

Poetry Series

Afzal Shauq
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Afzal Shauq()

AFZAL SHAUQ'S LITERARY LIFE STORY

"On his birth a creation was born.
An inspiration that stems from his soul.
Destined to write,
sweet words of the creative"
(Katherine MacDonald)

Well, the world is certainly becoming a smaller place. I'm a small town girl from Newfoundland, Canada. The population of my home town is about five thousand people. Up to this point, I've never really had any travel experience, nor have I published any of my poetry. But through a website called " I was introduced to a renown Afghani writer named Afzal Shauq. As we both have poetry posted on this page, he had taken the time to comment on some of my work. To return the favor, (out of sheer politeness) I decided to visit his page as well. To my surprise, I discovered the works of a passionate man, a caring man, a great man. Although we have different styles of writing, our ideals are very much the same. Over time, we developed a friendship. We wrote back and forth to each other, commenting on one an others work. I was so impressed with his writing, and he so impressed with mine, that we decided to work on this project together, with the goal of emitting our ideas to the rest of the world....

Even as a young child, Afzal Shauq knew what he wanted to be. When the regional commissioner of his area asked about his ambitions, Afzal Shauq replied...

'I want to be a great man'.

Not even really knowing the true meaning of 'greatness', an overwhelming feeling came over him that day. It was from then on he felt ignited to pursue the energy that he felt inside. That day the commissioner said to him..

'good luck son'.

There were many paths Afzal Shauq could have chosen, such as engineering, or the field of medicine. His parents and teachers tried to steer him down that path, all the while, he felt restricted. There was too much energy bursting inside him. Feeling frustrated and confused by their ideas of what he should be, he continued to work towards what he really wanted in life.

It was in 1969, as a young adolescent Afzal's only way to connect with the world was through a newspaper, and a radio. His interest in the rest of the world, religion, color and geography had become an obsession. He wanted to learn as much as he could through international channels and articles. If the paper wasn't delivered at his door, he had to rely on textbooks which, to his dismay, had outgrown with time.

Afzal earned several Laurels for his soccer team at the Degree College Lora Lai. It was a great passion of his, and often exhausted himself as Captain of the team.

It was around this time when Afzal Shauq discovered his passion for poetry. To his sheer luck, he had an acquaintance of Prof. Rab Nawaz Mail, who was a teacher and a renown poet of Pashto (Afghani Language) and Urdu. The Professor recognized Afzal's talents and gave to him his guidance. In August of 1975, Afzal wrote his first Pashto poem (what he calls ghazal) . Upon reading it Prof. Rab Nawaz Mail encouraged him to write in free verse. It would be a much better way of conveying his message to the outside world.

Much of Afzal's success comes from the Professors early guidance. He started attending Literary recitation gatherings, usually organized by talented poet Saeed Gohar, romantic poet Syed Kher Muhammad Arif and short story writer, Haji Mirza Khan Pechi. It was there he met Sohail Jaffar and Mehmood Ayaz, who he quickly became friends with. Together they poured over ideas to write about. As he poured his heart out on the paper, he was discovering his unconscious mind, a world of dreams and found their an image of his ideal. He desperately tried to find that ideal image in reality around him but remained unsuccessful. As a poet, he was rising and winning but in his search, he was continuously defeated; always left wondering...

'Shall I ever behold the face of my ideal? '

He read faces around him, he could even read the veiled emotions behind those faces, he searched, questioned, wondered... but his ideal face eluded.

In 1986-87 the first book of Afzal Shauq had been published. Written in Afghan language of Pashto, the book was titled 'Shladaley Amail'. At the same time he was also doing a program by the name of a 'Amail' from Quetta Radio Station Pakistan as anchor and script writer. The program was very popular and had a huge audience. The Radio Program was directed by a very successful broadcaster Agha Muhammad Kasi.

'Shladaley Amail'(Broken necklace) brought Afzal his real first taste of success. He became the poet of realities, adding innovating ideas. Even still, his soul felt unquenched. He had to over come racial and geographic boundaries. And a tempting question passed through his mind often...

'What are the factors and elements that divide, anatomically alike humans into groups, nations and sects? '

In 1992 he officially toured Malaysia, Singapore and Thailand and availed himself of the opportunity to closely observe the societies other than his. Travel then became a new passion of his. Traveling different countries he observed and recorded his different experiences from East to West and North to South. He tried discovering factors that parted the Eastern way of life and the Westerns code of living; differ whites from the colored. He has question in mind that...

" Why it's commonly said that the west is best and the east is beast? "

He determined to find the mystery of the division of humanity into the first, second and third world countries. As a result of the devious behavior of the west, a travel log was published under the name of 'Aowa Gama Mazal' (Seven Steps Journey) in 1996. The literary critics then knew him as a post modernist travelogue writer.

Afzal scheduled traveling to three or four countries each year. 1996 brought was a very memorable and rewarding opportunity of road travel with dozens of international tourists. He was fortunate enough to observe from very close quarters the culture and the social system of fourteen European countries, England, Wales, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland (The Netherlands) , Germany, Monaco, Liechtenstein, Switzerland, , Austria, Italy, San Marino and Spain.

Through his travels he had mind-expanding experience, living with people from different parts of the world, getting to know their ways and behavior. He came to understand the gaps between the western world and his own part of the world. He was neither a politician nor a polemist devising slogans and harangues. In his efforts to bridge those gaps, he could only use his creative energies as a poet, transforming his ideas, messages and hopes in poems and verses, with a heartfelt desire that his words touch the millions of hearts around the globe and bring them together. He kept writing poems with a wish that my ideas become harbinger of a new dawn, a color of peace, a hue of love.

He wondered what can make men aware of their predicament and incite them to work towards the perfection of humanity; in complete harmony with natural laws of mutual tolerance, peace and love.

In 1997 during a travel to Cairo Egypt, Afzal met the love of his life. There he met the ravishing and immensely talented Dr. Ouahiba Sakani. Impressed with her beauty and intelligence, he was head over heels in love with her. And for once he felt that the eluding face of his ideal had at last taken a shape of her person. That was when he felt completed. That all that he had accomplished had come down to this.

Through his experiences with his love life, a new novel was born 'Paroni Makhuna' (The faces of yesterday) that was published in 2006. The English

translation of which will soon be available. He translated the novel into easy English by himself, while Prof. Ernanie-I-Pepito of the Philippines has been working at the improvement of the manuscript. Since 2006 the project is receiving final touches by Alley Boling.

In 2003, another book of poetry emerged, named ' Pa Latun Sta Da Sarey' (In Search of your face) . This book is a collection of thoughts from travel experiences, true love, the desire to create a fair humanity and more. His pain is poured onto the pages, as he writes about civilization, and the betterment of fellowman. With the publishing of book the literary critics has started calling him, Traveler-poet... Selani.

Two more travelogues were published in 2004 and 2005, revealing experiences from Europe. 'Mazal Pa Wauro Bandi' (Journey on the snow) and ' Da Lmer Da Kalli Pa Lor' (Towards the town of sun rise) were the names of the books. They were actually a sociological study of European life, rather than a narration of simple travel experiences. His search, ventures and probe, all lead him to the conclusion that man has revolutionized himself, since his creation but only in a negative way. Where the denizens of the modern world have progressed much outwardly; they have been gradually deteriorating inwardly, reducing themselves to the brutality of animals. Behind the sophisticated face of civilization, lies a corrupted soul with the ugliest of potentials.

Like much of the world, Afzal was flabbergasted by the 9/11 incident. But in his state of frustration and mental hysteria, he was comforted by the presence of another lover of humanity. He had met an American friend, Alice Alley Ann Muhaphay... Alley Boling. She was impressed with his literary approach, innovative ideas and creative skills, and took up translating his poetry into English. She urged the need of bringing out the ideas of universal concern in a language understood by the most around the globe. A voice rising from the east could now be heard by the West.

At the first stage of the process he translated his poems into simple English himself. Then Dr. Ouahiba Sakani Afzal revised them. Famous freelance Romanian writer Ms. Andreea Sarcani shared her part in composing and compilation. In the last steps the manuscript was finalized by Alley Boling and translation of his poetry in American English was published in 2006, under the title of 'Twist of Fates'. The book is now available around the world in print and can be found on international sites including....

and readers can also get the book TWIST OF FATES translated by Alley Boling with direct link as...

All his poems added to TWIST OF FATES and some more new available in the

international sites below too and readers can have approach to read his poems free..

/ /

Because of Afzal Shauq's effort to project his ideas to one and all of the world, he is now recognized as a global poet. The response to his work has become overwhelming, and beyond any expectation. He now realizes the true meaning of 'greatness'. It isn't the recognition or the fame, it his creation of ideas, knowing a fellow man's mind, and being remembered in the next generation to come.

“How an Afghan/Pashto poet of third world became a poet of globe? ”

Maybe this question will raise different points in the readers of the poetry world but non of a single individual will ever negate the peace willing dreams of Afzal Shauq as his main factor being a successful poet. Yeah... I being his poetry friend may generalize with proud that the “love based peace” has much strength then any other basics of life even and no doubt, my friend Afzal Shauq is capturing the hearts of readers around the world being a well known poet of peace. Let me add for him at the end from the core of my heart that,

Dear Afzal Shauq..! ! you are truly right to say...

“ a friendly smile is the best weapon of war to fight with”

and sure you won the war I think.

Katherine MacDonald
Newfoundland CANADA.

Reference: - Book: 'THE PEACE WISHER AFZAL SHAUQ'

Written By: ' Katherine MacDonald. Canada

‘Wie ich Afzal Shauq kennen gelernt habe’ / Nina Babon, Germany.

Ich bin eine alleinerziehende Mutter in den Dreißigern und komme aus Deutschland, ich unterrichte Deutsch als Fremdsprache - und ich schreibe gelegentlich Gedichte, sowohl auf Deutsch als auch auf Englisch.

Ich habe Afzal Shauq durch einen talentierten jungen Dichter aus Pakistan, Anwar Wafi Hayat, kennen gelernt, mit dem ich mich in einem internationalen Gedichteworkshop angefreundet hatte. Wafi zitierte oft aus Afzal Shauqs Werk, und ich war fasziniert von der Tiefe und der Energie, die aus diesen einzelnen Zeilen sprach. Als Wafi Shauqs Gedicht 'Smile' (Lächeln) ins Englische übersetzte, bot ich spontan an, es ins Deutsche zu übersetzen, da ich fand, dass

seine Botschaft, die man paraphrasieren könnte als Wozu brauchen wir Gewehre, wenn wir nur ein Lächeln brauchen um die Herzen der Menschen zu gewinnen? , eine wirklich wichtige war.

Nun habe ich damit begonnen, mehr von Afzal Shauqs Gedichten ins Deutsche zu übersetzen und auch seine literarische Lebensgeschichte, die Katherine MacDonald aus Kanada aufgeschrieben hat, übersetzt.

Sein Leben verlief nicht immer geradlinig, er machte Zeiten des Zweifels und des Verzweifels mit, ehe er seine Bestimmung zum Autor entdeckte. Sein Werk wird von seinen vielen Reisen beeinflusst, die er unternahm, da er von einem unstillbaren Durst danach, etwas über andere Kulturen zu lernen, getrieben wurde. Besonders interessierte ihn, was die westliche Welt von der östlichen trennt und warum die Menschen im Westen sich den sogenannten Dritte-Welt-Ländern so überlegen fühlen.

Ich glaube, er war sehr überrascht, als er herausfand, dass wir im Westen die Dinge nicht etwa besser, sondern schlicht anders machen.

Von dem Moment dieser Entdeckung an spürte er einen überwältigenden Drang, sie mit dem Rest der Welt zu teilen und begann deshalb, seine Reisetagebücher zu schreiben, in der Hoffnung, er könne die Augen seiner Leser öffnen.

Von da an schrieb er auch in seinen Gedichten von seiner Überzeugung, dass wir alle miteinander verwandt sind, wie entfernt und entfremdet auch immer, und deshalb versuchen sollten, einander zu verstehen anstatt unsere Verschiedenheit zu fürchten. Seht wie ähnlich ihr euch seid, würde er sagen, und die Unterschiede, die euch trennen, wie Erziehung, Kultur oder Religion, werden weniger wichtig scheinen als eure Gemeinsamkeiten. ('Wenn die Abgründe zwischen den Herzen mit Liebe überbrückt werden', aus seinem Gedicht 'Friedensformel')

Das ist etwas, das ich bei meiner Arbeit mit Migranten aus aller Welt ebenfalls erfahren habe: Meist haben sie die gleichen Sorgen, die auch ich habe, die Zukunft ihrer Kinder betreffend, deren Bildungs- und Berufschancen, und sie wünschen sich, dass ihre Söhne niemals Gewehre tragen werden müssen, niemals in einem Krieg töten müssen oder getötet werden, ganz so, wie ich es mir für meinen Sohn wünsche.

Afzal Shauqs Gedichte sind in einem faszinierenden Stil scheinbarer Einfachheit geschrieben, man findet dort kein überflüssiges Wort, und seine Botschaft, dass wir alle Brüder und Schwestern sind und danach streben sollten, auf diesem Planeten friedlich mit- und nebeneinander zu leben, klingt wie ein widerhallendes

Echo durch all seine Werke hindurch.

Nina Babon
GERMANY

POEZIA LUI AFZAL SHAUQ ÎNTRE REALITATE Ş I SPERANŢ Ă

Înainte de primirea invitaţ iei domnului Afzal Shauq de-a scrie un articol despre poezia Domniei Sale, trebuie să recunosc faptul că ş tiam doar că este un poet valoros ş i deosebit de norocos care tră ieş te fericit ală turi de familia sa în Pakistan, ale că rui scrieri poetice le citeam cu suficient interes ş i, uneori, le comentam pe site-uri specializate în domeniul literar. Odată cu primirea acestei invitaţ ii, m-am aplecat cu toată seriozitatea lectorului avizat asupra textelor sale poetice, texte pe care le aveam la îndemână ori le promisem de la autor ş i, totodată , asupra fenomenului în centul că ruia se află autorul întrucât Afzal Shauq este mai mult decât poet ş i scriitor: este un om de cultură în adevă ratul sens al cuvântului.

După cum ş tim obiectivul unui articol este acela de a face o analiză critică pertinentă ş i de a pune în valoare opera unui scriitor aş a cum este Afzal Shauq în contextul unei scene literare mondiale actuale cu numeroase puncte „forte”, valoric vorbind, al operelor literare.

Încă de la o primă lectură a poeziei sale facem cunoş tinţ ă cu originea etnică ş i culturală a poetului. Această origine este un act fundamental în scrierea lui Afzal Shauq întrucât ea se află atât la baza istoriei personale cât ş i la cea a devenirii scrierii literare raportată la problematica abordă rii esenţ ialului în derularea actului creator.

Am spus mai sus că poetul despre care vorbim este unul deosebit de norocos aş a că , trebuie să demonstrez afirmaţ ia mea: celor ş ase că rţ i publicare de autor până în prezent („Shladely amail”, 1987- 88; „Aowa Gama Mazal”,1997; „Pa Latoon Sta De Sarey”, 2003; „Mazal Pa Wauru Bandi”, 2004; „Da Lmar Da Kali Pa lor” 2005 ş i „Paoni Makhuna”, 2006) li s-au adă ugat traducerea în limba

englez; a celor 333 de poezii sub titlul „Twist of Fates” (2006) , acest; carte aflându-se în curs de apariție; ie; i în traducere chineză; . De asemenea, romanul „Paruni Makhuna” în curând va fi publicat în USA sub titlul „Daughter of Pharaon”. Desigur, la notorietatea autorului au contribuit în mod decisiv traducerile în limbi de circulație internațională; .

Dar să revenim la actul poetic: scrierea lui Afzal Shauq izvorăște din forță vitală; impresionantă; a unei existențe profunde; i, uneori, marcată; atât de neliniștile exterioare cât și de cele interioare, acestea încadrându-se temporal fie pe falii mai lungi, fie pe falii mai scurte de timp.

Poezia lui Afzal Shauq este una a realității; ii aflată; sub spectrul speranței. Poetul este un bun teoretician astfel, autorul; înănd seama de norme; i reflectă; ii estetice, reușește; te să cuprindă; o multitudine de semnificații care nu fac altceva decât să îmbogățească; ească; interpretarea textului poetic.

Ceea ce impresionează la acest autor este umanismul poeziei sale iar prin; a sa de a mânuși cele două; laturi, viața; i moartea, imaginile poetice pe care ni le oferă; sunt acelea ale unui concret imediat. Trebuie menționat că; dragostea, natura; i flacăra pasiunii romantice ocupă; un loc important în poezia lui Afzal Shauq. Fără; a fi o persoană indiferentă; la fenomenele sociale, poetul spune: , , Its me and you / who seek to quench / this thirst of hungry hearts / seeming the same in thoughts / respecting each other / Beloved.... /struggling like a man / when you look at me / I want to fight / for women rights / though I am a man ” (Love ends Differences) sau: „Mirror... / haunting my mind / dreams possess / revealing... /one face. Every time / Its the same face / lifetime's face / reflection / not mine... So I touch / over again / with great love... / now mind etched / that face... Often asked / relationship / answerless / just a thought / that face... It was fate / that on one day / mirror drops / and that face / shattered... So I search / seeking that face / every girl / here's my heart... / cup begs. But these girls / shards of that face / maybe the eyes... / perhaps a nose... / soft lips... / But the whole / the one I seek / that one face... / will forever ” (In Search of That Face) .

Dacă; aruncăm o privire peste structura semantică; a textului poetic în contextul referențial; ii; i al comunicării vom avea deja o viziune asupra potențialului scriitoricesc al lui Afzal Shauq, de aceea sunt convinși; că; Afzal

Shauq este o figură reprezentativă a poeziei Orientului Mijlociu.

□

Niculina Oprea, Scriitor,
București, România.
2 august 2009,

..Global Peace Theory / Afzal Shauq

Based On.."a friendly smile is the best weapon of war to fight with... afzal shauq"

If and when the invincible book of norms is ignored?
If and when custom of humanity is burnt to dust?
Due to the wicked shadows of greed, lust and other evil doings,
We don't have the right to be named as human beings.
Rather, we are brutal animals like vultures and crocodiles.
If we truly wish from the heart to be called humans of higher race,
Then we must not shrink when we are called "the children of Adam".
For once we begin to consider ourselves as sons of Adam
Of this verdant mound, of this dry land, of this circling life –
Then we might also try to answer the ancient golden query of.....
"Aren't we cousins to each other? " or "Aren't we all brothers and sisters? "
Hence, let's all take initiatives to bridge up the gaps between hearts.
To connect all broken knots regardless of color, creed or race,
Via road to positivity, presenting cheerful aura of glowing smiles.
Respect to one another is a blooming string that ties warm cozy ends.
Letting social life be dance and sing melodiously with the collective actions.
Pleasing, filling, satisfying; the glaring shadows of humanity.
In which it has long been betrayed, jumped out of shell,
By the selfish wand and magnetic resonance of greed!

'Global Peace Theory'/ Afzal Shauq

(Based on: a friendly smile is the best weapon of war to fight with... Afzal Shauq)

Edited by: Catrina Heart

NOTE: - Translation of this poem in any language would be appreciated..... afzal shauq

Afzal Shauq

'wie Ich Afzal Shauq Kennen Gelernt Habe' / Nina Babon, Germany.

Ich bin eine alleinerziehende Mutter in den Dreißigern und komme aus Deutschland, ich unterrichte Deutsch als Fremdsprache - und ich schreibe gelegentlich Gedichte, sowohl auf Deutsch als auch auf Englisch.

Ich habe Afzal Shauq durch einen talentierten jungen Dichter aus Pakistan, Anwar Wafi Hayat, kennen gelernt, mit dem ich mich in einem internationalen Gedichteworkshop angefreundet hatte. Wafi zitierte oft aus Afzal Shauqs Werk, und ich war fasziniert von der Tiefe und der Energie, die aus diesen einzelnen Zeilen sprach. Als Wafi Shauqs Gedicht 'Smile' (Lächeln) ins Englische übersetzte, bot ich spontan an, es ins Deutsche zu übersetzen, da ich fand, dass seine Botschaft, die man paraphrasieren könnte als Wozu brauchen wir Gewehre, wenn wir nur ein Lächeln brauchen um die Herzen der Menschen zu gewinnen? , eine wirklich wichtige war.

Nun habe ich damit begonnen, mehr von Afzal Shauqs Gedichten ins Deutsche zu übersetzen und auch seine literarische Lebensgeschichte, die Katherine MacDonald aus Kanada aufgeschrieben hat, übersetzt.

Sein Leben verlief nicht immer geradlinig, er machte Zeiten des Zweifels und des Verzweifels mit, ehe er seine Bestimmung zum Autor entdeckte. Sein Werk wird von seinen vielen Reisen beeinflusst, die er unternahm, da er von einem unstillbaren Durst danach, etwas über andere Kulturen zu lernen, getrieben wurde. Besonders interessierte ihn, was die westliche Welt von der östlichen trennt und warum die Menschen im Westen sich den sogenannten Dritte-Welt-Ländern so überlegen fühlen.

Ich glaube, er war sehr überrascht, als er herausfand, dass wir im Westen die Dinge nicht etwa besser, sondern schlicht anders machen.

Von dem Moment dieser Entdeckung an spürte er einen überwältigenden Drang, sie mit dem Rest der Welt zu teilen und begann deshalb, seine Reisetagebücher zu schreiben, in der Hoffnung, er könne die Augen seiner Leser öffnen.

Von da an schrieb er auch in seinen Gedichten von seiner Überzeugung, dass wir alle miteinander verwandt sind, wie entfernt und entfremdet auch immer, und deshalb versuchen sollten, einander zu verstehen anstatt unsere Verschiedenheit zu fürchten. Seht wie ähnlich ihr euch seid, würde er sagen, und die

Unterschiede, die euch trennen, wie Erziehung, Kultur oder Religion, werden weniger wichtig scheinen als eure Gemeinsamkeiten. ('Wenn die Abgründe zwischen den Herzen mit Liebe überbrückt werden', aus seinem Gedicht 'Friedensformel')

Das ist etwas, das ich bei meiner Arbeit mit Migranten aus aller Welt ebenfalls erfahren habe: Meist haben sie die gleichen Sorgen, die auch ich habe, die Zukunft ihrer Kinder betreffend, deren Bildungs- und Berufschancen, und sie wünschen sich, dass ihre Söhne niemals Gewehre tragen werden müssen, niemals in einem Krieg töten müssen oder getötet werden, ganz so, wie ich es mir für meinen Sohn wünsche.

Afzal Shauqs Gedichte sind in einem faszinierenden Stil scheinbarer Einfachheit geschrieben, man findet dort kein überflüssiges Wort, und seine Botschaft, dass wir alle Brüder und Schwestern sind und danach streben sollten, auf diesem Planeten friedlich mit- und nebeneinander zu leben, klingt wie ein widerhallendes Echo durch all seine Werke hindurch.

Nina Babon
GERMANY

Afzal Shauq

A Common Concept: Katherine Macdonald

I am grateful to your idiom,
the parlance towards my being.
I am thankful that I found a friend,
who veraciously believes in me.

Two minds of the creative,
concertedly understand,
that we share a common concept,
and from that, a common bond.

I am grateful to your ideals,
and how they interact with mine.
I am forever indebted to your critiques,
because I am inspired, by what you write.

© Katherine Reid

Author's Comments

I wrote this for a very good friend of mine, Afzal Shauq :)

Afzal Shauq

A Complain... But To Whom?

To whom
do I complain
is it here...?

People living round me
whom my heart reaches
trying to beat as one
run from me

I present songs of love
played on my heart's violin
But they would rather
dance for money.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.213/Page.282

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Dream Or True Reality...?

I don't know
if it was my dream or reality?

that all the men were seen
with long tails
big ears
and horny heads
stepping on four legs
grazing... few
roaming.... few
and fighting... more
some where in a jungle of
leafles trees

while in the mean time
the animals of different kind
who were found
not talking to each other only
but also were walking
unexpectedly on two
with some critical
smiles of amazing success
and were forwarding hand to hand
towards the empty cities
to occupy.

Poem in Pashto and English By: Afzal Shauq

Edited By: Jessica R.

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Great Wonder

What is human kind?
What is its value?
What is its purpose?

The answers...
Often considered weak
Human kind
in acts of kindness
reveals God's greatness

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.220/Page.289

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Little Princess--Breshna Kahn (Sweet Tiny Daughter Of Afzal Shauq) /Heather Wilkins

Having a new friend in our
land,
To her, we extend our hand.

My family, is waiting, to see
you there
To place a flower, in your
hair..

Your house, number one, in
the row,
Surrounded by lots of mistletoe.

Decorated with candy kisses,
For a special little misses.

You'll meet Snow White,
Tinker Bell too,
They'll come out, and play,
with you.

You can join our fairy clan
Play in our family band.

Dance around our fairy ring,
Enjoy yourself, laugh and
sing.

Yarrow, will help you too,
Make sure your dreams
come true.

So welcome to our fairy
land,
Little Princess, from far
away land..

TO

SWEET DAUGHTER OF AFZAL SHAUQ

© Heather Burns

Note of thanks of Afzal Shauq to Heather wilkins

Thanks dear heather for your love tribute to my litle Tiny daughter Hadeel
Breshna afzal Khan (Sakani Hadeel) ... afzal shauq

Afzal Shauq

A New Dawn

In years of cruelty past
there came a new dawn
the bright light burned
melting frozen hearts.

Come New Dawn...
break forth a bright new day.
Oh sun come...
part the long dark hair of night.

The time has come...
The need for a new justice
Freedom from all these
demi gods of money.

Sun burn away...
Melt these gods
and their ice palaces
Leave nothing behind
But God's judgement.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.1/Page.27
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Strange Justice

The one
who is supposed to
give me justice has
amazingly declared her heart
as a court,
she herself as a judge to hear,
her brain as a lawyer to plea,
herself witnesses to prove,
even then
her decisions are also based on
the rules and regulations
mentioned in the black book of law,
she constructed herself
as per her own willingness too.

Poem in Pashto and English By: Afzal Shauq / Edited By: Jessica R

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Strange Peace

All these men...
Claimed
Answers for the world's ills
A way to peace
Each different in behavior
Saint Frances
Mussolini
Churchill
Hitler
Their idealism often reborn
in others...
Upon their forehead
I viewed a sign for peace
A strange peace...
Appearing,
In the creases of
the Europeans forehead
but
based on commercial smiles.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.245/Page.318

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Symbol Of Pride

Oh Pisa tower
through the ages
miraculously standing
a symbol of pride
though condemnation threatens
And perhaps one day
you shall kiss the soil.

Majestic tower
made famous by leaning.
The passage of time
unbalanced you,
But still you stand
forever stalwart.
Honor of your country.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.110/Page.153

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

A Wind Swept Day Dedicated To Afzal Shauq /Heather Wilkins

As I pen my thoughts,
and dreams,
Words I cannot say,
I bear my heart to the
wind,
On a wind swept day.

May I take a dream, or
two,
My dreams involving you.
Blow them to the wind,
Make my dreams come
true.

I bear my heart to the
wind,
On a balmy day,
May it catch on fire,
And blow your love,
my way.

HEATHER WILKINS
© Heather Burns

Afzal Shauq

'Acquired Label'

Being I am..
a child of Adam
as on the day
I, intended to step out
from the door of my home
chasing out for
my global siblings;

Alas..
the rigid beings of
my own birth town
suddenly started gossiping
I'm 'an atheist'.. full grown!

Poem By: Afzal shauq
afzalshauq@

edited By: Catrina Heart

Afzal Shauq

Acts Of Cruelty

She gives me her hand
with sweet smiles....
But hidden beneath
her innocent facade
acts of cruelty.

For if by accident
we should touch...
Her anger rages...
With clenched teeth she lunges
like a lion at fresh flesh.

With fear I repel
in an act of submission.
She concentrates
scanning me
from head to toe.

Flashing her deceptive smile
I see lust in her eyes...
With the tip of her tongue
she moistens her lips...
So I respond and smile

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.109/Page.152

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Advertisement

True Beauty given by God
symbol of honor and respect
pride of homes and families
has been lost in eyes of lust.
Striving for more status
the need for great fame
What man has made
has become man's desire.
The covers of books
keeps her beauty
advertisement and deception
risks her dishonor.

Reference

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.4/Page.71
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Afghan Wounded

Afghan wounded
Seeking treatment
you medicate...
But you must know
This is a wound
Never to heal
oh doctor...!
Pain now
their nature...

And nature
never changes.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.235/Page.306

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Afghani's Sorrow

If you look
upon Afghani's sorrow
Will you tell...

Does your heart
feel empathy...
Do tears well
in your eyes...

The life of the Afghan
like open wounds
seeks healing
will kindness you extend

Oh Big Boss!
You the teacher
of brutal behavior
please step aside
for peace and prosperity.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.143/Page.192

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Age Counts

Girls still look at me
and though they smile...
Their eyes speak
A multitude of words.

Once offering me hearts
No longer I see
My age revealed
by the creases of time

I feel my insides
breaking into pieces.
The hope of the dream...
Vanishes in a cold sigh.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.263/Page.336

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Almighty Allah

YOU

being my true beloved
live so deep in me
and make such integral part of my soul

that

whenever

I praise your name
I share the pride
of being praised
myself

Titla of Poem in Pashto: Azima Khudaya..! !

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Nazish Zafar

Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.155

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Almighty God

My Lord
the almighty God
who's found every where
with huge existence

but stays
still in the hearts of
every living soul
Even then
inside the tiny ant's too

Poem By: Afzal Shauq
Edited By: Katherine MacDonald

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Amazing Address

In the name of whom
I truly dedicating my poetry...

Today...
Her voice recites my verse
She asked me
the meaning of my verse
not recognizing it was her address
amazingly...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.202/Page.268

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Ammanian Girls

In their name
I would write
I have but one heart
Yet here each young girl
seems like another flame
consuming my heart
As a great fire
does the jungle.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.319/Page.396

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

An Answer

Is she truly beautiful..?

Yea...

This is the only question.

that has haunted my life.

Long have I pondered...

So much breath have I sighed.

But the answer..

Eludes.....

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.285/Page.359

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Animals.... But With Two Legs

Good fortune..
By God's grace
you walk on two legs
you do not graze
or appear naked
You seem human...

But upon second look...
you are more animal
like the brutal men
from days gone by
who drank blood
ruthless in action...

Life has evolved
but you changed little
You continue this fighting
No deeds of merit
yet declaring your humanity
the great well wisher

People of mountains!
see your acts
where you are left...
One just passing through
This process...
This revolution...
This social change...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.132/Page.178

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Animals...Inspired By Afzal Shauq's Poem'Animals...But With Two Legs': Katherine Macdonald

ANIMALS(Inspired by Afzal Shauq's 'Animals...But With Two Legs': Katherine
MacDonald

Animals scour the earth,
praying upon the weakest.
Tearing at their fellow man
with iron claws.
Teeth bearing.

Animals with two hands, two feet.
Spreading over the land, mating and breeding.

Animals that pray and prey upon others.
A child classmate, who is unlike the others.

Wild Animals that do not climb trees,
but tear them down, spreading disease.

A brilliant mind, we were supposed to evolve.
But the animal instinct has never dissolved.

© Katherine Reid

down is afzal shauq's poem...

ANIMALS.... BUT WITH TWO LEGS: Afzal Shauq

Good fortune..
By God's grace
you walk on two legs
you do not graze
or appear naked
You seem human...

But upon second look...

you are more animal
like the brutal men
from days gone by
who drank blood
ruthless in action...

Life has evolved
but you changed little
You continue this fighting
No deeds of merit
yet declaring your humanity
the great well wisher

People of mountains!
see your acts
where you are left...
One just passing through
This process...
This revolution...
This social change...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.132/Page.178

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Announcements

Eyes of the dead
lashes veiled...

tongues now silent
severed into...

People hanging
from branches broke...

House doors now shut
the city is closed...

Yet they are saying
liberty proclaimed...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.18/Page.47

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Anthem

Oh Great God
of mountains
and valleys...

Who rules
over the seas
and deserts...

May our language
be proudly kept.

The voice of Pashtoons
May dignity, prosperity,
sword, and faith
Be Blessed

Oh God
hear my prayer
Bless our language
till the world ends.

Being Pashtoon,
Filled with courage
I depend not on others
but feed my life alone.

Culture of my nation
In your ways follow
making me different
as I travel life's path.

Pashtoon do your best!
Use your words
write for your fate sake
and speak your ways of life

Accept my challenge
write proudly in Pashto language
For none knows better

Pashtoon's expected dreams.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.104/Page.146

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Anthem Of...deprived Love

Here...
can not see..
separation
Here...
darkness expands
the sunset.
Here ...
lovers wounded ...
heartbreak
our life
reconciles
in a single star
hungering for love.
Here ...
time stops...
peace ends
Here...
burning fire...
destruction
Here ...
life ends...
death
Here
new homes ...
graves.
Here ...
all love...
lost
Our life
reconciles
in a single star
hungering for love.
Here ...
thorn paths...
impasse
Here ...
life's pathway...
deprivation
Here ...

rain desired
thirst
Our life
reconciles
in a single star
hungering for love.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.47/Page.78

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Arms Dealers

From the sword of Papa Khushal...
some made the weapons...
the arrows
knives
bullets
and rockets....

How do we blame
illiterate Pashtoons,
lives made hard by
mountains and rough valleys.
While we, the poets see
the dealing in arms
and write nothing..
except
the audacity of deceptive words.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.314/Page.391

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

As Per The False Say

What do you want?
Whom do you fight?

Questioning...
Armed soldiers
Make no reply
glancing about
with strange eyes.

Everyone questions
No one answers
What is the truth
the cause for fighting

All these brothers
Ready to kill
each under falsehood's
sacred saying

'If your mother
childless make
soldier of honored
He who wins
and should you die
by your brother's hand
a declared martyr
you will be.'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.175/Page.233

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

As You Wish

If you are not a thief,
then...
Hiding out
in the night..
Avoiding days
Giving yourself
a ghostly face
Act you like a thief

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.218/Page.287

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

At The Death Of Admirer

The one...
Who made opened
closed paths of life
for me

The one...
encouraging
to walk ahead
bravely

Today...
Bad fortune has come
in mourning
I stand

Sadly..
In tears of prayer
at the grave...
The one

Heart cries
feelings of great loss
seeking peace
But where...

I stand...
tombstones of the dead
around me
alone.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.167/Page.224

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

At The End

Whenever...

I feel near

the end...

I become hungry

I thirst

Once again

I search for sustenance.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.317/Page.394

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

At The Risk Of Broken Feelings

It is an admission...
A day of judgement may come

But is it possible...
The dwellers of Muddy houses
equal in courage
May spend their life
as human beings.

Or...
Is to great the risk
to Pashto's dignity
in this course.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.166/Page.223

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Awaking From The Night

The stars are nothing...
mere flashes of light
like sparks flying from the fire.
The poor are dry wood...
trying to light the darkness
till the break of dawn.
This is life deprived...
Where desires becomes hopelessness
carried upon weary shoulders.
Yet ever vigilant...
They search for the light to come
and the birth of a new day.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.46/Page.77
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Beauty Pride..

These beautiful people
lost to beauty's value
fearing the night
prolonging the summer
crushing hearts
like the toys..

So cruel are they
in their behavior
while
stepping themselves too
rapidly towards the past

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.65/Page.101

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Begging Heart

From the fountains
to the river edge
to the sea's beaches
I present
this begging heart
for love's sake
Uncertain the thirst
Like a dry desert
this heart yearns.
And comes to the water
again and again...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.209/Page.277

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Behind The Reality

When ever
I try to negate and suppress my inner self
reducing it to some petty level
in my own esteem

the door of my heart
is angrily knocked at
as if there is some one
unknown..
who makes it a point
that I realized
that I am
not the one as I think of me myself
but a being more than that
a soul
granted for my being
face of God

- Afzal Shauq's Pashto Poem 'Fannah Fillah'

- Translated By: Nazish Zafar

- Published in book 'Bridging The Gaps' p/155-6

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Being A Poet

The one,
who makes me die
in sweet way...
is the face of my soul

The one,
who keeps me alive
in hard way
is my own dream girl.

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Between You And Me.....

In matters of love...

I am moving
towards madness
leaving behind
myself...

you'r advancing
slower than a snail
yet true lover we be

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.183/Page.242

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Birthday Message From Ruth Love Joy

February 18,2009 coming up-Happy Birthday Afzal Shauq
Azak my Pakistan friend, I send you warm wishes for a most happy birthday
I'm sure you and your family will have a wondrous day
I hope the sun shines brightly and all your family and friends gather
Making it a most memorable moment

I hope peace comes to your side of the world very soon
that all willlive in unity and harmony
That this birthday this year brings all you would have of it
And of course, many many more, in the years to follow...
© Ruth Lovejoy

Afzal Shauq

Birthday Wish To Afzal Shauq: Misty Lackey

A day to make our new as one.
A place for your sun to
shine.
Shades of morning.
Laughter from night.
A day of being born.
Restless angels hold sight.
Gathering stars close to
God's sky.

Lights from above we
are all born one soul.
Cover your eyes giving
shadow for a new year.
Be thankful for what you
have love is the greatest
gift of all.

The day of being born
is like a fine arts
class you learn as
you go.
Live your day like it's
your last.
Your heart is special
don't give up on it
always follow your dream...

Poem By: Misty Lackey
Bryson City, NC

Afzal Shauq

Blind Justice (The One Who Grievances First Is Right)

Even though...
They presented to court
the blood stained Knife
The tool of slaying
Leaving the man a corpse.

With all the evidence
There is no conviction
Justice for the dead denied
Shouts arise pleading...
Yet the judge remains deaf.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.254/Page.327

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Blind World

In this world
no spark of light
darkness...

No sun rise
sunset long gone
darkness...

Deaths to soon
two loves buried
darkness...

World gone blind
indifference rules
darkness...

All will enter
none can escape
the grave.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.63/Page.99
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Bride Of Death

Strange the marriage
the cart of the bride
Taken by the nephews
of Negro and Mongol
along with the Caucasians
The Battle for one bride
Leads them all to the grave
in a global village...
Where the life
can't be dreamed ever.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.278/Page.353

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Broken Branches

See...

the desert heart
waters its thirst.

Sweat

Blood

Tears...

The Desert demands
and buildings must rise...

Walls to be built.

Blocks formed.

Ill treated

those sweating hard at labor.

The earth runs red
beneath the tree of life...

Workers hanging like sheep
in the desert butchers' shop...

Where droplets fall
and blood flows.

And in this endless cycle...
those that are left behind

with red eyes weeping
leave rivers of tears

mourning those now gone
and the desert...drinks.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.2/Page.28

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Broken Hopes

I move on...
Exhaustion plagues me
Sweet thoughts...
feelings...
comes to my heart.
Taking my broken hopes,
heavy the bundle,
upon my weak shoulders.
I proceed slowly
stumbling as I go.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.252/Page.325

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Broken Ties

When at my side
She hugs me
like I am her own

When she is gone
There she stays...
And I feel forgotten

She never looks back
And if I should call out
I doubt she would look.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.288/Page.362

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Brutal New Age

The tree...
with shadow cool
Seems grown
for this purpose.
A place to retire
and rest a while
sheltered from
the scorching sun.
Where now you know sit.

Look you...
Master of a new era...!
Destroyer of your city.
Left neither walls
nor roofs standing.
From this tree's shade
your resting spot...
Do you see the flames
the ruins you left behind?

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.255/Page.328

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Brutel Human Being

Animals with human skin
vicious your behavior
so brutal...
tearing at your fellow man
like raw meat
drinking blood
like it is water.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.368/Page.342

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Bushes Grow

The time
different
yet they chopped off necks
for their head adorned necklaces

Last night
Deal done
and by your good luck
businessmen have left your head

Night passed
day came
the sun has appeared
over the great mountain peaks

The State
Grave yards
Yet new bushes grow
bringing hope for a new life

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.181/Page.240

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Cause Of Inspiration

How can I
from mind remove
these precious dreams
of my innocent love.

I keep sweet
thy beloved name
together written
in stones through out this world.

It is she...
the cause of my poetry...
the inspiration for my life.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.20/Page.49

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Child Of Dirt

I think perhaps...

You catch the throat
at the time of birth
of your beloved son
Than in his early youth
let him die in battle.

Deceived by false dignity
his cousin now his killer...
left this bloody funeral.
I carry upon shoulders
my son to his grave.

What think you...?

Which will be the greater pain...?
Either way as things stand
your beloved son still becomes
a child of the dirt...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.152/Page.205

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Children Of Adam

Language is no barrier
To understanding...

Its the eyes that will not see
Pretending to be blind
For pictures speak
In every language

Just look...
The feelings...
The desires...
The behaviors
Men acting like animals

Together
We carry the photographs
the expired coupons
Humanity lost....

The mounting dead
share common ground
Broken ties
Need of mending.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.291/Page.365

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Companions Of Light

We...
have chalked the walls
with great hate
and the people...
separate.

We...
In need of love
being led
toward extremes
madness..

We...
stepping ahead
side by side
strong in hope
wanting...

We...
though different
move as one
like a body
shadows...

We...
follow the sun
light encouraged
fight the night
friends...

We...
eyes now open
seeking friends
put to end
darkness.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.148/Page.198

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Completion

I awoke
Sound the sleep...
The whole world
was paired off.
Every where couples...
But I was one...
I stood alone
only my shadow
beside me....
Yet the shadow
gave me hope...
I am in good company.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.312/Page.389

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Confusion Of Love

You love me
There's no doubt
But it's love
That keeps me wondering

For in love
there is no fairness.

So many...
are the rules.
So many...
are the ways.

And always
one keeps questioning.

Is their love
as desired...
Is their love
as expressed...

Love's problem
no clarity...
Always lost
amid the confusion.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.95/Page.134

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Court Of Peace

The Heart dreams...
Soaring
like birds in the sky
higher and higher...
Fluttering about
like the butterfly..
among the fragrant flowers..

The ego demands...
There must be control
and hearts desires
stifled...
Rules must be in place
ways to prevent
unspeakable acts.

The answer...
Court the way to peace
people impose the laws.
Living under their rule
All the while wishing
to be freed from them.

Afzal Shauq

'Cousins Of Adam's Family' (Dedicated To My Freind Afzal Shauq... By: Felicity Bostdrof

the only way

if someone

wishes to be in peace is

to occupy the hearts

stay inside the hearts

let's bridge up the gaps

between hearts

and be happy

being cousins of adam's family

as my friend Afzal Shauq says.

Felicity Bostdorf

Afzal Shauq

Cow Barn

Man's stubborn nature
so like the bull.
Causing trouble...
Soon finds a rope
about his neck.
Now he is led off
to his confinement
in a place not unlike
a cow barn.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.309/Page.386

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Crazy Girl

I got a friend,
who's not cruel
to the mirrors only,
but...
to me,
to my eyes,
to my soul,
and to my heart too
with sweet gestures
and killing smiles
like Mona Liza

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Creation (Dedicated To Afzal Shauq) : Katherine Macdonald

I wish you well today.
For on this day, many,
but not many years ago,
was a man born destined.

A gift to his mother, a gift to us all.

On his birth a creation was born.
An inspiration that stems from his soul.
Destined to write,
sweet words of the creative.

On his birth, a creation born.

...Dedicated to a good friend and fellow writer Afzal Shauq. Please check out his works! They are great!

© Katherine Reid

Afzal Shauq

Credit

Reply to me or not
these writings to you
letters of love...

But as to your feelings
to this point
I am unaware

But to my credit
receive my letters
and read them...

It matters not
if my words
your heart softens...

And it is possible...
you may not even
recall my name.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.80 /Page.118
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Criminal

I long to see...
yet...
everywhere...
walls...
blocking our way
Rivers that can't be cross
Mountains too high to climb

Worries harp at me
We are encircled
in this dance
of confinement.

With all these restrictions
We, free human beings
are treated like a criminals
Imprisoned for crimes
not of our commission
stealing our freedom.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.216/Page.285

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Cry

Mountain children
the time has come
to end the silence

Sound out
like mountain shepherds
returning with their flock

You are not animals
that have no sense
you deserve a better life.

Yes It is time..
Sweet language of Pashto
Lay claim to respect with a cry.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.39/Page.69
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Cyclic Tiring Life

It's true that
the journey of life
is quite panicky..
and
there are many hurdles
in the ways of it
to face too,

but above all

The hoping against hopes
makes us going ahead
even more ahead

for the sake of success,
for the sake of happiness,

which may end one day
at the edge of
the same path
from where we have started.

Poem in Pashto and English By: Afzal Shauq / Edited By: Jessica R
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Darken Houses Of Pashtoons

Yea, I remember very well...

In that mid-night hour
when I was writing
Life's realities
My eyes
heavily with tears

All the words
written in blood ink
washed away
by the flood
of falling tears

Nay, except this one stanza...

' Get up Shauq..
Turn on their lights
For darkness has come
to the houses of Pashtoons'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.147/Page.197

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Daughter Of Pharaoh

' Oh Shauq!
weak of courage..
Tell me...
How will you tolerate
the extreme burning
of my beauty...
Like Pharaoh's Daughter
with boiling blood
coursing in my veins
nourishing me...
as the Nile does Egypt? '

Thunderous the voice
which speaks to me
And I am set aflame
With one look at her

Her power is youth
with a sparkling smile
crystal laughter
and eyes of deep concern

But this girl...Cleopatra
lived in a snake's shadow
Now lessens the distances
between the ages

These eyes now behold
The angel of Caesar's soul
attacked at the heart
submitted defeat

By your great beauty
I am now enslaved
demander of love
destines history's repeat

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.165/Page.221

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Day-Dreams

your smiles
wrap me
in my daydreams
I feel
I am part of your dreams
while
your smiles are soul tingling
as I see
with my open eyes

Poem in Pashto and English by: Afzal Shauq
Edited by: Sahar Afshan Sahar

NOTE: - Smile counts a lot and I strongly believe that if the smile is a bit friendly, it may bridge up the distances between far living hearts. So instead of occupying the lands, let's try to occupy hearts of each others, because ...
"a friendly smile is the best weapon of war to fight with".... Afzal Shauq.

Afzal Shauq

Dead Foot Steps

With forward step...
fear consumes me
my heart sinks.
Premonition...
Death is calling
soon I shall be gone.
Vanishing like steps
in the sand
erased by wind.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.3/Page.30

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Death Of My Dream

Death to my dream
My heart broke
with each of her hugs.
Great my sorrow

Sweet her smiles
gentle her laughter
All killing me.
And she unaware.

Instead of me
another walks her side.
Forever my enemy
Killer of my hopes.

Ever my beloved...
Tracking you through the ages
Haunting my dreams.
Driving me to madness.

This the moment to meet
First in a thousand lifetimes
Cruel is my fate...
she with another not with me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.271/Page.345

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dedication Peace Wisher Poet Afzal Shauq /Heather Wilkins

The peace wisher poet, AFZAL SHAUQ,
is on a mission,
Promoting peace and good-will to all
men.

He has dedicated his life's work to
helping the poor and needy.
Looking at all creation as equals.

The Peace Wisher Poet, is releasing
his new book of poetry, about peace,
and love for all humanity.

He begs all world leaders come to
the table,
Drink from the same cup, taste the
same wine.

Tear down these walls that separate
us, and heal our nations
Start preparing the world for a better
tomorrow.

Where we can stand shoulder to
shoulder,
In peace and harmony.

If you hear a voice crying in the night,
It will be The Peace Wisher Poet,
AFZAL SHAUQ
Calling for peace on earth good-will
to all men.

HEATHER WILKINS

© Heather Burns

Afzal Shauq

Defeated Brother....! !

To be Whole...
A complete human being
How much greater?

I ponder the question
walking the rows of stone
honored graves well kept

And then the answer came
how lucky these dead were
for their faith well represented

In this heaven so beautiful
walking along the paths
all these graves flower adorned

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.156/Page.211

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Defeated Soldiers

Like the soldier...
with flag in hand
I advanced forth
seeking victory
over your heart.
The first strike was yours...
I was frozen...
with one quick sweet glance
those beautiful eyes
taking my heart prisoner.
Instead of my planned occupation...
I surrendered...
my dreams and feelings
one by one they fell
like defeated soldiers.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.10 /Page.38

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

De-Globalization

World leaders call out
'Globalization'...
The world is growing smaller...

Meanwhile...
Life traditions and fear
cause nations
to wall off.

Borders tighten...
travel is blocked
And it seems...
As the world is reversing...

Distances affect neighbors
trust nearly gone
The separation seems
vast not closer...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.283/Page.357

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Depart From Advancement

As I remove
the dust
from the face of peace,
Wiping clear the creases...
I see bloody faces
seeming to be human
but having the teeth of beasts.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.201/Page.267

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Desire Of Human

Apart from
Life's worries
I have in my heart
the wish for peace.

I am held down
By the teeth of time
which bites at me

I live with this desire
unending want
desiring fulfillment.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.211/Page.280

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Desire To Meet

Patience waning
choking my heart
its her...

I grow weary
always waiting
I want...

She plays with me
promise of soon
today? ...

Still just new friends
the desire always...
to meet.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.87 /Page.126

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Detaching From You

When I look upon
that small green tattoo
star of your forehead
you should know
oh my sweet friend..!

I am like a thief
trying to steal
the taste of love
one by one
the sweet colors
of your youth
while hiding
from your eyes.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.186/Page.246

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Devils Of New Era

Since
men in modern times
had armed themselves
against the evil
and
had stepped in
the field of battle,

instead of
cutting the necks of
some targeted enemy
they were stoning mirrors

for the Evil
the devilish culprit
was a face
none other
than that of men

- Afzal Shauq's Pashto Poem 'Shaitan'
- Translated By: Nazish Zafar
- Published in the Book 'Bridging The Gaps' on p/152
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Different By Choice

See the sky
like a roof over
our the heads
covering the earth.

The same earth
under our feet.
Running with water
from which we drink
empting into the oceans
touching all the land.

The air we breath...
The colors of the seasons...
The crawling insects...
The animals...
even the birds...
Everywhere the same.

Those lives ruled by nature
seem truly contented.
Only human beings
are discontented.
Always fighting with each other
We are the misfit
in natures order.

Choosing the way of brutality
like animals gone mad.
We are no better than them.
We hunt...
Killing our fellow man
Forgetting our humanity
refusing to better ourselves
to live in peace and happiness.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.296/Page.370

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Distances

One step
piercing stone...

Then another
pricking thorns...

Journey onward...

The distance
always the same..

Are human desires
keeping us separated.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.68 /Page.105

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Doomed Traveler

Its good
I have no wings
otherwise
I would be doomed...

Flying so high
to reach the moon...
My wings scorched
by the radiate sun

Because I
being human
Like others have
the nature of greed.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.276/Page.350

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Doubt In Faith Is Sin

Neither
I am a Hindu
nor you stone statue
can preach...

Though I have yet
demanded from you
the things which prove faith
like the praying virtue
of puja pat and ashnan...

Doubting in your love
I am considered
by many blinded
faithless sinner
like an atheist.

I rub my forehead
day and night
and submit to God
but people will doubt
my faith be true.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.200/Page.266

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dream Chasing

I reach out
with weary hands...

She almost
within my grasp...

With great speed
flew desert bound.

Her protector
the swirling sand.

Now nothing...
hidden from view.

Now living
in Dream's Island...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.94/Page.133

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dream Fairy

Dream Fairy
my ideal love...

How long
will I
seek you...

Through out
mountain's
green vales

How long...?
Tell me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.89 /Page.128
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dream Of Fate

Listening to her mourning...

' Oh my daughter
long have I waited
for this day
soon to join your beloved...'

'It seems but
a moment ago
that you left home...'

'I reminded you
Don't be late...'

' Wearing your red dress
so beautiful and young,
going to meet her love.'

'But now your lover...
the soil of a grave
newly dug...'

I cry...
great my sorrow...

I shred my shirt...
I beat my chest...
I throw earth upon my head...

Suddenly
the phone rings
ending this nightmare.

Covered with sweat
I thanked God,
to hear your sweet voice...

' I have a new red dress
come Shauq! ...

if you want to see...'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.112/Page.155

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dream-Like Friend

Maybe,
you are the one,
who...
like my incompleated dream,
that has flown
towards the island,
with no way of returning.

Poem in Afghani/Pashto by: Afzal Shauq
Translated into English by: Melissa lundeen USA
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dreams

Dreams...
are what
they are...
not false
Neither true...
yet, significant.

Dreams...
Like many mirrors
able to show
every angle...
revealing
all of life's faces.

Dreams...
No hiding place
all is stripped
from the mind's eye
allowing
differences to be seen.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.128/Page.173

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dreams Are Not Like That....

Everyone joyful
full of strength
quenching their thirst
with blood of others

Each man prancing
Looking like a wolf
Barking over the dumped
bloody organs of human bodies

As I remember...
The man eaters were glaring
with dangerous eyes
and critical smiles,

I awoke sweating
before they hunted me
Was this a dream
or had the war was started...?

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.281/Page.355

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Dreams Fulfilment

I saw you
my heart spoke...

'Hey Shauq..!
This a fraud
your eyes sight
effected...'

'The meeting
was a dream
that face
couldn't be
the same...'

'Not the one...
you write of as perfection
that drives you to insanity
for the want of her love...'

No...it was no dream
you truly met,
you should know
long she's haunted you

The beauty you saw
not the beauty of a girl
but the fairy
who always visited your dreams

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.129/Page.174

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Dutch Social Work

'Whenever someone
comes to my door step,
I don't leave him
empty handed...
I quench his thirst
feed his hunger
with my talents
called love...
I am a woman..
This is my task'

So she said,
to a thirsty man
stepping towards her
dry mouth open
begging...

she hugged him
and took him
behind the curtain
with sweet smiles
working...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.229/Page.298

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Effect Of Love

This Love is true
otherwise Shauq...!
where are you...?
Lost...
Like a Stone
Among the Pashtoon mountains

Where are the beloved...
with gentle behavior
Like the deer
A culture of humanity

Gone...
Cut down
Like the huge Forest
that once covered Africa.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.273/Page.347

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Empty Pocket

The one quoted
often by me
model to others
lover as I am
went away...

Why...

Her hand raised
my pocket empty
Spoke words of hate
turning away
heading towards the Bazaar.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.172/Page.230

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Empty Swing

Now Widowed by time
rejected...
I remain childless.

Was it your intent..
my heart's love
to present me
with this locket
inscribed with
name and love
which till this day
hangs bout my neck
like an empty swing...
a gift of your hate.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.33/Page.63

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Entrapping

Distributed among hundreds
I try capturing your heart.

'Then Hey Shauq!
Tell me
what will be my place
in your heart?
Will I be the last
among all the others
you see in your dreams....'

As she asked,
No reply
remaining silent...

Because of her
my desert heart
a true nomad made

Thirst unending...
though heavy rain quench
still remaining parched

Still the girl...
Like the head of caravan
was entrapping me
in her circle of love

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.83 /Page.121
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](http://www.PoemHunter.com/option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Eternal Deal

The one,
I love
hates me

The one,
I hate
loves me

Doesn't it
the eternal deal
between spirits...?

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Eternity

I believe
the day
you were born
I saw your ideal face
the first time
mirrored in my thoughts

At night
whenever
I faced the fear of death
you come
turning on the candle of your love
in my heart
and I start to survive

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.69/Page.106

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Examinations

As I try
to study her
with my eyes...

She examines me...
as if I'm not human
but something else.

Perhaps she is searching
within herself...
And suddenly
she smiled.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.284/Page.358

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Examining Life

Amazing life
Every part

And with living
questions arise...

With answers
more questions...

Always in motion
Always examining.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.154/Page.208

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Expectation

I live in hopes
this is the night
you will stay...

But like my shadow
in the light of day
you stay beside me.

But as the sun sets
and darkness falls
You always leave...

My sweet friend...
You are the candle
of another's house.

So I can have
no expectation.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.35/Page.65

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Eyes

Eyes open with the sun.
Seek now for the truth.
Lost are the dreams.

How many innocent eyes
in the hot afternoon
with lashes burned are tired...
sweating...
trying to quench
their endless thirst.

How many beautiful eyes
walk the night streets
in darkness
waiting...
crying...
trying to last
till the sunrise.

But eyes still remain closed.
Blind to all the poor...
Each day new faces arrive.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.27/Page.57
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Face For Sale

If only
by some chance
I had an idea
that I will lose my own face one day
in search of an ideal face

I would have never
displayed my being
in the show room
of this material world
for sale

Titla of Poem in Pashto: Bazari Sehra
Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Nazish Zafar
Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.160

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Faces, Mirrors And Questions

Once again
Open eyed till morning
I question...
Do I choose to see
these faces within faces?

Will all these faces
reflecting in the mirror
of my caring heart
lead to prosperity...
bring about peace...?

No answers are forth coming
I close my eyes to sleep
The mirror reflects faces
questions spring forth
once again I awake.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.137/Page.185

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Fairy

The journey long
with broken heart
I take my rest.

Off in the distance
I suddenly hear
sweet singing...

it calls to me....
I possessed am drawn
in its direction

When I arrive
there before my eyes
Is she...

This vision
more fantasy than real.
with a face
more delicate than a doll

Her hair finer than silk
blown by the wind
and eyes so green
they would emeralds fade
My eyes must deceive
for she had wings
this vision of beauty
sitting among the flowers

I reached out
for just one touch
but as my hand neared
she flew away...

Becoming but a dream
that will forever haunt
Leaving just this song
upon the air...

Fairies come
But never stay
Nor be touched
by human hand
Fairies must go away
to live in fairyland

And since that day
As a dreamer
I search the world
for that sweet fairy.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.74 /Page.111

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Fairy Of Lorelai Rock

Someone said...
I don't wish to die
I need more time

Some are afraid
of the angel of death
will someday come

Some wish to escape
your sweet songs...
covering their ears

You are known to them
Legendary is your fame
singing in river Rien

Its said your song
calls them to their death
in the water of the river.

I alone in the launch
hear your sweet songs
I was unafraid

The song drew me out
I did not sink and drown
nor was I eaten by the fish

Reaching the other side
I realized myself small
like a dry leaf

And one day soon
the winds of autumn
would blow me away.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.206/Page.272

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Faith Of Love

If submission bowing
like before God
were allowed

In that same submission
before that love
I would bow

Though she a temple filled
by heartlessness
self serving

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.60/Page.95

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Farishta Foundation International

FARISHTA FOUNDATION international

(A worldwide forum for the writers/poetes/artists to promote love for peace, peace for ideal humanity and humanity towards the happy human's society to ensure)

((A Friendly Smile is The best weapon Of War To Fight With...Afzal Shauq))

Farishta Foundation International is actually a worldwide motivational missionary forum of peace willing writers and artists related to each section of fine art, who are eager to capsule their professional skills to the ailing society to medicate it in terms of restoration of the idealistic societal virtues, collective norms and communal values in true form. Which can possibly be attainable by sensitizing the masses at the best of ego's satisfaction to promote love as a tool for ensuring peace, peace as the main source of reinstatement of humanity and humanity towards the prosperity of human's life to sustain. There is no formal membership in the foundation but the one who agrees with it's following basic aims would be considered the part of it.

FARISHTA FOUNDATION International

Aims at

- ...making men share a sole identity as humans, discarding all divisions.
- ...promoting love for peace, peace for humanity and humanity towards prosperity of life.
- ...promoting art as an effective way of bridging the gaps between east and west.
- ...doing the best things in favour of ailing humanity.
- ... being global in thinking, with an attitude of will to share.
- ... drawing the face of humanity in best possible colours of words.
- ... preaching use of a friendly smile as best weapon of war.

afzal shauq

afzalshauq@

afzalshauq@

Ph. +92 346 5455414 / +92 300 5206095 / +92 51 5954687

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Fire

When a cold sigh
of your name I make...

Understand...

Love's hot fire
still burns in me
flaming my desire

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.84 /Page.123

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Fire And Water

Set not your beauty's blaze
upon my fragile heart...
Oh friend know you well
the power of such fire.
The trouble is yours.
What will protect you?
There is no water will extinguish
this fire of your making.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.4/Page.31
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Fishing Love

'Don't call me
with flattering names
while I have my own'

This is what
now being claimed
by my beloved

Who actually
herself has hunted
my innocent heart
like a deep water fish
by mentioning in first 'HI'
with big words as....
' I love you Afzal Shauq
from the core of my heart'
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Flags

This Flag of unity
nation of Pashto
like an angel
protected us
her children
Like a mother
shading them
under her scarf
Which has seen
now tore by these people
that much,
the each piece declared
itself a flag
waving against her pride.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.97/Page.136

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

For The Sake Of An Answer

Whenever
I remember...
The nation
the honors...
A question arises.

Aren't we a disgrace...?

We, who keep silent
As advancement are made
which would make
Our nation and Pashto
Hold their head high.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.267/Page.341

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Forever In Hiding

For you...
I choose my face
stay forever Veiled
I will always be....
Hidden
from your eyes.

You are
near to my heart
Though the love I feel
Maybe truly great....
veiled...
I remain.

Your thoughts
and your fantasies
Made of me a beauty
that does not exist...
nor...
can not be.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.108/Page.151

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Forgetting Someone

Easy

the expression of hate..

But removing someone
from the heart and mind...

Requires a great deal of time
and is extremely difficult to do.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.307/Page.384

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Friend Of Hundreds

The one...
looks at me
seems you...

The one...
sweetly smiles
seems you...

Always
the feeling
something missing...
The one...
You.

And I say...
This is you...
That is you...
Here is you...
There is you...

And in
this and that
I became
Friend of hundreds

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.157/Page.212

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Friend Or Enemy

The question...
who to avoid
or whose hand I shake?
I see them
With their angelic looks...
Great deceivers
sucking life's blood
doing satanic acts.
I see them
with dusty tattered clothes...
the wandering lost
miss used by those of wealth
always looking skyward.
I see them
With sweet flowery speech...
Having granite hearts
and the looks of a snake
hidden their venomous bite.
I see them
With hundreds of faces...
Flattering their tongues
lacking humanity
and not worthy of trust.
And again the question...
who to avoid
or whose hand I shake?

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.6/Page.33
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Friend...Like Enemy

If not my friend
perhaps my enemy...

You entered my heart...
Playing with my feelings.

This heart in need of healing...
You deepened my wounds.

Like an enemy your salt
inflicted me with more pain.

Please for my sake
Behave like a friend.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.125/Page.170

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Friendly Smile

If a meager
friendly smiling gestures can
easily occupy
the hearts in control,

Then why
the need of fight
with guns
to subdue each others?

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Friends Of Light

You are running
toward the dark night.

I your shadow
running beside you.

By nature being different
are nearer in the sun light
and lost to each other
in the darkness of night.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.70 /Page.107

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Friends Or Enemy?

The question...
who to avoid
or whose hand I shake?

I see them
With their angelic looks...
Great deceivers
sucking life's blood
doing satanic acts.
I see them
with dusty tattered clothes...
the wandering lost
miss used by those of wealth
always looking skyward.

I see them
With sweet flowery speech...
Having granite hearts
and the looks of a snake
hidden their venomous bite.

I see them
With hundreds of faces...
Flattering their tongues
lacking humanity
and not worthy of trust.

And again the question...
who to avoid
or whose hand I shake?

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.6/Page.33
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Future

If today
true is the meaning
of yesterday's dream...

Then the hungry
no joyous future seek
mournful the life
fighting for survival.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.56/Page.91

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Generations

I...
now too
grow older.

Time...
Steps fall
then vanish

life...
loses taste
sweetness sours.

Death...
the end
food for worms

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.269/Page.343

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Global Sign (Dedicated To Dr. Ouahiba Sakani Afzal)

All were welcome
Not only
Phlorita,
Eqood,
Rana
and Madiha

Even Munuela,
Besnic,
Buba
Luo Mai
along with
Sofis
and Po Samnang

All came
to join in the rhythm
of hearts uniting

Great singers
like Khalid,
Nawal,
and Pascal
singing sweet songs

Also,
Khudeja,
Manal,
Mona
and Khatona
singing
traditional Arabic songs

The beating Thumbel
bidding...
daughter of Pharaoh
Queen of Egypt
For love's sake
places her crown

at the feet
of a Pashtoon Caesar

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.210/Page.278

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Global Status

I don't know...
What am I..?
or
What am I looking for...?
I am the one
calling
globalize
My luck being bad
the world too...
Human behavior
often mocks
the human species.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.318/Page.395

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Goddess Of Love

I wish
if I could truly weigh
your heart catching words
that are being capsulated
in the rhythm of sweet verses

I wish
if I could rightly measure
your well thought-of feelings
that you are used to attiring
with the themes of sweet poems

But above all..
my heart deems with dream that
if your thoughts have ever been
peeled out by readers

You ...
yeah you my poetess friend! !
would surely be declared
as a goddess of love
in the world of art.

Poem by: Afzal Shauq
- afzalshauq@
- +92 346 5455414

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Goddess Of My Love

You...

Face so different
written upon my heart

This thirst of feelings...
catching in my throat
My hopes you kill.

Still demands
Eternal this love
My head I submit...

Before you I come
Again and again
Accepting you as my Goddess.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.262/Page.335

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Going Where? (Inspired By Afzal Shauq's Poem.. 'The Lost Way'.)

When thinking of your past,
Wondering if you can find now the power to last.
Then looking onwards to the days to come,
Thinking they look darker than some.
The past you'd rather take,
Anything over this mistake.
You continue to search for where to go.
Hoping the future won't be the all time low.
But as long as you stay strong
If you just hold on,
You'll find your path again.
A new power will rise from your men.
Go with what you keep coming back to.
There in lies what calls to you.
There is lies the path that is true.

© Lauren Bareiss

This poem is dedicated to my poetry friend, Afzal Shauq. Inspired by he's poem 'The Lost Way'Lauren)

Afzal Shauq

Gypsy Girls

Heart of a gypsy
so difficult to catch
moving quickly
like a gust of air...
here then gone.

The gypsy girls
like water ripples
always in motion
driven onward.

From dawn till dusk
and beyond...
endless their search
for flowing water.

This is life.
The way of the gypsy
Their need for water
keeps them searching.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.43/Page.73

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Haikos

The cause will fulfill
Pashtoons humane
homeland finding peace.

I know you too well
you cant express
but keep me in thought.

Like the flesh and knife
benefit some
innocent Pashtoons.

Scarcely in this life
happy feelings
keep staying in huts.

I offer my heart
wish you to stay
take it as a hut.

We know each other
since life on earth
like kindred spirits.

How can I catch you
truly a fairy
keeps flying always.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.234/Page.304

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:
Poet's weblog:
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Happy Birthday (Few Words For Afzal Shauq) : Vilma Zaballero

I met a friend,
and I'm proud to say,
that amongst so many
he stands out to be,
a special person,
so full of compassion.

And on this day,
this very special day,
may I be the first to greet
you, Afzal Shauq.....a very HAPPY BIRTHDAY! ! !

Vilma Zaballero

Afzal Shauq

Happy Birthday (Written To My Good Friend Afzal Shauq) : Stephanie Philbeck

Vocabulary Word Part of Speech Definition Synonym Antonym

Candid

Inevitable

Lethargy

Morose

Novice

Obscure

Ostentatious

Precocious

Prevaricate

© Stephanie Philbeck

- [other works by this author](#)
- [view author's biography](#)

AUTHOR'S COMMENTS

written to my good friend afzal shauq

POSTED: 2009-02-17 12: 55: 18 VIEWS SINCE [2009-02-17 12: 55: 18]: 1

Afzal Shauq

Happy Birthday Afzal Shauq: ' Nick Anderson'

For my friend,
His birthday is soon.
He asked me to write,
So my gift to him I will.
His birthday is soon,
So my friend I will wish you soon.
Happy birthday,
From me to you.
For years to come,
You will be happy.
Live long and love,
Your dream will come true.
If not in your lifetime,
Then in a lifetime soon.
Your wish will come true,
Peace and love throughout the world.
Hearts all as one,
Dreams here as plenty.
Happy Birthday my friend,
For you're only every age once.
Make it count,
Never fault.
Happy Birthday,
From me to you.
My gift is here,
In this poem so new.
This poem is here,
From me to you.

Afzal Shauq

Happy Birthday Afzal! ! By: Shana Wirtz

Today is Afzal's birthday,
May he celebrate
And cheer!
May we all celebrate
That, our dear Afzal,
Has made it with us
Through another year.

Happy Birthday Afzal!
Hope you have the time of your life
Hope you are in good health,
Happy, and oh so rife,
With peace and joy
And smiling company!
Happy Birthday Afzal,
from your universal family!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

© Shana Wirtz
(poem for Afzal Shauq on his birthday)

Afzal Shauq

Happy Birthday My Best Friend: Stephanie Philbeck

happy happy happy
happy birthday
i say these words
with a lot of sincerity
i wish you the best
the best and happiest birthday
you've ever had
you're now eighteen
now you're allowed to beset free to do watever you
would like
you're allowed to make your own descisions
without your parents approval
happy birthday
dear afzal shauq

© Stephanie Philbeck
(Poem for My Best Friend Afzal Shauq on his birthday)

Afzal Shauq

Happy Birthday My Dear Friend Afzal Shauq: Breanna Shaylee

Happy Birthday my dear friend
May this day lead to many more
Filled with joy and happiness

May the light that you shine
Lead the way for others
To find the peace that we all wish for

As you say and many have been touched by
'A Friendly Smile is the best Weapon of War
Let's defeat each other with it and
Occupy the hearts to control the feelings
of favoring our wishes [for peace]'

Great blessings and joy through
the rest of your life
are wished from this poet's heart
to yours.

Breanna Shaylee

2009-02-20 10: 53: 29

Afzal Shauq

Heart

Broken walls
can be repaired...
Empty stems
can grow new leaves...

But my heart
bitter with pain...
Is like the bird
trying his wings...
He fails to fly
When the pain comes.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.25/Page.55

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Heaven Or Dream

Everywhere...
Angels...
Is this heaven?

I feel myself in heaven
beautiful landscapes
flowing fountains
majestic mountains.

Everywhere
beautiful girls
waving flowers
strolling around,

Though undeclared
the winner of reward
I, like the butterfly
I am enjoying blooms

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.119/Page.163

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Heavenly People Of Hell

Submission in God
religions they follow
their actions atheistic...

Sins of the people
ignoring teaching
shall lead to hell...

Hypocrisy in prayers
wishes of their ego
the religion of their hearts.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.117/Page.161

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Her Criteria

My hand with love
I have offered
will she give me hers?

At my pockets
She looks...

She weighs herself
in money
not my love for her.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.306/Page.383

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hey Girl!

Like sweet flowers
having beauty
my heart
my thoughts
my feelings
desire you.

Like the stone
your heart
so heavy
your thoughts
so weary
are hidden.

In times passing....
stone turns to sand
and becomes light
and we then shall
like particles of dust
fly on the wind together

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.66/Page.102

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](http://www.PoemHunter.com/option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hey Master Of This Zoo....! !

Strength of your stick
may think these animals
in appearance tamed
like human beings...

But master of this zoo..!
Afghans like brutal tigers
drink humanity's blood
a reality you must accept

And as this zoo's master
you are the one responsible
Who made humans animals
The guilt belongs to you

With your great stick
they are left truly beaten
wounded and bleeding
So now you come with salt.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.150/Page.203

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hidden Face

This face
whiter than milk
nature's beauty
like few others

Makes heart's thirsty
and soul's peaceful
always stays hidden...

Down cast eyes
the hearts window
the mirror of love
refusing to be seen.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.101/Page.142

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hidden Person

This voice...

Name of Satan
stays beside you
all your life...

You hunger ...
You thirst ...
You lust ...

All staying within
corruption
incomplete ...

Your desires...
like a person
beaten and deprive.

When reacted upon
detours you
from the right course.

This endless fight
within yourself
always continues

Unless
your relent
making him happy

Otherwise...
this war endures
the adversaries...

You.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.100/Page.140

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hidden Sun

In dreams...
eyes Willing
to look upon
the green tattoo
The sun on thy head.

I have named you
with blind faith
my hearts desire.
This sun I seek
Remains hidden
by night's black hair.

Unfortunate my journey...
Unending dream
Waiting
longing...
Just a single gust of wind
come blow thy blacken hair
and show the sun...

Now comes the true sun
and my eyes are open...
And that I greatly desired
One look upon that sun
will be forever hidden
in the clouds of my dreams.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.22/Page.51
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Hidden Thief

People running
from one another
By choice

Happy they seems
selfishness..
the nature of the thief
which separates them.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.236/Page.307

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hidining

There's no hiding
problems arise...
Worries will plague
for family's sake.

My mind's small voice
never silent
reminding me
this is your life.

My heart sinking
The sun hastens
Darkness now comes
Sleepless the nights.

I fear my death
leaving behind...
All those I love
Places I have seen.

This is to live....
feeling the pain
knowing true joy
to be human.

Trying to hide...
Is childish play
My life routine
A foolish waste.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.99/Page.138

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Historical Decision

“If today... We
claim ourselves
true human beings
then the animals of forest
should be blamed
for the killing.”

When this decision was made...
the wolves gathered in assembly
quickly sharpening
their teeth gone blunt.
Preparing their attack on the sheep
running towards the village.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.301/Page.378

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Home

It is possible
You may go away...
We may never meet again.
But oh my beloved..!
Remember...
I will be living
in your heart
like you have
lived in mine.
Each heart a home
where long we've lived.
And that home...
can never be forgotten.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.308/Page.385

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hope For Peace

You...
The one
So cruel
tolerance lost

Yet I stay
Holding on
Each storm
So destructive

Yet I know
with the rain
Lands once parched
becomes prosperous

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.243/Page.316

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hope Pain

Pain's of hope
keeps me waiting...
Is time fixed?

Later in coming
each day it seems...
Pure torture

Is it your wish
to drive me crazy...
My mind lost.

This yearning
causing tears
accustom I've become...

This separation
intolerable
always so much pain...

Better this pain
in hopes of meeting
than never to meet.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.90 /Page.129

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hoping Good Days

Amazing...isn't it?
The poor trapped
Empty handed
As centuries pass.

They work the soil
Growing crops
Never tiring
Heads in submission

Living in hope
The time will come
For their success
Never quitting.

The dusty wind
Moves in circles
Like fairy's rings
that grows in Spring.

Circles of nature
Always returning
the promise of hope
Good days to come.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.259/Page.332

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

House For Dolls

In moments past...
had I broken
that doll house of mud
formed by
love's innocent feelings.

Sweet Young girl
from mountains past...
perhaps would not now
by those walls
my desires in prison be.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.48/Page.81
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Houses Like Shrines

Since time gone by...

For heart's desire
Brides of Pashto
with henna red
their hands they dyed.

Houses of Pashtoons
like shrines
are draped in flags
of red and green.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.12/Page.41

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

How Big Is The World

I journey onward...
Just a few more steps...
and I will finally reach
this world's end.

Exhausted...
I sit to rest awhile.
Surveying what's left ahead...
Realization strikes...

Like a snake crawling...
Life's path twists and turns
and the distance...
are always expanding.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.135/Page.182

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

How Can You Compete...?

There is
no way to blame
you for choosing
to stay far remove
for your children's sake

my heart
looking upon
shreds for clothes
your dignity stripped
war induced poverty..

Just think...

You cant hide the rags
they call your clothes
nor keep your respectability
even your Pashto language
seems stripped of pride.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.115/Page.159

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

How Much I Love You?

Oh my friend!
Ask not of me
that question...

Otherwise...
My heart
in my throat
will stick
preventing
my reply.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.141/Page.189

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

How To Believe...?

How...

Am I to believe

Your love serious...

I wonder...

Do you feel my pain

as I feel yours...

Is it real...

My eyes are open

you are no dream...

Still you hide...

like I am not known

merely a stranger

And still...

its you

lays claim to love.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.124/Page.169

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Huma

Blessed by beauty
Proud young girl
Wings have grown
like the Huma...
Follow your fear
Do not shadow me
Or your heart be taken
When I become your king

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.240/Page.312

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Human Distance

Distance decreasing
The world is squeezed
like a village
over populated

People choose
whom they know
and those they visit
and avoid the rest.

This rough soil village
and hard mountains
rained soaked
binds them.

Like Venice
with rivers for streets
houses appearing so close
yet so hard to reach.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.205/Page.271

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Human Evolution

Since human's
left the forest
to live in cities
calling it civilization,
more vicious and deadly
they have become.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.302/Page.379

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Humanitarian

A True Humanitarian...

Is not sentimental
Proposing love
with useless speeches.

But takes action
Clearing paths over grown
blocking the good road.
Helping his fellow man.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.270/Page.344

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hundreds Of Faces

Two hearts
mine a mirror
yours a stone
your strike
behind is left
hundreds of tiny shards.
Each shard
mirrors your face.
My heart now
the mirrors
of hundreds of faces...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.9/Page.37
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Hypocrisy

Deceiving couples
never truly were joined
like the pieces of chain.

Long the distance
between their cold hearts
and forever remains.

They like horses racing
toward the finish line
neither of them winning.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.28/Page.58

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

I Am Not Alone

I am not alone,

Angel of death
haunts me
ever following...
worries consume
fire flames
burning in my heart.

I am not alone...

Suspicious life
shadows
always are lurking
trying to avoid
myself
running to and fro.

I am not alone...

Person possessed
seeking
longing for refuge
seeking a place
none see
even death's angel.

So what to do....

In dreams I walk....
free as the wind
circling
restrictions gone
released by darkness.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.55/Page.89
Web Link:

option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

I..... You

I...
human
like you..

Body
feels
effects...
winter
summer
spring
and the fall.

I...
eat
breath
still...
me
you
different...

You...
within
silent
still
eyes
a mirror

I...
Burdened
feel
regard
longs
drawn
towards you

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.192/Page.253
Web Link:

option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Ideal

'Girl of this village!
have you seen her ...? '

'Know you where
she can be found...? '

Strange the look
the girl gave...

She studied me
in disbelief...

'Man...! you are mad...'

'Whom you seek
is not of this village...'

'We know her
to be fairy...'

'And fairies
never to villages keep...'

'They reside in fairyland.'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.91/Page.130

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Idol Breaker

I believe that
I am made from soil
and end as soil

Soil recycled....
Materials of buildings
Artists forming pots
making idols...

The great Almighty God
could have sculpted me
from soil of idols made
So I could be there breaker.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.34/Page.381

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Idol Preachers

People of the past
shouting one God...
Preachers
Proud to be called ...
The followers of holly faith

But now a days
The followers of same faith,
Seem standing before
these small
and money-oriented gods
And never tiring.

But above all
in submission to these idols,
they don't like to be named
atheists... as they are.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.274/Page.348

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Illusive Dreams

when I close my eyes
I can see you
as I live again
in my elusive dreams
they haunt me
in my way to sleep
I live again
when I open my eyes
I go on to stray with
the dreams
that linger
deep in my
memories

Poem in Pashto and English by: Afzal Shauq
Edited by: Sahar Afshan Sahar

Afzal Shauq

Image Of Hate

Split into...

The one...

Boiling with anger

Hate...

The other...

Cold as ice

Hate...

Looking in the mirror

Two become one

Both are you.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.275/Page.349

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Immobilization

Are these just veins
pulsating with blood...
or feelings

Leaving
the heart's center
heading toward a world of pain?

Blind the eyes which see
Now comes the time for progress.

But heartless humanity
stands immobilized in this spot.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.19/Page.48
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Impossible Of Seperation

I try forgetting...

Wishing to remove
her reflection
mirrored in my eyes.
My heart's strength
breaks free the bindings
restricting me
and she comes closer

But my desire is great
I can not forget her
she is like a silk scarf
tangled in the thorns bush
impossible to remove.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.37/Page.67

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In A Night

Yesterday...
before sunset
The people...
Their homes..
The ways...
were as always

Last night...
lines were drawn
things changed
what was...
is no more.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.290/Page.364

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In Search Of Shade

I stepped a head
on the path of life
with great hope.
It is my wish
to find sweet rest
under the tree's cool shadow.
But Cruel the times
which keeps me treading
burning under the scorching sun.
There is no tree appearing
throughout this great expanse
this desert called life.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.40/Page.70

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In Search Of That Face

Mirror...
haunting my mind
dreams possess
revealing...
one face.

Every time
Its the same face
lifetime's face
reflection
not mine...

So I touch
over again
with great love...
now mind etched
that face...

Often asked
relationship
answerless
just a thought
that face...

It was fate
that on one day
mirror drops
and that face
shattered...

So I search
seeking that face
every girl
here's my heart..
cup begs.

But these girls
shards of that face

maybe the eyes...
perhaps a nose...
soft lips...

But the whole
the one I seek
that one face...
will forever
elude.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.146/Page.195

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In Secret

Tell me friend...
if the people in your life
consider me your friend
remove my name
from your heart,

But if they don't...
then my name will
stay written with yours
as it is on the walls,

Fulfill love's demands
and let the world
be against us
saying whatever they wish.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.198/Page.264

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In The Mirror Of Tomorrow

Faces of yesterday
lined trace today..

Beautiful people
break from your head
the horns of vanity.

Like dry dead leaves
you soon will become
in tomorrow's mirror.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.32/Page.62

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In The Name Of Dignity

Small the issue
by God...

In appearance
human beings
But by nature
brutal animals

Not keeping our heads
like the ancient savages
with enemy's skull cups
we drink their blood

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.158/Page.213

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In The Name Of God

Again and again...

The nature of selfishness
and temptations leading to hell
has made me fond
of Satan's path...

But the almighty God
who is great and magnificent
forgives my excuses
after repeating my sin
and gives me peace...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.75 /Page.113

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](http://www.PoemHunter.com/option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

In The Rhythm Of Mozart

Feel it
these scenes
the singing
sweet music
in the rhythm of Mozart

For me
so strange
my weaving
in great joy
in the rhythm of Mozart

Am I
Mozart
incarnate
writing words
in the rhythm well I know.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.173/Page.231

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Incomplete Desire

Let us do...
what yet been undone.
The one thing...
none has thought of
With this love
So extreme...
which dissolves you and me
into one.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.323/Page.400

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Innocent Lost

Unlike the angels,
Humans...
by God's gift
free will...
Select their path.
Hoping...
It leads to heaven
But
at the second turn of
greedy wishes,
More often they find
the road towards hell.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.253/Page.326

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Invitation Pending Dedicated To Afzal Shauq/Heather Wilkins

You are invited to come
with me,
I am offering you the key.
To a little house set in a
row,
Surrounded by lots of
mistletoe.

You seemed reluctant to
be,
In the meadows by the sea.
Mushrooms stools, fairy
tales,
Butterflies, flower pails.
Happy moments, lots
of joy,
For every little girl, and
boy.

Dance and sing the whole,
night through,
Gaze upon the morning
dew.
In green meadows, by the
sea,
I have reserved for you the
key.

HEATHER WILKINS

© Heather Burns

Afzal Shauq

Is It Love...You Think? ?

Nothing simple
not with people
not with love

Consider...

You my lover
I your lover
One heart.

Seemingly...

I part you
You part me
One body.

Actually...

You live there
I live here
Separate.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.126/Page.171

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Is This Love....?

Am I correct
was I placed
in your heart
secretly
long ago

I have wondered
this feeling
is it your heart
opening
finally...

You, undefeated
have control
your heart closes
uncertain,
I am left.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.162/Page.218

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Isn'T It A Global Tragedy?

Isn't it a global tragedy..?
if, in addition to all
the religious differences
the racial crises
the lingual restrains
and the cultural biases,
the poor cousins of Adam's family
are intentionally being kept
away from each other
impounded like animals
surrounded by boundaries
under the names of
countries borders

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Isn'T It Strange...?

In daylight we hurry
towards the night
hiding who we truly are
From everyone
Even ourselves

People of the night
walking in nightmares
hiding from nothing
awake to the day
with open eyes

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.226/Page.295

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

It Was You...

It was you...
The one...
Through the ages anxiously awaited
now makes my heart path clear.
You have always known me best
yet stayed removed from all
even me...

It was you...
The one...
Whose name was to me a surprise
forever in my memory burned.
that possessed my dreams
and haunted my thoughts.

It was you...
The One...
No one else could it be
Oh the truest of friends
just as you are
It was you.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.21/Page.50
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Journey... Erased

We are leaving...
foot steps left behind...
The wind blows...
The dust erases the steps
sins of Satan soil gone
He in front
moves forward...
What is behind
now gone...
As if none
had traveled the path.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.328/Page.405

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Just For Survival..(In Context With The U- Turn Of Humanity)

The gypsies traveling
scorching the heat of summer
at journey's end
stopped their caravan
opened their tents
taking their rest.

A convoy of nightmares
suddenly found their shelter
fast moving winds
blew in the darkness
Long before the shadow of night

Fear took hold
they unable to move
remained frozen
a single lamp
their only light

The next day arrived...
with the rising sun
the yellow rays
ending the darkness.

The Caravan,
underway again
walked the same roads
as before.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.332/Page.410

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Justice

It is a fact
There are no shortages
No lack of anything
For the advantaged.

But for the poor
They wanting...
Bellies empty.
Oh Almighty God...!
Where is the justice?

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.261/Page.334

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Justice Demand

People's mouths
red with blood
eating the flesh
of human kind
beat the drum of peace

People's lives
yearning...
sacrificing
for justice's sake
now called terrorists

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Justice Demand.... (A Different View Point)

People's mouths
red with blood
eating the flesh
of human kind
beat the drum of peace

People's lives
yearning...
sacrificing
for justice's sake
now called terrorists

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.82 /Page.120

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Kindred Spirits

like body and soul
we are with a question
who you are?
and who I am?
unless and until
the question
of eternity lingers
and stands like
a pause
we get awareness
but lack
and miss
our second half
always
to be answered
and we are never tired
to find this

Poem By: Afzal Shauq

Edited By: Sahar Afshan Sahar

Afzal Shauq

Ladies Of Red Soil (In Their Own Views)

Ladies of the proud nation
living on the red soil
closed mouth
speaking nothing.

Lines in their faces
express
that left silent.

If they could but speak
surely
they would ask men....

' If I made of flesh
like you
being human

"Answer God
who then
made us different? '

"Man the greater...
Lowly
I have become

Meaningless my life
avoid
without a man"

"Also God's creature
inferior...
man's servant"

"You look down at me
so cruel...
yet I am yours..."

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.103/Page.144

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Law

“ The one with the power,
must be the respected”
This was the law.
The way of justice
when humans
were more like animals.

Still today...

This is the law
Yet human kind
considers themselves
civilized...
Creatures of God.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.282/Page.356

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Life

If you want to
seek the meaning of life
in the name of God...

Close the book
And Prepare yourself
to face the storm.

Search the universe
with your eyes...
Paint yourself
in different colors..

Soon Your soul
shall begin to thirst
at all you view....

Peaks of mountains
capped in snow...
Beaches of sand
at ocean's edge...
Rivers flowing
to land yet seen...
Fountains of water
In green isle parks...

Your throat so parched
your heart sticks.
As if life's beauty
is the maker of thirst.

You are now the caravan
thirsty with desires
always seeking...
never reaching...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.187/Page.247

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Life And Me

Will
keeps me
moving...
searching on...

Crazed....
wounded...
disturbed...
series of pain...

But
trying...
hoping...
better the life.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.188/Page.249

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Life Is Not Less Than Hell

I believe
unfair is sin...

The commission
hell bound...

We tolerate
the hard times...

Amazingly...
No one knows
the cause of their crime
making difficult
this passing through life

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.189/Page.250

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Life Or False Heaven...?

All life's experience
Sources of beauty
Hider of ugliness
the creator of dreams...

Each dream holds
Hundreds of meanings..
Things we see
Seem heavenly in nature
People of paradise
always silence
Never professing
this is true heaven.

Heaven of life
is held in balance
by the hells of living.
Every step taking
a challenge awaits....

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.190/Page.251

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Light And Dark

Though
there seems
little difference
apart from our faces,

Yet there must be...

You...
drawn to darkness
keeping in hiding...

I...
the light of day
wishing to disclose.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.114/Page.158

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Like Animals

Living in the city....
Where hearts are hidden
People live in fear
Danger on every corner

So many are there
not truly human...
always threatening
like animals

To the jungle
They should go
to live with their kind
removed from the city.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.264/Page.337

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Like Wolves

Amazing...
is it not?
Human beings
reaching the moon
and beyond...

Strange...
people of dignity
prosperity
sword and faith
Now against joining
the brightness
of the 21st century

Proudly...
In the name of holly war
with hands and mouths
they feed on blood
acting not like human kind
but the wolves
entering the sheep herd
to feed upon them

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.215/Page.284

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Listen Friend...! ! !

I have noticed,
with thin fingers
you scratch at your hand
staring that blank stare
as if writing something
or wanting to remove
the lines of your luck
Why...?

I do not understand...
Secrets you keep hidden
in the depths of your heart
But time is passing...
And still you keep silent
as if I have spoke out to the air
all of my life.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.227/Page.296

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Listen Oh Friend.....! !

Listen Oh Friend...

Pride strength and beauty
I will gladly tolerate

Me...
gifted by God
with a loving heart.

You...
cruel in action
destroys my hopes

Yet...
Always my love grows
wishing you will love me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.130/Page.176

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Living Grave Yard

This is a city...?
look round...
A grave yard
houses...shops?
lines of stone graves.
Walking dead
blinded eyes
no light in sight.
No feelings
hearts frozen
humanity's void.
Vultures roost
death reapers
barely they live.
Doom's angel
leading on
keeps the city.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.49/Page.82
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Lonely Moments

Pen in hand...
I place nib
upon your picture.
there to place
My mark
Upon your face
As I attempt to write...
Your face vanishes...
and there
I write this verse.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.8/Page.36

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Long Journey

Love...
Long exhausting
the journey.
Between us...
seems the distance
of two steps.
Our youth now taken...
Finally...
We reach each other
in old age.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.24/Page.54

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Lord

Am I...
Strange Lord
of your heart

There is no question
your wants
take control...

Your beauty
enslaves me...
as I am now.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.122/Page.167

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Loss Of The Ideal

I was proud
the lifetime of success
And in celebration
The face of my dreams
appeared....

Instead of sweet smiles
and gestures of kindness
she stared at me
with angry eyes...

The lady of the face
jumped over me
as an enemy,
scratching my face
brutal her temper.

Forever destroying
the dream
and I...
became a stranger
to myself.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.333/Page.412

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Lost Freedom

The ancestor's sword
is all you have left
the last sign of your
freedom and pride...

Now to be sold
for your hunger sake
to buy needed bread
to sustain your life....

And soon your pride...
Your family's honor
becomes the chains
to enslave you.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.92/Page.131

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Lost Passenger

Now suffer
poor lost passenger,
the fault is yours...

'Hey Shauq!
You thought not well though
this time the journey..”

The choice been made
stray from known paths
you have been led.

You are now
a passenger lost
far from your home.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.85 /Page.124

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love

Love...
deafens
blinding.
fearless

Love
melts stone
frees souls
expands

Two hearts
evolving
committed

And with Love...
Culture.
Location,
Beliefs,
All vanish.
This I believe.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.51/Page.84
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love And Affection

' Lots of days
and even nights passed,
I never had a smile on my face,
and how could I smile?
while
feeling the violence around me,
growing with full pace and passion
and ...
I'm sitting alone and feeling blue....
thinking of him,
with my eyes full of dew.....
In the dark swampy night,
But suddenly
and un expectedly,
he stepped towards me,
I become scared
and started shivering
who is he! as I shouted with fair,
He smiled and added
' don't be afraid ...
it's me "
but whom?
As I asked, he advanced..
and wrapped his both hands around me,
Yeah.. he with his twinkling eyes
and sparkling face,
looked into my dewy eyes,
with an enchanting smile,
held my hand
and bent on knees.....
' I' m the HUMANITY,
LOVE, PEACE
and AFFECTION', He said,
' I' m born again
' and I' m back again'
Hearing the sweet voice,
My eyes filled with joy
and tears started rolling my cheeks
and I thought

'Oh my GOD!
would the glory, peace and humanity
ever replace....
the brutality in human world?
Yes angels are always there
to guide the
detract human kind, he added..

Title of Poem: Love and Affection

Poem for afzal shauq by: Zeny Disuja India

Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.61-62

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love And Blood

'The one
who laughs at you
is your well wisher
but the one who cries
for your damn condition
is your enemy.'

This your twisted
criteria of justice
Oh my dear brother...!
By love and blood bound
How can I prove
being so caught up
crying for your terrible life
makes it impossible
for you to hear
the cries of Pashto.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.224/Page.293

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love And Choice

Our homes
situated such
That I see you
and you see me
Looks we give
Never to touch
Living silently
On separate islands
Water of asphalt
Between us
Life choices
keeping us apart,
as we are
the dweller of Venice

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.233/Page.303

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love Based Peace

If
we promote love
for peace,
peace for humanity,

I believe...
the prosperity in societal life
will be verily ensured
to the endless pleasure
in human's life.

Poem in Pashto and English By: Afzal Shauq / Edited By: Jessica R

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love Ends Differences

Its me and you
who seek to quench
this thirst of hungry hearts
seeming the same in thoughts
respecting each other
Beloved....
struggling like a man
when you look at me
I want to fight
for women rights
though I am a man

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.223/Page.292

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love Has No Tongue

I wish...
for love to come...

The depths of your beauty
becomes my retreat.
And going there...
I forget everything...
frightened
sweating from this fire
that could burn me to ashes.

I wish...
for love to come....

But in your eyes
refusal I see.
No feelings of love
Only bitter contempt.
My words become frozen...
And I remain speechless...
because this love has no tongue
with which to speak.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.30/Page.60
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

'Love Is A Fountain'....Inspired By Afzal Shauq's Poem 'Begging Heart' / Jessica R

Love is when
you keep coming back
to the overflowing fountain
of your lover because,
no matter how much
you come to him,
your thirst cannot
be quenched and
you constantly want
him more and more.

It is not to fulfill
your lustful needs;
that is not love.

This is why you
must keep the
water pure until
the well of commitment
has spilled over
into marriage.

When sex contaminates
the fresh spring,
the flow will forever
be tainted.

The stream will continue
but will never satisfy
like it would if you
took only small sips now
and waited to drink of his body
until the time is right.

However, you must
keep the sips limited
to moist kisses

because if you don't,
they may lead
to hearty gulps
that can drown
your honorable intentions.

© Jessica R.

COMMENTS OF JESSICA R

Inspired by: Afzal Shauq's "Begging Heart" My beliefs are that sex and anything more than kissing should be avoided at all costs until marriage because sex complicates relationships and almost always leads to heartbreak.

posted: 2009-05-05 10: 16: 29 views since [2009-05-05 10: 16: 29]: 13

Afzal Shauq

Love Of Pashtoon Girls

She looks at me...
her face
changed suddenly
As if I
had set fire
to her heart...
But she remained silent
as if mute.

She is the true Pashtoon girl
whose culture forbids
Her to express love
not even in a few words.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.313/Page.390

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love Thoughts

The sweet thoughts
which make me sleep
each night
with a hope that
she may visit
to my dreamland,
reversly
make me awake
in the every next morning
with expectations of
searching out her
in person,
some where
in the streets of life.

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Love With Cruel Way

To whom
I have surrendered
my dreams
my feelings
my emotions
my desires
even the hopes
of my life in total
for the sake of
her's love favor to get..
and also,
I have repeatedly
submitted my head to her
as a slave
considering her
the true goddess
of my life..

But she,
unfortunately
being a proud
woman of her beauty,
intentionally willing
to break
to ruin
my innocent heart
into pieces
with the cruel feeling of hate
and
proudly admits
in citical smiles

'this is her way of love
to me....'

Poem by: Afzal Shauq
Edit By: Katheriene MacDonad
© Afzal Shauq

Madness

So Far from you...

I am lost...

At the limit
extreme the fate
I walk in sleep
yet my eyes
open they seem

I am lost...

Slave of my dreams
lost in the depths
of love's madness
yet my eyes
open they seem

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.62/Page.98
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Madness (In New Perspective)

Madness possessed...

Ever onward
this endless search
traveling day and night
like a fairy prince
unseen to the eye
tracking after you
who haunts my mind.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.131/Page.177

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Madness...(New)

Madness is this love
which drives me
to sanity's brink.

Lacking Majnoon fame
but being a lover
I search....

Through out the ages
I have pursued you
beloved of my dreams

But in my pursuit
I like the Majnoon
am lonely and deprived

And now...

If before Liela I stood
this love's madness
would blind her from my eyes

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.107/Page.150

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Marshal Pashtoon

When somebody
proudly mentions
their heritage
I become sadden
my tongue tied
unable to speak
with the realization

' Except for sentences of history
nothing else is left behind...
of my forefathers
proving me
as a marshal Pashtoon'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.217/Page.286

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Martyrs Or Freedom Fighters

Had I known
at my birth
or been asked
by God...
I would have refused
being born human.

For my life here
is a grave yard
of a once proud nation.
Where the way of life
is humans burying
by hand.

Such injustice...
Such cruelties....

Titled killers
Law makers
The honor of society
So called martyrs
or freedom fighters.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.81 /Page.119
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Me And The Universe

I wish
to examine
everything
but...
I am a mere particle
in this vast universe.
It would take millions
like me
to begin the task.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.316/Page.393

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Me Or The World?

I wonder
if people around me
could escape
by the hand of chance
or by their own designs
the pain of seeing things
out of the circle
of self interest

then why me
a poet
a traveler
was doomed
to see things
in entirety of whole world
with men in it

and then
having to bear
at my individuality
an absence of me
within my body

Titla of Poem in Pashto: ZEH KA JEHAN..?

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Nazish Zafar

Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.153

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Meaningful Dream

I have yet
to completed the story....

She looked at me
eyes fixed on mine..
Her tongue
caressed her lips....
Sweet her smile
In her shyness
She hid behind her veil...
Speaking....
"Stop please...
Dreams aren't be ever fact"

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.326/Page.403

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Meaningless Dream

Not only in my dreams
but with open eyes
I wish to see you
standing in this space.

But my misfortune
with great will power
you keep from my reach
and proud that you can.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.96/Page.135

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Miles Stones

Unaware....
the sweet effects
that her loving
has had on me.

Sometimes...
Intense the feelings
as I reach out
to find myself.

Something
always follows...
I try to escape
Keeping on the move

Looking...
There left behind
Path of foot prints
My mile stones.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.174/Page.232

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Mind's Question

With the early humans
Began the age of brutality
Living in caves
Life was a struggle
Killing was all they knew
The only way to survive
Savages....

Now...?

Some things never change.
The age of brutality continues...
Still they live in caves
Killing one another
Though there is other ways
There is no sign of humanity.
Savages....

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.277/Page.351

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Mirror Never Lies

'Who's that one,
you are writing poems for? '
'How she looks like?
Where does she stay? '
'Why... she is not with you? '

After hearing
the bulk of questions,
as I started
opening my heart for reply,

She put hands
on her face with shyful smile
and asked me the last question
in innocent way...

'Are you showing me
the mirror Afzal Shauq! ? '

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Misguided Passenger

Oh friend of mine...!
When I sit back
the horse of thoughts
gallops onward
towards the fountain
But You are not there

Wiping sweat from brow
I speak to him
my friend
with words quaking...

' My eyes
have yet to see
the girl who laughs
and speaks to me
on the phone'

As I uttered
these words
he smiles
with a wry look
speaks these words

'Mr. Shauq...!
you are a poet
the passenger
who runs after mirages
in the desert of life'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.196/Page.260

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Misinterpretation

While other people
use ladders
trying to climb
to the sky

The Pashtoons
with their songs
of honor and power
misinterpreted...
Are still willing
to sharpen blunt swords
believing in fighting.

And for this reason
the people of this nation
will eat of the soil
in an unending life
of nothing.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.303/Page.380

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Missing Eternal Face

whenever
my soul has got
a pretty face..

according to my dreams
similar to my thoughts
attached to my heart
fixed to my breaths

But alas...
that has always been
bred on
the strange shoulders
instead of mine

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

'Missing Pages' (Rewrite) /Dedicated To Afzal Shauq...

Jessica R

I was a book with burnt edges
and tattered cover
opened and laid flat
for examination purposes.

You read me out loud
like all my complexities
could be contained in a few
of your stereotypical phrases.

You spelled me out as if
you could predict my actions,
but I will not conform
to your predefined binding.

When my pages did not correspond
with this self-created fantasy
of how I should read,
you violently tore them out.

And when you reached the end
of your criticisms all that was left
was the spine of a woman...
with no content.

© Jessica R.

Author's Comments

Rewritten and dedicated to Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Mohammad (P.B.U.H)

When by cruel time beaten
and I feel myself wounded
Each wound like the flower
blooms in agony...

I feel a breaking inside
like a house into rubble
when earthquakes shake
destroying everything.

Through all these tortures
Before the first tear falls
streaking my weary cheek
YOU reach out to help

YOU...
like the Christ
healing my wounds
removing my pain.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.76 /Page.114
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Mona Lisa

Unknown...
the nature of
your sweet smile.

I left thinking
You the girl
I meet in dreams

I... Leonardo
After centuries
again came to you

Unfortunately...
Doomed circumstance
forbids my claim.

Several times
I've been reborn
Different of face

While you
forever remain
the same face.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.222/Page.291

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Money

Earth revolves...
from the dawn
till setting sun
On money.

To give or take
people want
people need
just money.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.57/Page.92

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Mournful Song..(To The Soul Of Bacha Khan)

The grave of Papa
surrounded...
The Pashtoon girls
eyes blood red
tossing the grave's soil
upon their heads
speaking in sobs
The streets of life
now empty without you.

Houses like graves...
Life presents nothing
just cruel gifts
oh great Papa..!
We are at patient's end
The eyes of Pashtoon women
searching you out
The streets of life
Now empty without you.

Mournful the cries
After your death
nothing but soil left...
Pashtoons homes in ruins
We come to beseech
Oh great Papa..!
Please arise...
See the world's people
as they clap and laugh
at your children
The streets of life
Now empty without you.

Your proud sons
Still bound by ropes
the bracelets of adornment
are now broken
We shall never
wear them again

unless our men
wake up
come great Papa...!
The streets of life
Now empty without you.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.232/Page.301

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Murder

I thought
hurry...get up
The murderer
is coming...

Driven..
I wish to attack.
Eyes of anger
day turns black

I arose...
fearing death
nervously...
taking the knife

Yes...
I could attack
the chest exposed
I have my chance.

Suddenly...
I lunge
a noise
the mirror shatters.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.208/Page.275

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

My Friend Seems To Be Hindu

(dedicated to Benita Premchand)

I know
that neither I believe in
the re-birth of man
in some other lives
nor the life
itself is a tree to catch leaves
every new spring

But still
my Muslim heart like a temple
keeps the idols of different Bagwans
for the sake of a hope
that you being the worshiper
may visit it some day

- Afzal Shauq's Pashto Poem

'Yar Mi Hindu.. Zeh Musalman Yam'

-Translated By: Nazish Zafar

-Published in book'Bridging The Gaps' p/157-157

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

My Love For Afzal Shauq: Kayla Robin

I recall the intimate words once shared,
and I swear that you are him with whom
such sweet words were intimately shared.

My soul is burning for you,
my cheeks flush red
-beyond repair-
when you say love;
I want to make love.
and if I'm not careful
you'll put me through
eternal despair.

Because loving like this
is wrong for me.

@}; -K

© Kay ROBY

Afzal Shauq

My Nation's Astray

Their way...
Undesired destination
A hungry nation cries
Their mouths open
like a beggar's cup.

And now...
The caravan passes
The people beg
Condolences
Push us forward

New thinking
enemies influence
Ways open
For people
to be hell bound.

They are still to weak
A captive community
Not seeing the shadows
preventing their release
Corrupting their nation.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.249/Page.322

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

My Pal-Afzal Shauq: Vilma Zaballero

My Pal-Afzal...! !

I want to write about my pal,
and his name is aptly called afzal,
I wrote my poems to all who cared
and suddenly he came and I got scared.

You see, he is a poet, who writes books,
and published not only one but more,
so how in heaven's name can I compete,
if you're surrounded with geniuses.

So slowly I just wrote, not knowing
if my poems are good, but one by one
they came, most especially this bloke,
with nice critiques and inspiring thoughts.

Thank you my dear friend, Afzal I'll call
your name, if only all poets are like you,
who welcomes us with open arms,
then let me call this place, a perfect world indeed.

© Vilma Zaballero

Afzal Shauq

My Peace Willing Soul

Not the hearts of
human beings only
but the hearts of
animal kinds
and flying birds too

Even then
if the heart of
a tiny ant is hurt
by someone intentionally

my peace willing soul
cries with tears

Poem By: Afzal Shauq
Edited by: Katherine MacDonald

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

My Wish

Fate be not the blame
nor time the aggressor
which did the beating.
It was me...
my wish
my heart
that fell in love
with the owner
of beautiful eyes

And she...
unreachable
charming
encourages the reach
to empty the whiskey glass
in search of peace.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.36/Page.66

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

National Poets

To whom this concerns...
Hey Shauq..!
Here everyone
ready to fight.
Though the poets
have fastened their knives
and swords to their waists
like the soldiers
standing beside
tombs of dead Mughals
They write the songs of freedom
as if they are children of Khushal khan
while the other Pashtoons
belong to the enemy King Aurangzeb.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.334/Page.401

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Near Completion

I feel
I am in love...

But with whom..?

Who is she really...?

Queen of my dreams
From the island thoughts
Her face a puzzle...
near completion.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.244/Page.317

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Nightmare

I am haunted...
be it waking
or in sleep.

I sense a hand of fire
burning hot coals...
advancing towards me
this horrible hand...
and when it reaches me

I start to cry...
tears like rain
flowing from my eyes...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.34/Page.64

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Not Accused

You wish
to see yourself
in the heart of others
like the flower
kept in the hair

I believe
You are not at fault
You tend to your beauty
with care and concern

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.221/Page.290

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Observations Of Love

There...

Love enjoyed freely
Like fashion and make up
always changing
like the weather

Here...

Love is restricted
acts of affection hidden
things remain covered
doors remain closed.

Yet...

Lover's hearts beat
for love's honor
ready to sacrifice
all for its sake.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.272/Page.346

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Off Line Message

Hey you..!
You know the one
who is supposed to be
your second half,
How come?
I asked the one
who was faceless
even to herself
But
it was her
who kept emphasizing
these same words
with dream like
sweet echo..
and when
the very next morning
I got up
with some mixed feelings
The first thing
I saw in the mirror was
a strange
but very pretty girl,
who kept drawing her facial features
with the creases of
my time worn hands
While
the second thing
which has
trapped me
in a series of thoughts..
was the same
dreamy sentence
Which was amazingly
left by that very same HER
as an 'off line Message'
on the net.....

Titla of Poem in Pashto: Off line Message
Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Nazish Zafar

Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.158-59

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Oh Almighty God...! !

I trusted you
with the hope
you would rescue
my innocent heart
considered where
the holly house
You reside.

Oh All Mighty God!
I realized
my weakness
in front of
the daughter of King Qarun,
who declares me
a criminal
for not following her blindly
She wished to change me
To hate for hate's sake
Keeping the sin of pride.

I being your true worshipper
diligently prayed
my forehead upon the earth
a submissive slave
to show the faith
willing to consider You
the only creator of
humans and spirits
the big Boss
the life giver
Feeder of life's breath

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.330/Page.407

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Oh Lord Of 21st Century!

What to do?
guide me the almighty Lord!

whenever,

I'm trying to compare humankind
with the brutal animals,
the spirit of Adam is
supposed to be hurt,

But reversly

As I'm considering
the beast people of
the new era are
the true humans,

My conscience feels betrayed,
my heart starts shivering,
my brain questions,
and even my innerself
turns to be ruined
like a broken mirror...

Poem in Pashto and English By: Afzal Shauq
Edited By: Felicity Bostdrof

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

One Body... But Different Parts

This body...dead
short your stay
soldier...

With head of Pashtoon
Arms of Tajik and Uzbek
Legs of Hazara and Darri

The nation of Afghan
with oneness and equity
would never advance

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.179/Page.238

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

One Hundred Faces

Eyes desire to see...

How will he know
His heart's desire
Ninety nine faces
Has he seen
The hundredth face
The one...
yet to claim
in the name of God
Who seems faceless...
But to feel.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.247/Page.320

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

One Question

I ask you...
Is survival right?
who is that child?
baby of the streets...
hunger in his eyes
lips cracked and dry
for him no play.
Each day he toils
Seeking sustenance
on the garbage dumps.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.26/Page.56

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

One Sin

A wish...

That this one sin
This heart's desire
finally will drown
in my tear's flood
washing away
as wind and sands
destroy mud houses.

For I can not jump
the width of love's ocean
that fill those eyes
which keep me
forever swimming
perhaps soon to drown
in their beauty..

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.59/Page.94

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

One Soldier Told Me That....

I will not see to the sun
My eyes refuse
I am not blind
My eyes healthy
Never the light
Do I see...

My life darkness
Living in shadows
I, another pack wolf
Fighting with dogs
All of us human.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.246/Page.319

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Only One

Your name with mine
on walls appeared.
Like me and my shadow
striding together.

When I glance back
only single tracks
are tread upon the path
those of my own making.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.16/Page.45

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Opening Heart

Someone opens their heart
to another
their love hidden...
Like the flower
which color stays
unknown in its bud...
And beautiful color revealed
when opened.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.315/Page.392

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Own Settlement

I like
the bird
made tired
my wings from flying.

With the season's change
Like the white crane
returning
after wintering
far from home
Wish to return...

But to what homeland...?
Lost are the ways
known to me...
and returning...
could lead hell.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.305/Page.382

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Papa's Dreams

This is not that nation...
according to Papa's dream

Nor is this life...
according to Papa's dream

Mountains and Men stand
between the people
keeping them separated
this was not the dream of Papa..

All this killing by our own hands
furnished with weapons
by self proclaimed humanitarians

We are the people
killing our own brothers
depriving daughters of marriage
and causing mothers laments

We are the people
hiding in the mountains
like thieves
with Death's angel in tow.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.145/Page.194

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pashtani Bol (Keeping Words)

Being Pashtoon
I show no weakness
which lessen name and status
before my children.

On either side
these people stand
stoning me...

Onward I move
not stopping
until my final destination...

Death is always there
threatening me
but I move forward...

Doomed the journey
trying to reach you
oh my friend...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.102/Page.143

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pashtani Hoda (An National Instictive Behavior)

Wind of autumn!
Hot dusty storm!
Well known you are...

plucking leaves
driving clouds...
sand mountains forming

The air dust filled
the markers topples
upon the body's grave

Wind of autumn!
Hot dusty storm!
Well known you are...

A child of courage
born from mother's milk
with patience abides...

I am not water's foam
nor the desert tent
at your power's mercy...

Wind of autumn!
Hot dusty storm!
Well known you are...

Blowing winds
can not destroy me
nor cease my desires...

Nor the candles flame
will it extinguish
Till that fateful morn...

When in that moment...
death shall make his call
and I will be no more.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.15/Page.43

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pashto (Pashtoos/Afghani Language And Pride)

Who is that person?
daughter... sister...lost
bound by blood
in madness cries
hopeless...

Red eyed women
Tatter are her clothes
matted her hair
walking life's streets
shoeless...

Not knowing herself
world weary she trod
moving onward
foul wind driven aging....

Henna dreams gone
youth long faded
begging people
seeking answers
yearning....

Blind people of the world...
look at her
who she truly is
daughter...sister
Pashto.

See the dregs of beauty past.
with her scarfless head
and weathered hands
left to wonder the streets
homeless.

Why is this her plight...
Tell me blind people
why must she live so
this life of deprivation

homeless.

Family she keeps seeking
yet none can be found
all are lost to her
or are they dead alone...

Open your eyes
know well this beggar
the mountains daughter
lost beauty a nation's pride
Pashto.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.67 /Page.103

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pashtoon And Arab Girls

Pashtoon girls
Like the snow
melt under the sun
Still sitting outside
each afternoon
growing older
remaining silent
never claimed.

While Arab girls
like flames of fire
well protected
burn their men
like the fires of the hell
tormenting them
offered for
and claimed
feeling free.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.265/Page.338

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pashtoons...Never Be Defeated

In the flower of youth
with open heart
I stepped forth...

I remain the winner
over youth's brutality
though mournful the feelings.

But defeat begins
gnawing away at me
tainting my open heart...

From that day onward
Heart's thirst I quench
In my tears for peace...

I can not accept
nor refuse to see
Pashto ever defeated.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.105/Page.148

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

'Peace Be With You'..Afzal Shauq: Jessica R.

Peace Be With You
Oh that the whole world
would wonder at your words as I.
If only, all humanity
could see what we see
and change the course of history
so we could show future generations
the peace that comes from the soul.

© Jessica R.

Afzal Shauq

Peace Formula

If
the gaps
between hearts are
bridged up
with love
and..
the souls are
kissed with
peaceful smiles,
the cousins of
Adam's family would
never be fed up
from each other

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Peace Power

PEACE POWER: By Afzal Shauq

'Instead of
criticizing my love feelings
to the cause of peace
Isn't it better
to open the hearts of those
who
being the children of
Eve and Adam
proudly consider me
as their own universal family member
and respect my words
omitted for them
from the core of my heart'

Peace Power

Here is a poem that I standardized at the request of my friend and fellow writer Afzal Shauq. Below my poem, are his powerful words :)

PEACE POWER: By Katherine MacDonald

I heed criticism from my fellow man,
that you cannot be a man of peace.
For mankind has faltered too heavily,
and we are born with killer instincts.

But I, a child of Eve and Adam,
have devoted my life
to what answers we seek.
Instead of criticizing, embrace the answer,
that there is hope from a man of peace.

Because inside is a faith so strong,
that honestly believes in a healthy future.
From the core of my heart,
I've emitted all of my strengths,

in hopes we will find an answer.

Poem by: Afzal Shauq

Standardized by: Katherine MacDonald

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pen

With my hands
Well creased
by time
makes my pen speak...

No floods of tears
nor rains of thought
can destroy them...

Questions arises
I see the pen
clasping between fingers
I write of people fortune.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.29/Page.59

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

People With Cut Heads

I remember....
yesterday
heads were attached

I remember also...
How they moved
talk and laugh...

It happened suddenly
everyone found
carrying their head.

blood dripped down
all seeming to say
what is the cause...?

No one aware
These heads are dead
Their mouths sewn shut

Void of speech
Their eyes closed,
still they are walking

The dead keeps moving
Human beings shoulders hanging
unable to restore life to the head

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.197/Page.262

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Pharaoh As A False God

Self you proclaim
I am a god.
vows of the past.

Egyptians blessed
greatly reaping
from the Pharaoh

For all your claims
you, a dead man
yet providing
moments of fame.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.88/Page.127

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Play Of The Time

Each play
reaches an end...

God...
This play of killing
between humans...
Will it end...
When..?

For humanity's sake
These brutal animals
ferocious in nature...
Will they ever
be removed...?

Or...
Will they fight
Throughout time
Like useless dogs.
Never knowing
the true meaning
of humanity.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.251/Page.324

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Poet Traveler

Unsure....
your true face
Sometimes
Jane
Yupa
Sara
Natasha
or Venessa
Kaiko
Choi
Azra
Mohesh Wori
Chang
and Joana...
But not the one...

Still traveling
tiring the journey
Each new island
adds to my madness.

This picture...You
The face of dreams...
haunting my thoughts
I will seek you
in all the world
traveling all my life.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.241/Page.313

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Poetry: Reaching To Hearts..(Dedicated To Afzal Shauq) / Ilyse Drost

I am...
the missing piece
of your heart
oh my beloved....!
Whenever
there are questions answered
you
take over the controls.
Beauty's threat
makes me the slave
as I feel know.

ilyse_2000
p.s.(Mr. Afzal)

Title of Poem: Poetry..Reaching to Heart
Poem for afzal shauq by: Ilyse Drost
Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.82-83
PDF files:
Poet's weblog:
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Precious Pearls

Oh sun light...
Cruel your hand
breaks the string of pearls
of my night's pleasure.

Oh sweet dreams...
precious pearls
scattered orbs
unable to restring.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.11/Page.39

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Priceless Treasure

Like a priceless antique
lost in the dust of time
Newly found....

When first her soft lips
gently touched mine
Honey's sweetness...

Then Her beautiful eyes
reflected my image
Mirroring love....

And in her giving heart
my name she engraved
Her Love's locket...

But it all seems accidental
That I should find in her
Priceless treasure.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.111/Page.154

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Prisoner Of The Body

I was near...
about to find
the way out
from this cage

I was willing to sit
on the shoulders of air
Keen to fly high
towards the sky,
To be free...

Suddenly my wings of thoughts
were aflame, , ,
And I like a bomb
hurling toward earth
a blaze.

Once again
Wounded...
Feeling trapped
amid the layers of pain
I was a prisoner of the body

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.295/Page.369

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Proud Love Turn Goddess

With great feelings for her
The one I wish to make smile
She refuses to accept my love
She is like the stone
of which idols are made
And beauty veils cruel behaviors
making her seem like a goddess

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.286/Page.360

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Question Mark

Here...

The whole

belongs not to each other

All are prisoners

Why...?

This is the question...

the answer....

still seems a question mark.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.325/Page.402

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Question Mark... New Angle

On one hand...

A fountain of torment
the desire of so many
still thirsting
just one sip
out of reach...
every mans death...

On the other hand

Fountains over flowing
these water laden bodies
beyond reach
refusing desire
these women drown
lost to our wanting.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.64/Page.100

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Question Mark... With New Approach

My faceless God!
the Greatest and Mighty of all!
you deserve all the pride
with this huge universe
at your command

then what on earth
I wonder
made you choose
my heart so little
as your abode

-
- Afzal Shauq's Pashto Poem 'Raz Ao Ka Niaz?
 - Translated By: Nazish Zafar
 - Published in Book 'Bridging The Gaps'p/155

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Realization Of Old Age

Beautiful women
arouse in me feelings
Bringing a smile to my face...

Then the realization...

Feelings of being old
Fearing their disdain
If they should view
the creases in my face.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.279/Page.353

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Repeated Sin

Oh...
How Vicious
this cycle I live...

My dream's love
this ideal face
again I see
in a stranger...

Then desires
my heart's longing
now igniting
and sin prevails.

I...
heart's captive
start to sin again.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.93/Page.132

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Reverse Effect

I felt
I subdued her
With my faith
and love,
but soon...
The girl
Earth Queen
with regal beauty
looked at me proudly
I surrender
my feelings
like a slave.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.331/Page.409

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Revolution Of Darkness

At last...
as the sun disappeared
behind the mountains,
The ghosts
with fast winds
and horrible noise
brought the darkness
to our village.

The candles
of each house
blew out...
lightening streaked the sky
No one left their home
Nor closed their eyes in sleep.

The whole night
was a celebration.
The ghosts were joyous...
The revolution of darkness
Had begun...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.394/Page.368

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Revolution Of My Heart (The Birth Of My Sweet Daughter Hadeel Breshna Afzal Khan 'sakani Hadeel' On July.29th 2003

Rumbling in the sky
lightening flashing
Dark and heavy the clouds.
The rain pores down
Flowing water across
the age parched soil.

The storm of life
rages with promise
The empty stems
of my heart
begins to bud
with flowers of hope
once deprived.

The thunder roars...
the black clouds
housed so long
within my heart
are now gone.
A beautiful light
Has parted the storm.

Bright the light
of my sweet daughter
and thus...
she was named Breshna...
bright light before the storm
And Her light
forever to shine
and remove the days of gloom
for me and Ouahiba.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.297/Page.372

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Right Or Wrong

Soldier's game
writing names
on bullets
loading weapons
as you call out
for the rights of humans.

Today' madness
killing play
sacred war
Bullets flying
People dying
This in the name of God

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.133/Page.180

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Saint Valentine.. (Shana Wirtz Wrote For Me)

What a role reversal!
See what Peace can do?
What the hell is war
Going to ever accomplish or do?

Love is the only answer.
Love is the only choice.
Whether you believe in it or not.
Is your own voice.

Love is universal.
Love is understanding,
in so many unexplainable
or unconventional ways.

Love is forgiving,
Love is faith.

To those incapable of love,
It is a tragedy, a travesty!
For those who can't love.

Those in love
can't explain it either...

Love is so unimaginable
Love is forever
Love can be stubborn
But love is also the glue.
The pure stitchery
of Humanity.

Oceans of Love
Love runs deep and strong
Unbreakable.

In my Sea of Love,
St. Valentine,
Deliverer of Love.

Oh, Valentine
Died for Love.

© Shana Wirtz

SHANA WIRTZ'S DEDICATION NOTE OF POEM...

This poem is dedicated to my dear friend, colleague, and fellow Poet, Afzal Shauq. He has done so much for my writing, I can never repay his generosity, kindness, support, and understanding. Afzal is refreshing. He is so unlike the selfish Americans in my country. Afzal is a Humanitarian, he is an outstretched limb to a world. He voices hope, and encouragement. Afzal makes this world a better place. Happy Valentine's Day, Afzal. I hope you have a wonderful day.
Sincerely, Shana Valentine

POSTED: 2009-02-14 04: 19: 35 VIEWS SINCE [2009-02-14 04: 19: 35]:

5.....

Shana Wirtz

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Satan Wins

He beheld
his uncountable children
in front of him
as Adam woke from his sound sleep
he felt like
bowing down to earth
in gratitude
for the pride
of having borne them all

But this act of humility
was soon checked
by a roar of satanic laugh
a sound of bitter mock
tearing his ears apart

awe struck..
Adam turned around
and his eyes found
none
but progeny of his sons
Habil and Kabil
to his disbelief
carrying the children of Satan
on their shoulders

Adam
dismayed
shed his pride
that very moment
and looked at the skies
with torn eyes
as a sigh escaped his gasped lips

He surrendered
accepted his defeat
at the hands of
his eternal enemy
Satan..

God being silent witness to that

Titla of Poem in Pashto: DA SHETAN BAREY

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Nazish Zafar

Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.150

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Seasonal Demands

The flavor...
each taste my own,
Beauty's color
unique...
They are but a season
never eternal...
This heart keeps changing
like the weather
changes the seasons.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.320/Page.397

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Second Half

The one,
who makes me awake
whole the night
but with closed eyes,

The one,
who makes me sleep
whole the day
but with open eyes.

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Seeking Lost Beloved

How can I seek
My lost beloved...

whose mark
and voice
has left
scarred
my heart's center.

Never have I found
the prints of her feet
No evidence
of her trail
Perhaps...
She is at sea.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.78 /Page.116

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Self Desire

Outside...

Yet unseen
The one
great name
brave heart

Inside...

today seen
The one
so cruel
nameless

... myself

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.58/Page.93

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Selfish Ties

People could be happy...
Its not heaven's imagination.
If only they look beyond
their selfish nature.

It seems so odd
So many tied
by a thread
so easily broken.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.292/Page.366

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Senseless Walls

Distance lessens
between the sky of blue
and the dust of earth.
each day...

But the distance
between men's hearts
lengthens...
They grow fat
motionless
Like senseless walls.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.13/Page.41

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Seperation

I now have returned
after a long journey.
I am weary...

Stepping in your door
so much crying I hear
I am shocked...

I am at a lost
you are gone from this world.
my sorrow...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.98/Page.137

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Shards Of Shauq (Happy Birthday!) : Melissa Lundeen

an ageless troubadour is he
serenading the masses
with the shards of truth
stripped from his very own soul
his voice
a battle cry for some
while a pledge for enduring peace
for a great many others
depending solely upon
the eye from which
his words are read
he is the tranquility
that comes to settle upon the land
in the brutal immediate after
of a conflict
he is the mist of morning
that blows across the previous day's
thirsty fields
more parched than even they, themselves
realize
that is until his generous raining of thoughts
bathes their dry, up turned faces
as they taste through his carefully chosen words
for them
the peace that is possible
if only in themselves, they tirelessly search for it
and abandon the paths outwardly that
gives evil its means to more and more men 's hearts
being sucked into deceptive ideas of glory
and so its for this man I speak of
whom I wish to have a truly most happy of Birthdays
may the peace and wisdom you attempt to share
with your trampled brethren
never fail to improve they out look
they, upon the world as a whole
but most of all their own lives in general
for you sir with your tender pen in hand
are their steady heart beat
but most of all their undying conscience

and thus so I must say in solemn admiration
may the ink of your pen
ever remain
greater than
the blood of any martyr offered.....
(Feb.18,2009 241am)

Afzal Shauq

Sharing The Parting

Sleep now
innocent heart...

Oh fortune...

Beside you I sit
internal now you sleep
Dead to this world
wasted was your life.
Cruel this act
which took you.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.44/Page.74

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Shauq: Kayla Robyn

when
trying
to compare
my love for you,
the best I can do,
is say my affection is comparable
to crimson roses covered with dew,
waiting for your tender caresses
to keep them warm.
Afzal Shauq,
your love
is sweet.

© Kay ROBY

Afzal Shauq

Sign Of Love

A description of your hate
As you look at me
with the rude eyes
biting red lips in anger,
but in your movement
I see something
hidden deep inside
is this a sign of love

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.185/Page.245

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Silent Love

It is my heart's wish
to open every secret
lesson the burden
all to you...

I am without courage
In silence I keep love
fearing you might
declare me selfish.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.212/Page.281

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Sleeping Moments

Willing was I
to make the dreams of night
true in the light of day.

Dawn breaks forth
now with my eyes open
your true picture I see.

In your face
I find before me
a myriad of truths

from sleeping moments
my life is revealed.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.14/Page.42

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Sleeping Nation

Few the men
for the sake
of the nation
went to sleep
Forever...

Opened eyed Mother
lamented the loss
The nation's people
time passing
Vast numbers
Still sleeping

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.231/Page.300

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Solicited Destination

I could not find myself
since I got lost
in the desert of life
I find better to sink
in blues of your eyes
to know
my ways of love
I can go on with
staring
in your eyes
with no pause
till I get my solicited destination

Poem in Pashto and English by: Afzal Shauq
Edited by: Sahar Afshan Sahar

Afzal Shauq

Spanish Eyes

Amazing eyes
were they...

Like glasses
poison filled,
Eyebrows like
the scorpion.
Snakes surely
hidden within...

Whenever
a glance
She cast
Arrows I release
with my eyes....

The Young Spanish girl
presented a sweet smile
and said...

'Don't look upon us
as you do...
otherwise,
The sweet effects
of our beauty
will send you walking
in the footsteps
of a Picasso.'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.238/Page.309

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Sparks And Ashes

The sparks of beauty
from your inner fire flies
A shower of falling stars
floating down to and fro...

But this fire's nature
will lead you to a place
where its burning heat
will turn you to ashes.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.31/Page.61

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Speechless

I am wasted...
Devoured by eyes
Stolen by beauty
Charmed by actions
Inspired by sweet words.

Left behind
my empty body
memories...
desires...
and thoughts consumed me.

I can not
place blame upon you
nor cruelty...
nor God...

For it was I
that remained speechless...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.86 /Page.125
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Story Of A Dream

Ceremony
undoubtedly...
But unaware
It was a hunt.

Man of a ridged society
I am caught up...
They came down
unlike fairies
from the sky.

I, alone looked human
The smiles were sweet
Eyes of beauty
shooting arrows
killing glances.

I became wounded
Ever increasing the hits
my heart compromised...
in need of medication.

Oh great the pain
And still this sweetness
increasing about me....
Intoxicating me.

Who were these hunters
accurate in aiming
Striking again and again
Where did they originate

I the game of the hunt
Found there a great joy
spiritual peace
and freedom.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.266/Page.339

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Strange Globalization

The people who title
The world as a village
Mentioned...

' All the countries
on this globe are
like houses
in one village
and should have
their streets open'

In truth,
enormous walls
surround their cities
not allowing others to enter
claiming its for protection sake

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.203/Page.269

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Submission Of Head

It is your choice..
Consider me yours
or not...
but
Oh my friend...!

I like a Hindu
in the church
of your thoughts...
Submitting my head
again and again.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.194/Page.257

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Supersticious Confounded

Sometimes
It happens...
Like that
I see my face
Grown up
on the body of some else
but yet...
ask myself surprisingly
Is it really me....
This human being
Superstitious confounded
Barks out at me
like a dog.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.260/Page.333

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Tanvi Damle Wrote An Essay On My Work...Thanks Tanvi

Afzal Shauq Has A Vision Of All The World.. By: -Tanvi Damle from India

While browsing through , I stumbled upon Mr. Afzal Shauq's profile. I read his first poem and was so amazed by his writing that i sat the whole say, reading through his amazing work.

Mr. Afzal Shauq..words fail me to describe this great man. All the poets wreck their minds over how to write but Mr Shauq, he's different because he thinks from his heart. Mr. Shauq has achieved something that millions of people like me can only dream of. He has a vision of all the world coming together as one whole country. Mr. Shauq wants the world to live as one. Mr. Shauq preaches in humanity and brotherhood.

According to Mr. Shauq the best weapon to fight a war is 'A Friendly Smile.' Isn't that a brilliant idea? We all dream of world peace and wish for wars to end. But that's about it, we don't do anything beyond that. The difference between Mr. Shauq and us is that he not only dreams of world peace but work's towards making the dream come true. And the best part is Mr. Shauq is not only making his dream come true but ours as well. He has the power to do it through his writing. He has something alot more than talent and what's amazing is that he uses his talent to promote world peace, something that's most important in today's world.

From his unique collection of poem's, inspite of me loving his each poem; there were a few that captured my heart the most. The poem` Global Peace Theory` is one of them...

'Global Peace Theory' / Afzal Shauq

If and when the invincible book of norms is ignored?
If and when custom of humanity is burnt to dust?
Due to the wicked shadows of greed, lust and other evil doings,
We don't have the right to be named as human beings.
Rather, we are brutal animals like vultures and crocodiles.
If we truly wish from the heart to be called humans of higher race,
Then we must not shrink when we are called "the children of Adam".

For once we begin to consider ourselves as sons of Adam
Of this verdant mound, of this dry land, of this circling life –
Then we might also try to answer the ancient golden query of.....
“Aren’t we cousins to each other? ” or “Aren’t we all brothers and sisters? ”
Hence, let’s all take initiatives to bridge up the gaps between hearts.
To connect all broken knots regardless of color, creed or race,
Via road to positivity, presenting cheerful aura of glowing smiles.
Respect to one another is a blooming string that ties warm cozy ends.
Letting social life be dance and sing melodiously with the collective actions.
Pleasing, filling, satisfying; the glaring shadows of humanity.
In which it has long been betrayed, jumped out of shell,
By the selfish wand and magnetic resonance of greed!

In the poem ‘Global Peace Theory’ Mr Shauq has sent out a rather meaningful message. In this poem Mr. Shauq is stressing on the way we human's behave. The humanity is fading away every second. Human beings are given the power of understanding. But sadly they misuse it by plotting against each other. If so then do we have the right to call ourselves human beings of higher race? Mr. Shauq further quotes that let us all cross the boundaries of one's color, race, religion and country and let us all become a single united nation, filling our hearts with nothing but peace

·
'A New Dawn' is yet another example of his amazing talent. Through this poem Mr. Shauq gives hope to millions of people around the world promising them a new dawn, making people's belief stronger

·
The way Mr. Afzal Shauq writes is beautiful, his writing is short, precise and to the point. Mr Shauq's poems always succeed in giving a powerful message to the world. Mr. Shauq's poems take us to a whole new world of peace and give us a ray of hope promising a peaceful future.

Tanvi Damle
INDIA

Afzal Shauq

Tattoo Of Name

You may remove
all my pictures
from your eyes.

You can try
removing my name
tattooed on your arm
by the blade....

But the scar will remain
forever a reminder...
a mirror of our love

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.72 /Page.109

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Teach Me (A Poem For Afzal On His Birthday) : Nelson Iwejua

I am like a pilgrim in this beautiful planet,
Just like my grand parents who were here previously.
I am like a palm tree, with all it's abundance.
Teach me to number my days.

I am like a little child, who bathes only the belly,
And forgets the other parts of the body.
Who strives to put his fingers in a burning flame,
With all it's dangers, teach me.

You are the source of everlasting life,
You hold the key to my life.
As i woke up to behold the glory of the morning sun,
Teach me to know the wonders of all your works.

Today, as i celebrate my birthday,
In remembrance of my freedom from my mother's womb,
And the liberty of a new star that is rising,
Teach me to know that you brought me for a purpose.

Let the joy of a new birth, lunch me to great heights,
Let my meditations be on my footprints on the sand's of time,
That posterity, may know that a star was once on this path.
Teach me to number my days, for all are strangers on earth.

NELSON IWEJUA.

'Chiedozie Nelson'

Amsterdam

(ignore the first, and use this, i made some corrections in line six.)

Afzal Shauq

Teeth In The Heart

I take care of you
being a lover
tolerating your sweet
but cruel actions

But when you smile
I feel brutal teeth
have grown in your heart
ready to gnaw me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.214/Page.283

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The 8th Color

In sleep's depths
I dreamed...

Scenes of beauty
I gazed upon...

Staring...

Beauties of color appear
I think there are seven...

But to my great surprise
There are eight I see

and the eighth color
among them was me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.77 /Page.115

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shau

Afzal Shauq

The Accuse Of Facts.... Galileo

Closed eyes of justice
The church of old
lacking understanding
Condemned you

That judgement
would sentence me
also a criminal

The crimes....
enlightenment
I eat...wear...
and stay in that light...
brightened by the sun

And when night falls
still I stay in that light
be it by the moon
or by the lamp.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.169/Page.227

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Ancient Man Of Modern Era

When people's behavior
turn brutal
against humanity

Everybody
For safety's sake
grow leery
or the heart,
grows barren...

This why people
Look upon strangers
with distrust
and perhaps as an enemy.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.299/Page.376

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Bride Of Peace

This was just a dream
a great ceremony...
an image of the bride
at the marriage of peace
I have within my mind....

The Nashanas sings in English
the music of Mozart..
Gogosh sings in Pashto
Hilton sings in Russian
with Kalsum....
Arab girls danced in Attan
Turks doing Wals
Japanese danced
the rhythm of Belly
to Bolero.

The Poets of the world
were dancing
some the Fox Trot
others the Polka
and even the Flamingo.

In this global ceremony
There was no differences
People were as one
The air filled with love
Everyone truly related.

As with all dreams,
I open my eyes
to a world in turmoil
Where men view other men
as their enemies.

But it was a wonderful dream...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.142/Page.190

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Companion Of Satan

An angel mentioned...

" Look... the human beings
trying to look as I do."

Satan laughed loudly saying...

" As much as human beings
look like you...
I am like blood
in their veins,
twisting their emotions,
temping them to surrender to me."

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.300/Page.377

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Dead Body Will Follow

The blood of your brother
now stains your hands red!
Conscious sleeping...?
deadly human being...!

When you took the knife
did it come to your heart
the one you wish to kill?

Did you dream this someone
Perhaps had a home
Wife...children...?

Didn't you feel a life
flesh of someone's heart
with a small world of his own?

As you raised your hand
was your brain was silent...
Didn't you realize?

Now do you cry
at your tragic mistake
or feel pride in killing?

How will you ever be at peace
or remove from your memory
such an act of cruelty?

May your conscious
beat you with stones
as you run to escape.

But I say to you
remember this well
there will be no hiding place.

You are like the thief
trying to hide even in shadow

but shall one day be found out.

I am certain of your doom
with each breath you'll be haunted.
Followed by the body of the dead.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.193/Page.255

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Dream

The dream...

I saved myself
driven by fear
out running
the brutal dogs.

As I looked back...
Things became strange
the dogs became human
Staring in anger
Snarling...

These dogs...
who came to my dreams
wore the faces of mankind
Ready to inflict pain.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.258/Page.331

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Earthquake Of Time

I believe
the Lines of fate
vary from hand to hand
each a different destiny
But Why is it
The poor seems
always the great loser
with the earthquake of time
Could it be the lines of fate...?
For the hands of poor
have seen hard work
and the lines worn
till only dashes remain.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.42/Page.72
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Face Of God

Tell me....
is this the face...

Long ago
distributed
in many faces
colors
tastes
and sweet effects.

Oh great faceless God
appears in every part
of this huge universe.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.322/Page.399

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Faces Of Voice

See the faces
lined by mourning
and past cruelties.
Oh you death...
Your damage done

Now forever crying...
There was a time
These were mouths
Sweetly sang
And recited poems.

Once these ideal faces
with sweet voices
reaching out to me
now are only alive
in thought's depths

I remember...
The beautiful faces
Kabul radio in the air
And sweet voices calling
come to the island of dreams.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.160/Page.215

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Flame Of Forbidden Fires

Hair flowing down
red cheek
like burning coals...

Igniting eyes
Sparks flew
grey, green and blue....

This rain of fire
burns me
my body melting...

Smoldering lust
spreading
through the world.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.139/Page.187

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Holly City's Fraud Life

There...

fraud is art...

Its relationships

lust and love

Where their values

survive by selfishness

The naughty girls of Rome

without money

nor possessions

knows nothing

but drinking

and hot hugging

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.171/Page.229

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Human Of 21st Century

From...

wearing leaves
living in caves
of the mountains
or in the jungle.

The desire for more
were not as we have
the beauty of the life
may be viewed different

Think...

If equally educated
no competition
nor need for advancement
to have a conscience

Oh but have...

True humanity
An end to blood shed
by the human hands
To have peace in the 21st century.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.180/Page.239

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Incident.. (The Assassination Of Dr. Najeeb)

Never forget...
Heart breaking...!

You neighbors
like animals
satisfied
Your Blood lust
by hanging
that white hair old man
A shame to all
those three days
This keeper of the peace
In the main street hung.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.182/Page.241

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Iron Age

Swords of Yesterday
metal on metal
hand to hand

Wheels of time turn
always in motion
can't be stop...

Once only an idea
now reality
Atomic Bomb

Humanity loses
Deadly is deadly
then and now...

Fear filled are humans
robotic be made
by the bomb.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.54/Page.88

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Last Prayer

I pray
May God
sacrifice
one by one...
All those people
following Satan.

Those People
Disguised
As bringing peace
Prosperity...
Brightness...
Distributing their smiles
through the pain
and suffering of others.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.248/Page.321

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Light Of Day

Why are you afraid
in the light of day...?
Oh companion of darkness..!
Fear you the bright sun
as if on were fire....?
Worry not...
No fire will rain down
upon your village.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.327/Page.404

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Lost Ways

Man of dignity
turban for his crown,
also has seen
the faces of my past.

The picture of today...
Tearing at his clothes
Dirt his crown
sorrow the way of life.

Once my guide
now but a dream
I am lost...
in search of my past.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.250/Page.323

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Mirror

Face of my desire
always eluding me

Haunting my dreams
Appearing in my thoughts

I always see you
This face similar to mine

I feel so alone...
always so alone...

So here I stand again
gazing into the mirror.

Seeking some comfort
in the image I can see.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.127/Page.172

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Nature Of Humans

If a way can be made
like rainbows
expanding from earth to sky
to moon past the sea of stars...

Then why can't people
bound by their rigidity
some how be dispersed...
and not stay as they are

Borders have been drawn
by wealth, race, and religion
these walls of restrictions
Through out all the nations

Like animals on the hunt
always they induce fear
with brutal acts of behavior
towards humans unlike them

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.144/Page.193

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Night Memories

I've been thinking
there is no other
Throughout this world
that burns with desire
as I do.

Then I notice
They are coming
Sister's of fire
Now burn round me
each a flame

Now I'm alive
These flames of beauty
with burning coals
of sweet desire's fire
searing me.

and now I am ashes
floating in the wind
sweet memories
Jane...Christy...Tina
my past flames.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.3178/Page.237

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Only Way Of Detachment (Poem For Honey Sweet Dr. Ouasa)

(Poem For Honey Sweet Dr. Ouasa)

I swear
I try to be pragmatic
and also wish to rip apart
all those buckets of
different meanings of
colorful flowers
symbolizing
her warm feelings
and haunting love
to which
she had been offering me
in my stunning past
with the happy smiles of her faith

Yes, the one
the beautiful one
who being
not only
the Face of My Soul,
but
the breathing way of my life too
just like ...
the beats of my heart
or ...
the dream of awaking eyes,

But
above all of my struggle
I never
Swear, I never can
confiscate her
from my head
as she is to be found
my second half truly

That's why
there is only way, left
for detachment of herself
from me
if she can't
put her leg
on my throat
and let my soul
fly to the sky
along with her name...

- Poem by: Afzal Shauq on the birth day of Dr. OUASA " Dr. Ouahiba Sakani Afzal " (The main character of his Novel based on his love story) being the way to breathing the life and true inspiration of his poetry being the mother of his face of soul daughter (Hadeel Breshna Afzal Khan)

- If more to know about Dr. Ouahiba Sakani Afzal (the lovely spouse and second half of Afzal Shauq) ... go through the Novel " Paroni Makhuna" / " Poems of TWIST OF FATES " / " Pe Latun Sta De Sarey " and much more literary work of AFZAL SHAUQ if search his name in /

- For more to know ... [afzalshauq@ /afzalshauq@](mailto:afzalshauq@afzalshauq.com)
- afzalshauq@

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Other Man

Her eyes like needles
which pierce
With Critical smile
she is silent.

A man unlike to me
flashes in her eyes
When I look at her

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.257/Page.330

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Power Of God

It is my belief
No person
has real power.

For people of God...
Strong in their faith
Would never
bow before anyone
but God.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.310/Page.387

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Promise Of Pharaoh

Is it possible
humanity's requirements
could be fulfilled
and yet the people
be sent to hell
by God's hand

Impatient
were these Pharaohs
They could not wait
for Heaven made by God
but in man's vanity
decided to make their own

They constructed
False paradises
Self made monuments
Where women were their angels
that comforted them
and riches quenched their thirst

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.164/Page.220

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Re-Birth Of Shirin

“ Don’t you know Afzal Shauq?
I’m the re-birth of Shirin”

Whenever I heard these words,
I started sweating
And amazingly looked at her,

She was smiling with nodding head
with quite confidence
and was ascertaining that
what she said is right
utterly right...

“Yes, cutie eyes princess,
maybe you are right
but let me know then
what about my dream girl?

As I moved up the question,
she looked at me staggeringly
Thought a little
and abruptly stood up
but with a critical smile of proud
and started stepping towards me,

Her unexpected move
made me trembling with fear
and was thinking that
she may put me in prison
or even kill me

But luckily,
as she reached to me
she instead of slapping me,
closed her eyes emotionally
and opened her arms widely
then unexpectedly,
she started asking for a hug
repeatedly as....

" Come ahead.. touch my soul
and please make me complete
Hey beloved Farhad,
my missing second half "

(This poem is dedicated the one and only Shirin, who is my dream girl Afzal
Shauq)

Afzal Shauq

The Rose

This rose
The memories
Sweetness...
Lovely the effects
bringing me joy.

The red rose
growing in my heart.
This beauty.
Many its thorns.
able to prick and scar.
Yet still I cultivate
in farm of my heart.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.256/Page.329

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Struggle

Eternal struggle...

Me and my heart
always in battle
The issue the same.
I would burn
into the ashes
for the sake of my love.

My heart...
With a will of its own
Makes its way
to the heart
of every beautiful girl
I happen to meet..

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.293/Page.367

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Sword Of Khushal Khan

(A...)

Honored past...
The great Khushal khan
with dignity
carried his sword...

Today,
crops of green
runs red with blood
the stench of dead
taints the air...

This nation..
in the name of sacred war
cuts off heads
canals once water
flows with blood

This nation
now fed by crops
nourished with blood
of slain people...
where is the dignity?

(B..)

Honored past...
the great Khushal khan
with dignity
carried his sword...

Today,
Bullets fly
chest explode
men keep dying
for dignity sake...

Honor is stripped
fighters now gone
in its wake
beggars...

Mothers...
Sisters...
Wives ...
and
Daughters...
tattered clothed
doomed to roam
for bread's morsels
in the name of dignity

(C..)
Honored past...
The great Khushal khan
with dignity
carried his sword...

Today,
This nation
by other's will
the men are led
in this blood lust

Proud of their acts...
Yet small children
like animals
dig the waste dumps
seeking food

Children of pride
desiring warmth
burn paper scraps
in the cold nights
And this is dignity...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.149/Page.200

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Thirst Of Desires

My hope like horses
return thirsty at sunset.

Weary of this search
for my true beloved.

So I quench their thirst
with my eyes salty tears.

With these tears of salt
greater the thirst I make

Desires I believed
with one love this void would fill

But I was the one
who must the fountain be.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.71/Page.108

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Time Of Bonding

There was a time
I escaped from girls.
Now the beautiful girls
Don't look at me.
They consider me
a man of maturity.
So smiles for love
and hearts bonding
seems an impossible task.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.113/Page.388

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The True Face Of Life

When I am near the stage
of my desired
completion...
I am worried...

Still all these faces...
Motionless pictures
in this album...
My memories.

Hundreds of faces...
Different in race
Shades of hair
color of eyes

In my confusion...
Faces now roads
Leading on
to perfection.

Miles of stone roads...
Ahead a face
Beautiful...
my beloved face...

All of these faces
helping me on
To reach you
My perfection...

I am still searching
walking onward...
Direction
always the same.

Leading to one place...
Your lovely face...
Face of peace...
Face of my life.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.155/Page.209

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Value Of Life Here

When gone...
I pride myself
thinking...
I would be
held dear by my people

Whenever...
The broken graves
sadly...
I gaze at
I feel of little worth

My value...
merely pennies
because...
those now dead
valueless to my nation..
that known to be a marshal

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.168/Page.226

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

The Voice

Small voice listen...

My eyes weary
from dreams torment
plague my sleep no longer
till the break of dawn.

Small voice speaks...

Demands of life
free you from dream's snare
teach you humanity
Keep you on the path of truth.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.17/Page.46

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

There Is No Tree

I am keen
to take rest
under a tree...
Oh the cruelty,
this desert life
there is no tree
appearing.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.230/Page.299

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Thief Feelings

So many times
I caught your eyes
stealing glances...

I witness the green tattoo
on your chin
but oh my friend...!

I remained silent like thief
though I had this longing
to reveal these feelings of your love.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.204/Page.270

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shau

Afzal Shauq

Thirst

Stepping out in faith
through the rough desert
of your hard heart
seeking love's drink

What was in my dreams
now with waking eyes
becomes nothing
finding only thirst.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.113/Page.157

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

This Play Of Hiding

There are eyes
I am seeking...
There are eyes
searching me out...
Neither eyes meet...

Hearts desire....
demanding
searching
always unanswered...

This play of hiding
never ending...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.53/Page.87

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Thoughts Of Afzal Shauq: Kayla Robyn

Why do my lips always buzz
when Afzal Shauq I think of?
I'm sure he adores many ladies
so I may suppress such feelings,
and with him simply be
friendly.
Maybe.
@}; -K

© Kay ROBY

Afzal Shauq

Thoughts Tie

Oh dream
with open eyes
may I see...
beloved of my heart..
My ideal...
hidden from view
my heart's joy
my soul's sweet peace...
Friend...
Lover...
Since my life began
only a shadow
hidden by the night...
Lost
Longing
Life's brightness tied
till the day I find
The face of my dreams.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.50/Page.83
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Tigers Lost

I seem awake...
the streets
of the village
are filled
with dogs barking.

Why the dogs ...?
Where have the tigers gone?

I was amazed
seeing dogs
blood dripping...
mouths wounded.

Again
with hopes of seeing
a better future..

But the...
I dream dream...
again dogs barking
hidden now in skins
like camels.

Perhaps...
The skins a disguise
to escape their enemies
And leave undetected

Later...
members of my nation
were burdened with sorrows
worries and deprivation.

All the poor...
Belted by the neck...
Like meek sheep,
Being led to slaughter

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.184/Page.243

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To A Flower

Oh Humanity...
majestic flower...

With great honor
a thorn on your stem
am I

Counting your petals
with lessons of life
I learn

To value life
for death I've seen.

To value the past
as present flees

To value light
for darkness looms

To value fairness
injustice seen

To value God
as graves are filled

So Humanity...
majestic flower...

With many thorns
devout we be
well guarded
Your beauty...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.52/Page.85
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To Afzal Shauq - It's His Birthday: Laura Maguire

I've never been given this task before.
I find it difficult sometimes
to express such sentiments
(You have asked me to though) ,
Maybe it's that I find it hard
to hold onto hope some days.
It can slip away,
even on joyous occasions.
Today is your day though -
The Day You Were Born,
years ago.
Since then you grew tall,
you learned more -
Like how to pick yourself up,
all by yourself,
every time you fell down.
On this day you tend to be
thankful,
for every person
who has touched your life
however briefly,
however lovingly.
You remember
how interruptions happen to you
while you walk beneath the shadows
of the sun -
You remember
how each person you meet
along the way
shapes you.
Today is your day -
and you should remember those
who love you
and who you love in return.
For today of all days,
stranger I have yet to meet,
I wanted you to know
that you should always remain hopeful -
As I do

on the day I was born,
every year.
Thanking life for giving me hope.

I thank you for being hopeful Afzal.

After all of this, I have to wish you now -
A Very Happy Birthday.

© Laura Maguire

posted: 2009-02-19 15: 11: 32 views since [2009-02-19 15: 11: 32]: 8

Laura Maguire

Hi Afzal. Posted your birthday poem - alas, it's a day late! I've been really busy; which is a shame because I wrote it for you the other day as well, but the date slipped my mind. Anyways, it's here

Hope you had a lovely day Afzal. Email me and let me know what you're up to; I'm pretty busy with university work just now. Laura: -) x

2009-02-19 15: 19: 13

Afzal Shauq

To Christopher Columbus

For you the world not flat
You stepped out
to prove it around

I too try to see past lore
the difference
you traveled freely
like an eagle

But oh my master...

This traveler trapped
Hundreds of borders
Blocking my way

This is forbidden,
these the restrictions
keeps me from following

Like travelers of yesterday
It would be my wish
To go to the world's corners

The white flag of peace
The banner I'd carry
removing all the borders.

And have human kind
could join together
like centuries before.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.207/Page.274

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To Discover Myself

I forget myself
when she stares at me
as she is with amazement
and wants me to find
myself
in her eyes
I know where I stand
when she is with questions
I know
where I can be?
and where I am?
as I live
just in her eyes!

Poem in Pashto and English by: Afzal Shauq
Edited by: Sahar Afshan Sahar

Afzal Shauq

To Michael Angelo

In the deep concern
and love of art
This sculpture
given to life
by stone and marble
You...
maker of angels
a muse of Satan.

And here....
in stone you stand
so alive
prepared to breath
attractive
looked upon
by the ladies
who salute you

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.170/Page.228

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To My Friend

Without you
I am incomplete...
Because of you
fame now Is ours...
Your beauty like spring
renews with color
the heart and soul
I vie with others
who desire you...
Full of life's thick blood
So often pricked by you
My blood has thinned to red ink.
I know your sting's pain
Un healing wounds I carry.
Yet like thorns on the rose
I desire to protect you.
I am scorched by your fire...
Smoldering like the Kaknus
in the hot summer afternoon
which burns itself when singing.
I pursue life
because of you...
I feel myself rushing
like the passenger
going towards his destination.
My life is a grave
when you are gone...
I within myself to hide
my body a lifeless shell
and people come prepared to bury me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.45/Page.75
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

To Natasha.....

You did not inspire
face of flower's beauty...
Well hidden thorns.
tore my hearts flesh

Feeling your cuts...
I keep to myself
my heart to protect.
But always you follow...
like a Shadow.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.176/Page.235

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To speare (In Front Of His Statue In Stratford)

In my sin
I will live
For none can deny
your greatness.

But my work...
deserving of such
appreciation
I believe.

Yet my name
can not be found
anywhere among
the list of the greats

This country...
Statues are erected
honoring great works
Beloved National Monuments

My mouth
grows dumb of songs
For the soul of Khushal
may deservingly stone my ego...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.159/Page.214

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To You Afzal Shauq / Nenita Premchand

In the sunlight of your smile
In the summer of our life
In the magic of love
Storms above scattered away
Lovers dreaming in the night
Reaching for paradise
But as the dark shadows fade
Love slips away.....

On an empty stretch of beach
In the pattern of the waves
Drawing pictures with my hand
In the sand, I see your face
Skipping pebbles on the sea
Wishing for paradise
Sand castles crumble below
The restless tides ebb and flow

Listening to a shell
Hoping for your voice
Beautiful < prince/ princess/ mirror > of my soul

Though we'll always be apart
Locked forever in a dream
If I ever love again
Even then, nothing will change
And the taste of you remains
Clinging to paradise

But the distance from you grows
All that my heart ever knows
Hunger for kiss your heart
Longing for touch your brain
Beautiful benita of my soul
Filling all my nights

Haunting all my days

Beautiful < prince/ princess / mirror > of my soul>

Poem by: Benita Premchand

Under the title: To You Afzal Shauq

Got Via email on: Tue,13 Jan 2009 01: 36: 48 +0800

Afzal Shauq

To You.....! !

Honey..! !
when ever
you wish to detach from me,

Just go on
trample my neck
under your feet
and pull my name
along with the soul,
you are attached with

Titla of Poem in Pashto: Sta Pa Nameh
Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Nazish Zafar
Book: 'BRIDGING THE GAPS' /Page.157
PDF files:
Poet's weblog:
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

To You.....! !

(dedicated to the one who owns me)

Honey..! !
when ever
you wish to detach from me,

Just go on
trample my neck
under your feet
and pull my name
along with the soul,
you are attached with

- Afzal Shauq's Pashto Poem 'Sta Pa Nameh'
- Translated By: Nazish Zafar
-Published in book'Bridging The gaps'p/157

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Today's Human Beings...?

' As much as
desire evil for others
require good for yourself'

These virtues
now practiced
by human beings
the Iblis became Satan
in place of the angel

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.177/Page.236

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Torture

Never Yes
Never No...
Always avoiding my question

She sits in silence
As I make my pleas
cruel silence...

But sweet her actions
kindness her way
This beloved...

She sets me on fire
with one of her smiles.
I begin pleading again.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.287/Page.361

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Tragedy

At last tiring...
time consuming the struggle
the search for the true face
the ideal of my dreams
the face of perfection
My face
aging
with time.
Is now revealed
a face that
never will suit
me at all.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.329/Page.406

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Tragedy Of 21st Century

Now...

The beauty of life
fade into dreams...

Those...

who for love's sake
Sang sweet songs
at our doors...

Are now

gone....

And silence
fills the air.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.289/Page.363

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Tragic Love

The one,
who owns me as beloved
and proudly mentions that

' I'm
attached to her soul
and she breathes me'

' I'm
staying in her heart
and she feels me'

' I'm
a prince of her thoughts
and she dreams me'

but above all of her claims

As well as
I step ahead towards her
and try to hug,
she used to say...

' Sorry Afzal shauq..! !
I can't do that
because I have already there
a loving boy friend'

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Traps

All wish for change...
to escape this life
or run toward something
perhaps freedom...

No hiding place
will they find
turning every corner
always trapped...

Bound by law
Born to custom
Like great walls
blocking their escape.

Society's restrictions
makes small hurdles
like high mountains
or wide rivers

Every step a trap
Impossible to leap.
Attempts to go on
in the hunt for freedom.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.73/Page.110
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Truth May Anger

I believe
without doubt
your vow of love.

But oh my beloved..!

My trust wanes
in words spoke
lies they became.

Hundreds before
vowed as you
yet none are here

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.123/Page.168

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Unannounced Love

I know
you are in love with me

You know
I'm in love with you

But

who's going to present
the red rose first..?

Non of us can do so
owing to friendly respect.
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Unforgettable Winter Of Austria

Playing like a child
Hidden in the clouds
White silky snow
The Sun lacking warmth
Cold winds blowing
making life difficult,
Yet...
These hot girls of Europe
change winter into summer
Setting men's hearts aflame
Now I too am burning
Caught up in their fire.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.242/Page.315

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Universal Family

Poem By: Afzal Shauq

Edited By: Jessica R

Tell me, am I alone?
If having American Alley Boling beside
like my true Muse
teaching me, guiding me
caring me, loving me
and making me a global man
by spreading my poetry around the world
under the name of "Twist of Fates"
while doing my novel into English too

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Liuli from Bexi China beside
who has made
my voice spread around the Chinese world
by the translation of my poetry
under the name
"Ming Yun De Zhuan Zhe"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Andreea Sarcani of Romania beside
who is visualizing my ideas
by making the title covers of my books
in her gorgeous art
like the title covers of
"Bridging The Gaps"
and "Ming Yun De Zhuan Zhe"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Nazish Zafar from Islamabad beside
being a Urdu-based poetess friend
who compiled the critiques of world class
writers/poets and readers

in the book " Bridging The Gaps"
and she once added this poem to me...
"wither you flee?
the wandering soul!
captive of the unseen!
you wish to unlock
the heart within you
and those of all you can reach
the cells of scary night
and let all stars fly away
in search of the unknown
You! !
who has trampled
the strangest of lands and seas
under your feet
look for your own face
unable to find
tear deprived
shed dreams
in speechless agony"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Haseena Gul from Kaka Saib beside
as a Pashto poetess friend
who has critiqued my all books
under the name
"Afzal... Afzal Sahuq"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Benita Premchand from Malaysia beside
being my literary friend
who has spread my poetry in Malay readers
and Malay institutions of her country
and writes on my birthday to me in poem...
"But the distance from you grows
All that my heart ever knows
Hunger for your kiss
Longing for your touch
Beautiful be Nita of my soul
Filling all my nights

Haunting all my days”

Tell me, am I alone?

If having Melissa Lundeen from USA beside
eternal sweet friend poetess
who wrote many poems and essays
on my poetry and prevailing my ideas
onward to her friends around
and adds in poem to me frequently as...
“I uncap my pen to you Afzal
the only way I know how
with this impromptu poem
you are a sunburst off the largest star
man has known
and with but your words
you can not imagine
the subsequent heat that resonates
in the very soul...”

Tell me, am I alone?

If having Ruth Lovejoy again from USA beside
who being my sincere family friend
sending me the birthday wish firstly
and kind to me enough
adding the following words in poem...
“I hope peace comes to your side of the world very soon
that all will live in unity and harmony
That this birthday this year brings all you would have of it
And of course, many many more,
in the years to follow...”

Tell me, am I alone?

If having Jessica R
from USA beside
who likes my poetry,
who keeps in touch like my tiny sweet teacher
and supports my love based peace
to let the world know about humanity.
As she talks sweet,

writes reality
and she believes that
faith on reality is the only solution
to make the world in peace...
And she says about me,
"Oh that the whole world
would wonder at your words as I.
If only, all humanity
could see what we see
and change the course of history
so we could show future generations
the peace that comes from the soul."

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Maryam Mohammadeoun
from Iran beside
who likes my poetry
and sends sweet poems to make me energized
with such type of sweet poems...
"Maybe my love become a ship
I get on it and pass seas safe and sound
I don't know the way you are navigator
your gray hair is sign of years
that you love everything..."

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Zenny Disuja from India beside
who appreciates and pushes me
towards success with sweet poems
and submit with love as...
"would the glory, peace and humanity
ever replace....
the brutality in human world?
Yes angels are always there
to guide the
detract human kind, he added.."

Tell me, am I alone?
Having Shana Wirtz from Snohomish, WA beside

who being my favorite poetess
and her thoughts
energize me for writing poems
Above all she asks
the reader worldwide in her poem...
"May we all celebrate
That, our dear Afzal,
Has made it with us
Through another year"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Stephanie Philbeck from US beside
the sweet under eighteenth girl
who's the heart knocking poetess
keeps in touch to me always
and adds to me in her sweet poems
wishes for my birthday...
"Candid
"Inevitable, Lethargy,
Morose, Novice, Obscure,
Ostentatious, Precocious
Prevaricate"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Katherine Reid of Canada beside
who being a great poetess
and sincere sweet friend
mentions the following loving wishes
in her poem on my birthday...
"on his birth a creation was born.
an inspiration that stems from his soul.
destined to write,
sweet words of the creative.

on his birth, a creation born"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Nick Anderson from Houston beside
being a good and fair friend poet

with much love
adds to me on my birthday
"Your dream will come true.
If not in your lifetime,
Then in a lifetime soon.
Your wish will come true,
Peace and love throughout the world"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Laura Maguire from Scotland beside
who's the sweet friend poetess
with her rich and sweet poems
writes in her way for me as...
"For today of all days,
stranger I have yet to meet,
I wanted you to know
that you should always remain hopeful -
As I do
on the day I was born,
every year.
Thanking life for giving me hope.

I thank you for being hopeful Afzal"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having dear friend Nelson Iwejua from Amsterdam beside
who always wishes to praise me
as his master being elder
and adds in his sweet poem to me...
"You are the source of everlasting life,
You hold the key to my life.
As i woke up to behold the glory of the morning sun,
Teach me to know the wonders of all your works"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Vilma Zaballero from Philippines beside
being my dearest poetry fellow
who respects me a lot
and adds with friendly love

these verses in poem for me as...

"I met a friend,
and I'm proud to say,
that amongst so many
he stands out to be,
a special person,
so full of compassion.

And on this day,
this very special day"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having sweet Ilyse Drost from USA beside
who being a good poetess and artist
always show her love in fair way
and send sweet words to me...
in her great poems as...

"I am...
the missing piece
of your heart
oh my beloved....!
Whenever
there are questions answered
you
take over the controls.
Beauty's threat
makes me the slave
as I feel know"

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Breama Shaylee beside
a beautiful and good poetess friend
who has wished
the following loving verses of poems
to me on my birthday as...
"As you say and many have been touched by
'A Friendly Smile is the best Weapon of War
Let's defeat each other with it and
Occupy the hearts to control the feelings
of favoring our wishes [for peace'

Tell me, am I alone?
If having Felicity Bostdrof of Texas beside
being a good novelist and poetess friend
from the core of heart
support my peace dreaming ideas
and gives me courage
in her tributes as..
'let's bridge up the gaps
between hearts
and be happy
being cousins of Adam's family
as my friend Afzal Shauq says'

Tell me, am I alone?
If having east in heart
West in brain
South in eyes
North in vein

You think! !
If I'm proud to be a human
wish to be a human
look to be a human
survive to be a human
sleep to be a human
dream to be a human

Above all
if I'm still wrong to be an human?
then tell me friends!
how should I be?
if yes, I'm right to be an human
then let me enjoy
my universal family
and to share pain and joys
with the children of
Eve and Adam

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Unknown Beloved

How long the wait
for the beloved
yet unknown to me

Long has she stayed
at home in my heart
like God himself.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.79 /Page.117

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Unspoken Truth

Our father
for your sake
We should be called
illegitimate,

We your people
Members of this nation
have been burnt
by deceptive smiles
of False angels

Our culture
dignity
and virtue
in ashes.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.225/Page.294

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Verses Of Poems

I feel spiritual unrest
you are the queen
who holds state over my heart

Each night brings dreams
the delegation of sweet feelings
Like the presentation of red lei

When morning comes,
The dreams inspire my writing
in these verses of poems

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.199/Page.265

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Voice Of The Face

The face
my hearts desire
I have yet to see
with mine eyes
in this world

Yes the face,
long has been
my heart 's rhythm
and has forever
ruled over me...

This heart of mine
beating madness
caught in a game
is love unrealized...
or the fool

Whichever...
This strange girl
inflicts wounds
when she speaks
who are you...?

Introduced by art
The fever of my love
burns within me
Is this the one....?
I wonder..

I don't know her
she stays removed
veiled in shyness
she still remains
just a voice...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.153/Page.206

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Walking Dead

Conscience betrayed
living body
sleeping
as dead
People of now
walking
funeral of the dead...
Those to be mourned
carried away.
To eternal rest...
The body merely dust
To be blown
in all directions.

Reference

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.5/Page.32
Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

War

Whenever
I chop the head
and kill...

Another arises
I kill again
another grows,

War's endless cycle
causing sorrow
and enduring pain

None can hide
nor rout it out
on going till time ends

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.118/Page.162

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

War For The Sake Of God (In Context With Afghan Civil War)

Willing to quench
your thirst...

Jihad..
The holly war...

Think you well
before taking the sword
And call for Jihad

Oh brother...!
Fulfill my last desire...
After killing me
take my bloody body
to my grave.

May my promised wife
Your sister
remain unwed
let no henna
touch her hand.

And...
Beware these well wishes
who offered up
this idea of killing
For our common good.

For Pashto religion
will never accept them
As a soldier of God
a true martyr.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq
Translated in English By: Alley Boling
Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.120/Page.164

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Way To Sense

Think you know me
Maybe....

But I my friend
know you well.

You...
Direct me with sense.
Opened my sleeping eyes.
Motivate me forward.
See reality from dreams.

Yes you...
Make sense with
smiles...
laughter...
even tears.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.106/Page.149

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Weak Person

You...
the God before me
And the God...
after I am gone
But Oh my God...!
who else
will accept you then.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.321/Page.397

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Weakness

So great my effort
I am driven
barriers break
I must always be first

So many friends lost
as I covet...
pain inflicted
the blame is mine, alone

So strong my vanity
no lover's line
will there be
desire me above all

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.163/Page.219

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

What Happened To You?

That was you...
Hey Pashtoon!
keeping the people going
moving life forward
they followed your steps,

But look at you today
You can not move
strong legs now useless
You seek aid

Unlike the blind...
You have eyes
which are healthy
but you will not see

In time to come
The eventuality is
You will go unrecognized
and lose all your dignity

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.138/Page.186

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

What To Name...?

Oh Almighty Allah! !
You
the creator
and a face of my soul too
how on earth
I could imagine
your presence at a place
other than a mosque
and to my surprise be found
some where
in the heart of south east Asia's
temples of Hindus
where an enchanting
but un shouldered face
resembling you
that I had been searching for
since my soul came into being
and since my first infant cry
would itself be found
preaching
the Stone made gods...

-
- Afzal Shauq's
'Charta Kafir Khu Neh shwam? '
 - Translated By: Nazish Zafar
 - Published in Book 'Bridging The Gaps'p/154

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

What To Name..? (A True Afghan Story)

My head
dirt covered
lamenting father
grief prostrate

New grave
my son slain
innocent sweet soul
wasted life...

A whisper on the wind...

'oh Papa.. cry not!
I am no longer
the poor farmer.'

'I am now a prince
at home with God
and one day
you shall see.'

Old Afghan,
quite near
speaking softly
eulogizing

'This sad day
now comes,
my son...
prince of men
now has gone
at home with God'

Old Afghan continued..
voice now quaking
sad his lament.

My mind's eye
saw not my son

I saw...Satan,
but as a child
playing at our home
Gul Kako
my son called
with great love.

No longer
prince of men
this childhood friend
could not I see
only this Satan
killer of my son

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.161/Page.216

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

What Will Be The Result...?

I took your hand in mine
revealing my body's heat
aware of my hearts feelings
gently shaking your hand

I didn't understand
your gestures of shyness
hidden by nibbling your lips
that your heart was made of stone.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.151/Page.204

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

When To End The Journey...?

We seek ways
to each other
the journey
grows longer
the distance
never shortens.

While its true
both of us
keep a love
in our hearts
from long ago

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.219/Page.288

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Whenever You Hug Me.....

Destructive memories...

Endless are these
attempts to stop
this fire of lust...

I doomed to lust
the fire burns
heart's extreme

Meeting again
your soft hug
stokes the fire

Thoughts of your name
the fires fuel
consumes me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.121/Page.166

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Whirl Wind

How it happened..?
I do not know,
When I looked upon myself
I saw...
the tree of youth

You came in my life
like a whirl wind
changing everything
and now..
it is all so different

The tree of Youth
has thrown down its leaves
the ground is covered
and I...
left in confusion

For since you came
and in your wake
the damage done
God knows...
what you truly were

My first thought
you were just a girl
then perhaps a fairy
could be...
just the fast winds of time.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.136/Page.183

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Whistle

In my thoughts
I try to compare
the poor rough people
of Pashtoon soil
with the people of
red and white skin.
Then instead of speaking...
after a cold sigh
a whistle escapes
to my surprise.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.280/Page.354

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

White Flag..(A Sign Of Peace)

Fading myself
into different colors
fond of beautiful faces
seeking fulfillment

While gathering
all of these colors...
These beauties of life
to find my inner peace.

Now Wishing...
For a white of flag
For peace and prosperity
to wave against the darkness.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.191/Page.252

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

White Houses

Houses white as snow
built on labor's sweat,
and orphan's tears.
Their blood sucked dry
by greedy capitalist.

As history has written,
the hot sun will appear
coming near the earth,
then these houses
white as snow
will melt away.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.23/Page.53

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Who Could Sing Happy Songs?

Who could sing happy songs...

Children at play
future their hopes
merely moments
all illusions

Who could sing happy songs...

Cooks can create
wonderful dishes
never to taste
bitter poison

Who could sing happy songs...

Bride of time past
beautiful spring
keeps on crying
lonely widow

Who could sing happy songs...

The seasons changing
always moving
peace prosperity
a question mark

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.61/Page.96

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Who Found Whom...?

Stranger...

Beloved...

Opening my heart
She revealed her words,
each page I read
the want of love
and that love was me
or so it seemed...

So now I wonder
was it I
who found you
or you who sought me.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.134/Page.181

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Why All This Brutality? ?

Why all these bloody fights
between human beings
for the sake of self satisfaction
like brutal animals?

While we know better
that life is
not going to be returned
in the way we got it,
unless
the day of resurrection comes?

Poem in Pashto and English By: Afzal Shauq
Edited By: Jessica R
© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Wide Open Eyes

People of sorrow
liken to a skeleton
they hunger and thirst.

People stripped Bare
like branches of a tree
gone leafless in autumn.

Hearts of the rich
Basking in their luxury
remain eternally blind.

They refuse to see
the devastation and pain
the plight of the poor

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.7/Page.35

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Wish For Peace, Conquer The War: Aden Recreated

(Dedicated to Afzal Shauq)

That's one of the things he wants-Peace

Love

Humanity

Conquer the war-that's all we want

This slaying, this unnecessary fighting

Can't we make it stop?

Yes.

Together we will make the world go in the correct direction

And hope for all things beautiful and sound.

Wish for peace-that's all I want

That's one of the things he wants-Peace

Love

Humanity

Conquer the war-that's all we want

This slaying, this unnecessary fighting

Can't we make it stop?

Yes.

Together we will make the world go in the correct direction

And hope for all things beautiful and sound.

Aden Recreated

surrender_and_smite@

Afzal Shauq

Words From The Eiffel Tower

Once in my heart
an idea came
I would jump
from The Eiffel Tower
Freezing in mid air
And shout to God...

Add more time to those lives
Who seek world peace
struggling for prosperity
risking their life...

But my idea changed
hearing the request
of this Eiffel...

' Don't do this act
oh young man...!
I shall never rest
from the blame
of those people
who took their life
from my heights.'

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.239/Page.311

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Words Of The Mirror..Not Mine

The day of Herders
now has past
their way of life
now driven by others

Even their children
know the candles
have gone out
and see by a new light...

The other side of the mirror
still holds to pride
in the ancestor's sword
now blunt by time...

Reflecting on one thought
we will be the winner
but we became the loser
and now live like slaves

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.140/Page.188

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Worries

I made my way to her heart
fixed on her eyes
I stepped beside her
trying to get closer.

I saw her true face
Terror struck me
I began to sweat
My body quaking.
broke into pieces
I could not run
my legs stiffened
not knowing what to do?
Fear held me motionless
The Yupa before me
eyes like burning coals
Shot flames from her nose
like a dragon

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.228/Page.297

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Yet To Be Found....

Possibilities of color
yet to be found...
Taste undiscovered
yet to be relished...
Heart's of love
still awaits...
Tongues sweet words
Yet to be spoken...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.237/Page.308

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

You Believe It Or Not.....?

Like the cat
are you....
Appearing weak
yet proud
always keeping hidden
from light

But just wait
one day...
the cat within
escapes...
like a hungry tiger,
hunting...

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.116/Page.160

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq

Your Godliness Not Yet Revealed

Whenever...
my heart wishes to fly
my hands like wings
begin to fly...

Like blowing air
moving them faster
higher in the sky
fly..fly...fly

the last of my will spent
my wings become stiff
darkness covers my eyes
I am stalled...

Everything before me fades
deprived of feelings
I become static in space
So I pray...

Almighty God
far off this place you live
away from human existence
in the centuries of journey
the distance between unending
Though the closer I strive
Your Godliness yet revealed.

Poem In Pashto By: Afzal Shauq

Translated in English By: Alley Boling

Book: 'TWIST OF FATES' Poem No.195/Page.258

Web Link:

[option=com_content&task=view&id=378&Itemid=1](#)

PDF files:

Poet's weblog:

© Afzal Shauq

Afzal Shauq