingorjo

Reminiscing The Relics

I remember every place wherever I go
The age of puberty, and the air of Hyderabad
I'll not forget the elementary enigmas of Jamshoro
Parental preciousness and sincere, sassy siblings
If the kisses of Karachi-CS are that easy to be forgotten?
I'll remember the walks made upon the sand of Thar
Islamabad enveloped me differently; it energised me strangely
Rawalpindi's customary rituals,
I'll remember the cores of KP, and Kashmir
I'll remember that room whose window opened to the busiest road
I'll remember the room whose window opened to the lush, tall trees
I'll remember the room whose window opened to the girl's hostel
Asses up and asses down...
Lustful I, lamenting I..the lover I, and the beloved I.
I'll remember the room whose window opened to nowhere
I'll remember my comrades who were asset to my intellect
The confident I, the graceful them...
Straight into accidents; drawn out to decency
Unbelievable isms of life, ah! I've lived a lot!
Enough spread... Enough endangered...
Cut down to unwriteable bits
Numbed by nihilism... engrossed by atheism
Locked down to logical loopholes... traumatized with tussles
Blamed for useless beliefs... Scandalized for rational radiance
The idealized I, the undermined I
Lot of people lied to me; lots of them were really cool
I'll remember the Sindhi Sangat who most ardently endorsed me
The ground... the stage... whole lot light!
And the extended arms... and the shy faces... and the shivering legs
Immediacies and intervals... Book and Beauty.
The lady who made me laugh; who read to me in waves;
Who accompanied me in autumns, and springs;
Who sat in front of me in Summers of Sindh
Who wore me in winters nearby seaside
The tuneful life, the trashed up tracks
Rough... ridiculous... and puffed up!
I'll remember the relics of this life forever!

Rest In Peace

2020's trance writes it well
With corona's cut-marks
Busy boards turn unpeopled
Codes' cry go distant
Signals run over the time
Time seems trashed somewhere
A universal breakthrough...
Italy cries in the tearful cores
Routes to Russia are off
And Iran fights the still fight
Sindh's smile meets an odd sketch
Inhuman vibes occupy her skin
Everyone's in mental mess
Life seems lost...
From Karachi-CS to Karoonjhar,
little lights stare into depths
to find the stars
In the belly of the Indus
People's paleness writes the story
The world's worried
Bloody basis, and the killing cases
Kiss of love vanishes somewhere
My darling earth undergoes a hell-spell
She finally rests in peace forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Retelling The Tale Of Today

I found myself marvelously misty
Surrounded me the air of homelessness
All cities of my country complained
I couldn't respond pragmatically
I wasn't taught to act practically
They didn't train me to realize the unrealized
I kept on walking; I kept on wheeling
the whistles of modernity and the new trends
I enjoyed what came before me
From music to awkward mumbles
I responded to every crafted design
I followed what was offered to me
In the journey, I became blind
I lost my eyes
I went eyeless
I couldn't see the colors
I witnessed darkness
I sensed an immense emptiness
I remembered the words of my teacher
She taught me to read
She taught me to understand
She offered me books
But none of her books undressed my soul
I was just being ordained
Accordingly I was being formulated
They took me away from life
The life where I could read the footsteps
the life where the rivers flowed freely
The life where clouds carried poetry
The life where children played in dust
The life where elders read out newspapers
Ah, I was beautifully detached from that life
I was made open to selfies
the click with mom became mandatory
But I forgot to feel her sobs
I forgot to read her silence
I forgot to read what she wrote to me
Simultaneously I forgot the family tree
The set of wonderful life

I just missed out the phase of my life
The ticks of alarm kept on ringing
I couldn't be awakened
Asleep in changing trends, I lived my life
No port appeared before me clearly
No borders were logically demarcated
My thinking capabilities were ruptured
I found myself completely hijacked
the alien me was living inside me
In dreams I fought against the imposed me
I couldn't undo it, perhaps I was programmed
No belongingness bewildered me
I was safely bruised
I was out of people's pain
I was terminated from the reality of risks
They told everything would pose a risk
Everything that talked of them would derail me
They were being tortured
They were being undressed
They were being killed
They were being kidnapped
They were being abducted
They were being pissed off
They were being be-fooled
the order was to just ignore every mess
The discipline suggested to sing orderly chains
Ah, the childish cries
And the motherly sighs
And the fatherly hugs
And the disappeared countrymen
Ah, dreams were being locked
I was hidden in a bomb shell
I, they tagged, was a sober syllabus
I was directed to be doomed in voiceless
Went through another turn
Another twist tried me differently
Without breaking the glass, I enjoyed the sips
I gulped down the classy drops
I celebrated my drunkenness
And the drunk lines of my eyes
With all naked charters, I rolled ahead
Rubbing the untouched skins, I tasted them

This, they said, suited to my head and heard
This, they suggested, would dig out my scripts
I was fashioned to the calendars
I was dated in drowsy dawns
Ah, amidst it all I forgot the unheard screams
I couldn't meet that old me
The old I literally regarded
The tragedy was I lost that impersonal I
The me that embodied rightful records
I began to run out in the rain
I lost the slow walk
I lost all the fronts of genuine life
I missed myself; I missed the romance of life!

Aadil Hingorjo

Rhymes Will Rule There

Our wandering hearts will meet one day
The echoes of the burning hearts would be answered
The roaming eyes, and the thirst will rest there
Lips will sing the rustic rhythms
Beauty of yours and the brightness of mine,
Smile of yours, and the laughter of mine
Yes, everything will unite there
Supreme yet the simple lights will celebrate the truth
Struggling hands will be rewarded
All the hopes that you ever sowed,
And all the poems that I ever wrote,
Footsteps on windy roots, and the prints on sandy layers
Fate and the fragrance will hug at last
Ah, someday the world will witness the truthful triumph!

Aadil Hingorjo

Right Before The Flowy Flutes

Passing time stares inside my streets
My curious eyes are fixed upon the shoreline
I wish to put everything in
Into the this surging sea, and I might be restless
Rude tides strangely shout at me
They perhaps don't like my presence
Holding diary in my hands, I write their moves
Stylish, straight, and extremely striking
They can't stay away for long
After a while, their life progresses
Intimately they kiss my feet
As if to taste my existence
They and I exchange the worthwhile moments
Because they don't sleep
Accompanying them, I remain awake
I'm welcomed to wash out the dust
This sight is full of stories
Stories that are way deep like the Indian ocean
Stories more ancient than the Indus Civilization
Stories encircling the steps of Sambara
Stories of Sarasvati
Stories of the flows of the Sindhu
Stories yet uninterpreted
I don't remember any projects
Whether the long term or the short terms
I'm into life, and the life resonates in me
Bypassing the breakfast I walk to them
I talk to them and miss out my lunch
In evening, we are but unstoppable discussants
Under the moonlight, we forget of the dinner
Every wave has its own vigor
Each new wave is promise to the sand
Unlike the feminist waves, they're livelier
Unlike the showcased traces, they are all free
Irrespective of the schedules, they meet me
And I meet them cancelling the filthy fucks
Exaggerated accents fall tired
The burning body breaks a little
Day's drum's been beaten

Senses of night too fasten the flow
These tiny treasures save us from all evils
For the watery flutes are home to fluency!

Aadil Hingorjo

Rip, The Constitution Of The Country!

Another minority girl was raped yesterday
Another Hindu girl tortured by a Muslim group
The constitution of the country remained silent
The masters of the Islam celebrated Eid
And Islamic Republic of Pakistan kept sleeping
Another 13 year kid went grabbed and bruised
Another history got murdered!
Another life got smothered!
Another sigh went unnoticed!

Aadil Hingorjo

Roaming Around The Same Reminiscences...

Here again I write a few lines for you
Few lines yet so full of us
Let me be honestly true
That I miss you; I do not hide it
It cannot be caged
I reveal it through words
For you, my beloved.
Man inside me sometimes thinks
That you do not accompany me these days
Despite the grown distance, you're here
You haven't slipped for a moment
You're too much alive and with me all the times
Memories of yester-week,
Yester-year and of the years
Everything emerges
The night on hilly rock
And the morning beside the sea-waves
The noon near by Clifton
And the sudden plans to spot each other
I'm feeling the drops of my soul
I'm missing every walk and sit that we shared
By the Nursery stop, we used to wait
That stop embosses a city of memories
Street walk, side by side, hands clutched
Hands down, stares up, stares down
Silence.. words.. complaints.. laughters..
Smiles.. Summing up the day.. but never tired
Texting each other whether we reached home
How were the things?
Asking about the routines
With immense love And care
Asking whether mom noticed the sandy dust
Or you perfectly occupied her
When other family members slept, we phoned
There we again gave birth to other days
And the days that count the dreams & desires
We measured the paths
Paths to reunion
Paths to re-engage

Paths to remaking
Paths to peace
Because we were peace
You sang the surroundings
You wrote to me
Differently and directly
You supervised me
Oftentimes, like I child I submitted
Because you were damn wise, beautiful
You thought for us
You framed it with vibrancy
With logical fluency
The first poem you shared
It based on pure search
on beauty, on ambition, on art and the lifeline
Bunched up with buckets of stories
You wandered through free winds
And I followed you; it was a romance of life
You're flash was motivation to me
It still is...
It still is...
I follow you
And the season of our love is to live on
It's to live on forever.
You see, forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Romantic Souls

It's the spaces outside
That they observe
It's the immensity inside
That they embrace
A lover doesn't leave his beloved
Both are tied to each other's cores
It's there silent breathes
That sweetly wordify them
It's their pretty politeness
That completely unites them
It's their smiling routine
It's their sadistic pause
It's their hectic hashes
It's their wordless romance
It's their sheer madness
That crazily keeps them along
All the flaws and fairnesses
All the cries and confessions
There they are lovingly formed
There they are beautifully settled
It's the sandy softness
It's the tidal touch
It's the oceanic murmur
It's the risky resonance
It's the intoxic air
And it's their intimate standing
That solely entwines them
There they're purely kissed
There they're unboundly embossed
And there they're rhythmically written.

Aadil Hingorjo

Rude Way

Till noon everything was fine
Even the afternoon too supported us
Evening inhaled strange drops
And the fore-night opened the fire-strokes
Different words
Utterly changed tone
Insane style
And unbearable utterances
Someday's smiles
Someday's promise
Misspelled every line
Reasons to scatter
Almost gone
The story's end
And a life's stop
Might not be same again
A broken bye, and all finished!
In the most rude way!

Aadil Hingorjo

Run Accordingly

Approach none but yourself.
Even if it's true, question it!
Idiots are all there.
So, go a little idiotic
See, if the flames within are in your favour.
Go inherently critical.
Don't be cold in the rightist ropes
live in a conservative rightist corner
and still be a joyful walker
In such a disharmonious journey, fly high.
Turn the thinner silence into the thicker one,
and run accordingly, o the comrade of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

Screaming Eyes Of Awaran

Masterminds are hell free, none scratches 'em
Security situation plots the inhumane sketches
Poor, helpless mothers go missing
Systematically kidnapped; historically harassed
Awaran's eyes pray for their safe return
Infinite sorrows encircle the Balochistan's sky
Leave tomorrow's tale, today's in danger
Look, protectors are explicitly exploiting
Those, who promised to secure, do torture
Bolan's aches increase; every breathe's broken
Close to things, close to life are these drops
Between them and us is this huge line
They brutally desert the Baloch mothers
What's this State? Where's the contract?
Trees of the Makran are down to silent vales
Quetta's charisma is thrown to fabrication!
Still is her oceanic line, and unvoiced are views
Who's exactly left now? When's the next turn?
Solitary children lose their flow, tears continue
Stained is the sacred age, and the youth dies
Unislamic air smothers the soul of Baloch land!

Aadil Hingorjo

See Love

Hey, see it is smiling right there
The songs are raining
Come let us be pleased in this poetry
Ah, the pain is falling to infinite flows
Numbered are nights
And morning is mightily moving
Some words are wounded,
Some silence is singing
Several sexes are sensing it
Time is tracing its turnovers
And life's gracefully greeting it
Hey love, see this union is an epic one
See, we are spelled to its streams forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

See, Everything's Out There!

Differed in handsome ways, life's set goes on
The course, no doubt, is unlikely
That doesn't invite harmony
That just seduces the insane men
And injects out the crazy questions
Bypassing the literal take over the ideas

Memoirs...
Accorded aims...
Misty morphemes...
Cynical sentiments...
Utopian euphoria...
Fake frontlines...
Vicious vibes...
Reliable wreckages...
Detached designs...
Kindled cracks...

Life's a bubble, and the battlefield at once
Neurological case, and the negotiating night
Illusionary event, and the risky reality
A phenomenon cosmically naive
Enlightened... Absurd... Quick, and so slow!

Simply troubled and terrified.
Commercial compositions.
Hostility invading the realm.
Unread and read divert from the rationale
Rationale roughed on both ends
The rubbed up right, and the lumping left
Unending evening and the unfinished scheme
Volumes in vessels, and vessels in volumes
It's...
It's all extremely scattered!

Rhetoric hypocrisy,
Aggressive coldness
Innate egoists
So on and so on...

Peculiar patties freely walks around
Precarious notionalogy finds the way
And the persistence gets pushed back
So sure about eradication
And no freaking plan for midnight mystery

The postmodern prophet sits unsound
Sold, and unsold at the same time
Manipulated mysticism mocks aloud
Debating out with assholes, stupid colleagues
Will to be valuably unwise... wish to go mad
And the linguistic loopholes go unquestioned
Disfigured drama conquers the kids!
Essentially unnecessary... meaningfully empty
Gone far ahead; gone fucking fossilized
Well, genuinely it's a filthy, fucked up structure
Dismiss the doings; and don't dismiss yourself
Misinformed bits, unconfirmed clichés
The tuneful trauma writes the tiny, large tales!

Aadil Hingorjo

Sense, And No Sense

It felt as if it was knocked off
I couldn't explain its inrush
I answered; I didn't answer it
I knew noise wouldn't do the thing
I let the moment to speak up
Moments sometimes go mistaken
Drop by drop it fell scattered
I was like how the heck is it happening
I realized the breakage inside
It numbed my senses; it hurt me
Was more penetrating than bullets
The fire was dangerously furious,
Burnt blood and the cold blood
What happened there, I don't know
The real didn't come to coexist
She too, I saw, turned gray
Something was miscarried
Something went unfiltered
Icy us underwent an undue spell
I shook her but she didn't respond
But I felt her watching me deeply
Personal, impersonal, and unmoody
Went harsh in high tones
Within instances, low voice prevailed
Maddened, reddened, and obstinate
Walked forward; turned backward
The very moments made sense;
They made no fucking sense
Couldn't ever offer arm for a minute
The chest was chopped off
It was a damned drowning instance
Several years went underrated
Disenchanted drives pushed us apart
Unfinished ache overwhelmed the very hour!

Aadil Hingorjo

Shades Of Each Other

You, my love, are my language
You, my darling, are my dancing lyre
Without you I am non-entity
Without you, I am a wordless vista
Without you I am but a breathless body

Your music runs throughout me
Your light is deep inside me
Every blood-drop inside remembers you
Lips of my soul paint your beauty
Your melodies make me alive
Without you, I am an abandoned stadium

You are my people
You are my player
You are my spectators
You are my audience
You are my operator
You are my mistress
You are my every line, love.

Trembling moments wait for your return
This air, this upset environment seeks you
Your glimpse is on the walls of memory
Come, stir my every ounce, my love
Come the way you truly are, my love
Unshatter the shattered shades of us
Come, taste my time's trash
Come, unite for the sake of era's eternity
Enter the way you literally are
For you and I are each other's literature.

Aadil Hingorjo

Shades Of The Contemporary Relics!

Then comes the scan
The radiographic test
And the medical truth
Sensationality of news numbs it
I'm not able to go home
Nor I'm left with a hope to go ahead
The test of time isn't everything
But true. It's something deeply startling
Where I collapse
Where all like-minded lips pause
And stops the mundane movement
Through mental images
And the ideas and the statistics close up
I slide fingers through them
The bold letters, and the silent ones
Some exclamations slip amidst
That's how the roots of life work
There I feel the flip of pages.

Aadil Hingorjo

Shadowing The Own Shapes!

I've been alive since I first cried
What was there and what was not there
I still know
Blurred yet I remember it all
Was it a life or bare a lifeless sigh
I must note it down carefully

Carefully I must speak to you
Cautious I must be against myself
From middling years to now
I've felt much
I haven't know much
But I've witnessed much
Law never favored the literature I knew
I might be wrong
Nobody corrected me respectively

Respectively I regretted over the terms of law
I ate the letters, I drank words
and I translated the impossible
Was I this much creative?
Was I a natural one?
Or I was a product of the times
Honestly I don't know

Honestly I don't about the dance of death
I haven't attended the rude faces
I haven't been welcoming at all
But I was stunned once
Once when I felt the rhythm of love
I feel that I must have exited that rhythm
I knew not the feelings would be for me
I forgot for a moment that I was in prison

In the quest of freedom, I rode another way
On the road of love
In the streets of city, I wandered
Together we wandered
Keeping aside the other tracks

Just followed each other
Hoping that everything would be fine
As long as we are true to each other
But the trust lane was torn...

How does it sound?
Being true to each other, how deep is the story
Losing the tracks of trust, here I stand
Here I stand awfully
Toying with the tones of myself
I try to be denser
Denser against myself, drier against the winds
What's in the diary? I rummage it secretly
There's nothing
Nothing but a shattered hope
Hope that must die

What must die is not immortal
And so am I
Should I leave the all sights?
Should I go against the roots?
Should I oppose the homely parents?
Where should I be? Where should I not be?
In the layers of questions, I encroach slowly
Reading the things that slept long inside me

Long ago there lived ghosts
Ghosts that were dear to me
I must return to them, they must return to me
But ago rebellion voice raises there
A traitor inside me echoes
This isn't plain; this isn't simple

Nothing can simply be undone
Undone comes after being done
Reaching the dust, I smell ancient
Dust stained with blood-drops
I smile
Smiling to accidents is in my blood
From very first accident to the recent one
I've been bold
I've grown with every trauma

Truamas are human beings
And human beings surround us
A little attempt I did
To befriend them
to love them
To hug them
to be true to them
But all went in vain
There's a shadow, a shadowy story
Narrator's tones stumble
Hesitantly he stands

Walking the dull walks
Unfriending the absurd mates, I partly feel fine
I feel the passivity
I feel the disturbed peace
But I at least feel the fire
Fire in moments that keeps me alive

I wish not to be with anyone
Anyone whose heart is humanly
I want a birdland
I crave for an imaginary meadow
I shan't marry any woman
I'll be off to insane instincts
I'm akin to the tunes of bodies
I feel that bodies are temporary
But the wounds they attach are permanent
I won't wish for any permanence

For the permanence questions the progress
For the progress is an abstract idea
Abstraction is superior
Superior to worldly reality
Realities taunt at me; they tantalize me by & by
Different quarters are there
I have not to stop anyway
I will please the conscience
I will burn my wishes
I will delete the tendencies
I will be an attitude

Attitude for the lasting tides of time
An era for the oppressed evenings
Reciting the own poems, I'll rest in peace!

Aadil Hingorjo

Shaheed E Sindh

After him, prevailed the darkness all around
After him, arose an unending autumn! !

Aadil Hingorjo

She Is A Sigh...

(In accordance with international poetry day)

Territory, Truth and a Terribly Tossed Toy '

-

Meeting her was a terrific accident

Open arms, bright brain and healthy heart

Such was her physique, totally a rebellion outlook!

Her appearance into this world was a miracle

A spinster was grimly screaming in the heart of snow valley

A dry-lipped girl was remorsefully praying for her gone beauty

A fresh were her hair; seemed like storytellers of the rarest springs

And the tireless was journey to her

Stoppage at each sandy hill; deep sighs near to sea-side

All she had were the injured, holes of years

Drowsiness in divinely eyes; shattered dreams

Lingering boldness in her voice was her rubbed version

As if 'yes, I also am' was her supporting slogan.

Such was the lady wandering in emptily-occupied streets of twin cities

Islamabad and Rawalpindi rather stylishly commercialized her

Price was fixed and focused was her swaying smile

Audacity adieu a bye; her evening was joyless.

Would that she'd studied Quratul Ayn Tahira

The first feminine figure and fleetingly eternal icon!

Typical centric approach ran through her veins,

To be wet, wounded and worshipped; so simple were her wants

Incomplete song, dotted book, and untouched enigma

Such evenly odd imprints were upon her sloppy soul

Drops on her still body were vague and the tone too was trembling

'Hey, I'm fucking fine, ,

Mom, Oh come on! !

Papa you're so odd

Sweetie you're turning upstairs

Such was her conversation unto her family members '

Even her diction and utterance was a matter;

Remarkably awful! !

Unused brain, unsoundly used heart, and embracing breasts

A saga of so innocently yearning life

Monsters from twin cities were being malevolent to this godly object

Was she, in fact, a godly thing? Conscience directs me to stop here,

Rethinking, reconsidering and refining tore her;

Mercilessly marked victim, falling into pieces
Homer tearfully turned back:
Iqbal, all engaged in propagating divisional deities,
Couldn't Sylvia Plath accompany her girl mate for a second?
Had Hypatia hugged her a bit warmer; she'd been the storm.
Whose blames imposeth on whom; arena, in all the way, seems spacious! !
Silence now chuckles through her salty eyes;
Ye art so; tells her crying wit!
Poesy, thou art decider... Lifeless poems of Bhattai and Rumi resonate! !

Aadil Hingorjo

She Wants A Poetic Rain!

You, my dear, bifurcate lengthy prose
A sheet of disorganized art you sketch on
Thunders of colorless rain spot you
And there's an sponsored fire in your paras
You know what
She loves the straight you
Her heart is wedded to poetry
Poetic dance is what expresses her
Her existence is full of lyrical music
She wants every tender emotion
Do open your honest self to her
Disperse your inmost feelings passionately
Then let her decide your storm
Because she is home to abstract autumns!

Aadil Hingorjo

She Was A Breathing Poem!

As a student she was sharp
She smelt flowers
She flied higher
She remained low
She remained enthused
She grew in love
She sometimes went pessimistic
Nonetheless she was beautifully optimist
All good things stirred her
She sensed the depression around
She tried to redo the language
She danced through literature
She breathed through art
Her eyes had that lyrical enigma
She was a serene poem
A soberly soothing diction
She stared eye to eye in the sun
She winked at moon
A seaside lied in her
But the desert, they say, screamed thru her
She didn't surrender
She was the staunchest rebel
Against incompetence, against malevolence
She adored the truth
She kissed the lips of beauty
With head open, with heart widened
Going on a different path, she chose herself
Herself who perhaps was angry with her
Was addicted to the tunes of life
Often asked him to tell stories
He created stories
And she was attuned to him
Entirely attached to him
She was this much lively
She stood and began walking slowly
She leaned a bit back
And went ahead again
He couldn't stop her
Yet he stopped her

Gripped her finger
The sun witnessed them
The wind caught them
The sea-breeze embraced them
Nightshade overturned
Midnight moaned
The merger postponed
And the absoluteness flooded
Unlikeable and undrinkable
Yet it tied all and all
Emotions imprisoned
Inch to inch, and skin to skin
It rhymed all the way!

Aadil Hingorjo

She Was An Evening Like This One!

She wasn't easy, she wasn't mundane
She wasn't sane; she wasn't insane either
Embraced in utmost solitude, she was a pain
Pain that springs beside the seaside
And lyrically grows in the evenings
She was a frozen mount;
She was a dusty town;
And foremost, she was an invading desert
And the desert that had countless little dunes
She was epic in her grains
She was poetic in her sand
All of me falls empty-headed before her
Every move of mine yearns for her now
It reveals upon me that I despised her
Pathetically I feel her in the burning rain
She wasn't easy; she wasn't mundane
She was an evening like this one
Extremely subliminal, and artfully oceanic!

Aadil Hingorjo

She Was Barely Forty

She was ill since years
Injured in kidneys
Attacked on her lungs
Wrapped in her own body
Never properly diagnosed
She kept crying for treatment
Her husband didn't entertain her
He didn't go to her
Even he pushed her by saying
You're just doing the drama;
You're fit and fine;
You don't seem to be unwell at all!
She was confined to her own corners
Her children were her asset
The little, lofty children
Like the verses of some holy book
She would kiss them delicately
She would teach them the ethics
She would forbid them to cross the wall
He didn't in honest sense own them
She would train them all the way
In night, she'd tell them stories
She would sing lullaby to make them sleep
When in slumbers they laughed, she'd hug them
In the terrified loneliness, she'd accompany her
She would open the novels to console her
She would sit in chair for hours
From the mid-eve to sunset, she'd stay there
She would recall her childhood memories
And the days spent in her father's home
She would discover the dance out there
The past memories always soothed her
She had undying faith in God
She'd say she had had nothing but God
She'd recite the specific chapters daily
She'd recite the Duroods
And would also recite 'Astaghfars'
Once I asked her why would you recite 'Astaghfars'?
She smilingly said, just to stay away from sins and to be near to God.

She was barely Forty
Undiagnosed beauty
She died of extreme illness last night.

Aadil Hingorjo

She's Again Out To Storms

Today, she is out to distort herself
She, the postmodern girl, is up for sale
Disregarding the days, she runs after night
Confused to her cores, she sits unset.
Water in her eyes is upset
Fate fantasizes her existence
In God she believes
And to gods she goes
Ungodly her is after god!
Tears tell her truths
Yet she lies; logic befriends her
Nietzsche is still off to her
She would never understand 'why'
Nasty numbers nourish her
Rotten is her very right
Simple series is unakin to her
On the chessboard, she is the queen
Her moves too are operated
She is nowhere free
In the shadows of times, she hides herself
Hell hypnotizes her hearty hues
But the silly girl is to see heaven
Iconic lady leads a lamented life
The postmodern picks up her history
Her heritage is passionately packed out
Retouching her roots, she wakes once again
Once again she would have the whole world
Only the art could best historicize her!

Aadil Hingorjo

Shut Not Your Heart To You, Darling!

Speak up to you, don't contest against thee
Love thy clarity; love thy confusion
Shut not your eyes to yourself
You're your wisdom and you're the wave
O lady made up of love resist it
Resist the rest
And divorce every absurdity
Go on an evening walk with yourself
To the sea or to hills
But do smoke before the marvels of liberty
Free are thy feet; and so are thy faculties
Hold them to your breathes
Unravel the unraveled
And punch down the rival seat
Open up the resilient side
Be profound and swim in profundity
Linked internal artery, own thy shift
Make romance with rift
And revive your peace
God sometimes is mistaken
Sometimes he simply goes the least way
And so lies the same God in you
Drink his patience
Drink him with immense delicacy
Do not be immediate
Immediacy mostly is temporary
And thou aren't a temporal wind
Gather your force
And blow on to the tunes of atmosphere
Fix a date with another dawn
And miss the night not
And justify thy slumber
Analyse the internal echoes
Argue with whispers
Be an all-embracing star
All that is in your heart
All that shines thru your eyes
All that dances thru your soul
All that manifests your strength

Smile's return to thee is obvious
Filter the unfiltered
Contact with thy heady genius
Accompany thy nerve forever and ever
For thou art thy sole comrade
Exhale the gone ruins
Inhale thyself; inhale the roots
Thou, of course, art thy wine & thou the divinity
Thou art thy composer
And thou thy composition
Imprint the most of it
And get it enthused
Sit not to the silence
Waste not thy fragrance
Reach you and reach yourself
Rummage through every single page
Revise every thick and thin
For thou art thy religion and thou the reality!

Aadil Hingorjo

Sighting The Sleep

I'm stern
Rude, undone at times.
I do not dream
I design it
I let myself flow on
I like her voice
I fall for her eyes
I gracefully hypnotize
Love becomes my way
Surroundings rush on
I analyze the politics
I interpret administration
All I observe keenly
Perhaps that's where I fall
That I'm too much in all
I skip the assignments
I avoid people
I do it deliberately
People don't drink
The drops of reality
I return to my room
Rewatch the same show
The same dirt dominates me
Unprincipled politics
Messily I sleep
It rarely turns me on
Sleep soothes me
Her bosom immerses me
But not in time
Sleep seldom owns me...

Aadil Hingorjo

Silence Canvassed!

It's a terrific time
In fact, a beautiful era
Contact with music
Chat with melody
Accompanied by agony
Away from reality
I've turned to be a musician
I study paints
Sketches appeal me
I'm long gone
Cannot write that way
It's no more the same walk
Perhaps I'm in a canvas
Stoned! Sealed! and Stumped!

Aadil Hingorjo

Singing The Same Symphonies

I was an adolescent then
Honestly speaking I'm still the same adolescent.
Haven't gone an inch away from those dunes.
Still I sing the same symphonies extracted from your soul.
Without you my love, I'm but a lifeless lamp.

Aadil Hingorjo

Sky And Ocean

Only the ocean acknowledged that immense ink,
otherwise the sky would have died unknown.

Aadil Hingorjo

Slashed Down

Everything was sinking before me,
and I couldn't do anything to reorder it all.
Perhaps the spell was wounded by the changing weather.
Perhaps the drunkenness had drifted up apart.
Tears trundling down the faces were writing volumes of stories.
Sadness was smiling through the edges of eyes,
and we were shattering slowly into pieces.
Earth inside was enveloped in stillness.
And it was the most painful hour;
the static existence got silently slashed down!

Aadil Hingorjo

So You Want To Know Who You Really Are?

So your mind is up?
Your veins want to know it.
Go hunted by your heart.
Well, you need to swim inside yourself.
There you are.
With all your crazy colors.
With the divine dance.
With the nihilistic nods.
You're the critical summary of life.
The artistic era.
The philosophical flight.
Unset at times.
You're the real life.
The rhythmic rustic life.
The unset urban domain.
You're rarely romanced.
Mostly a fucked up entity.
Yeah, you're an Eastern Entity.
Running after the western whims.
Know your nature.
You're the South Asian aim.
More directly an Indusian gene.
Which is now corrupted from all sides.

Well, ignore it and drive on to another area.
Capture your crying cores.
Don't smile.
Don't make noise.
Don't do it.
Don't move.
Stay there.
Feel.
Feel...
Yeah, feel it.
Until the feel reaches fire.
Hey, here you are.

You're my free-verse poetry.
I see you and compose you.

You're all free; you're unbound.
You're my life.
You're everywhere.
You're all sides.
Infinite accents.
Distant dialects.
Images of ocean.
You're the Sambara's smile.
You're that uncracked script.
An archaeological emblem.
An ancient embodiment.
You're something supremely surpassing.
I can't surpass you.
I just read you out.
In silence.
In the hours like this one.
I feel your sleep.
Your heartbeat.
Your undone hair.
Your submitted being.
Your obstinate existence.

Still you want more music?
Come out of those commercial corners.
Come out of the capitalistic crashes.
Come to your own.
Be the midnight music.
Be the day's drops.
Be the morning star.
Come your way.
Don't be stuck to the dice.
You're not that small.
You mustn't be misplaced.
Don't ask for the mike.
Don't display the dirty self.
Don't be an unnecessary participant.
Be you.
Be you..
Be you...
You're the real romance.
Extract the expression from within.
Infer it all from your own infernos.

Be a letter of your own life.
Don't go hired.
Do away with unsound dictatorship.
Be democate of your dreams.
Avoid being timed-out.
Avoid being trapped.
Yeah, be eccentric.
Be entitled to the poetic pieces.
Be enough.

People, you're precisely everything, everyone.

Aadil Hingorjo

Solace In This Union

Like these drizzling drops, your deep words pour upon me
Making me wet inside and outside, they make me feel you
Into the immense life, your drops penetrate
Each of them blessing me with a whole new life
Tastefully trying my eyeline, they tie me to your chest
You smile; you blush; you drink serenity
And I drink each of the beautiful bits from you
Reading your upward gaze, and kissing your lower lip
I feel thy wintry warmth, and you encompass the joyous spell
So comfortably we go crystallized
Aroma emanating from your arms intensifies our embrace
Your tresses touch my cheeks; they soothe me
And the slowly fastening heartbeat displays your delicacy
Spread abreast to each other, we breathe freely
What a precious part of life it is! What a soulful song it creates, ah!
Tidal touch of our lips recites our love
Hands invading the history move from right to left
Unflinching flare embody our souls
And we memorize this starry ecstasy forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Someday

Someday isn't a letter delayed
It isn't the day quite futuristic
Someday is every day when you think of me
And I think of you, and we miss each other
And we postpone our words
And we submit before subtlety
And fall silent
Someday is the true metaphor of our love!
Someday is the day that softly kills
That literally makes us cry
That meets us in haste
But stays there in our lives forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Someday I Shall Reveal That Romance

I've a got a taste of eyes; I kiss the images within
In love, I'll be revealing each romance that one makes
The eyes that are the cosmos of wisdom are emblem of her soul.
I'll be telling you about those eye-catching eyes someday,
I'll tell you about a kind of mind
Its peace lies in the freshness of heart.
I'll be telling you about the love that's to last forever;
In reality, in physicality, in sensuality, in intellectuality and artistically
And forever and ever again...
I'll be defining it with heart filled with love.
But right now I'm empty of words,
I feel that her passionate touches have stolen all my words away.
I have gone too immersed in her; have lost my frames
In the meantime, we breathe love and are living in the city surrounded by love
Trinkets of time are so gracefully supporting;
Unexpected yet the most piercing love!

Aadil Hingorjo

Something Celestially Seminal

Millions of years have passed by
Millions more will fall ahead
But I'll remain so forever
May be an unfinished conundrum
Which'd be romantically free
Free enough to any interpretation
Meeting and beating inside
Vastly open to enigmatic edges
Doubtlessly there's no doubt to it
That I'm there and not there
I'm poetry full of poetry
I'm that beautiful bliss
And my own bloody art
Never losing heart, I'm alive
All alive to the absurdity of intensity
Shaking and shaping the world within
Thoughtful theater and sleepless sigh
I don't why it doesn't hurt
Why it doesn't encounter me
Why I'm like happy in every way
And not sad over the fact that I'm sad
It's a little life with hell lot lightening
Lightening that too is little
For a specific audience
And showing nothing to the nasty notes
Something supreme I'm;
Something synthetic swims inside
Something celestial,
And something thirsty for details
Enthused to the utopian yawns
Haunted by heavenly hues
And drained with dystopian deeds
I'm the same thing, that Daro's dust
With same charming sight
Someone astonishingly strange
A deeply decisive double entendre
A whistling version or a watchful vibe
A map to monumental moves
A youthful universe or an ancient area

A painful purity or the damned dawn
An inspiring intimacy or an avoiding ash
An axed smile, I really don't know
Undeciphered dance is dear to me
Intuitively attuned to elastic emotions
I'm the resistance to this rainfall
Do you mind it? I don't do at all!

Aadil Hingorjo

Sontag's Her Own Identity

Sontag smiled to me last night,
and whispered..
Oh man, what? Wait...
How could she come in night?
How could Sontag be like other women...
She's a wild day light.
She drafted out her own way.
Not beautiful, not fragile, never vulnerable
Brutally hers... Boldly her!
Bluntest and the soundest her!
Susan felt misery
She did mourn
But didn't ever go off
Submitted only to herself and stood tall
Unlayered existence bit by bit
X-rayed its possible features
Her work excites her female fellows
She undoes it; she alters it; she establishes it
Yes, she was an amazing beauty
Philosophic in fashion and pragmatic in picture
Though left the world in early years of century
Her soul still walks around New York's streets
Streets that she paved for women's voice
Still her rebellious words fly high there
Sontag is a society ceaselessly incessant.

Aadil Hingorjo

Spelling Tomorrow

On my way to you I met many
Crossed the virgin weathers
And heard the unheard hymns
Path's fragility I foresaw
For the sake of your trace
For the sake of truthful track
I did suffer much
I lived a lot!
Now your lips appear to me
I see upon them the scratches
And there I see the light
Light of liberty, light of love
Regret dies and dies every doubt
Drunken and poisoned we rise
We rejoice the tired souls
Renaissance accompanies sunrise
All the prisons crash to ground
And smiles the reality all around!

Aadil Hingorjo

Spontaneity Amplifies Us

She loves me madly and makes me feel so in every moment of togetherness and separation

We do many lovely things with each other, and we skip 'em off many a times

She misses me, and she does it to the depths

She's my memory, my love, and my romance

I often tease her with freaking horrible philosophies

I do it by opening the clinical facts and the trinkets of history

She teases me back... with much dominating drill.

And the liplock takes us to the serene valleys

Triggers into the accounting hub, her syllabus pranks her

She's so into it, compassionate and committed

Distance between us softly hardens her

Pushing me away, and pulling me closer

I stab at her with another doze of doings

Reading... Writing... Being Carefree...

Intoxicated... Became, intrinsically awake

Careless... obstinate... and out of senses

I stand hidden, unhidden, and soberly drunk

I wish I could hug her right now.

I wish I could indisputably be with her

I could no longer be deranged

I could be alien to the imposed traditions

Little trivialities... and the whole life at stake

Yes, I can feel your teardrops while reading it

See, the smile curving down the lips designs another diction

This diction, this desire, and this realm of reality reseeds a timeless elation.

Aadil Hingorjo

Stay Blessed

I don't know why the arguments happens
Right, but why then does the love happen?
Love and arguments go together?
Tired of myself!
Contradiction...
Clashed between love and logic
Refusing to the heart-line
and also damaged by the head-shore
A grave breathes inside
Ah, it's an entire graveyard, love
You are bored of me, ain't you beloved?
Go ahead, if I'm misty to you...
Your fresh face mustn't go gray
=Stay blessed. Stay away!

Aadil Hingorjo

Stay Strong O Darling Heart!

And the familiar faces when turn strangers
Stick to the twilight my heart, and worry not
What is to happen will happen at any noontide
Let it be unsaid, stay calm to the cores
For the depth and separation are inevitable
Rise beyond boundaries and liberate thee
But what storms are to meet then?
Stay unfamiliar, be stranger; think not!

Aadil Hingorjo

Stepping The Way

If it's being extremely concentrated
And the axis too are pretty familiar,
then it couldn't have a long lasting feel.
It can be a fucking step but not the entirety.
Achieving even a glimpse of entire image is way long
Comrade says, we must stick honestly to the eclipses of everything;
only then the ecstatic eternity can meet us.

Aadil Hingorjo

Still An Undeciphered Script

Behind the colors I may hide
In words I may cover myself
In clouds I may be stuffed
But the reality is I'm an undone stanza
Truth is I'm no more the real I
I'm either passion or the patience
I'm not wild to my gene
Yes, I'm viral.
Notoriously viral.
Embraced at times.
Left all alone mostly.
Virtuous occasionally and vicious oftentimes
I'm a hidden language
The yet undeciphered script of the Indus
The molded museum of Moen-Jo-Daro
I am a forceful compromise
And an extremely artistic expression
I am lost
Terribly lost.
I wish to meet me again
But this life is too short
The lost me is too historical
I'll have to be historian
I'll have to be archaeologist
I'll have to be sociologist
And I'll have to be the student
Or else I'll be butchered down
For the sake of still unborn streams
I'll have to live
I'll have to live for peace
Humble and honest
Committed and conscious
I'll have to be pragmatic
I'll have to be poetic
The politicized me
The militarized me
I'll have to retrieve me
I'll have to date with dawn
Half-visible views and cropped questions

The search mustn't be static
Let the paintings talk on their
Let's not misinterpret their intensity
Let me not be blurred to buckets
Let me be bluntly questionable
Let me be a question so honest
And a quest so straight
Without any zigzag, let me be me
Let me be cut off from all the cores
Slow, cynical, suspicious, and sober
Let the colors of life have their own lyric
For the life's lamentations light the lanterns
And the lanterns that are limitless to liberty
And the liberty that hugs the whole humanity

Aadil Hingorjo

Still Unfound

Have you read them? He asked.

No, not yet.

When would you then? He encountered.

Perhaps, never.

Why so? He went curious.

I'm still unfound.

Then why don't you read them? He sounded dominant.

I would be corrupted.

You're a dead beat! He fixed it.

Yeah, my death is my depth.

Aadil Hingorjo

Streams Of Life

Touch me
yes, please do it
Read my emptiness
And write on my roughness
Don't go distant
Yes, unmake me
And then make me again
Wonderful!
Wonderful wind is blowing
Tiny truths are smiling
Strings of art
And streams of poems
Autumn and the spring
Ah, I am so in love with you
You're the sacred city
Wavy virtue
And let this life live on forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Stumbling Statue

A fresh breezes, Morning appears ahead
A gentle kiss and a kindred embrace
A tighter and a warmer hug
You know, A mother's lap
How dearly affectionate and generous is that
Hushhhh! ! ! Silence.. they're listening
Tears roll down from her eyes
His solitary mom, Unfeignedly his'
Cramped heart, and an startling mind
She hides the tremble, sets back the tone
Mathematical matter, quite interesting
Her undone hair and bruised body
She passes a smile and prays for petty privacy
Remains silent oftentimes, but build her kids
Her children, future stars, her true asset!
She's a great congregation
And he... His naughty son, a proud portion
She widens her eyes, still there's a fear
Baby.... Extends her arms and kind of fear in tone
Her strict guardians and gone siblings
Simple and pure, yet she grows kid's grammar
With all her heart She raises her Laal
Dim lights, full shadows, monstrous winter,
Her nearness and firmness keeps on guarding
The true hearts revere thee Oh Mothers,
Her stronger gazes intensify young emotions
Great and grandeur is her lyre
Love in the eyes, love in her whole being
Her beauty goes on extending
It increases forever and ever, never lessens
Cry not Oh Mother, see all is fine
Even the reciters of Qura'an subjected her
She's subjugated; tortured, torn, and tormented
Mountaineer, Mentor and Magically Mystical
Her child is to heal your heart, smile again
Smile for lil Laal,
Her sky and earth are to last forever and forever
A breeze, a mighty pen and sparkingly eternal star
He stops and she advises, condemns his wrongdoings

Stay there deep in him, Oh song of naturalness
Poets of the world bow down before her
Live on for long Oh the mighty glorious shore!

Aadil Hingorjo

Stupid Executions

Endless cuts, and so many injuries
Parts of poetry, and the parcels of prose
A fresh odours
And some lost scents
Immediate outlines, and the unkind outcomes
Secretive seasons, and witty weathers
Tiresome, and tremendous wanderings
Faithful pages, and the rational lyrics
Stones of the ages, and the recent reports
Tears falling, and the uncontrollable laughters
Adorable instances, and the empty ends
Rivers rise there
Rocks resonate inside
It's an all stupid execution...

Aadil Hingorjo

Suffocated To The Self

Village is so full of infinite voices.
I alone seem to be a hutless entity.
I feel strangely contented there;
I'm bearing a huge pain inside;
People who are in majority suffocate me to the soul.
I don't have any kith and kins.
I seem to have no guardian at all!
I'm my own guardian, and my own grain.
Passionately all the extreme sorrows cover me
They give birth to the endless songs,
and I allow them do so.

Aadil Hingorjo

Summum Bukmunn Umyun Fahum La Yarjioon!

Silence rules over, my lord! The law surrenders
If this is the face of today's Muslim,
Muslim ideology might not fly high
It will soon undergo an unbearable trash
In a state of serious sigh, it's the latest tale
Sections... Articles... Clauses, and sub-clauses
Number of amendments, but none so real
Surgeries into the past, but not a way forward...
Who would console her poor mother?
Who would stand by his helpless father?
An under-ten innocent girl is raped by a Mullah!
Thus the State ensures the primary protection
Thus the motherly State remains mute
Every new day survives more painfully
Cries. Pleas. Appeals. Screams. And silence
Summum Bukmunn Umyun Fahum La Yarjioon.

Aadil Hingorjo

Sweet, Subtle, And Profound She~

So you want to meet my beloved?
See, she's here in my words.
Read me and you'll find her,
You'll trace her glimpses,
You'll meet meet her depth.

Her light prevails in my words
She smiles through me
She resonates through my letters
She resides in rhymes
But she's isn't restricted to the rhythmic line
She's an free-verse!

Her hands hold mine
While writing she captures me
She embraces me all the way
I'm no more I; she's not she anymore
We are both but the sole expression
Subtle, sweet, and profound!

Capable of interpreting & wise enough to love
She often surprises me delicately
She's a passionate dance
And a peaceful music
And a kind word
And a piercing song.
She typewrites me!

That's how she works
Kissing my forehead, she blushes a little
A little she chuckles
Her eyes express me
And I reveal her heart
She calls me favorite
In fact, she's my favorite
The warmest hug, the saddest symphony
And the safest chest!

So here you read her

In between the spaces of my lines
Here you stop to meet her
She's all here
And
And I'm in love.

Aadil Hingorjo

Taste Of A Book

If it restricts you to empty, emotional beliefs
If it is a traditional tablet to you
If it just touches your tongue the same way
If it just kisses your outer cores
If it does not expand your expressive aura
If it does not drink you deep inside
If it does not rummage your rhymes
If it does not knock the night inside you
If it does not make you visit the real avenues
If it does not make you akin with wicked life
If it does not suck your soul out
And if it is just another taboo
Believe me, it's not a book at all!
A book must be like a beloved.
Free, frank, fanatic, and fantastic at the same time!

Aadil Hingorjo

Tears, And Head Bowed Down In Sorrow...

Silently standing at your door, I offer my prayer
I don't scream hard; nor do I disturb anyone
I knock my own nights, I'm only inhaling me
I'm taught to submit myself; I do it passionately
I don't force you, nor 'll I impose myself on you
You too are brother to me; we are same pets
Hiroshima tragedy ruptured me apart
Holocaust undid my internal organs
Cried... I cried at every human massacre
Whoever damaged humanity I opposed him
Yet I fall all alone today; I'm soberly unseen
Nobody acknowledges my tears.. I'm terrified
Crusades weren't my foundation..
I dint debase any human progress
I prolonged for peace
My every page manifested but pure love
Yet you my mark me rigid, ignorant & inhuman
Why do you deny my light? Dim me not, O lords!

Not all the stupidity lies in me
I'm not that stubborn Arab
I'm an Arab with denser lyrics
I'm an Ajam with deeper art
I'm a Muslim.. A Muslim from this world
This world isn't your real estate; is it?
Why do you disallow me from drinking water?
Am I not supposed to sing my anthems?
I grow on the tunes of death..
My winds have underwent a nasty turn
My bridges are largely bruised
Yet my heart is full of humanity
Humanity comes first.. I'm but a blurred peace
Don't rape off my daughters..
Don't slaughter my son's
What's the crime of my dyingly old father?
Why don't you tell me the sin of my mother?
Why do they go disappeared in nights
And why don't they return to the homes
Where are my homes, my lords?

What are the charge-sheets after all?
Why don't you undress those coffins?
What are you afraid of, my superpower lord?
I'm scattered like distant dunes
My grains are left to undying edge of thirst

You killed my more than fifty innocent people
You actually massacred millions of dreams
You distorted endless desires
You're the killer of life
You're afraid of lively aayats
You just misinterpret my stanzas
You just laugh at me, you're a dangerous thing
You enlarge threats and you foster the fear
You've corrupted my smiles
Your bullets defame the classical lands
You've ripped apart the land of Palestine
Your notoriety treads upon the Afghani hills
You have undone the schools of Iraq
You disintegrated the history of Damascus
You've butchered the breathes of Baghdad
Yet you call me the killer!

Yes, I'm Jerusalem
I smile at you youthfully
My expressions resist defy your towers
I'm the aching igniting storm of Iran
I possess the striking faith
I'm otherwise a magical fire
I can take revenge of every single sigh
I'm in my aura a call of calmness
I can trace the tricks of time
I can solve the sums of summers
My angry moan can scratch out your ears
Let me not be a clamorous scream
Let me be who I am
Let my ink spread the universal love
Don't for God's sake crunch my bleeding heart
Don't tantalize me to teach you back
Don't embed in me the lustful economics
You've outcasted my intellect
You've outnumbered my melodies

Don't despise my ragged shadow
Do not disregard my rivers
I plant my humblest self
I echo like the ancient Indus art
I fly like an eagle and fall like a pale leaf
My mates aren't here to be crucified
They are the slogans of life
They have already paid a lot

Excuses me, the civilizations of the world
I stand up for human life
I stand up for ecological uproot
I stand up for coming queues
I stand for the entirety of truth
I don't want to be a borderline
I don't want any dint of clash
I don't want soldiers to be martyred
I don't want any fraud anymore
I'm a simple voice with mutual grief
I'm an anti torture unit
I'm a hope in hellfire
Maltreat me not anymore
Yes, I'm suffocating; suffocate me no more
I've been a cave of letters
Unfold me not
It's been a heartache
Don't diagnose me anymore
Because you've just been disfiguring me
I expect no tales from your treasury
I feel it enough
Perplex me not anymore
I've been blamed since long
Let me be bluntly honest
Do not for peace's sake dispirit the candles
For the soul of light is Infinitely endless!

Aadil Hingorjo

Texture And Tendency

Time goes running fast
The winds grow wise
The storms undo the spell
The traditions change
All the trends change
Courses go cropped
The cruxes come down
Models come updated
The definitions refine
Terms too excel ahead
The air index meets a shift
What doesn't stop is the nostalgia,
Nostalgia to stuck on the same signs
Past unguided by present is but a poker
Which intimidates from the underground
It's an statically fictional texture
That sucks out the soul of civilization.

Aadil Hingorjo

That Hour Is Destined

Curfews will be uplifted
Yes, the day will come!
The dawn will dance there
Curtains will be cropped
And the sun will smile
Children will cheer up
And the mothers will sing
Evenings will accompany them
The girls will groom
The brothers will boost up
Fathers will be free
Free will be the entire will
Will would walk to wisdom
And the alarms will announce
Yes, the poetry will rule
God will be the poet
Goddess will be her creator
Creation and the creator
That romance will appear
Ah, that art is destined
That eternity will rhyme
And I shall return to her
To the history of heights
There won't rise any further fights
Listeners will last there
Speakers won't scream out
Ah, the faith is still alive!

Aadil Hingorjo

That I Still Remember...

Wintry whistle ran thru us
Both of us felt its pace
Intense spell, in fact!
Its melody evoked us
Inside slowly came outside
Coldness touched our ages
You set your hair free
Uncombed I stepped on to you
Shivering line was visible
Our bodies were burning
It was a frozen Friday
Moments moved to our lips
Our hands hashed the grip
Our fingers rang the roots
Each slice awakened an ecstatic feel
Dreams and dawns, all jumped amidst
Sweat and smile excelled the way
Our skins sketched a true romance
Lightly we coughed
And the drizzle immortalized us
Fallen against each other
Lost into each other
We nakedly numbed the night
No ray of remorse, full of romance
We belonged to each other
The sighs confirmed so
The sighs still confirm so...

Aadil Hingorjo

That Rhythm

Don't come too much close to me
Shhh, see... Wait...
Don't...
Let this song be not sung now.
O precious love, wait a little
Let's not trap that trance
O my everything, and my everyone,
You have offered me yourself;
You have surrendered your all and all,
And I am under your aroma
So, let us not be child for a while
Let's wait a little more
Our valleys will not vanish so soon
Let us be the undying architects
And let's sketch each street to us
But let's not finish this journey now
Rosy wind need not to be worn now
Let's ripen it with our hearts
In the meadows, we will celebrate, O love
Certainly our love will have reach that rhythm.

Aadil Hingorjo

That Rhythm Of Yours

Your serenity
Your sighs
And your sight
All I love is your light
Your light that awakes me
Your light that makes me sleep
That follows me everywhere
That saves me from every ache
And enlarges my art eternally
Recreates me...Redoes me
Resonates in my blood
Enlivened in you;
Envisioned in that rhythm
that rhythm romances with my heart forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

That Unlively Lane

Listen, ye respectable hostelite girl,
If you didn't hear him then why did you shake him?
If you didn't see his concretes, then why did you let him come inn?
See, how the days mere a spell of days dumped you down, down, and down
These burgers, citizens of the Islamic state aren't Islamic, note it down in your
heart
They have no tongue and they don't tie to the truth
You could learn this from bygones
And the bygones, you see, aren't dead here
Every view gets finished with a heightened drama
Most of these actors follow the script that leads them to your nipples
You too participate fully; rather you ease out the stream
When you offer them your boobs, they go down on your doors
They even don't knock the door
Your windows would already have welcomed them
And they don't miss the chance
They just don't miss it out!
Then once the juice is out, they do what the bearded man did to you yesternight
Over a tiny thing, he unzipped your respect
The so called 'Panchaaye-At Cafe' further commercialized it
The group of girls, the bachelor boys, and the couples with their lips on sips too
witnessed the very display
He could do it privately, the quarrels are pretty common
But he wanted to rip off your resume
He wanted to exercise his unjustified sperm
So did he...
He shunned you off; he belittled you in public
Your legs were hesitant and your eyes empty
You didn't utter a word; you remained off
Law of Torts was mute, so was the legal line
Hostel City Islamabad advanced the outlook
Inmost was corrupted; consuming air didn't protest
A lane was left open...
A lane to the literary laureates...
A lane to the naked necks...
A lane to the ripened chests...
A lane elastic to educational elites...
An unlively lane... An everlasting loophole!

That Verse Still Remains Unfounded!

In me is an infinite ocean of words
My heart breathes thy poems
The wonders in me exude the philosophical smell
I do not expose the details of the city
My verses carefully envision the holy sights
Sounds of my world defy the extremist tones
But the verse that silently steers me
That verse still remains unfounded!

Aadil Hingorjo

That Village Isn't Ours Anymore!

See, the sea is smiling to us
And the sand too is calling us.
But our people are thirsty of our blood.
We want to return there.
But we won't return there.
That village isn't ours now.
They've demeaned us, comrade;
Their tongues have torn us
People there have panicked us so much
A lot they have hurt our gene
They'll go on killing us;
We'll be stabbed to our spirits there
They've already injured us a lot.
Strange bullets cross our souls
I think, we're living dead, love!

Aadil Hingorjo

That Virgin Smile

That Virgin Smile defines me
Afresh is still that scene in my memory
Like that of Grecian Urn's artwork,
A slightly evil grin ran through our lips
And we felt the warmth of each other by seaside.

Aadil Hingorjo

The Cracked Me

Intricately layered
Under the unsound wind
Pleasant travel
Blissful grief
In lights is unclarity
Dimness now soothes
These pieces are wonderful
I'm free
Frankly torn
A sigh of solace
Perhaps I'm enoughed!
I deserve to be dismantled
Because I resist the breathes
Temptation overdoes me
I'm silent
I'm calm
I'm hungry
I'm thirsty
I'm upset
Yes, I'm beautifully unset! ??

Aadil Hingorjo

The Dance Inside

Something rings inside
It singly sings sighs
It fights against me
It stands for me
Pale pages mock at me
They madden me existentially
The wave hits me every nights
It rarely meets me
I haven't fully forgotten it
The script of the Indus
Fading stars feel me to the freedom
They borrow light from me
and then they shine on me
they smile, and the reason is my soul
They return to me with fragrance
and grow flowers inside me
Their songs and their smell
I listen to them; I dwell there...
where every weather is just like mine
Ah, I dwell there in dancing hearts!

Aadil Hingorjo

The Foolish Us!

Either of the two is happening these days
We are either overbuilding it
Or we are excessively overtearing it
Goodness isn't grown from any part
We aren't moduled to moderation
It's a desperate design drawn by us all
And we foolishly follow the fashion!

Aadil Hingorjo

The Inkless Eyes

Noisy streets were full of slogans,
Extents were not identified;
I couldn't join them;
I couldn't.
I am never sorry for it,
For the art was amiss;
just the artifice was out there,
And the eyes there were inkless
I then thought to infer the idea
But, comrade, the idea itself was spotless.

Aadil Hingorjo

The Locked-Down Lands!

No god looked kind to me
As if I was not their creation
I began staring at them
They offered me learned books
They gave me a lot
But they did not make it lovable.
Print too was petty messed-up
I did make a pilgrimage
I, the Italian human, went numbed
Corona crushed my face brutally
Prayers in all the mosques
And all the churches went unheard
Temples' tones did not undo it
It intensely disrupted everything
You and me stood apart
We did not hug each other
We did not even shake hands
Tears in the eyes of humanity
It brought tears all around
Every single living thing cried
Sighs...Cries...Cracks
The locked faces,
Expressionless 'abc'
And the locked-down lands!

Aadil Hingorjo

The Still Night!

Tonight deepens the interior of her existence
The wintery turn in Karachi's weather hits her lively aura
She reveals a dim, soft tone through her words
Soft yet a an appealingly deeper one
She talks to me in a falling voice
Her lips yet seem to the inner vibrance
Inside her are ranging the currents of fever
She like every night extends her currently tired arms
In the courtyard of her breasts, I meet a fire
And she whispers not to hold her tightly
She looks tired, modern study suffocates her
Ah! the avid embracer of my soul is tricked by winter
With a small kiss, she is driven to drowsiness
Tonight her arteries are reddened to her
A little caress waves her to dreams
Encircling her resting body, I count her breathes
My lips so tenderly reach the realm of her eyes
Here she reads my rhythm
Painted upon her, my soul smokes her still imagery
Immovable we stay
Tonight continues to be slowest one
Here I explore the essence of her being
Quiet like a night she slumbers
Somewhere in her symphony I go immersed
At last our souls enshrine the moonlight!

Aadil Hingorjo

The Subtle I!

There's an endless space
Wherefrom I happen to uncorruptedly flow
I flow for embracing the words
Words that are not abstract;
Words that are befittingly relevant;
Words that are soundly lively;
Words that are irresistibly liberal;
Words that do not malevolently propagandise
They are not any so called religious fabrics;
They are purely wild in nature
There is certainly a range of inmost tones,
Whereof I sometimes tread to hug out my rhythmic figures
There are multiple versions of me,
And there is a whole edifice
That neatly compiles the entire colors of their cries
There are suppressed sobs and hidden slogans Inside me is an irrefutable
unmarkedness;
Such has been my position since last millennium
Such subtlest verse I have grown to be!

Aadil Hingorjo

The Unwritten Story Of Thar!

South Eastern desert(Sindh)conceals our story
Aren't we, the ignored Tharis, parts of this land?
Our land isn't snowy
No one visits us
No one pays any penny to us
Everyone publicizes us for his personal graph
Our peripheries mark the endless silence
Yeah, we are Tharis, the bordered insects
Infinity of desert introduces us
Our expressions are earthly
That's why the gods of time marginalize us
We are doomed to unsung strings
We are empty graves on the land of pure
Settled around the Thar-coal,
We often get to be politicized
We have just been talked of
We have just been discussed about
No Syed, No Thakur, No Major has hugged us
Because we are not like Fata-inhabitants
Courts too just delay our cases
In the fight between Biggers we are censored
Perhaps we are cornered because of
Because of our nonviolent identity
Because we don't take up weapons
Because we don't kill the innocent people
Because we don't broadcast the fake teachings
Because we don't have any Afghani border
Because our neighboring land is Rajasthan
Because we celebrate the humblest sand
Neither province nor state safeguards us
We are the neglected clauses
We perhaps don't lie in constitutional limits
We are limited to our own grief
Only our frozen sadness smiles on us
No rain determines our nature
Do you, O careless God, listen to our prayers?
Heavy roads and carpeted motorways
New developments are coming
Yet our lips remain thirsty for drops of water

This twenty first century is another dark spell
No manifesto captures our voice
Scattered under the naked sky, nights fall
Hungrily we sleep
Mothers here have lost the physical coherence
Their foreheads don't foresee the life
Empty are their breasts
Undone are their hair
We live under the blank clouds of exile
No one advocates our intensity
All lawyers have turned liars
No method meets our monuments
No photographer shows our reality
We are pregnant with untold poses
We are the dried flowers of the Thar desert
Our representatives have deserted us
Injecting threads of beliefs, they've deceived us
We are taught to pray before God
But no messiah has ever blessed us, my lord
In the streams of time, we are but lost travelers
Arab princes hunt the flights of our birds
Our sunrises and sunsets too are endangered
We are footprints of permanent silence
No novelist characterizes our inmost echo
No poet has ever been lyrical to our beats
Our peacocks die on daily basis
Our peahen have lost their dances
And the loss of their dance reveals our loss
We are directed to no land
No kind window opens to our area
Our territory drinks turbulence
We are like ignored underlines
We find none to translate our language
Perhaps our tongues are rooted in ancient time
Under the solemn mist, we breathe emptiness
The contracted us cry over the troubles of time
Ah, the alien avatars laugh over us
Ah, we are the myths of the contemporary era
We unveil the dirty picture of democracy
We boldly whisper to the locked parliaments
We humbly expose the religious rifts
We, the indecent creatures, we embarrass them

Let it again be the forgotten plea
Because we are an uttered promise
Because we are the burnt books
Because we are the blocked rivers
Perhaps we are still the unrecognizable scripts!

Aadil Hingorjo

Then Go Alone All The Way

If everyone is with you
And still you're alone
And the wind is unwhispery
And you can't carry yourself
Then, go alone all the way
Stick to your fingertips
And leave the so called centres
And do away with absurd stains
Accompany the plain you
Be it then the stupid vibe
Or the exciting idiocy
What's real is, after all, you.

Aadil Hingorjo

Then The Scene Slips Away

Turbulent time races inside
Verses once sacred sound vicious
A whole flood of freaky folks chases me
Ignoring each code, bypassing their bits
I let the silence rule over me
Its smile and secrecy won't invite any affair.

Symbols sleep in row, and sounds sideline it
Through awful inquiries, I routinely go on
Virgin voices seem full-time fake
Someone's eating evenings;
Someone else is out for ill lights
And the circle drifts a little;
it then slips away forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

There Rests My Legacy

Here's my room: #Number9, Hostel City
Islamabad takes me to whys, and what's of me
Little do I know about the neighboring room
Here I exercise over lots of beliefs
Here I take into account the serious passions
I learn here to absorb the silence.
I slowly realize not to argue anymore with them
I'm not after winning any wind
I let them be; and they let me be me
Plenty of peculiarities surround me
Sleeping the sleepless night
Half-slumbered in days
Going meaningless and coming meaningful
I dreadfully delete the dogmatic days
Suspend and sparkled within instances
Movingly motionless...
Heavenly humbled...
I don't devalue my fellas' fancies
I'm fresh. I'm fundamental.
I wrestle with my world
Exactly the critical nerve is always on and on...
And the fragrance of these walls please me
It pleasingly rejoices my heart
It evidently leads to luscious lights
Sophists, poets, and artists accompany me
These days, this rhythmic room envelopes me
I'm fully, chaotically me here here in this room.
I'm subjected here; entitled to my own life!

Aadil Hingorjo

There We Shall Go Again

Going thru these days requires a lot of life
But the beauty is we both are in the same line
We meet, and then again the distance comes
Nothing and still everything slowly haunts us
The sun above you and me loses its warmth
Feel the precious prints of the recent kisses
And these small love-filled scratches are there
Memories across the seasons enfold us
Worry not, winter 'll be tired pretty soon, my love
And there we shall go again with each other.

Aadil Hingorjo

They Ask Of You.

She, who was to be trapped in traditional relationship saga, stopped before me
I gathered myself to give my social ear to her
She asked me, whether I'd had any love story or not.
She's friend; her tone too was friendlier
I, like all other poets, tried to be poetic
My words turned intoxicated
And I for a second went lost in centuries
My eyes too longed for that partly distant shore
Poor she couldn't trace thy diction in my drunken self.

Aadil Hingorjo

They Call Me Kashmir!

Locked in the lone lanes
Sitting at crossroads
I wonder is this my world!
Looking at my scratches
Crushed cores of my land
Kashmir, they call me,
I'm crunched into crushes!

As if I'm some commercial piece
Like some property with no reality
Nuclear lords from all sides suck me out
The blue sky embodies my story
The stillness of earth knows it well
Barren bazaars, deserted domains
Kashmir is my name; I'm all alone!

Left in a room with no window
Widow too has someone to look after
My tongue's cut down
My beauty is brutally raped
Pains entail me; I'm an endless cave
Cornered to my creepy corridors
Numbness of a hell-long night!

Sunken streams of mine
Desolate days rise and fall
No arrival, no revival
Horrible dreams drain all the way
No rain, only ruins, artificial rainbows
In wounded ways, I inhale
Demolished to the depths

Utterly incomplete I stand
A word pregnant with wounds
An overtly unread book
Breaking down to several cells
Searching for humane hymn
Seeking out some sympathetic sign
Fooled from every side; mistreated!

An unfortunate piece of art
Artist perhaps has turned off
Or maybe he has gone dead
Deafs, dumbs, and blinds lip-serve to me
Occupied by the unkind edges
Planted to extreme pettiness
I am an unaddressed ash!
With a pretty sad smile, I survive
At the lynching line, I resist
My people struggle to imprint
Imprint my melancholic meadows
Meadows lost into the unending choas
Reflecting the inmost resonances
I exist to translate my times
My time's frozen
Yet I must rescue my wreckage
I mustn't go tired
With every leaf, I must live
For the sake of upcoming spring
Ah,
I'm Kashmir!
-
Aadil

Aadil Hingorjo

They're The Monsoon Full Of Melodies

Don't be hostile to these inches, they're songs
Doing away with mist, they're musical melodies
If it's the dark tunnel, they are the rays of light
Embodying the lamps, they create the way
Words which carry unique slogans
These students are incessant flows
They ring from all the roots; they're roots
Foundations brimmed with boldness
Slogans full of love, full of revolution
Yeah, a little twisted but essentially marvelous
They walk through dust, they pass by the dirt
Their destination is still ahead
They are committed to deathlessness
They are beyond partial ponds
They're headed to oceans
If anyone can see, they're able to foresee
They're in love with Azaadi.
Don't confuse them, if you're confused
Don't spit over their charm, if you're unecstatic
They're the prerequisite for today's prose
They're reviving pieces
They are pearly parts
They're proud portions
Ordinary boys, ordinary girls
All equally out for extraordinary expression
Breaking the chains, they're manifestos
Tiny yet alert enough to defy the droughts
They live outside; they burn inside
They have stood against the rock
The rocks which is been firmly rooted
But they too aren't commonplace persons
They're students!
They aren't elites!
They're not political pranksters
They're aren't military scums!
They're innocents!
Oratory undefeatable, and witty wishes
Evolutionary anthems; revolutionary rhymes
Non-conformist to the cruel codes

An encounter to the false frontiers
They're ready to reject the licensed layers
To save their hope, they're on their track
They can't be broken; they're intense echoes
Their throats can't be choked
Liberty is their Haqq! They're so divine
They're fires; they're flames
They're minarets of freedom
They're the holy lanes
They're the voice from the gone times
They're the beings internally wild
Unafraid of wanderings
Unknown to fearful flees
They're the beauty seemingly united
To preserve the poems
To secure the sighs
To heal the wounds
To mediate the impulse
To integrate the ashes
They are stepping to stairs
Stairs that lead to art
Stairs that open to stars
They will wait under the scorching sun
They will wait under the skyless land
They will never leave the cradle.
Ah, they're the symphonies rising from Sindhu
They're the crying drops of Kabul river
They're breathes branched out from Bolan
They're the rhythms of the Ravi river
They're all up from Skardu's insights
They're the Kashmiri queues
Want to balance; want to brighten up
Passionate enough to achieve infinity
Sitting to the hutless peasants,
Conversant to indigenous activists,
They're the beloveds; they're the lovers
They, the readers; they're addicted
Addicted to pragmatic infernos
Accustomed to free wine; close to poison
They're modest drunkards, Indus embraces 'em
Dying for equal empowerment
Opposing any militia, any military

Dancing to the streamy depths
They're the cracks unforgettable
Don't shun them off
Don't ask much from them
They're already much-spirited
Don't blame them
Come, enjoin; walk a little with them
Only then you could have a word
You yourselves are the world
Consider them as your worldmates
You know it all, they've just started it
Let them plough; let them own their life
Let them lavish their land
Let them be open to their mounts
Let them be attuned to their oceans
They are the blood boosters
They remind you of your lost assets
They are up to kill down the margins
They are ahead to tie the truth
And they don't seem tired;
They're the touches slightly tearful
They're the terms not to be torn
Yet they are not to surrender ever
They're not the narratives quite naive
They're rather the discourses full of dawn
They're flowers; they're forests
They're the deserts, and they the dunes
Don't alienate them; speak unto their soul
Respond to their resonance, redo the line
Mirrored to you, these students are murmurs
Fill it up, and cover the way even if it's halfway
They're the Latifian rain; a happening unlimited
Undoing the petty papers, they yearn for peace
Epitomizing faith, they're truly the red cells
They are like monsoon for the parched regions
A daring daylight, and unflinching footsteps
Every time to you, they're your favourite verse
They are a lot from you; they're in fact you.

Aadil Hingorjo

This Land, This Love

The life in moments is the life real.
Within instances coldness dies,
And the victimized spirits are relieved.
Hey, I can't be impartial at times.
Yes, you've always been spaciously alive in me
Agonies turn into ecstasies,
sadistic sides go green,
and the logic too is comprehensively balanced
Identification meets all the edges,
and reaches the resolute line
This land, this love, and this lot does it all!

Aadil Hingorjo

Those Who Never Die

It's evening here, the programmed city turns silent
Strange mystic perfume is in the air
Hills are covered
And fog has occupied all avenues
Everything is falling slowly
In the balconies of the twin cities
There's no music
There is a wait in spinsters
Their eyes are wet
And their prettiest views have been erased
There's a lantern in that lone street
And a fruit-seller is selling his cries
Despite being familiar to all drastic twists and turns
My stubborn being bears no slight intention of losing myself
I know that when in a forlorn cover midnight overmasters;
In the blanket of starless night
There's no one along but you and your-self holds you
Whatever... But your own being restores your tacky skeleton
Your own and honest version walks besides you
You fearlessly face yourself with all your scattered bits
Storms throw you away, rains restrain
There are wines that kill your thirst
And the streams of eyes that literally engulf you
A lot many contradictions and qualifications tighten you
Yet the steadfast souls never disorientated themselves
For they dance in the supreme journey of love
Love prettifies the unafraid students
No theories and rules restrict them
The highest certificate to them is love
All else is mere an empty x-ray!
Because the love swiftly sway your hair
You learn to communicate the globe;
Love astounds, it stuns
Any other partly study sounds just like a fossil philosophy
Love makes its disciples bold
And the lovers dance courageously
At the pathless spots where even most of worshippers stumble
Deities desperately die over there
Prayers too go unheard, are they meant for being heard?

And the believers give up their beliefs
And the trustworthy clerks and their gods too deceive
But the passion doesn't end
Love sweetens every valley, love figures out the ways
Sheered is every shattered being
In fact, lovers learn a romance-filled liberal language
In that language, dialects and accents are of no account;
There speak lofty eyes;
There emerge stories from the womb of absolute silence
And in all soulful psalms and hymns
Lovers feel elation
Lovers feel free
They don't fear anymore to dive into the divine depths
Dreariest runways get unraveled
Love saves them
And humble lovers get ahead to the soundest cores
They do not hesitate to travel on the ambiguous headways
They are evoked by emancipated heart;
Everything at every sphere sings along with lovers
Magical and serene songs strengthen them
Aftermath of the doleful destructions sparkle the stars
To which they sing and smile
That starlight deepens their hearts
They embark journeying to more meditative monuments;
They are never tired
And there aren't any rays of relics on their forehead;
Their pens go on flowing; their writings surpass literature
No part of them wants any pause
None of their thirsty nerves is calmed...
Even they don't want to enjoy any slim slumber
They are awake forever
Lovers surrender not at any cost
For they've to kiss the lips of eternity;
They've to struggle until the dominant domains shackle
Their boldest beings get versatile at every nook
Never at any verge, they're wrinkled
In their eyes are the chapters
In them are the remains of wretched past
In them lit the lights of conscience
Lovers don't return back
Petty and rotten roads do not inspire them anymore
They're stumped

And stupefied
And anesthetized!
Lovers are motivated by their very pulse
And their endless rhythms go on moving
And their hearts go on lyricizing
They rest in poetry
They die in eternal verses
Their beats stop not
Their life is the life eternal
Love is eternal
Immortality accompanies lovers
Immortal are lovers
Immortals are their tunes
And eternity embraces them! ! ! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Thou Art An Ecstatic Embrace!

Thou Art an Ecstatic Embrace!

-

Thou art a breathe of life
Within you lies my peace
Inside you is embedded my reality
You've been a lifetime companion
Your absence empties me
It regenerates me differently
You're an interesting girl
Overwhelmingly interesting
Matchless, in fact!
Your grip is what marvels me
You never cease to enrich my literary bud
You're an evening spent in artistic edifice
You're the painting of moonlight
Has anyone so beautifully painted moonlight?
I don't think so..You're a picture of silent sunset
You're the youth that's so rebellious
I try the regimes of books
I'm often attracted to foreign literatures
Be it the French literature or the English
The Indian or the Spanish
The Arabic or the Persian
The Turkish or the Hebrew
The Russian or the rebellion frame of literature
Your image chases me everywhere
You, the Sindhi lyric, are so artfully rhymed
If I can't get you published, don't worry
You'll be published in the corner of my heart
You're already there
In the deepest sighs of my existence
You're the creator of my philosophy
You mystify me
You sketch me
Silence me
Undo me
Turn me stonier
And suddenly you soften me
In the caves of our souls we at last meet

There resonates the melody of love
There runs our final flow
There smile our unsung sagas
And dance our hidden histories!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thou Art Thy Eternity

Instead of losing yourself before the trash
Choose to be exiled against thy own realm
Accept it to be thrown outside
Be ready anytime to be ousted off
For not giving up, for voyaging to the firm way
Pleasurable peace, my dear, is the question
Pretended peace is worse than the plain chaos
For the subliminal taste, any risk is welcome
Any thought is welcome; any liberating thought
Exactly to live on for ages, sacrifice is must
Parts of you would thus be in you, with you
Or else there'll be creepy compromise
And the chains of more commercial sits
Until the smell of leaf is alive
Until the sweet murmur of the sea is audible
Until the hymnal hills hypnotize you
Until the rebellious resonance appeals to you
Laugh out hard until it's still in you
Until your you is solely yours
Don't say it's unchangeable;
Anyway, anywhere, anything is natural
Kneel down, feel yourself free, nasty, and naive
Submit it all, but do it only to you, and for you
Bloom in your bridging blues, beloved.
Live longer than the plotted line
Live with you, and without you, mate!
Night is a lighted nymph, and the day so defiant
Better is thy own fire than the campfire outside
Touch it truly, feel it, and drink it cell to cell
You're the star, you are the sparkle
You're the strike, and you're your struggle
Blessed be thy sky, O the melodious eternity!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thou Shonest In All Sides

Thou art the era of Nature
The eastern core is so full of you
I remember you like the first letters
It's hot outside but your feeling is more breezy
Without your lyrics, the language is empty
Thou shonest in all sides
I'm not after your chase
I cannot gather you either
Your waves are freely singing all around
Your melodies trace silence
And the solitudinous stream
Thou art the book; thou the cover;
Thou art the summit,
And thou art the whole season, my love!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thus Lasted Our Life

April opened her arms
May mumbled a little
June realistically joined
July didn't jump
August unraveled its spell
September sighed a little...
October, November, and December,
They were deeply dejected
January justified us again
February's feet were worthwhile
March muddled the way
April honored the romance
Thus our life lasted
Lasted forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thus Rushes The Rainstorm

What time is it; a lamp's still there on the desolate paths
Tears go wasted; yet the walkers tremble not
Ears attentive; eyes intense; and hearts hypnotized
Prejudice in all corners; yet fly the virgin pigeons
Subtlety in music and the atmosphere is frozen
Poetical layers lavish her, the uncorrupted eve breaks out
And the teacher teaches Neruda's 'you start dying'
Stillness and inner peace dominates the class
Sandy-hills produce the touchy bulks of genius
Speaking ill is banned; banned is every thought
Road restrains students; Saarang speaks of serenity
Excitement in the air arises; signs of wonders
Flips of pages fascinate; the artist paints a kiss
Disciplines confine but the wayfarers stop not!
Entertainment or acquisition, a writer sighs there
Like a departed dream, she comes back out of nowhere;
A content in changing weathers; breathtaking is the falling sun
A reader drowns amidst; the mighty Indus hits the shores
Lost into innocence, the rhymester writes her ravages
Subtlety in streets and the silence celebrates the rhythm
Dim lights of the village... December The magical sand
Moonlight washes the vicious smiles, Master stoops down
Lovely, loftier and lavish, He winks at stars
Deep in his sensitive veins, flows the literary river
Anguish, anger, angst, animosity; he is fed up...! ! !
Lush green meadows or the beauty of oceanic waves
Or the lone desert; contemplation is made at Jamshoro
Is it a fixed one? Nope, it's many; the truth is versatile
Fluently float the Diyaas in the heart of Ganges;
Sambara's divinely dance maddens the classical poet
In the pursuit of inner elation, there dies Bhattai
But the ecstatic whispers still echo...Mysterious is that old stone
Despite being died, yet they sigh; their every part unveils eternity!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thus She Absorbs Me

She's bluntly natural
Every word reflects her nature
Her silence illustrates her best
Right now as I'm talking to her
She's being a bit bold; a little shy, & intoxicant
As if she's drinking me
As if slowly absorbing me inside
Asking over and again, where are you?
Are you there, O Aadi?
Sheer depth, she is!
Between us space becomes love
Space itself is love
It's blessed with natural beats
She intently notices my every act
Exercises anger to possess me
To turn me more careful
Ah, both of us mark the intense wonderment!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thus Smoked My Soul!

You created me through wonders
Ami fed me her faith
Abu injected me with inquiry
I danced under your shadows
You see I read your verses
And I enjoyed you partly
But the misty you then stroke me strangely
You then made me wander, right?
I tried against you and you tried me
From known to unknown I was estranged
But you were sarcastic then
After all, you had to practice your supremeness
I searched you in wry smiles
But you kept on disappearing
Or was I brutally divided?
Split into countless bit
Yet, I resisted
I was a writer I had to combat
I didn't bow down so easily
I enjoyed my youth disengaging you
Nevertheless, you kissed my heart
And then smartly went invisible
My thoughts configured a lot
But this romantic intellectual slipped every time
Perhaps you too wanted me to worship in that way
I went homeless
The modern cities muddled me
They tortured me word to word
But I drank silence
In that silence, you filled ecstasy
But why then you teased me like every time?
Cool, you withered my leaves
And I turned more beautiful
You confused many
But my flow was fluid
Lucidity spoke through me
Lushly I hugged her before seashore
Poor you remained alone!
You made me weep

You made her cry
You made them morbid
You made us all stuck
But when any anti-you came ahead
Your shadow got tensed
Darker you, enlightened you
You slowly fell apart
You were manipulated
Ah, you were that way
Oh, you the god of small things
My poetry couldn't even bury you
On your demise, I smiled to thee
Yesternight I felt your tears
You by the way died unknown!

Aadil Hingorjo

Thus Spake Her Heart!

Listen, let me be bluntly honest tonight
Well, you just pretended to be what you were not,
You just spelled out the words
You dint value the emotions
Writer, you were a really a writer
You couldn't trap me in reality
You had time
You had people
You remained surrounded
From a cup of tea to rounded cafes
You gave your time to them
You blessed whomever wanted your light
Distant, dramatic star
You deprived me literally
You read books
Your rare visits to me prove you didn't love me
You made me yearn
You just maddened my petty heart
You hypnotized my head
You adored my internal arteries
You, my writer, dint own me actually
You could... But you had your own windy views
Nonetheless, your palms mustn't sketch me now
Ah,
Nevertheless, lemme be a bit merciful
Lemme kindly forgive you
For now and forever
You are no one to me from now on
You'll be but an ordinary being
Artist, hunh!
You just loved me in writing!
You lied to me
You silenced me with excuses
You belonged to everyone except me
You belonged to waters
You belonged to desert
You belonged to skies
You belonged to the naked nature
You belonged to lyrical oceans

You belonged to diminishing stars
You belonged to seasons
You belonged to yourself
You belonged to your own fucking literature
You were a drama
You would remain the same continuation
You were a huge liar
Your entire existence is artfully empty
You sometimes pleased me
Rarely I felt breezy vibes
You knew me
You understood my psyche
You stayed in me
You felt me deeply
But you didn't materialise what we painted
You, my beloved, were a chaos
You were a holy devil
You had grip over politics
But you didn't apply politics in your real life
You could melt down the icy issues
Your intellect, your aura and you had capability
But you depressed me soberly
You couldn't wipe down the misty lines
You remained always in the midst of stillness
I loved you
But I don't love you anymore
Do keep on becoming elite in your poetry & art
Grow into thy heart a more mysterious rhythm
Because you're losing me tonight
Evoke, enlarge, intensify your emptiness
Do drug.. do whatever you do..
Now I'm on revolt
You'll see another me
You won't see me the same
Ah, I won't meet you ahead
To hell with your persona
To hell with your heritage
To hell with your revolutionary rigour
Dry down in your cuteness
You can't entice me, you egoistic creature
I leave you here
Leave me please

I can't go on with you
I'm sorry but here I quiet
Reason art thee
You, my darling writer, pushed me futile
You turned me barren
You sang to me
& you were the one who damaged me the most
Stay out of my life
Don't send any whispers through any means
Bye to thee O you unedited, straight, messy poet!

Aadil Hingorjo

Tired Of The Tide

I was perhaps wrong
My senses too were infant
Seemingly stuffed I came empty
Empty were the season
And so were the hearts
Nothing grew ahead with time
Time even tussled my nerve
Its temptations brought nothing
That warmth and that wisdom was shallow
Shallow was my existence
And blind my body
Falling upon and for anyone
It terribly unmade me
Yes, it told me a millions tales
It mastered me marvelously
But O Aadil, see the heart inside
It is gone upset
It has been tired
And torn to its every track
Words have again been lost,
Ah, the poor author
the intimate artist
He has just missed out all his self!

Aadil Hingorjo

To Her

She wished to be child again
She imagined it all so badly
She was told she was no more a child
Whoever told her so actually murdered her art,
Whereas the man with her remained kid forever
She covered the skies; she felt evenings unsung
I wonder why didn't she then write it down?
Her prints were so deep upon him
If there were not she, he wouldn't be he!
Poetic her... Prosaic him!
Authoress her, and the written him...
Ah, that's the most mysterious life ever inscribed!

Aadil Hingorjo

To Her Highness

To her who despite knowing infinite accents remains deeply silent,
You're symphony of the forgotten civilization;
You truly foster the philosophy of life.

Aadil Hingorjo

To My Beloved

Before me is the strange hour
A serious dilemma captures me
Neither have I set any equilibrium
Nor do I stop for any balance
Whenever I'm hurt, I see your face down,
Wherever I go, I search for you,
Whenever my eyes are wet,
My heart meets yours...
In each single color, I seek you
If I'm brutally broken
My curing philosophy has only been you
In your company, I've been engrossed
Energy runs throughout my body
My soul is replenished
Your light becomes my sole fellow
In the tender touch of you
I've tasted the real taste of life ...
My words may sound weaker
My speed may senses slower
But whatever I pour, you see, is pure
Wounds of my heart travel to you
For my sublime destiny art thee
For my every genre starts from your story
For my twilight sparks in your trinkets
For my ecstatic love spirits in you
And you mobilize my disturbed soul
Whenever I'm to any degree happy
I classically rush on to your gardens
And I see you planting roses in my spirit
Amidst the meadow our breathes rise higher
You, my darling, cough a little cough
There dominates the night
I subdue my entire existence before you
You give rise to many songs
And I turn on to be your singer
My liver bears love-lyrics
Volumes of unarranged thoughts erupt
And your eyes embellish my sparkles
Torrents of ever-flowing verses make a way

My every part reaches your yards
My sighs and sobs ask your name
Mounds of book mystifies your mind
None of the papers puts you in peace
You suddenly ask for an anklet
Your head stops you there
Anklets enchain you, and nature be not enchained
Your poetry comes to be crushed
Cursed is your each wave
Rain falls on your strong existence
You enjoy the thunder-sounds
Your intellect flies a bit higher
Your rickety rainbows reflect the real you
My eyes engulf you carefully
My ears listen to your embers
My lips whisper unto thy soul
My tongue mentions your commemoration
My frozen fingers cling to yours
All other worlds fall,
But our galaxy sustains strongly
And our skyline persists nevertheless
Stars too celebrate our saga
Centre of the universe applauds
Let's die now
Let's live forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

To My Written Self!

Yes, you were to them like a raining cloud
They sought a partial rest under your light
They felt solace in your songs
You were book to their capacities
A roaring library to their sleeping brains
But before all, you were a rustic remnant
You were a countryside
And paradoxically an Urban zone at times
Precised prose flowed through your arteries
You were a royal heart to strugglers
Nameless, tagless, and distinctively distant
Attuned to human breathe was your spirit
You did enthuse wherever you went
You perhaps were a divine ray
To many, you were an ancient age
To the Nature, you were the cutest child
The Nature nourished you; you romanced her
Under the silent sky, you were a whole pacific
Pacifism dawned from you;
You were a peaceful voyage
To breeze, you were a poem
To the light, you were a drizzle
To the stars, you were a story
To the earth, you were her son
You meant more than your actuality
You were an intensifying aroma
You were a you; none could reach you
You, my written self, were art to today's trauma!

Aadil Hingorjo

To Our Natural Roots

It takes years to grow on.
So, haste not, beloved.
Don't be quick either...
We are genuinely the same cute kids
Wandering into each other justifies our souls
Our crazy cores are purely cosmopolitan
Let's it be wildly lively to our natural roots.

Aadil Hingorjo

To The Indispensable Age Of Love

Millions of moments, and endless eras
Long, loving hugs, and the warming poems
Your existence is rooted in all my senses
Your depth, and your feelings full of you,
I'm sorry that I couldn't love you more
It torments me that why so
But it's reality that I couldn't love you more
Your intensity wasn't responded the same way
Lady like you is an inexpressible art, love
Indispensable wave which 'll always follow me
Which will be permanently written on my soul
Which will be more firm than any religious word
Which will accompany me in every season
I could have stayed there for love's sake
I could have stayed there for your sake
That I didn't do
I went unpredictably brutal
Unbearable borders came between us
And the wisdom of our reality was trialed
I couldn't knead the nexus of our tale
Perhaps I wanted extreme disruption
Disruption from every emotion
Disruption from the drain of days
Disruption from you
And disruption from myself
Ah, I couldn't be kind to your cores, love.
It suffocates me that I couldn't engulf you
My language, my letters couldn't design you
You gave your best self to me,
You provided me the heights of every feeling
Love, history, anger, art, and enigmatic stars
Your alphabetic expressions too made me
In every way, in every axis
Even the spaces between us were exceptional
The taste of every wind favored us
The queries in curved lines quenched us
That of your eyeline satisfied me,
That of your pleasant odour ornamented me
And the melodious rings of your voice

That pleased my spirit the most.
You're absorbed.
You'd lessened the storms;
You'd balanced the earthquakes
You have been an explosion inside
You undressed my aura
You made my blood write
But I couldn't hold that ship for long
See, what have I done?
The sea of Sindh is restlessly anxious
Sleepy is the dust of the motherland
No edge is convinced; no sign sits serene
I treated you unrhythmically
Your saddened smile tells it all!

Aadil Hingorjo

To The Purity Of Loss

You said you didn't read me since days
See, come; study it all right here
Drink from the well of the overwhelming wait
Drink the dying drops, but don't complain
Even if the thirst is still there, stay patient
Worries would be vanished,
And the self would go submitted
Stay permanent to the purity of loss
Travel into its infinity,
And travel madly
Oh you, the glory of goodness
Oh you, the verse of poetry
Oh you, the immortality of autumn
To you, I dedicate the depth of this life.

Aadil Hingorjo

To You!

When the subtle echoes of the existence are over
When the heavily-loaded clouds burst not
When the fragrance of autumn restores the yesternight's silence
When the evening besides Sindh's sea wears lonesomeness
When my heart is full of you but is so equally to express it
When my eyes grow deeply intoxicant
When the closed books too trigger the unstoppable bullets
When the smoke of cigarette kissingly comes out of rebellious lips
When the spirit of days is mute
When the hotness of nights is all gone
When drinking anything means drinking the drops of beloved
When sorrow and solace hug each other
When the winds begin hiding bold melodies
When the love and lust accept each other's tones
When the sandy dunes imprint our walks
When the hour of imagination is finally exploded
When the smell of your sweat redraws me
When I gaze at you while looking into my own blazing eyes
When the spell of intense romance occupies the soul
When the rhythmic beat of heart dances in your worship
That's the most crashing moment
I go philosophically vacant
And I miss you in the rain of stillness
Sitting at the shore of your heart, I fall
I divorce down the heady spell
You meet me there
Your arms tighten my whole being
That musical moan writes us
That deathless hug reunites us
There we belong to us
That uncensored sky of Sindh immortalizes us!

Aadil Hingorjo

To You, My Love

Embroidering you through my writing fingers
I solemnly play the music on your art-like skin
Tasting your beauty with everlasting kisses
I feed your life through the depths of my soul
You're my lively left; you're my recurring right.
Any and every right you've got to revolt, love.
When the nights in distance exhaust your heart
When you miss me under the empty moonlight
And when the evenings turn grayish to you,
And when your piercing melodies get dimmer,
I come to read your lyrics; we both go natural
Eloquently your beauty brightens upon me,
Yours and mine bodies step ahead to hug it
Rejoicing and refilling each other to the inmosts
You and I absorb each other, and become one
Reuniting before the Sindh's sacred sea,
and feeling the utmost resurrection every time
If it's not love then what is love, my beloved?

Aadil Hingorjo

To You, My Soul-Mate

There was no writer in me
It was you who transformed me
My fingers were fragile
and eyes were empty
you came and filled light
You made my fingers firm
The unblessed Aadil became blessed
Your grace grew me
Your madness submerged there
You and I became one
Word to word, we made each other
Your murmurs, your melodies
You, the home to my ecstasy
You, the ringing flute,
You, the stream of honesty,
The most considerate you,
The most caring you,
the tenderest you,
the most delicate you,
the strongest you,
the most colorful you,
You, the soul of my life
I heartily love you, my lady.

Aadil Hingorjo

To You, My Spontaneous Lady

You're my favourite conversant
You perfect my story,
and you're my lifetime romance.
You give life to the calm seas
and thou art passionately attentive,
to the atmospheric impulses of my life.
Your deeply melodious voice, foremost, beautifies you
and you become appealingly spontaneous;
it's irresistible not to be attuned to your immeasurable art.
You, my love, are the color of my cosmos.

Aadil Hingorjo

To You, O The Breath Of My Life

Hey, my love-mate, I'm sure you're reading this
The aloud spell of Karachi-CS is silent
The Sindh's sea, its surroundings too are alone
If poetry doesn't favor you, taste some prose
If the expression is asleep, drive for description
It's not immaturity; take it as a childish round
O Love, you're the serene breeze to my heart
Adore yourself from this air, and go deeper
This darkness will be over; the day will be there
Let your eyes not go tearfully empty,
Let your arms not turn loose, and sad
Let your breathing breast not go heartless
Let your beauty not be affected by barrenness
Let your feet not go tired to any tone
Let them walk passionately, let them rest a little
O my love, accept the order of this hour
Certainly this path too would be crossed away
Leave not the courageous core of yourself
Do not ever ignore your dancing existence
Mist, melancholy won't tease us any long
Uplift your eternally honest eyes a little
See, there's smiling the upcoming spring
Listen to the light running across your blood
Let the drops inside you not go down
Even the title of our undying story is everything
How can we be forgetful to our artful delight?
Ah, the answers wander inside our depths
The life of our love gives birth to another life
Where only you and I embrace each other
Where only our instruments rhyme the reality
Where your flowers foster the story of our love
Where your subtlety intensifies our existence
Your sweetness and your songs paint our souls
Where no more outlines underscore ourselves
And you and I drink the permanence forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

To You, The Everlasting Affinity

That hill of the Malir's core stood ethereal
And the silent voices echoed out from across
The hill unaccompanied by any greenery
You impatiently waiting for me, and the sunset
How can I forget it when we became a flower?
How can I forget the stream of water to us?
Talking to each other like the seeds mature,
And that Ramadan's night was a bliss to us.
Curious eyes intertwined with the calm eyes
Your wide eyes shined upon my naive spirit
We felt the sublimity; timeless was that tide
That submission of the souls in love's temple
Evening's merge into the night was beautiful
Warmth in hands, and familiarity in faces
Passionate prints on those youthful lips
Ah, when the journey boldly advanced
Spreading like endless light,
Reciting the resonant romance
Marching to infinite years, it's all a mystic tone
Near the town, and in the lap of sea,
To the dusty lyrics, and to the sea's symphony
In the streets of the Capital of Sindh,
Candles kindled to us, and we were never amiss
Making ourselves to each other, we live on
Even in the distance, our existences adore us
Even in the spaces, our hearts owe to the depth
Our shores made up of love kiss the sand
And the sandy grains and the sea become one
Innocent to the intense spell; legends in love
Sweet-scented smile of mine, you're all here
O the breathing rhyme of my life, I love you
Drunk to your dance, and you please my poetry
Swimming in your sea, and drinking your drops
How can I forget your unforgettable fragrance?
The serene smell which's all immersed into me
How can I forget your ever-invading aroma?
The aroma that ties us to the undying eternity
And your faithful fire that is not to faint ever
Peaceful, piercing, and so deeply permanent...

Aadil Hingorjo

Today's Female Empowerment

Tightening her breasts, the lady finally reached stage
All the little ladies clapped for her
Some were chanting slogans
Excitement was touching the peak
Some were out for an extra smoke
Some had to set their tresses free
Men comrades were encouraging the stance
So called Pakistani leftism was damn visible
Lips were stuffed with more lust than life
Sanes and insanes were all on same page
Under-eighteen girls were the store headers
Spoons in vanilla, and the eyes in i-phones
Sin and sobriety cheered all the way
The conference hall was full of feminist faiths
The men there preached for the dawn
They knew zilch about the dawn's existence;
Their eyes were in fact on midnight's marvel
Intellectual property was spreading thru and thru
Thus the show went on...
And was marked another female empowerment event...

Aadil Hingorjo

Today's Teachers Or A Plain Trash!

A kind of cashed the concept
The teacher was hired to do that
Some certain symbols he uttered
Certain substances were displaying him
He couldn't come true
He strongly disliked the student idea
He resonated rigidity
He overestimated his history
He offered but a plain trash
He couldn't take risks
He was perhaps ordered to come that way
Conscience did never date him
He was a fashioned formula
He couldn't excel his style
His theory was thirsty
He couldn't ransack the rules
He couldn't represent ahead
And the laughters of language stopped there
Emptiness anchored inside me
Diagnosis died its death
The essence mocked out aloud
Only the silence smiled there.

Aadil Hingorjo

Tonight's Moonlight

Tonight's moonlight embossed but you
I sensed your sweetness in it
Spread all around this desert
Kindly poured upon the sea
Dancing over the tidal trance of the Indus
I felt your wholeness in tonight's moonlight
I saw your poetry painted in it
The beautiful you were raining
Didn't collapse for a moment
So wildly extended
I felt your existential intensity in it
Through it, I read your rashes
And your undying ashes
I looked inside the ages
You surface, and your serene infinity
As if some snowy valley was opening itself
Slowly, and delightfully
Its taste justified permanence
Cool wind and the whispers in your voice
Embraced each breath of yours
Inhaled your air to the depths of mine
All night, I drank from you
I drank you, O love
Under this kindest moonlight
I moved, and moved, and moved
Your murmurs maddened me throughout
Seemed like eras were witnessing our intimacy
Our life into each other
Our life under this everlasting light
Tonight's moonlight held us forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Touch Of Memory

Only the echo of love reaches my ears
Far from the valleys of Sindh,
From the free seashores
Touch of memory
And the sound captivates me
Reminding me of the nostalgic nights
She's not around me
The silence of the city suffocates my heart
Sinking into the ocean of emotions
Reason stands apart
Intensity screams inside
I cannot cry clearly
Imprisoned by norms
Conditioned by queries
This unending echo arrests me
It's the call of love, after all!

Aadil Hingorjo

Touch Will Miss Its Taste...

Who am I to suggest you the wits of winds...
Wear whatever your heart wishes for
Cross-legged, straight, or tastily enigmatic
Sit whichever position you want to, my love!
Villainous sea, or mystifying sunset
Nah, neither the waves are deceiving
Nor are there hums heinously endangered
Incredible is your endless affection
Bad, tenderer, truerer or sweetly satisfying
Count it by your breathes, in your heart,
And only thee ar't to tackle the temper of love
Wear whatever your heart yearns for
Wave hello to your rising temptations
Tarnish 'em all in centuries; calmness
Let slumber take her time
Let 'em fly, hours' intensity may tyrannize
Drowning may just be another swimming
Undying will remain the relics
Touch will miss its taste forever
Swimmer my love, Smile Oh sailor
Smile Mithi more freely
Freedom celebrates puffs,
Immortality reaches the atmosphere! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Touching The Inmost Edges

FZ, Why do you turn this way?
Stand there.
Right, in front of yourself
Shun me not.
Listen to my listless lines
Do I cross down your chest?
Do I infect you with lovelessness?
Do I switch off your smile?
Ah!
Then why do you shut your windows?
Leaving no door for my diction,
and no room for my rhyme,
How can you go this merciless?
Your pillow too is sad
and the open hair of your head
They are in restlessness
Your sunken soul engulfs my existence
You recognize my heartbeat.
You feel that flow.
Come, drink me for our life's sake
And inhale my poetic breathes once again
Your vastness awaits me
See, I am here...
Kill the existing corners,
and come our way
Meet me there all the way
See, the Sindh's see is calling us
Read me before you sleep
Insert its intensity deep inside
Write me, O love.
Take me straight into your heart
Hide our alphabets there
My love, let's wear this life.
This love, this life invents us!
See, we are so profound in it,
and it keeps singing our songs by and by.

Aadil Hingorjo

Traveling Through The Ticks Of Time!

Keep this jiffy close to your heart
It may be pregnant with marvels of time
It may stop time
It may contradict with established notions
It may raise a monumental chain of questions
It may trigger you direct in the head
It may even block the reality
But let this moment have its youth
Do not postpone it, pal
Here in this moment lies our life
Our everything's illusion
Only the break, a moment of pause is reality
And that too vanishes quickly
Breathe in with ongoing enigma
Relish these minute seconds
For all that we undergo mark our life
We are but an unending temptation
A temptation to the ticks of time.

Aadil Hingorjo

Triumph Over Time

Here we went lost
You see
You remember the time
that misty evening
And the still Bay
Here we reach again
Here dances a poetic lyre
We reach the same realm again
Each other in the same season
Under the same sky
Before the seashore
Discussing the distant times
Kissing the windy layers
Staring into the oceanic eyes
Weighing the close words
and calming the flames
Here we meet us
Here we come to become
Here we stay
And here we sing
Singing silently
To the silent us
Loving deeply
Erasing the wounds
Making a natural bond
And placing a bandage
Here we overcome the wounds
Here we please our lips
Celebrating the union
Retrieving the rains
We welcome the warm summer
Smiling to Sindhi shores
We triumph over the time
Reciting the lofty poems
Our hearts embrace the land
Our souls march to rise
Fluent we foment a flow
And we become timeless!

Truth Is We Haven't Felt Him (Hussain) !

The sunken centuries and the seasonal sighs
Martyrdom, mystery, or a marvel
Who am I, after all?
Just an emotion?
Or mere a celebration?
Taboo or fast spreading trend.
Or just a fashion?
Come, see me with the eyes awake
Before partying, read aloud my road
Before picturing me out, walk into my life
I'm a faith committed to the truth
I'm a historic stand
A person accompanied by sincere comrades
I advocate the human dignity
I oppose the disorder
I'm not an easy-to-use tear
I'm beyond this and beyond that
Before being grief, I'm a strong ground
I'm an undying idea
I'm a lifelong ideology
I'm perfected in practice
Tragic I... Trashed I
I'm an appeal to the human sigh
Neither a Shia nor a Sunni
Neither a Muslim nor a Non-Muslim
I'm a human history
A wounded, poetic soul
Wedded to peace, I'm serenity
Never an ego, never ever the supremacy
I'm the humblest manifesto
My loss is remembered
My pain is largely sung
But what of my very manifesto?
Was Yazeed the only one?
Didn't he have followers?
Was I an only one?
Didn't I have relatives, followers, and friends?
Where are they vanished today?
Why I'm left all alone?

Why I'm being pitied.
Why I'm being wept on?
Yeah, please carry it on
You miss me. You cry. You weep.
Fine.
Why don't you accompany me?
Many yazeedis are out there
Everywhere they are plenty in numbers
Every street enlarges them
I have been murdered over and again
I haven't been embraced
You lie. You do the drama.
I've been an emotional emblem...
My name turns you innocent
It makes you tearful
It calms your fire
It instigates you strangely
It revives you partly
But after a while, I'm slept for ages
I'm enveloped back to dates
I'm synchronized to calendars
You are the same in & timed out...
Ah, the formal I... The commodified I
The blurred I. The broken I.
I cry over you, I, infact, cry upon me.
Still afresh. Still intense
But an inapplicable idea
Explain to me who you are
Do you know me to the soul?
Am I your leader, your Imam, or your warrior?
Then why do you turn your back to me?
Where do you run away today?
Why do you disrespect me?
Why do you discolor me distastefully?
Why do you densely destroy me?
Why do you falsely decorate me?
Why do you derange me?
Why don't you just feel my philosophy?
A lip service... And I'm flipped down...
Imagine... that's what you're doing to me
You're betraying me, comrades!
You're hiding the free air.

You're blocking the bold me.
You don't save me. You can't do it ever.
You've suffocated me, instead.
Don't do it ahead if you don't stand by me!
I've been but a fabricated fact
My forehead has been cropped out so badly
You chop me down all the way!
You, my Muslim mates you're doing this all!
You're drying my neck!
The truth is you've forgotten me;
You're off to my revolution;
I've been turned to a heartache
My heart-wrenching story has been revealed
I've been packed and over packed;
Haven't ever been wisely regarded;
Haven't ever been sincerely followed on.
My love to you has been mistaken out;
Your love to me has been depthless.
I'm made spoken to you
You don't listen to my lyrics;
You're not versed to my vessels;
You're not known to my arteries;
You just do the day and I'm over.
You go killing me softly
You do it with all your heart
You leave me parched
You ignore my ink
You've politicized me
You've militarized me
You've mocked at me
You've meshed me down
You call me selfless, but you're selfish today
You call me hero, but you cage people today
You've thrown upon me an endless mist
You worship the misty me
You have metaphorised me
You undo my ism
You massacre my monument
Deep down you're stranger to me
I'm stranger to you, and that is the truth!
Visible yet beyond vision
Worded down yet beyond wisdom

How much more? Stop it for humanity's sake!
Where's the caravan?
What's been the progress?
A few hacks.. and enoughed again..
Ah, the poor me.
You deceive me, my son.
You hurt me, my daughters.
You are unkind to me, my fellows.
Over a thousand years, and I'm still buried
Why cannot I live with peace?
Why can't I be yours?
Why don't you be who you pretend out to be?
Ah, the alien me. The stuck me. The zipped me.
Don't adorn me.
Don't display it.
Don't fake it out.
Listen, please walk my way, my follows
Or else don't take me like a contract!
Don't compromise me publicly.
Standing with yazeeds, and remembering me?
You oppress me the most
You suppress my spirit
Yazeed couldn't crash me down, but you do
You do it daily
Smiling with tyrants, you torture my cores
Hugged to my enemies, you debase me
You dim down my legacy
You cheat me out
As if I'm a nothing but marketed mundanity...

Aadil Hingorjo

Twilight Of The Time

Ecstasy of the ancient times
And the existing relics
Currents of yesterday, and today's timeline
I know how the afternoon sometimes offends
And the daydreaming draws but the disgust
Mystic ruins, and the illuminating aches
Antique intensity is beyond every spell
And the sounds of shutters
And the firmness of feet
Life's beat is extremely touchy, comrade.
Where the rainbows are rare,
And the flows don't meet the sea,
and the enormous distances dominate the way
Cradled are the queries
And the vigorous voices
There fly wings unwavering
All the zones and poles smile a little
The sighing conscience remains listless
But still the lyrical lamps rule there
And the sinking souls find yet another smoke
That's how the island of life intoxicates us all!
And that's how the twilight of time best works.

Aadil Hingorjo

Unbearable Would Be The Aftermath!

They've been untongued,
Slowly, rapidly, and so cruelly.
Even their lips too are now lifeless;
Letters upon them are amiss;
Utterances don't sound clear,
Ah!
Permanently mute is that flute,
As if they have lost some language.
Aftermath, I believe, 'd be unbearable!

Aadil Hingorjo

Unbeaten Us

Hundreds of times we have parted away
Each time we have returned to each other
In the distant we boost each other
In meetings, we do the muse
We are each other's asset
We are the evenings of Karachi-CS
And we are the foam of the Sindhi sea
Remains of romance do stir us ever and ever
We drink our emotions
We die on there
And we take rebirth again
Again on the same shores of Sindh
The Indusland etches our entirety
We are the purest petals
And we the pale leaves
We are every intensity
And we the loss
Often, we disown the day's dots
Most often we deceive the even-tides
But we are the writings of rain
Injuries of the today do unravel us
Hit by unhomely hurricanes, we restore the light
Life enlightens us every now and then
Unbeaten us are the utmost romance of eras.

Aadil Hingorjo

Unbreakable Unity

We frankly identify our errors;
we heartily feel the melodies
whispering from our mutual melancholies,
and we sensibly smile over our sensitivities.
Nobody would ever be there for you and me
to hold us this deeply except us.
We go slippery, and we are firmly sound
We are our wanderings, and we our homes
We are our curiosities;
we console each other, and
only we can cure the cores of each other.
We are this honestly bold,
and unbreakable unity, love.

Aadil Hingorjo

Uncertain Air

It was my heart's hymn
Followed the fragrance
After some journey
My head woke up
There stood but fugitive feelings
Uncertain air engulfed the view;
the lonesome light witnessed none
My poor heart, my solitary heart
I found it extremely wounded
Death was not there
But so many deaths yet marked the moment.

Aadil Hingorjo

Undeciphered!

The misty moment alarms the entire existence
Mist, marvel, or really an outdated trash
It just happens to everyone
Some see it, others don't really have eyes
Everyone is tormented; everyone is tested on
I'm sure it would also have massacred you
Many men and women inside you'd have died
And the philosophy of life would have fucked you
These walls, and the roof upon too stare intensely
As if they too are strangely spying on me
I'm being investigated to my roots
There's no regret; there's no remorse
The cellphone approves the fingerprint
The flash strikes to the eyestar
And the gathered treasures vanish away
You're trapped to technological waves
Your words, your views all go blurred
And the expected coldness surges across your skin
Only the burning ash accompanies you
And your stories like the script of the Indus remain undeciphered!

Aadil Hingorjo

Under The Spell Of Intense Fever

Perhaps this hotness of the body has its own storm
Stories unpredictable, and the tales so terrible
All out of sudden cover my heartbeat
Perhaps this fever is frankly open to the sublime restrictions
All night dies while turning here and there on the bed
With parched lips, hazy hair
But the pressure of the thoughts and the exceeding temperature don't cool down
No.. nothing. No book. No debate. Silence
This mute I rests upon the shoreline of layers
Feeling of coldness and extreme hotness
Cuts... Pauses... Minor relieves... and again the same
As if the stones are raining upon me and I'm hunted from pointy arrows
Still there's a blank smile over my lips
Empty eyes... Memories of Mom... and the home.
Away from home, it's deeply unbearable
Blossomed self has gone barren within days
Inspiring stanzas are now pale
It's an extremely ablazing breeze
Could the breeze too be this much blazing?
Ah!
It's dogdom; it's in fact random!
Sadness summons me in low tones
Despair of the desert occupies the mind
Thirsty
Hungry
Unpleasant
Tasteless
Plain
And like an entirely abandoned tomb, I exist
This corpse might not ever be consoled ever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Under The Spell Of Love

Inhaling the scripts of beloved
She slowly surfaces ahead the depths
Nothing more and nothing less
She hides no abstract contours
I love the way she bluntly comes clean
So truly she uncovers everything
Falling colors she can paint down
Expressionless faces she can graph out
She undresses my every thought
And read my unborn emotions even
She spots me when I slip off the way
She shudders me off when I go philosophic
She just thrashes off my odd existence
Perhaps she is in love with my shadow

That first kiss drew the line
Affections made out their way
No outer enigma lured us
Hanging out around the city
Conversing with Karachi's winds
Feeling the shores of Sindh's oceanic belt
Undoing the intellectual edges
We created our midway realm
We lived there for years
We kissed, we hugged, we loved us
We made promises for unsure life
We tied our fingers
We tied our bodies
We tied our souls
We tied our breathes
We tied our truths
We tied our every sigh
We tied everything that was to be tied
We tied our entire selves
But the pleasure than begot another pause

Then only in nights we talked
In days barely we got any jiffy
Distant we stayed for months

Distant became our voices
She dialed me every day
I wrote to her every evening
Through sensitive voice we rejoiced
We boldly whispered to each other
On the record we spoke to life
Off the record we envisioned life
Keeping aside the winters and warmth
We rushed to each other
A single text would refill the air of love
We used colons; we wanted to continue
If the number came off
We used social media
We exchanged emails
Ah, because we didn't live without each other
We became our continuum
A blessedly romantic story we wrote

She sometimes used to ask about politics
She wanted to know about the affairs
Because all of us are associated with affairs
And the most serious among all is politics
The moment I would take an start
She would place her palm on my lips
She had her own crispy twists
She then used to open her diary
Her diary too enveloped a deep poetics
She too had a playground
She too knew politics damn well
More mature she appeared
After all, she belonged to the super-world
The cosmic soul of Karachi sang through her
Like her city, she too were robustly stuffed
The trauma of today's system tracked her
I would often complain her of the studies
The timings mattered.. the syllabus mattered
What mattered the most was geographic point
The increasingly deepening distance
Desires...
Wishes...
Zeal...

We loved a lot
We learned a lot
We understood the intricate stars
We analysed the changing seasons
We smiled to springs
We sipped the summer-drops
We dint debase autumn
We debated over autumnal stories
We walked through winter
We lighted up the candles
We celebrated diwalis
We embraced the Eid attires
We had our own synagogue
We prayed at our own churches
We preached patience
We practised passion
We wore the Sufi pages
We hide in ancient Ajraks
We danced on Rumi's verses
We defied the rigid gods
We loved the human-loving icons
We romanced before the seaside
We held each other in free arms
We felt the birth of us
We felt our inner warmth
We touched our petals
We lived for now;
We lived for us
We lived for love

But the confusions sometimes overlap
We sometimes aren't within us
So is happening in this complex hour
We aren't in a state to respond each other
We are off to the streets of our life
Mentally smothered we stand
Our hearts are silent
They just keep on dancing carefully
Arming our arteries, they assemble us
But their flow is empty of rhythms
The verbal she has lost her song
The argumental I am empty of logic

Sullenly silent..
So internally voiceless
And but dispirited...
We, the products of delicious foods
We, the manipulated students
We stumble at everywhere
Our journey keeps on happening
We tread back and forth
We, the people of hearts
We, the music of Sandy dunes
We drink the wine of time
We are perhaps lost in an evening-spell!

Aadil Hingorjo

Unhomed

If they're Palestinians or Yemenis, or Kurds
Or be them the Kashmiris or Africans so what...
Iraqis and Afghanis too have the same hearts
They aren't threatening threads; they lie undone
They've been unhomed, unidentified since eras
Unhomed is every oppressed; unset is his art
Let's not rationalize the wreckage to any root
Let's for life's sake earthen the unbiased order.

Aadil Hingorjo

Uninvited Storm

It was an uninvited, straight storm
It paved a path to unsound hours
trapped between the hope and history
History was not providing space
Hope was to mark the history
Illusions were at the peak
And the desires were all weak
The coins had to unbutton
But the story wasn't that plane
Th wind was unmouthed
And the songs were in silence
Fountain of freedom too dried down
The last road was usnure
It was an absurd school
Unfigured were all the adventures
The Indus stood still
The Pacific was in pain
Within me wandered an undone day
Marching to millenniums and ever-expanding
It was, by God, an unfinished eve!

Aadil Hingorjo

Unitary Waves

The ruined realms too will sing us
For we are way deep into the classical dust
Elegantly we dance out near the sea
In each other's arms our love ranges supreme
A kind of feel which soldiers feel when returning to their homes
However wounded and tired, but restored soon
We count the cracks, and cover it all carefully
Counting the minutes and hours
Eyes immersed in screens
Reasons and emotions tie together
In that terrible chaos only the feel of each other calms us
Yes, the proud hills will historicize us
For we don't block the flow; we don't debase the art either.

Aadil Hingorjo

Universe Will Be Ours

Pessimism is pity, comrade
Art is on our side
We'll defeat the inhumane spies
Strikes and unjustified strikes will be axed
We will protest
You and I will feel the sunny shots
We will discuss the divinity
We will smile to psychologists
We will tribute the poets of love
We will sing the peace
We will wish the worthy revolutionaries
Movement will embrace us
Moments will accompany us
Days and the decades too will favor us, mate
We won't fall short
We will behave firmly
Our poetry will prevail
Our rallies will resonate around'
With colors of kindness
With written rhythms
and with unwritten remains
Society will be ours
Criteria would be comfortable
Phenomenon would be fragrant
It would happen, yes it would happen
SINDH will again supremely shine
Streets and the world would rise wise
Walls of false codes don't last for long
Resistance will revise the rhyme
And listen my fellows, we'll make it happen!
Yes, the entire universe will be ours.

Aadil Hingorjo

Unlove Me, If It's The Word Of Time!

Listen I didn't sign any compromise
I didn't conform to any treaty
In the nights like this one we were drawn
Drawn by natural accident to each other
Just in the intense nightly ways
We stopped against the sky
We did hear the birdsongs
But we didn't say not to flutes
Lord Krishna was ours
Lord Krishna is still ours
If it's the vacant threshold now
Consider it as an accidental pause
Take it as an unexpected pulse
Creaky little life runs this way
And the sirens too sometimes don't reach ears
It's a ghostly move
Inextricably your spirit implores
I admit I'm surrounded
But that's what the track of time demands
People here are tensed; they want me
Their heads look for me
Thousands like me are attuned
But if I'm not there, the amuse will be over
Each single voice counts
Each single echo is historical
Just like yours, yours is more personal
And the general luminosity too lures there
This all I know shakes your shores
This hour does trap your mind
But, beloved listen, I didn't skip the aging lyre
I'm readily enthused to the rational rift
I may not be allowed, I sense so
But I feel the fall.. Away from you is fall
Outstomed by century's scream is too a fall
This century is a hypnotic fuss
Yes, it disengages us all sometimes
It's too terrifying at times
Its aroma is cruel; its calls are sudden jerks
I want your eyes not to be wet

I want them singing smilingly
How should I maintain the order?
On the one hand is lyrical goddess
And on the other hand, the unsettled ink...
I'm sorry for my fall
But this fall will solve many falls
For the sensitive letters look so scratched up
And men like me are thus distressed amidst
For the lofty era demands drunkard artists!

Aadil Hingorjo

Unto An Inhumane Era

The depressed ages occupy my country folks
Staring at females' skins has been a hobby
Scratching them with the worst, unkind eyes,
And again blaming them for any fall ahead
People here are so stuck in sexual frustration The parliamentary peeps are
eternally asleep
Male and female politicians equally ignore it
They drink the daily stories, and remain off
Off to the outer air, where the disgust rules out
Men, the suckers of the mankind, don't stop it
They just please their lustful lungs, and go on
They aren't accused; the victims go devastated
The sun sleeps, and the moon mocks at them
Even the poor little girls too aren't safe here
Pures from the land of pure debase the dreams
Sharp-minded military men, & the private men
University chums too are terribly slipped off
Professionals aren't the same professionals
Doctor's deals outline the inhumane tracks
Law's blunders prevail everywhere,
Political players just enjoy the dirty dance
The country's cores are lost into the deep night
Not a single door is open to the just air
Post-mortemed bodies are cryingly awaiting
Many of the innocents die the undue death
But the false promises continue to come
Wounded millions of times; still the same saga
This beauty; that beauty, this girl & that woman
This young nymph and that under-ten kid
What's this damn shit! Citizens just go tortured;
Minarets of the holy buildings stand with awe
Untired is that mullah, and alive is that chief
It's pitiful when a journey is no more a journey...
What's more painful than the burnt bodies?
The list of lamentations is so hugely long,
Refuse, refuse, and reject anything you can,
But O ruler of my land, you can't reject return
Return where the horrible death will receive you
You'd be dropped to the filthy, falling drops

There the achings of the injureds 'll crucify you
Woman's wings will hold all of us accountable
Their scarfs, their dressings & their everything,
Whoever undoes 'em would suffer to the ruins!

Aadil Hingorjo

Untongued!

My throat is choked off
You yourself can see it, love
A poet is the most sensitive entity
Please do not ask of anything from him
He does not remember his own rhyme
He is empty of himself
He is deeply down
Disrupted, dejected, and discomposed!
This is the tragic trance, O love
All mounts and bays are benumbed
Indus's ink is standing on verge
Red shawls, black shawls
Ajrak's sacredness too is silent
Comrade, see out on your own
Don't visit a poet in this trying time
It's instead a murdering moment, dear
Let him die in his deepest dust
Let him rest the way he wants...
Let him leave himself
Leave him for poetry's sake
Thirsty, Isolated, and all untongued!

Aadil Hingorjo

Unveiled In Sunset

Flames of the faithlessness burn me
I wander around the rivers here and there
Conscious cups and the leafy lanes stand still
Unsung stories occupy the entire desert
Sandy dunes intersect through my senses
Sloppy ups and downs disturb me differently
Is there any eternity embedded out?
The thirst in me sucks the scenario
Day's journey into night ransacks me
Sunset starts drinking me by and by
Something in me begins breathing
There I feel thy continuum, O Lord!
There dance the mind and meaning altogether.

Aadil Hingorjo

Warmth Of The Romantic Wisdom

O my beloved,
Despite the drive of days stopped a little
You're yet the same enchanting atmosphere
The universal flow of yours
Intensely intoxicated eyes,
The open and undone hair,
Fingers fragrant with book-smells,
And the feet full of poetic prints,
I feel the depth of your existence, my love.

O my lover and my beloved,
You are the unity abstractly transparent
Ah, the unending tales,
Unfinishing edge of kisses,
Undying embraces,
and the speechless silence.
You're the warmth of romantic wisdom.

The moment we meet
And the gaze that ties us again
In the stillness of the night,
In the half-lit room,
Phrases emanating from each other's bodies,
And the cores immersed into the passion,
Skin to skin, and the soul to soul
Where all thine and mine spirits speak,
And scream the eternal voices,
It's a heartbeat sketched forever.

Aadil Hingorjo

Was More Deeply Hurt

You were certainly hurt.
But you know what,
I was more deeply hurt.

Aadil Hingorjo

We

Yes, we know each other
Today she said we'd been mature enough
It doesn't matter whether we catch each other
Or we leave each other for days and nights
We do it freely
We part away
And we do instantly get back to each other
And don't entertain the other thoughts
We are disasters; we are desires
But foremost, we are dreams
Yes, we are a dancing continuum
We are the way natural
Beauty, intellect, intimacy and unity...
We are the eternal expressions
Expressions that could never be revised!

Aadil Hingorjo

Well, Leave...

People lie
They are so smart when doing so
Miles they travel yet they remain the same
This hurts the heart
And just see out their fakeness
Friendlier in faces;
So humbled on our face,
and hypocrites within instances
Absolutely rubbish... rotten reasons
They mis-take your smile
They mis-take your words
They mis-take your personalities
They mis-take almost everything
Hold on,
Dammit!
Well, leave.
It's just a chapter; a study, and a phase of life
You and I too aren't beautiful;
We too are flawed; not the dualistic at least
Even the creator doesn't approve dualism
Being on both sides divides human sanity
Cover-ups crunch the real
If you're honest to your heart,
If you honor everyone equally
If the hypocrisies don't flow inside you
Then my friend be ready to be deceived
Be prepared to be broken to bits
The lonely lanes are ahead to surround you
You're on to be collapsed
You're all up to be disappointed!

Aadil Hingorjo

What If I'm A Human!

Where do I fall?
Am I a sharpened pin?
Ah, I might be a twofold pun.
What if I'm a human?
Do I really fall?

Aadil Hingorjo

When Earth Embraces Sky

Music of her man arrests her
Wine of his woman whistles to him
Joyous, juicy, and deep
Lover and the beloved feel the line
Scent of the inhales
And the fragrant feelings of her being
Hiding in each other's arms
Seeking solace in each other's existence
Life loves them; they love life
Life with winds of wisdom
Life leveled by loopholes
Life colorfully kind,
And the life full of philosophy
Her eyes spell his intimacy
His hands visit her home
Her history, her body, and her land
Slowly they reach her breasts
Hands of him full of passion
Coupled by craze
Her earth and his sky
Earth meets sky
Sky covers her earthly spots
Filtering and filling her fortune
Under the bliss of each other,
Birds sing there
Beauty breaks out; it bleeds there
Enriching love with poetry of his own
He flows deep inside
It is now her tranquil turn
Her inches invade him all along!

Aadil Hingorjo

When The Light Is Legacy

(Where Readers and Writers Meet Each Other)

-
His birth and his death share the same place
Upon pages, he opens his deep eyes
And upon pages, he observed the curves
World to him is like verses
He travels its tuneful traces
Intensified with art, engraved in reality
To him, the paper work is a complaint box
Reformative in a sense
He grinds the revolutionary grains
and spreads the romance-filled vibes
A writer's birth is blessing
Blessing for the unvoiced humanity
If he's caged to conferences he's a hired gun
But the true writer cannot be a hired gun
He cannot be a commercial creep
He's rival to his contemporaries
Partly on the pages, but for the ages to come
His death is also unforgettable
Like his alive life
Woven in each word is his spirit
His deathless spirit
A wondrous partial death he undergoes
But lives a longer life than sages
He's lavish, stylish, and humanly all along
Inked in his writeups, & embroidered in poems
A writer has no death!
If he meets death, he's no more a writer
He's a wordsmith who deletes the word 'death'
He does it aesthetically
And undoes the cruel shaded of death
For a reader he dies
He dies perhaps daily
When a book is closed
When a story is finished
When a letter is halfway
When a poem meets its shore
For a reader, he dies

For a reader he is born over and again
On the same pages with embracing vigor
On the same typeset with the same meter
He smiles through and through
He shines by and by
As a reader has keen nerves
As a reader is off to injustice
As a reader is deathless
So is the writer immortal...
Manifested in marvel, both continue their walks
They are the visitors of the universal truth
They are immersed in permanence
They don't die
For they are the words to last forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

When The Music Met Its Musician

It were you who penned down the first meet-up of our lips;
Where to put which curve, and where to let the slide free
I couldn't word that down; I cannot still express
It were you who took me to the silent shores early in mornings;
It were you who didn't only attract me literally but also occupied me entirely.
While handing over to you the Garcia Marquez's 'One Hundred Years of Solitude',
I actually submitted my wholeness before you.
There I presented to you the rain that in Garcia's fiction didn't stop for five years,

But in reality, it is not to stop ever at any stage.

Aadil Hingorjo

When The Strings Go Silent

Window opening to the seaside's half-shut
The bride pretends to be all okay
Softened by the seawater & hardened by rock
Bones from the both sides await everyday
Every evening is another empty bottle
This wait prolongs to centuries
The wait to receive a call
The wait to receive an sms
The wait to listen to each other
Months' distances could be vanished
The wait for day and another day is unbearable
Only the silence hits the floor
Exhuberent absence is replacing presence
Expectation and belief intermingle somewhere
The faith grows stronger
And the emptiness engrains the heart
Melancholic music flashes upon me
This moment overtakes the whole existence
The resonance of Friday's Azan calms a little
But the call to beloved, and the call of beloved
That call to the day's downtown goes delayed
Midnight knocks too is entirely strange
Remembrance and the memory; tis a chaos!
Inexpressible intensity, unimaginable adventure
This strike of affinity has a haunting spell
Sadness takes me over all the way
Painting the notebook, and writing a picture
It's an altogether new smell
Rising through smell, I become its part
It holds me in its spreading inches
Extremes cannot be romanticised, beloved
Something's smiling; something is inspired
Beauty in numbness, & the art in lonesomeness
Symbol is so sophisticated; parched is the eye
This racing stanza console me within
Expression doesn't heal, it never attempts to do
Painfully slipping to these lines
Easily sliding to this eclipse, I run blank
Yearning, silence, and the permanent stay

It's but an undying echo
It's but the stonier rain
That installs agony
That strengthens further calmness
That scratches unkindly and re-initiates
Stillness repeats its streamy hour
This pace, this life entombs madness
Madness pops down pace and no pace at all!

Aadil Hingorjo

When The View Is Veiled...

It mattered to me yet it dint matter that much
The hollow scars I observed in everything
Whether to reject the metrical order
Or to carry adopt the dotted pages, I got stuck
Books on history numbed me all the times
I wasn't supposed to withdraw the previous lies
I did open the strange window but closed it off
Instantly I was made akin to forbidden flows
Their artificial spontaneity couldn't buy me
Even the passion in them was but a fake idea
I dint think much over the lines they dually drew
Fancying the still fucks wasn't a way mine
I dint shout to betray their tradition
I just suggested them a more gazing ground
I just humbly exposed to them the light of life
But their list was enormously different to mine
Yeah, they assembled their own definitions
Disturbing dew got denser; it didn't clear at all
From the stall of their interests, they spoke up
Hungry I couldn't be fed at any junction
Subjected to stupidity, I finally fell silent
Strictly speaking I confined myself to only me
Like a tired prostitute, my mind asked for relief
It could not entertain them further
Futility laughed harder out of them
And the rational lyre again went locked!

Aadil Hingorjo

When Views Whisper Through Words

It kisses my lips, and drinks me by and by
It dances to me in words; it wishes to flow on
Number of poems I've written this way
I don't know how, where, and when
It's so stormy or it's never ever rained
But it's always been in an intense atmosphere
Shadowed under the hazy evenings
Under the marvel of sandy moonlight
Under the curtain of her chest
And with a heart immersed in the Indusian art
I publish our pictures through words
I write down the views with utmost simplicity
I don't exaggerate; I just pour down my breathes
And cry for the humans whom we discard
I'm on the way back to my home
I reprint the lap of my mom
I photograph the innocence of my childhood
My solitary sittings before the lake side
Youth before the Sindhi seaside
And the upcoming years in tougher noons
I love to forget; I love to regain
I'm there to hold me down
I just glance at my writerly nerves
I feel ecstasy; I'm risen to the cloudy rows
I'm all poetic; lyrically rhythmic in every arena
It's no less than the entire existence
Yes, it redoes me every way
Every way it verifies me; it talks to me nakedly
I don't know where, why, and when
It continuously drizzles down on my earth.

Aadil Hingorjo

When Your Beloved Too Is A Writer

Nn nah, keep this polite comma here... kissing
Colon's point is that, slowly caressing
I can renew my whole self for you
I can reseed roses between my legs
Just be a companion of my moods
Hell! Okay, , , I stay, I accept, fine.. Intensity's up
Come on! bring it close to my spirits, read it aloud!
This poem's pretty pleasing pal, I love you
Slow walks, silent souls, monsters erupt
Cries, offs, anger, embers...signless silence
Oh, I'm sorry by the way: : : : unbuttoned clothes
Hugs make it up, love's made; minds unstuffed
Books on the back, diaries on waist
Memories of past, there they both stumble
Crazily engrossed lines redo it all, love traces
Hidden heads in bosoms, hearts hissing
Moonlight marching from mouths, lazy love
Amidst the edge appears resisting tide
Tied are the bellies and the licking bodies
Armed brains go unarmed, perky smiles
Peace in minutes, Love in jerks, Eras last forever!

Aadil Hingorjo

Wherever You Move

She invites you secretly
Talks to you poetically
Immersed in passion she calls you
She does it all without much thinking
She lets you enter her world
She welcomes you there
She hosts you warmly
With vigorous heart she reads you
She lets you read her every emotion
She doesn't hide any intention
True and honest she stands
Taking you to the seaside she sings to you.
She's crazy
She wants you to be her traveler
She likes your journey
Her journey is to you
And she is on a blind journey
Lingering between trust and trash she steps on
She steps ahead with monumental head
She takes you to the lone nights
Sitting under the moonlight she kisses you
Her existence trusts you
Her whole story touches you
Her arms and breasts answer you
She's the crazy creature
She takes you everywhere
She's the heartland
She's your desire
And the depth
And the dream
Undoing her hair she makes you hers
Her soft eyes kiss you
She lifts you on
Uplifts herself
and discovers the intimate ecstasy
She just disappears
For a moment she hides
And then reappears
You hold her light

And she dances to your colors
She's never gone away
Aligned with nature she rains over you
In her whispers she calls you
She invites you secretly
And the invitation is irresistible
Wherever you move, she's already there
She talks to you poetically
Poetry, you see, is her beat!

Aadil Hingorjo

Whispers From Within

We are all viciously wiped off
Through honestly unclear ages
that are just apparently out there
And nothing's more/less than that.
There could be the addiction to art;
there could be a deal with showpieces out,
Seduction, the inner unsoundness, is missing;
the most appealing of all crazes isn't out there.
Let's be a little more closer to our own arteries
Believe me, you'll be bewildered to the breathes;
we could frankly face them there,
where the light lives on liberally
The singers smile to the sounds
Attainment to our auras is manifested there
And the dusty dunes of thyself dance there aloud!

Aadil Hingorjo

Whispery Wind!

It hunts me down
It tussles with air
It poisons me by and by
But I'm no way down
It invites a breezy feel
In a harmonious hug
It haunts me though
But it's beautiful, my heart!

Aadil Hingorjo

Whole Art

Even the immobile ones often tremble
And the bravest voices too shiver
Twilight doesn't rise that instantly
Dawns at times demand the whole art.

Aadil Hingorjo

Winter Envelopes Timely Trends!

Studying winters updates you
This season annoys homeless people
But the capitals enthuse their nerves tightly
Seasonality sensualizes them
They turn expectedly wintry
They cover themselves
Their hand gloves warm them
They go for messy shopping
They slip their selves
And change their blankets
Their legs too overlap
Their intelligent eyes get intensified
They feed their accustomed ladies
They move upon their disfigured bodies
They cling over their untreatable bellies
They kiss them mercilessly
Inner kids of them suck their breasts
Foolish women armour them
They inhale their smelly breathes
They weirdly go for more shots
Beside their bed, rests their fashioned cat
She too feels driven
But her male they haven't shopped yet
Outside the house, wanders a paid watchman
Internally burnt but externally he is alert
They drive for a movie
Their daughter asks partner to accompany her
She accommodates him
He showers ahead
Both of them go unIslamic
They say it's the demand for modernity
Modernity mustn't be suppressed
On the wall, there hangs a sacred calligraphy
But they are lost in the research of their holes
And delve deep to fill the bodily gaps
But the winter soon gets rapped
They again pray for the blessed rain
They're such holy-sick souls!

Withered Virginitv

The man asked,
"Who are you? "
The whisper came
"A whistling wound,
A withered virginitv"

Aadil Hingorjo

Without You A Wound

The man didn't go anywhere
He was stuck to your smell
Smelled like a classical lover
Naturally he was yours,
He certainly told this all to you
It's his way to be so
Silently looking at your lines
Ardently agreed to your existence
You carried him, you cured him
He was crying; he was contented
Wholeheartedly attuned to your light
Sideways didn't ever enthrall him
Waywalks didn't vindicate him ever
With you he was him; without you a wound
Listened only to you, and lived your life
Was your emotion, and your obsession
Plenty of yourself breathed through him
He would hide deep in your heart
Because your rain wrote him down.

Aadil Hingorjo

Woman, An Ageless Wound

A woman still today suffers much
She to many males is mere a muse
Pretty soon, she is badly abandoned
Threatened to throats, silenced
Despite her submission, she bears pain
Chopped off chest, and the injured arteries
Aches of the eras chase them
Theories thrill her head
But her heart remains exploited
The religious roads too offer nothing
Religious followers fossil her
Her language is murdered
Her voice is wounded
The troubled she is an alive tragedy
Known to every notion, she is numbed
Her heritage is endangered
Her painting is still parched
Woman today is in ICU today
Poetry of life painfully pleases her
Ah, her civilization unveils the ancient art.

Aadil Hingorjo

World Be Versified

Truth be told, it's extremely tranquil
The world senses out serenely
It's a heavenly humble entity
It's open to sublime sights
Miles and miles are stuffed with her traces
Will we ever understand her history?
If the stars could eye us
If the hills could hug us
If the nights could nestle us
Will we ever understand her archives?
Her natural lights
Her philosophical spaces
Her healing darkness
Her spacious edges
Will we ever understand how she engulfs us?
The meanest men
The victimized women
The chocked off children
The outdated olds
And the ignored artists.
Will we exactly unveil what the world offers us all?
It offers boundless beauty
It moves with memories
It resides in remembrances
It documents every desire
It smells the hidden side
It treads upon every path carefully
It's so much sane and undoes our sickness
It's an-all-embracing time.
It's an-all-embellishing immensity.

Aadil Hingorjo

World-Web

Dots dry us all down
Many damn things happen
But it eventually rains in Thar
Seek solace in it too
Attend not just to jot it down
Just be needled down
And feel the fucking fire
Yeah, we all fail at times
And that is why the world goes on!

Aadil Hingorjo

Written To Our Resonance

There was a perpetual light
There was a living loss
There was existing stamina
There was a timeless feel
I was told, it would go eternal

There she waved me
There I followed her
Both of us loved each other
Didn't sleep for nights
Didn't wake up on time
We became an immortal era

Kissed each other's every inch
Sucked the soul with slow move
Climbed up to drink the dance
Shaped the unshaped language
Didn't know we'd be off-shored

It is now a gone light
Loss leaves no nerve
It is forward
It is backward the same time
It is a melancholic prayer
It is such a pretty pressure

Drunken to deadly skins
Written to the resonating winds
Nailed into evening's drizzle
In a kind of own prison
Enchained to unkind liberty
To each other, we still belong
Just away and far from each other
What this intensity is?
I know this much...
I don't know any lot ahead...

Yet You Surround Me Sadistically

You don't hear me perhaps
You don't seem to sense my signs
You don't even know me these days
But I listen to your lyrics under this sky
We share the same cosmos, companion
Same color, same wind, and the sounds
This cool seabreeze, these silent bay-sides
It is all tracking you down
Your deeply enchanting voice enriches me
Ah, this smoothness, and the absence of it all
These falling minutes are writing every letter
Everything reminds me of you
Everything makes me feel your fragrance
Smiling in solitude,
Covering myself up as if nothing's happened
Your graceful walk knocks me there
But it's but a shadow of you
You're not there
You're not accompanying me here, my love
It's painful to be here
This doesn't feel to me my land
This doesn't make me feel those lyrics
Those lines, and those lights seem vanished
Historical hurricanes, and much of the music
Waves follow me there; I don't feel them
You're not there; your footsteps I remember
Yet you surround me sadistically
You do it sacredly, O Love.
Yes, your life and my life share the same soul,
The soul which's fallen to the forbidden flows.

Aadil Hingorjo

You And I

You, my love, are the lyric of life
I am but a worded vibe
You are the silence from former centuries
And I'm the existence exhausted from history
You and I eventually reach each other
For we are the expression of eras.

Aadil Hingorjo

You And I Are A Living Romance

Say as much as you can say
Only with you I can talk endlessly
Only you can dumb me down
Only you can hold me on
Points, principles, & the philosophies collapse
You're a person translating my heart

You stare at me; You turn off your eyes
You from a distance notice me
My mischievous acts and my calmness
You read my each instinct
You listen to the unspoken attitudes
You catch me red-handed
You spot me down with you
You're the girl voicing my tones

Picturing multiple districts
Wearing the colorful clouds
Walking into dust and drizzle
We romance in-between
We do it without plans
Without plans life is a beautiful song
Entire liberty
It's like a free verse poem

You question on compassion
You create the sensation
You draw different comparisons
You depict beauty in beats
You're so like a lyrical reality

I follow your narratives
They are convincingly powerful
Sometimes quarrel
But instantly I regret
I cannot challenge your narrative
I cannot undo your trace
For your existence empowers me

I live your words
I live on your dreams
You paint my whispers
You elaborate my ideas
You discuss the trashes of time
We live accordingly
We live naturally
Because the Indus enlarges us this way

Without missing a single moment
Without revealing the masks
We unpolish the mysteries
We uncover the faces
The faces of society
We enlighten us
We irritate somehow
Because we are an allegorical fiction
Fiction where we progress peacefully

Resistance writes us
We resist to conventions
Our romance is resistance
We resist against each other
Therefore we live on
We aren't the myths anymore
We've alter the vehicles of time
In poetry we speak out passion
We are the poets of love
In poetry is our ultimate embodiment
The most inhaling stanzas
Here you step ahead
Taking the most careful strides
You sound like a truthful tone
I stare at you once again
This time with intense aestheticism
It's a faithful tie
In it smiles the whole lifeline.

Aadil Hingorjo

You And The Moon

Your impulse is way deep in conversing with moon, beloved.
I mustn't come in between to divert this depth.

Aadil Hingorjo

You Better Leave It!

Her death has doubled the curiosity
Suicide, imposed sleep, or a plain murder
Derailed dots, and the scattered details
Every portion has been scrutinized
But the question seems to be unanswered
Who was he who raped, & then murdered her?
Whichever the wind was, she's been ruptured
Nimerta's footsteps walk to the unakin spaces
Her paper is empty; her pen is panicking
The system sucks up. The whole Sindh's silent!
CM Sindh, Mr. Shah, 'd you attune to her sigh?
Mr. PM Khan, Is it the Riyasat e Medina?
Tones 've gone tired; pale are the country parts
Listen, O ye mighty Lord!
Hell yeah, you better leave it...

Aadil Hingorjo

You Cannot Ban Me Ever!

If I do not write, I cannot do anything
After all, what can a poet do!
He can but scream
Screaming with head and heart is in his hands
I cry through my fingers
Sometimes injured but I don't stop
I'm the eastern idea
Highlight the terrible things around me
You cannot counter me there
You then harass me differently
Yes, I follows my heart
Where my people's sighs are evident
You dictate me not to do so
You're afraid of my rhymes
You foresee the revolutionary fragrance
That's why you press me hard
You spy on me continuously
You ban me oftentimes
I haven't been against peace
But you allege me baselessly
You do not sit next to me
You do not talk to me
You're afraid of lively reality
Your ears are off to distances
You know your nakedness will come out
Your arguments will literally die
That's why you suppress me psychologically
You attempt to weaken me
But Everytime I grow stronger
With much firm scheme in my words
I resist, reject, and never conform to the night
With friends I am not safe
My family isn't aware about this all
They haven't read me perhaps
They don't know the poetic me
I have deliberately hidden this side from them
Still you play tricks
You don't let me breathe
But I breathe anyway

I breathe and live every way
Every walk whispers to me passionately
I'm passion; I'm song; I'm eternity
I manifest liberty; I stand for humanity
I'm inside a whole force
A hurricane... a storm... a rainstorm
I do dangerous things. I write, & write, & write
My people cannot be afraid all the time
My humans cannot be cornered forever
They are to wake up soon
They'll paint emancipation
They'll foster free atmosphere
Where only smiles will fly
They've paid a lot
They've suffered much
They're in process
They haven't been tired
They are to defeat fear
They're to rise again
The poet's faith is powerful
My belief in poetics is unflinching
My commitment to beauty is undying
My poems manifest my liberty
Even my pauses too symbolise resistance
If I cannot write, I cannot do anything
I create liberation with words
I'm the birth of intense voices
I'll die if I'm banned from words
After all, what else can a poet do than freeing! !

Aadil Hingorjo

You Do Not Remain The Same

You can't remain the same
You cannot be that you
You are not an individual in any way
Yeah, you are an individual
But when writing meets you, you're not same
You become a different design
You embrace numerous shapes
Your ego dies down; your new-self is born
You're in love; love is in you
If already at peace, you go peaceless
If believer of destiny, you withdraw from it
If a team, you're an awfully alone
You are in multiple shapes
In various spots
In hundreds of hues
You don't find yourself
You find many
You find yourself
But you don't stop ever
Perhaps you create a headway
You're an unconditional creator
Existing trends testify you
You touch upon their fingers
You go to busied stations
You go to static stops, and empty airports
You stop there at cynical seaports
You observe the fall of things
Rise of realities, and fall of faces
You closely look into the lives of many
Your sensitivity weakens you
You want to avoid it all
But you cannot do it
You can't just go away from it
You're it; they're you; you're way deep in it
Knowledge of them and nexus of you
Both stand against each other
You both think and feel for a while
On the crisis so intense
On the wrongs so rampant

On the menaces highly penetrating
You sketch the exhaust
You write the real shit!
You don't remain the same
You're an elevated you
You don't remain scripted anymore
You go spontaneous
Pretty soon, you're a rebel
You're a meaningful mesh
Yeah, a tremendous trash! !
You're the descendant of history
You're inseparable from your soul
Your soul sighs with them
You're not a single soul
You're but a unity
You're frankly faithful to one another
Daily in evenings, you see the streams
Daily in nights you return to the worldmates
Your void voice isn't void anymore
Because you're an evolutionary stanza
Because you're a revolutionary rhyme
Because you're an expression so unmatchable
You write their miseries
You write their marvels
You write their moves
You assemble their angers
You are so subtly deepened in them
You become symbol
You become sign
And you're an air full of art
Words veil you; you veil the words
You don't remain the scripted episode
Bounty beautifies you; winters versify you
O ageless writer, you're a profundity eternal life!

Aadil Hingorjo

You Flow

You know what's most appealing about you
It is you've got the most independent mind
And one of the craziest hearts in your beautiful body.
That's where yours and mine mornings meet every time.

Aadil Hingorjo

You Know It

The season that stays loyal to me
The season that smiles to me every now & then
The season overlapping my inroads
The season enriched with nostalgic power
The season submerged deep into my existence
The season that never changes for a jiffy
The season whispering thru verdant vales
Caressing my heart, and healing my mind
The season of you never ceases, my beloved.

Aadil Hingorjo

You, I, And Art

Your love, anger, and every single emotion writes me lovingly
The depth of your every expression is candidly pure.
You see, our being away from each other distorts us;
It staggers the insides of us.
what eternally ties us together is our love,
which supersedes all the symbols and songs.
Everything of you, my beloved, intensifies me;
It upholds me in uncountable ways;
It lifts me; uplifts me, and intoxicates me to my breathes.
You, my lordess, are the endless art to my life.

Aadil Hingorjo

You'll Do It Someday

Let's meet on a cup of tea anywhere you want
You see the season too is set
From Thatta to Thar, it's rained on every inch
Let's sit down for an hour or two
Let's discuss the gone things that happened
How they hooked you; how I perceived them
Tell me word to word how it actually befell
Did it literally befall or you did it yourself?
Of course, keep aside the remorse; just be true
Honestly uncover the situation
Revisit thy storyline, Oh you young aspirant
And talk to me of the then state of your mind
Many a people do it, and lots of lives fail it
Your hit is just amazing!
It caught my internal eye
I'm sorry if any trash tarnished you
I'm sorry if any uncertain incident undid you
I'm sorry if the thoughts couldn't journey well
I'm sorry if the entire concept disgusted you
Amidst, you took an strange turn
Or perhaps you were compelled
Tell me the fault-line to the defaulted drift
Confess if the poetry of time didn't work
Unravel your intensity bit by bit
Reveal me the race that rated you down
Or perhaps it might intellectualize you
The other way could possibly knock you
Write to me, at least!
Do reply me, if you read this
Write me back if you receive it
O Man from the Moen's land, just drop it down
Greys and greens, all you must flash out
Don't be doubtful for now
Do it the other time
Do it when you're all up for it
You'll do it, I repeat, you surely will!
Pretty pens don't dim down easily
Their voyage whistles the marvels of the ages!

Your Decemberic Dance

There are spread your leaves
Where each life that we lived smiles
They're moving on airy beat
From here to there, and from there to here
What's north without South
And what's center if there are no any sides
Your Decemberic dance enchants me, beloved
Each single move is full of music
And the memories are giving birth to poems
Would it be wrong if I call myself your offspring
The one who's born after your touch
Your silence surrounds me; it embraces me
Why so much silence? Come, connect it
Return, for this wait is full of antique moments
Where only you and I are soiled to each other.

Aadil Hingorjo

Your Eyes Write Me

You're incredibly stunning, Mithi
I'm addicted to you, my Cypress
Poetry of your starry eyes writes me
The kisses that I mercilessly landed
On your eyes, forehead, nose, lips and the neck
You know, no part of you remained untouched
No nerve of your bright body was unnoticed
No part of you went unfelt.
You too stepped in boldly, reacting romantically
You're that soulful library
That I want to visit again and again
I know that many more books are there in you
Pages of your heart can logically help me to be by your side
I've been all acquainted to your streets
I want to travel towards you over and again
Since that I've sensed your fragrance
I'm totally and terribly tied to your soul, ???????! !

Aadil Hingorjo

Your Light

In emptiness, your light appears
With striking marvel, it haunts me
When eyes shut I feel your being
Curves of your lips and smile spread on cheeks
I witness you in the midst of beauty
I craft you down on the pages serenely
Every word swims in the hearty valley
You accompany me in every silent phase
You're immeasurably deep, my love!

Aadil Hingorjo

Your Smell Overwhelms

I stay home, and wander around the shelves
There I find you on the top mounts
Like Himalayan waters, your flow begins
There you travel through words
They illustrate your vessels
They argue about your whereabouts
Like you have been companion of the writers
Your historic glimpse shines there
Downward gaze, and upward echoes
Your hairy smell I read in Neruda's lines
I reach you whenever I read literature
I listen to you in the depth of music
I witness your versatile walkway
Your style, so powerful, so marvelous
You're photographed in sunset
Your anger meets me in oceanic waves
Every single tide recalls your memories
You're positioned in permanence, my beloved
You don't drift, you do not die ever!

Aadil Hingorjo

You're A Rhythmic Resonance

How could you be so fearless?
And bold,
and brave...
Pulling me from prose,
and encapsulating me with poetry
How could you be so romantically wild?
Ah, you rhythmically resonate in my soul.
O my love, you are my life's breath.
Your breasts have felt me,
Your body has locked my light
You have owned me,
and you like my master nourish me
Naturally as well as materially
Sane you, and the insane you
Coming of you is the peace to my life
Raining upon you, and receiving your rain
Guided by your grace, and following your fragrance
You are the firm flower on my soil.
The closed doors, and your openness
The silent night, and our whispers,
Sensually brimmed, and yet in senses
Kneading each other, and a doing the dance on
We rise to our faithful love, O my love.

Aadil Hingorjo

You're My Introduction

It'd have been mere a body
And would have gone unnamed
If you'd not touched my heart
You missed the rows of mists
You sacrificed your slumber
You left away with your daylines
You just let it all go to feel the rhythm
My love, you truly are a sacred hymn
Purest and the freshest romance
Rarely sleepy, and mostly awake
You characterize the immortal storyline
Harmonious, soothing, and dominating
Love, my heart cannot resist you ever
Ah, your divinity and your dance,
It will always remain my introduction.

Aadil Hingorjo

You're Not An Idiot!

She came very close to me,
smelt my mist,
looked deep into me,
inhaled my ashes,
and then sighingly said
'You are the fact so beautifully fucked up!
Your atoms are all there;
they are just indifferent to our idea
Whatever...
But you're not an idiot, at least'.

Aadil Hingorjo

You're Your Ultimate Spell

You're your treasure,
You're your treason,
Your trap is yours,
and your trauma tickles you.
Yeah, so be deadly sincere to your signs.
You're which whispers from every side
You're the developmental domain
And the ultimate immensity is inside you
You're the exceptionally artful entity,
Only you could best translate yourself, comrade.

Aadil Hingorjo